



What the hell is that smell?

There were a lot of things that Logan hated—sweet things, acting cutesy and waking up early however as the scent of a dead rat rotting inside his house wafted into his nostrils he had no choice but to wake up with a start, for two seconds he thought that something was wrong, maybe he was just dreaming of a dead rat buried somewhere inside his house but as soon as he woke up and the god awful smell remained where it was, Logan brows furrowed before he jumped off the bed and rushed out to his balcony. With a loud bang, he pushed open the door before he breathed in a huge gulp of fresh air, his hand clutching his chest as an expression of nothing but sheer disbelief flitted on his face, "What in the world was that?"

Having a severe headache after drinking several cans of beer was bad enough when his OCD flared up and Logan took off his shirt to cover up his nose, fortunately, a large face mask was sitting inside his cabinet that ensure him fresh air everywhere he went so Logan managed to save his life somehow. With the mask strapped in place, he strode out of the room only to find that his house has gone through several changes in just a few hours — green smoke filled the entire space with a single figure standing in front of the gas stove and this figure belonged to someone, Logan was very familiar with.

With his hand on the railing, he climbed down the stairs before taking long strides towards Levy who was stirring something in a big cauldron. He ignored the lizard tail that she picked up from the kitchen counter without shuddering even in the slightest and dropped it inside the cauldron, as soon as he came to stop next to her, he looked at her in disbelief as he shouted, "What is the meaning of this?" He wanted his voice to come out as fierce but because of

the mask, his voice was muffled and his momentum was disturbed.

Logan was very upset because of that.

With her face tied with a thick handkerchief, Levy turned to look at him and replied in a slightly nasally voice, "What else? A potion."

"For what and with whose permission are you making a potion? That too in my house?" Logan couldn't help but frown at the severe disregard that Levy was showing him. Did she really think that he wouldn't hurt her just because she was the only one who can treat Lily?

Levy looked at him as if he was speaking Spanish. "This potion is of course for Lily," she said as she raised her hand, murmured "Confundo" and then turned to look at him again as soon as the greenish, frothing potion turned purple. "And I am making it with your permission of course, didn't you say that you wanted me to set Lily right as soon as I could? So, I am following your order nothing else."

"But you said that her soul was snapped into pieces, without finding the parts of her soul, how are you going to set her right?" Logan was stupefied, it was true that he indeed wanted Levy to set Lily right as soon as she could but that didn't mean he wanted her to start right away, that too by concocting this smelly potion the first thing in the morning.

"That's true but maybe you didn't see it properly," Levy turned her attention back to the potion as she started to stir it in an anti-clockwise direction, each time she turned the ladle in the potion, the purplish potion would turn a shade lighter. "Her body is still stuck in the same time when her soul was split into three parts, I have to help

her body get better such that it will be compatible with the parts of her soul since the soul is ever changing like flowing water."

Another stir.

"That is why I need to make this potion for her."

Logan stared at the frothing monstrosity and said, "And you are going to do what with it?"

"Dump it down her throat," replied Levy without even looking up from the potion that just turned a shade of lilac, once she was certain that it has changed to the correct colour she turned the gas knob off and then took off the cauldron before picking up a bunch of bullfrogs guts and poured it in, as soon as she did that the potion turned to a clear liquid after the bullfrogs' guts were done hissing.

"You have to be kidding me," Logan stared at the terror that she has created by pouring this and that— she added the lizard tail and guts of a frog in that thing and yet she wanted to make Lily drink it? Was she messing with him? "You can't possibly think of making her drink that thing!"

"This thing is what your precious Lily needs," said Levy as she turned on the exhaust and took off the handkerchief from her mouth. "If her body is not prepared properly, her soul won't get into equilibrium with her body ... if you want her to suffer with six days of hellish pain when I instil her soul in her body then you can ask me not to give it to her." With a slightly superior expression, Levy smiled at him. "It's not like I am the one who will have to suffer, after all, I am fine with both situations... the only reason I am going through this song and dance is that I don't want to be accused later on, other than that I really have no intentions of serving that little precious darling of yours."



She ladled the potion in a glass and then turned to look at Logan. "So, what are you going to do? Do you want me to throw this potion down the drain or do you want me to give it to Lily?"



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