

[Third Person. POV]

In a small, secluded cabin in the East Forest near Magnolia, the air was thick with the aroma of countless herbs and potions. Shelves lined with ancient tomes and various concoctions create an almost maze-like structure within the confines of the room.

The cabin, illuminated only by the soft, flickering light of the candles, appeared to be more of an apothecary than a home. It is here that Porlyusica, the terror of the forest, also known as the revered healing mage of Fairy Tail, was working on her newest patient.

A recurrent patient.

In the center of the room, on a bed crafted from woven vines and leaves, lies an unconscious young man. His attire was torn and singed, covered in his own blood.

His name was Adam, and he had been brought to Porlyusica by his friends and family, seeking help from him.

Calmly, Porlyusica peered through her working glasses at the wounded man. Her usually stern expression painted with a hint of shock and concern.

Closing her eyes, the old healer slowly takes off her gloves, revealing fingers that have seen countless years of diligent work as she sighed deeply.

"I'm going to kill this kid," Porlyusica muttered to herself. Her eyes fixated on the hole in Adam's abdomen. The wound seems to have been cauterized, as if inflicted by some incredible magical energy. Her eyes narrowed, as she examined the patterns around the wound.

Having seen everything she needed, she swiftly moved towards one of her cabinets, rummaging through various vials and jars, selecting a few with meticulous care.

From one shelf, she picked up a jar filled with glowing blue leaves, and from another, a vial containing a dark, viscous liquid. After a few minutes of collecting all the ingredients she needed, she started grinding them without wasting any time, mixing the ingredients until the result was a thick dark paste.

That done, she moved back to Adam to clean his wound carefully with water infused with antibacterial herbs. Once the area was clean, she grabbed a few rolls of thick bandages, dipping them into the paste she had just made.

The paste, once a dark color, began to emit a faint glow as it came in contact with the bandages.

"I will fucking kill him," Porlyusica growled under her breath, as she gently applied the bandages to the wound in Adam's abdomen.

Taking a deep breath, Porlyusica took off her glasses and rubbed her temples. Because despite being a healer, she really wanted to stab her patient right now.

Gildarts, the one who had brought Adam to the old healer, entered the room, holding a cup of tea for Porlyusica. "How's the brat?" he asked cautiously, for even the mighty Gildarts feared her.

"He will live long enough for me to kill him," Porlyusica replied, her voice tired but firm as she grabbed the cup of tea Gildarts had brought for her. "But it is intriguing though. His injuries were severe, too severed, almost beyond repair. Yet, they were non-lethal."

"Not for lack of trying," Gildarts growled under his breath, watching Adam on the bed.

Porlyusica scoffed, breaking one of her brooms over his head. "Think again simpleton. Do you have any idea how impossibly hard it is to attack someone with this amount of force in the abdomen without damaging any vital points, unless said individual was trying?"

"I take it the odds of that occurring naturally are very low," Gildarts replied, pulling three-inch splinters from his head.

Porlyusica sipped her tea and looked back at Adam, who was still unconscious but now stable. "Try zero. The brat was struck with raw ethernano, which aimed to incapacitate but not kill. Whoever did this has a terrifying grasp on magic, and control of the former."

The room fell silent, the gravity of her words sinking in.

"If she didn't want to kill him, then why did she do this?" Gildarts replied, trying to find the logic behind Selene's actions.

"Who knows," Porlyusica sighed, putting her cup of tea on the table beside her. "Though I suppose it is pretty safe to assume the one behind this, needs Adam alive for something, meaning she will most likely return."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Gildarts' fists tightened and his knuckles turned white. His face darkened and he gritted his teeth. "I'll be waiting for her," he growled.

Taking a deep breath, the old healer stood up from her chair. "The brat will need a few weeks of total rest, monitored rest. So, seeing I'm the only competent healer around, he will stay with me. As for you, leave before I start breaking things on your head."

Gildarts nodded. "Thanks for everything."

As Gildarts left the room, Porlyusica turned her attention back to Adam. She knew that he was going to wake up soon, and when he did, she needed to get a few answers from him.

Like for example, why he had been hiding his condition from her.

Sighing, she walked over to the bed where Adam lay peacefully. Despite what she would say out loud, she couldn't help but feel a sense of protectiveness towards the young mage or rather young moron.

He was just a kid, after all, one of Makarov's brats. She chuckled softly, taking a seat beside him where she would wait patiently for him to wake up.

"I'm getting too old for this," Porlyusica muttered to herself, shaking her head. "Always dealing with reckless children and the results of their dangerous adventures."

That being said, deep down, she knew that she wouldn't have it any other way. After all, she was part of Fairy Tail as well, wasn't she?

Perhaps she was a moron like all the others as well. At least, she thought as much, seeing only morons joined that group of simpletons Makarovs calls a family.

[Third Person, POV.]

[Selene, The Moonlit Beauty.]

Inside an ancient tower, a room was dimly lit, the cold stone walls barely visible in the flickering shadows casted by a solitary candle. In the heart of this chamber, Selene, The Dragon of the Moon, sat in contemplative silence.

The atmosphere around her was heavy, charged with magic and the smell of ancient parchment. On the table before her was the piece of soul she had painstakingly extracted from Adam, a smoky, indistinct wisp contained within an intricate magical barrier to avoid its natural dissipation.

The soul being nothing more than was a disquieting sight, a tangible reminder of the lengths she was willing to go to

accomplish her goals. Smiling, Selene reached out towards the barrier, her fingertips inches away from the ethereal tendrils of the soul fragment.

"I will find what I seek, one way or another," Selene declared.

She had to admit though, the fragment of soul she had stolen was more than stubborn, resisting her every attempt to decipher it, her every attempt to understand how it worked.

But that wasn't enough to deter her, nothing was, she was determined to understand the secrets behind Adam's existence, to gain knowledge no one else possessed, the knowledge to end Acnologia.

That said, Selene knew that knowledge always came with a price. The more you got, the more you had to pay.

Selene closed her eyes, allowing her thoughts to wander, exploring the countless possibilities that may await her once she managed to fulfill her goal.

She knew this was a risky move, a very risky move, after all, for all she knew, the world from whence Adam's powers came from could very well hold individuals beyond her ability to deal with.

"Oh well, what can you do about it, the benefits outweigh the risks," Selene chuckled.

After all, even if she happened to die in this crazy endeavor of hers, she would still win, in a way at least. For she would be denying Acnologia the honor of killing her, and for a consolation prize that was more than enough for Selene.