

[Adam C. POV]

Once I was done explaining the newest situation to my group, especially to Erza and Cana, who were worried I was in some kind of trouble.

I moved to meet the Knights in the place I had left them.

"See, I told you he would come back," Crawford chuckled, as the Knights straightened up, getting into position. "Are you ready?"

I nodded. "I am, " I will say though. Terrible timing, it would have been nice if the council allowed me to return home, you know, after doing their job and all."

"That would have been grand, alas, things do not always play in our favor," Crawford replied, smiling at me. "Now, let's not waste any more time, we have a council to meet, and we are late."

Giving the man a short nod, I followed his lead as he started walking.

Wondering what the council wanted with me, as the knights escorted me to their base of operations.

I doubted it had anything to do with Jellal, seeing that would mean they wanted to talk about their mistake, openly. And if there was a thing I had learned about old politicians, it was that their best skill was avoiding that kind of shit.

Pushing those questions aside, seeing there was no point in trying to figure out something that I would learn in about ten minutes, I continued walking, cracking my fingers one by one.

As expected, the city around us hummed with activity, yet as the Knights made their path towards the castle, a hush would fall over the crowd, leaving their eyes lingering curiously on the odd procession.

Eventually, however, we made our way out of the city center. Ahead, the towering spires of the council building gleamed in the fading sunlight.

The gates leading to the council chamber were massive and wrought with intricate designs depicting historical events in the magical history.

Some of which, Mavis had talked to me about.

As we neared the door, they automatically parted with a low, grinding noise, admitting us into the council's domain.

Right here, I would've thought the council was behind the doors. But I was wrong, instead I found myself staring at a courtyard, filled to the brim with soldiers.

I sighed.

"Don't worry, we are almost there," Crawford said, sensing my disappointment.

Thankfully for me. That was the case.

After a few more minutes of silent marching, through various areas, most of which I considered unnecessary for the council to have, we arrived at the grand entrance of the council building, the real one this time.

As we climbed the steep, stone steps, the large double doors were pushed open, revealing the grand hall beyond. The hall was silent save for our echoing footsteps, a cavernous space filled with long, wooden tables and high-backed chairs.

At the far end, seated in a semicircle, the council members awaited my arrival, in the middle of them being the King.

"What took you so long?" One of the council members asked Crawford, their voice echoing through the silent hall.

"Mr. Clive asked to be permitted to inform his friends about the situation, and knowing the reputation of their guild, such action was only natural" Crawford said, bowing deeply before the King and the council members.

The council members nodded, acknowledging Crawford's explanation.

If only the Knights had understood that. Honestly, it wasn't a secret my Guild was alarmingly crazy.

Wasting no time, I stepped forward, my eyes darting around the room, taking in the faces of the council members before speaking. "Now that I'm here, would you be able to tell me what is the reason behind my summons?"

"Mind your place, child, you are not to speak unless spoken to!" The council member who had spoken earlier barked at me, his beady eyes narrowing in displeasure.

"How about... instead of worrying about my manners, you worry about making it harder for Zeref' cultists to infiltrate amongst your ranks?" I replied, leaving the council in utter disbelief.

My words hung heavy in the air as the council members shifted uncomfortably in their seats, shock clear in their faces.

The King, however, remained calm and collected, his piercing black eyes studying me intently.

"Your reputation precedes you, young man," The King chuckled. "My apologies if the summons wasn't all that informative, I had to make it... well, before you left the Capital."

Ok, my interest is piqued.

"The council and I wanted to ask you a few questions," The King continued, smiling at me in a friendly manner, even though most of the council members were just glaring at me.

"Ready when you are," I replied.

Taking a deep breath, one council member, an older man with a stern gaze and sharp silver hair, broke the silence, his voice echoing through the grand hall.

"Mr. Adam," he began, his voice resonating with the weight of his office. "We have here a report of a conflict involving you and Jose Porla, a former Wizard Saint and Master of the now disbanded guild, Phantom Lord guild. The report suggests you bested him with remarkable ease. Is this information accurate?"

"Yes," I responded firmly, my voice reverberating in the chamber. "He didn't put up much of a fight, so, easily is a good adjective for that."

I could see some of them gasping in disbelief. Sadly, for them, the truth was the truth, no matter how unbelievable it might seem to them.

"And the master of your Guild, Makarov Dreyar, didn't help you, right?"

"No," I replied.

There was a murmur of surprise and intrigue that rippled through the council members. The silver-haired man held up his hand, calling for silence before he continued. "Moving on, during your vacations this past week is it true that you encountered Seigr-- Jellal Fernandes."

"Yes," I nodded.

"Were you aware at the time of his plans?" The questions came thick and fast now, the council members leaning forward in anticipation of my responses.

"Once I saw the Tower, it wasn't hard to figure it out," I replied, my voice steady. "I've seen the horrors of the Tower of Heaven myself."

"During this fight, did you encounter resistance? Did he yield?"

"Jellal fought back," I answered honestly, "But in the end, he was no match."

A ripple of disbelief and murmurs filled the room.

The council members exchanged glances, their faces a mix of shock and skepticism. After all, Jellal was known to be one of the most powerful mages in Fiore, a force to be reckoned with.

And it seemed, his defeat painted a very clear picture of the level of power I possessed, at least in their eyes that seemed to be the case.

"Last question, is it true you that... after Jellal managed to convince us into using the Etherion, you managed to take the hit, and fight right after?"

Technically, yes, if I had wanted to, I could have done that. But I had to confirm if the bastard had another Etherion cannon or not aimed at Magnolia.

"Yes, and no," I replied calmly, my gaze never wavering from his. "To elaborate on that, I was able to withstand the full brunt of the Etherion blast, coming relatively unscathed, however, I didn't continue the fight right away. My reason behind this is that Jellal said he had another cannon ready to

blast Magnolia out of existence, so I had to play it safe and make sure he wasn't lying."

The council members exchanged glances once more, before the silver-haired man nodded, seemingly satisfied with my answer.

"Is that sufficient for everyone here?" The King asked, his eyes scanning the room, looking for anyone who disagreed.

"Wonderful!"

"Does that mean I'm free to go, your majesty?" I asked, looking at the pint-sized King.

"Not... just yet," The King smiled. "We have one more question for you, and then you are free to go."

I raised an eyebrow, feeling the sudden change in the tone of the room. "I'm all ears."

"Adam Clive, would you join the ranks of the Wizard Saints?"