

## [Third Person. POV]

Without a word, the battle between the two began, the raw power of Jose Porla's rippling across the desolate landscape as Adam released his Shikai, the very fabric of space distorting around its blade as he did so.

Jose studied the warrior, his dark eyes flickering with an inscrutable interest. "So that's your magic, impressive," he sneered, a grin cutting across his face. "Alas, I've defeated countless swordsmen, and sadly for you. You won't be any different."

Adam merely inclined his head, his gaze calm, but stern. His grip tightened around his Zanpakuto, a subtle shift in the air signaling the activation of his power. "Do your best, or should I say do your worst? I'll be honest, I can't tell the difference between them in this situation."

Having had enough of Adam, Jose roared, conjuring a multitude of ghostly apparitions, each one pulsating with a dark sinister energy. "Phantom Explosion!" He commanded, sending the phantoms charging toward Adam.

However, just as the phantoms were about to reach Adam, he moved his blade, manipulating the space around him, teleporting in a blink of an eye.

The phantoms passed through the spot he had just vacated, colliding with nothing but thin air, giving birth to a massive explosion, as Adam appeared behind Jose, swinging his Zanpakuto down at him, releasing a crescent arc of translucent energy that tore its way through space towards the Wizard Saint.

Shocked, Jose was forced to defend, conjuring a barrier of dark phantoms to absorb the blow. The collision between the two shattered the space around them, the impact echoing like thunder.

"It seems the little mutt has a few tricks up his paw," Jose snarled as he staggered back, his barrier barely holding after the attack.

"Is that the best you've got, Jose? I've had more painful paper cuts. Come on, show me the real 'darkness'," Adam replied, taunting him with a smirk.

Jose's eyes narrowed at the insult. "You'll regret that," he hissed, summoning a swarm of shadowy tendrils that whipped through the air, each one seeking out its target.

Adam, however, was already on the move, dodging and weaving through the tendrils, as if he was merely going through the motions. It almost seemed as if... he was not using his full power.

"My, my, Jose. You throw attacks like you lead your guild, ineffectively and without any real impact," Adam taunted once again, before blurring out of sight, landing a hit on Jose's chest with enough force to push the wizard into the ground gasping for air.

Wasting no time, Jose jumped to his feet, glaring at Adam who simply remained floating high above the old wizard, smiling at him.

"You might make this interesting if you take me seriously, you know? I mean, you can't possibly be this weak," Adam mocked, twirling his blade playfully.

"You want to see my full power? Very well, mutt!" With a growl, Jose raised his arms, calling forth a torrent of dark energy from the depths of his being, causing the skies to darken and the very earth to shake. "Darkness Awakens!" Jose shouted, unleashing a powerful blast of dark energy.

Adam seeing this raised his Zanpakuto, the blade shimmering with an ethereal light as he manipulated space around him once more, creating a spatial rift to absorb the blast.

The dark energy Jose had unleashed roared and crackled for a brief moment as if trying to avoid its fate before disappearing into the void created by his Adam.

"What?!" Jose shouted, taken aback by what just had happened. "How did you--"

But before Jose could finish his sentence, Adam appeared right in front of him, his Zanpakuto poised at his neck. "That was an incredible attack, in fact, I feel bad for taking it, so allow me to give it back." Before anyone could question what Adam meant by that, a rift cracked open in front of Jose from the tip of Adam's blade, unleashing the attack the Wizard Saint had just used, but on him at point blank.

Jose had no time to react as the blast hit him square in the chest, sending him hurtling backward like a comet with a deafening boom.

"That had to hurt," Adam whistled, twirling his blade around as he watched Jose hit the ground with a loud thud, leaving a gaping hole on the ground.

"That's it! No more playing around!" Jose shouted, his eyes blazing with fury as he pulled himself out of the hole he had created, his magic power reaching its absolute limit. "You'll regret ever messing with me!!"

"Will I?" Adam hummed, tilting his head to the side. "I'm afraid I don't have the ability to underperform to such a degree, but I can try if that makes you happy."

With a thunderous roar filled with rage and hate, Jose called upon his most devastating spell, in his mind only one goal remained, killing the man in front of him. "Deadly Shade!" he shouted, his voice resonating through the area like a demonic entity.

The sky darkened, as if night had fallen in an instant, and a chilling, ghostly aura spread out from him, engulfing the entire area, as the world around them seemed to warp and twist, turning into a nightmarish landscape of shadows and phantoms.

Adam watched, undaunted as the darkness swallowed everything around him. His body and blade glowing with an ethereal light, being the only source of illumination within the world of darkness Jose had summoned forth.

"Not to be a party pooper, but I can still see you," Adam shouted, waving at Jose.

"I know, that way you will see my face before you die!" Jose shouted, pointing both of his hands toward Adam. "Phantom Brigade!" he commanded, his voice echoing ominously. Summoning thousands upon thousands of phantoms, each

one more menacing than the last, all rushing towards Adam, their ghostly wails filling the air.

Taking a deep breath, Adam took a step forward, and with a swift motion, he swung his blade, slicing through the fabric of Jose's reality, cutting it in half as a shimmering rift appeared in front of him, swallowing the incoming phantoms, their wails silenced as they disappeared into the void.

"Very powerful attack, but it kind of falls into my domain," Adam declared, as the space around him began to distort, pushing back the darkness, slowly restoring the battlefield back to its original state.

Jose could only watch in disbelief as his most powerful spell, his world of darkness was repelled with almost no effort. It was here that Jose started to realize that... perhaps Adam's strength was far beyond what he had anticipated.

Alas, despite this sense of understanding there was a glimmer of stubborn defiance in his eyes. "I'm not done, yet, brat!"

"Well, Jose, I've indulged your theatrics long enough. I won't lie, it has... been educational, but it's time we bring our little get-together to an end," Adam said, his voice low and dangerous.

"You think that--" Jose began, but before he could continue he felt something change in the air, something... dangerous.

"Hado #90. Kurohitsugi," With those words, purple and black energy swirled around the two, growing in intensity with each passing moment before being directed the energy towards Jose, unleashing a torrent of gravity upon them.

"What---" Jose shouted as his body was forced to the ground, and it was only natural, the force Adam had unleashed was overwhelming, pressing down upon their very being as if the weight of the world was crushing them.

As this gravitational pull reached its peak, the energy around transformed, taking the shape of a menacing box that closed around Jose before crumbling to pieces, revealing a now heavily injured Jose.

Adam regarded Jose with a measured expression, assessing the damage he had inflicted upon his opponent. "It seems like I won."

"Please... have mercy..." Jose begged, his voice hoarse and barely audible.

"Phantom Lord, you pride yourselves on your strength and ruthlessness. But when faced with a real challenge, you fold quicker than a cheap suit," Adam sighed, shaking his head. "I guess not all Wizard Saints are made the same."

"I won't attack anyone, I promise..." Jose pleaded, his face twisted in agony.

Seeing no point in continuing the fight, as there was no fun in kicking an already defeated man, Adam lowered his Zanpakuto, returning his blade to its sealed state. "Sure," he said, his voice echoing across the battlefield. "Keep in mind though, if I ever see you again, I will kill you."

Having said that, Adam turned around and started to walk away.

Leaving Jose on the ground, his body battered and his magic drained, watching how he walked away in silence, seeing this a rush of fury and humiliation washed over him.

He was the master of the strongest guild, one of the wizard saints! He refused to be defeated, refused to be pitied, especially by a child!

With a sudden burst of energy, Jose forced himself to his feet, his magic flaring up as he conjured a dark spectral phantom, and with a roar, he launched it towards Adam's seemingly unsuspecting back. "Phantom Spear!"

"God, so fucking predictable it borders on cliché," Adam sighed.



But just as the phantom was about to reach Adam, a powerful figure appeared between them. Makarov Dreyar, the guild master of Fairy Tail, stepped in, his immense magical power forming a barrier that repelled Jose's attack.

"Good to see you old man," Adam said, not turning around. After all, he had sensed the guild master's arrival before anyone else.

"Enough, Jose," Makarov spoke sternly, his gaze fixed on the Phantom Lord master. "You've lost. Accept your defeat."

Jose looked at Makarov, then at Adam, his body trembling with exhaustion and frustration. His magic was nearly depleted, and he knew he stood no chance against either of them.

So, with a bitter snarl, he let his magic die down, his power dissipating in the air.

"You know I didn't need help, right?" Adam asked, tilting his head with a smile.

"I know, but if I hadn't intervened you would've killed him," Makarov said, gazing at my blade. "And as much as he deserves it, killing a Wizard Saint is a federal crime, also, what kind of way is that to greet your old man, huh?!"

Adam chuckled, sheathing his sword. "Fair enough. Thanks for the 'save', pops."

Makarov smiled, his wrinkles deepening. "Anytime, brat. But let's not waste any more time here. We have a guild to rebuild, and more importantly, we have a celebration to throw! We fucking won!"

Adam gasped. "Language."

"Ah, you're an adult now, deal with it," Makarov waved at him dismissively.