

[Adam C. POV]

[A few weeks later.]

The sun was sinking behind the tall pines that bordered my humble home, casting long, familiar shadows across the quiet expanse of my yard. I sat on the old wooden steps, one knee pulled up to my chest as I stretched trying to move a little, savoring the rare tranquility that had fallen in Magnolia.

My mind was trapped in my own thoughts.

Thankfully, however, my thoughts were interrupted by the soft crunch of gravel under hesitant footsteps. My gaze moved from the sunset, my eyes finding the origin of the sound.

There, at the edge of my yard, was Wendy Marvell, her small figure bathed in the golden hue of the fading daylight.

I watched as she started to weave her way toward me, an unreadable expression on her face, meaning this probably had to do with Jellal, or rather, Mystogan.

"Wendy?" I smiled at her. "What are you doing here?"

Her eyes flicked upward, meeting mine. A faint blush of social awkwardness spreading across her cheeks, making the freckles dotting her nose stand out more.

Hm.

Now that I think about it, did she have freckles in the anime?

I guess that's a stupid question. You can't compare a drawing to a real person.

Eventually, Wendy mustered a small smile, but her fingers nervously twisted at the hem of her shirt, betraying her calm facade.

"I.. I-I wanted t-to ask you a question," She murmured, her voice barely louder than a whisper, carrying with it an undercurrent of determination that caught me off guard.

I watched her for a moment, before nodding, giving her the signal to ask away.

She swallowed hard; her eyes fluttering shut for a moment as she gathered her thoughts. When they reopened, there was a flicker of something else - courage, maybe, or hope.

"You said you knew the person I was looking for, and that you would help me," Wendy said quietly, her blue eyes locking onto mine. "Do... Do you still mean that?"

Mystogan it is.

I smiled softly and reached down to tousle her blue hair, giving it a few gentle pats. "Of course, I do," I said softly. "We can give the guy a visit right now, if you want."

Wendy's eyes lit up at my offer, relief evident in her expression. "Y-yes please!"

I chuckled softly at her enthusiasm to meet the man who quite possibly was the most boring member of the Guild. Sighing at the thought, I gestured for her to follow me as I made my way towards the streets of Magnolia, my destination.

Mystogan.

As we ventured into the town, the once busy streets were now calming down with the setting sun. Vendors were packing up, children were being called home, and people were starting their late-night drinking at the local pubs.

I glanced at Wendy, her eyes wide as she took in the sights and sounds of the town. Her earlier nervousness seemed to have given way to a childlike excitement that I found endearing. I quickened my pace, reminding myself why we were here in the first place.

"Wendy," I started, smiling at the little blue-haired girl, who was doing her best to keep pace with me. "Get ready, we are about to reach him."

Wendy looked up at me, her eyes wide. "What? S-so soon?!"

As soon as she said those words, we reached an unassuming house tucked away in the corner of Magnolia, hidden from the lively bustle. The house was simple, not much to look at from the outside, but it was the home of Mystogan.

"Mystogan's place," I announced. Wendy gulped, the weight of the moment finally sinking in.

"Ahh" Wendy gulped silently, hiding behind me.

Stepping forward, I knocked on the door, the resulting echo breaking the silence around us. For a moment, there was silence; then the sound of shifting and footsteps approached the door. The knob turned, and the door opened, revealing

Mystogan standing in the dimly lit entrance, his gaze hiding behind his mask, as aloof and inscrutable as always.

"Mystogan," I greeted, stepping aside to reveal Wendy, who looked like she was holding her breath. "You have a guest."

His gaze shifted towards Wendy, surprise flickering across his eyes, which was probably the biggest emotion I had ever seen in the guy.

Wendy's arrival had disrupted the predictability he so loved.

But then, that's what Fairy Tail was about, wasn't it? Shaking up the norm, bringing a bit of chaos into each other's lives. I smirked, leaning against the doorframe. "Now, let me summarize the situation, because I have things to do. This little bundle of blue hair has been looking for you, Mystogan, or should I say, Jellal."

Mystogan's eyes narrowed, his mask hiding any other expressions that would have given away his thoughts on the matter. "How... how can you know about that?"

Time to lie.

"My powers revolve around the control of space itself; do you really think I wouldn't notice portals opening between one point and another?" I replied, keeping my tone even.

Mystogan seemed to ponder my words for a moment, his eyes flickering between Wendy and myself. Finally, he stepped aside, allowing us entry into his home. "Make yourselves at home."

The interior of the house was as simplistic as its owner - sparse furniture, no decorations, only a few books, and the occasional picture, beyond that, nothing. We followed him into a room furnished with a simple couch and a coffee table. Mystogan gestured for us to sit, his movements a bit too tense, like someone not used to hosting guests, or visits of any kind.

Which would explain why he only had a small couch, besides the coffee table in the middle of a decently sized room.

He waited for Wendy to make herself comfortable before he took a seat himself, creating a comfortable distance between them. The tension was palpable, even for me, who honestly had started this not really invested, but now I was, to the point the silence felt deafening.

I looked from one to the other, wondering who would go next.

And much to my surprise, Wendy was the one who finally broke the silence, her voice small but clear. "Why did you abandon me?"

The question hung in the air, heavy and loaded, lingering even as it echoed off the bare walls. Mystogan's expression as always was hidden behind his mask, but the tension in his body, his tired eyes, and the silence that stretched after her question, was answer enough.

Eventually, however, he replied. "It was for your own good," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "It was the only way to make sure you were safe, and the only way I could focus on my mission."

Right, his mission. Stopping the King of Edolas, and saving this world from his greed.

At this reply, Wendy looked as though she had been slapped. She sat still for a moment, processing his words, her face pale. "After losing Grandeeney, you were all I had."

From the corner of my eyes, I saw Mystogan shifting uncomfortably, her words and tone catching him off guard. He looked at Wendy for a moment, his gaze softening behind the mask.

He sighed, his shoulders dropping slightly as he prepared to explain.

"I know it was hard for you, Wendy," Mystogan replied, taking off his mask slowly, his voice taking on a gentle quality. "I had

a duty to fulfill, both to you, and to the ones I have left behind, leaving you in that Guild was the best option I could think of to ensure you weren't caught in the crossfire of my task."

Wendy's eyes teared up. "I-I see, now that I know that. There's only one thing for me to do."

Kick him?

At this, Wendy stumbled towards Mystogan, her eyes streaming with tears as she threw herself into his arms, burying her face on his robes, her small frame shook with sobs, her face hidden in the folds of his robes. "Thank you, for everything you did."

I guess she doesn't have in her to hate or hold a grudge with anybody.

I smiled.

"Well, my job here is done," I said, standing up from the couch as I turned around to leave the room, only to be stopped by one of Mystogan's staffs. "What?"

Mystogan remained silent, his eyes staring into mine. "I want the truth this time, how did you know about me?"

A smirk played on my lips, and I extended my arm, brushing the staff aside with a single motion. "The answer I gave you, is the only one you'll get, Jellal."

The only reason I had disturbed his little castle of lies, was to give Wendy what she wanted.

Mystogan remained quiet for a moment, and I could see he was debating whether or not the answer to that question was worth antagonizing me, in the end however, it seemed he was one for common sense. "Very well, take care, Adam. And good luck."

As I stepped out into the cool evening air, a sense of relief washed over me, sometimes it felt nice doing something good for someone without a reason beyond helping them.

In fact, I couldn't help the grin that spread across my face due to that.

I had helped Wendy reunite with Mystogan before the entire Edolas Arc started, meaning I had given them more time that they would've originally had together.

Pushing those thoughts aside, I started my way back home, hoping to arrive before Mavis started playing like she was haunting my house.

Around me, the night was descending rapidly, stealing away the remnants of the light, as I walked through the town.

My boots crunched on the gravel path, the only sound punctuating the stillness that enveloped most of the Town.

And without realizing it, I found myself lost in thoughts, my mind replaying my talk with Porlyusica, when suddenly, I felt it.

A shiver ran down my spine, an instinctual reaction to a sudden, jarring shift in the air. It was as if the atmosphere itself had tensed, holding its breath, a palpable sense of foreboding causing every hair on the back of my neck to stand on end.

Something had snapped.

My footsteps halted abruptly, my eyes scanning the darkened path ahead of me, searching for the source of this sudden disruption. It was subtle, almost imperceptible, but thanks to my powers, my senses in this area were finely tuned to such disturbances.

Meaning I knew without a doubt, this had something to do with space as a whole.

"Fucking damn it, this is what that bastard meant by good luck," I growled, as the air around me began to crackle with an eerie, unnatural energy.

My eyes were instinctively drawn upwards, just in time to witness the seemingly placid night sky distort and warp, an impossible spectacle that sent shockwaves through the very fabric of space.

It started as a mere ripple, distorting the blanket of stars as if the fabric of reality itself was a pond disturbed by a thrown stone. But soon, it evolved into something far more serious.

The once serene night was split by a monstrous vortex that spun open in the sky, its dark maw gaping wide and swallowing everything around.

"Yeah, I will punch him next time I see him," I said, as the once familiar scenery around me twisted and warped, replacing everything by a disorienting kaleidoscope of shifting patterns and colors, transporting to Edolas.