

[Adam C. POV]

Year x784

As the tendrils of wakefulness stirred within me, I opened my eyes to a vast expanse of emptiness that I had called home for the past few months.

The desert lay before me, an endless ocean of sand, stretching as far as the eye could see. The only punctuation in the barren landscape was the solitary tree against which my head was resting.

Its gnarled trunk offered an odd comfort, a bulwark against the loneliness of the surroundings.

Yawning, I shifted slightly, sand trickling off my body like tiny hourglass grains. "That's going to be happening for a while, ain't it?"

I chuckled, dusting off my clothes a bit.

With a contented sigh, I pushed myself up, my body protesting slightly at the abrupt movement. "Well, time to go

home." I felt the familiar crunch in my neck as I tilted my head from side to side, a series of pops echoing in the stillness.

The coolness that was starting to take place was a stark contrast to the scorching sand around, the night was coming it seemed.

"Can we hurry, you said we were going home today!" Mavis's voice was heard from behind me, her tiny footsteps crunching against the sand.

Even to this day, I was amazed at how she could make sounds where there were none, it was honestly impressive.

Grinning, I turned around to see the oompa-loompa-sized best friend of a companion I had, bounding towards me, a make-believe backpack slung over her shoulders.

"Maybe I should stay another year," I teased her, crouching down to be at her eye level.

Mavis narrowed her eyes at me, her hands on her hips. "Very funny, but if you don't keep up your promise I won't let you sleep, and believe me, I can be PRETTY loud."

"Fair enough," I replied, taking a deep breath as the world slowed down around me, the desert's vastness becoming nothing more than a mere backdrop to my focused intent.

My muscles and energy coiled like a spring, and with a single, decisive step, I leaped into the air, the desert blurring around me as I was thrust into a dimension of distorted space and time, the wind rushing past me, a violent symphony in my ears, as I cut through the air.

And, in the blink of an eye, the world came back into focus, the blurred canvas of my form sharpening into discernible features, as I now floated above the desert miles away from my original starting point, a solitary figure amidst the twilight, the desert sprawling beneath me like a vast, textured tapestry.

"So, should we go straight to the guild, or... do we have time for some pancakes," I hummed, looking at Mavis as she materialized her form beside me.

"Ohhh, pancakes sound nice," Mavis said, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Chocolate chip pancakes for me!"

"Well, it seems we have a unanimous decision then," I chuckled, before soaring through the air toward the direction of the nearest town.

These past few years had been... rough for me, in more ways than one.

I had almost killed myself more than a few times, on one occasion almost losing half of my body in a massive explosion,

haha, leave it to the Shinigami to create techniques that can kill them, the literal embodiment of death.

I had lost a few battles.

Against my Zanpakuto.

And... a mysterious woman, named Selene.

But as much as I had failed, or lost, I had grown.

Did I have the strength to defeat all of my enemies?

I wasn't sure.

I had learned a lot, and I had become much, much stronger, but that didn't mean I was done improving, so that question was still up to debate, I suppose.

All I knew was that I was definitely stronger and that whatever came next would be up for a big surprise.

~Answer this shit up!~

Huh, someone is calling, if I remember correctly that's Laxus ringtone, I wonder what he wants.

[Lexus Dreyar.]

[Second Person POV.]

The dim light from the magical lacrima beeped awake, casting an unsteady glow on Lexus Dreyar. He sat idly on his couch, his gaze focused on the city's skyline through the floor-to-ceiling window.

Noticing the caller ID. Mirajane Strauss. Lexus approached the Lacrima and picked up the call.

"Lexus, thank goodness you answered, we need your help," Mirajane's voice was urgent, and Lexus could tell, she had a slight tremble underlying her usual calm and goofy demeanor.

Lexus sighed, leaning back on the couch, an indifferent look on his face. "About what?"

"Phantom Lord... they've attacked Fairy Tail. It's a full-scale guild war, Lexus. The... master is hurt, and Gildarts is not coming back until next Friday... you're our only hope."

Lexus was silent for a moment, his gaze growing distant as he processed the information.

Their only hope? He could almost laugh at that, it seemed little Mira was forgetting about a certain someone.

"As much as I would love to help, I'm not the guild's keeper, Mira," Laxus finally replied, his voice devoid of any emotion showing concern. "You guys always manage. Besides, I have my own problems right now, I don't think I can leave, not right now."

Mirajane's voice faltered at his rejection. "Laxus... please. You're a part of Fairy Tail. We are your family, and we need you."

Laxus paused, his gaze drifting toward the Fairy Tail insignia on his body. A sigh escaped his lips. "Look, I already knew about the Phantom Lord problem we have on our hands, Mira. In fact, you're not the first one to inform me," he said, his voice softer now, yet still carrying a certain aloofness. He turned his gaze back to the cityscape, a glint of something unrecognizable in his eyes. "So don't worry, I've already called for backup."

Mirajane's breath hitched on the other end of the line. "You... you did?"

"Yeah, I did," Laxus confirmed, a rare hint of amusement lacing his tone. "I called that bastard, and he answered. And based on what he told me, he'll be there soon."

"But... how did you know?"

Mystogan, he would never admit it though, but it was Mystogan who had told him.

Lexus chuckled lightly, putting down the lacrima. "I have my ways, Mira. Fairy Tail's my guild, after all. I might not show it, but I do care."

With that, he ended the call, leaving Mirajane at the other end, bewildered.

Lexus leaned back into the couch, his gaze returning to the skyline, a sense of anticipation simmering within him.

"Do you think he will be enough to deal with Phantom Lord, Lexus-sama?" Fried asked, breaking Lexus out of his thoughts.

Lexus turned to Fried, a smirk playing at the corners of his lips. "He's more than enough, Fried."

"You haven't seen the bastard, in what? Years? And you think he will be enough?" Bickslow chuckled, a grin spreading across his face.

Lexus rolled his eyes at him. "I'm more than enough to deal with Phantom Lord, and if I am, he is. I know that bastard

better than anyone, and I would be a fool to think he hasn't gotten stronger this past few years."

"Isn't Phantom Lord's Master one of the Ten Wizard Saints?" Evergreen interjected, her eyebrows furrowed in concern.

Lexus shrugged. "So what? That title can mean a lot of things depending on the wielder, I can't beat the old man, but I'm pretty sure I can kick Jose' ass."

Fried nodded in agreement.

"I can't wait to see how strong has Adam become," Lexus mused, a glint of excitement in his eyes. "It's been too long since I had a good fight with him."

The rest of the Thunder God Tribe exchanged glances, feeling unsure about Lexus' words, but keeping their thoughts to themselves, after all, in their heads, it didn't seem feasible that Adam the man they hadn't even met was as strong as their leader made him out to be.

But in time, they would learn.