

## [Adam C. POV.]

There was no mistaking it.

They were coming.

I could feel a shift in the wind, an electric charge that heralded the coming of Grimoire Heart, and something far, far worse. The forest around us was eerily silent, with only the distant murmur of the sea as its lullaby.

Mavis remained silent for a moment, her ethereal form glowing faintly in the twilight, before her large, inquisitive eyes settled on me, with concern etched into them.

"Adam," Mavis began, her voice as gentle as the evening breeze, "Do you feel that?"

I nodded. "Yes."

Mavis tilted her head, reading between the lines. "Are you planning to just let them come?"

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "I need them to come."

Her gaze hardened.

"Don't worry, I'm not planning on letting anyone get hurt," I added.

"I see," Mavis sighed, turning her gaze back into the horizon. "You plan to use them as bait."

I smiled weakly. "Something like that."

The term bait wasn't entirely accurate, seeing I didn't actually need them to bring Acnologia here. Why? Well, the bastard was already coming. It seemed the bastard was coming for something other than destruction, the 'Dragons' within the island.

Mavis nodded, her eyes flickering with understanding. "Alright then, what's the plan?"

"There's no plan," I replied, standing up from the ground with a yawn as I stretched my arms.

I was strong.

Unfathomably strong.

So much so, that my power hurt my body on a cellular level, tearing it apart piece by piece.

Because of this, I had to hold back, always. Keeping my power in check, in a cage without doors. Only to be used against Acnologia.

The time for that had finally come.

There was no need to hold back; to... restrain myself.

Today was my last day on this earth. Today, I was finally free.

"No plan?" Mavis repeated, furrowing her brow in concern. "Adam, you can't just go in there without a plan."

I smiled at her, closing my eyes, before letting go for the first time, in years, opening the doors of what I once held back with all my might.

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## **[Mavis Vermillion. POV.]**

The wind stopped, every whisper of nature and ambient noise faded away as the stillness intensified around Adam. He began to emanate a soft, almost inaudible hum, a precursor to the devastation about to be unveiled.

Then, a deafening roar of energy exploded around him, as his power, his magical power, burst forth, swallowing the entire forest in an overwhelming sensation.

The moment he released his power, it was as if the very fabric of the world screamed in agony, creating ripples in the air, as the very atoms seemed to vibrate, trembling at the raw display of power.

I had seen him train.

I had seen him grow stronger.

But this?

This was beyond my wildest expectations.

This wasn't merely an increase in power, this was a colossal burst of power, one that threatened to consume everything in its path.

The ground, unable to contain or absorb such might, convulsed violently. Huge chunks of earth were lifted, floating weightlessly for a moment, before crashing back down, turning into dust, as massive fissures raced across the entire island, opening up like the jaws of a monstrous beast, swallowing anything and everything in its way.

Above, the once pristine blue of the sky started to change, as dark, ominous clouds swirled into existence, rapidly covering the sun. It was as though the heavens themselves were reacting to his unleashed might. Lightning forked and danced amidst the clouds, the bolts jagged and wild, illuminating the sky in a spectacle of raw, elemental fury.

Each thunderclap resonated in tandem with the surges of his power, creating a symphony of chaos and power.

This... was a testament to the nature of Adam, a man I knew as: untamed, unyielding, and utterly unstoppable.

I couldn't even breathe.

I had no physical form, and his power was affecting me as if I had one.

I mean, I had one, as useless as it was, but it was hundreds of miles away. And even then, nothing had ever affected me before.

Yet, despite all of this. I felt as if at any point, I would lose my conscience.

"This is my plan," Adam said, his voice ringing out with a gravely seriousness that belied the raw power he was unleashing. "There won't be a fight."

I understand now.

He wasn't planning on fighting them. He was going to execute them.

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**[Third Person POV.]**

**[The Labs of the 12th Division.]**

The laboratory was a sprawling maze of steely surfaces and winding corridors. Dim blue lights emanated from various stations, casting cold illumination upon the myriad of instruments that cluttered the space.

At the center of it all stood a particularly macabre figure – Captain Mayuri Kurotsuchi of the 12th Division.

In front of him hovered a shimmering blue orb, pulsating slowly as though it contained a living heartbeat. Suspended within its depths was a fragment, an intricate web of energy that twisted and turned with a life of its own.

It was clear to those who understood: this was no mere object. It was a piece of a soul.

Mayuri's long fingers danced around the orb, making precise and calculated movements as he manipulated it. "Such an impressive specimen," he mused aloud, voice dripping with a mixture of awe and malice. "So malleable, so strong, so...breakable."

"Sir, I'm trying to understand these readings, but they don't make sense," One of Mayuri's subordinates interrupted, holding up a clipboard filled with notes and data. "It seems like there's some interference coming from the fragment."

"And that is exactly your problem. You 'try' to understand. I, on the other hand, reshape the world to fit my understanding. Therein lies the difference between you and me," Mayuri replied, not even glancing at the man.

Suddenly, the orb vibrated, causing ripples to dance across its surface. The soul fragment within shimmered and twisted, reacting to Mayuri's presence. It was as if it was trying to escape, to flee from the hands of its tormentor.

"Ah, you wish to resist?" Mayuri's voice grew colder, his grin even more darkly predatory. "Fear not, for pain is merely an instrument of discovery. After all, through suffering, we transcend our limitations."



Without warning, he plunged a needle-like instrument into the orb, directly into the soul fragment. The orb emitted a sharp, pained sound, a ghostly wail that echoed through the room.

Drawing back, Mayuri observed the fragment as it writhed in torment. He felt no pity, only a burning curiosity to unlock the mysteries it held. "Wonderful! Prepare the machine, and let the Captain Commander know that we should be bringing back the source of this piece back in a few hours!"

As his subordinates scurried to obey, Mayuri turned his attention back to the orb. The soul fragment continued to writhe and twist, but now it pulsed with a new energy, one that Mayuri had never seen before.

"How interesting," Mayuri muttered to himself, his eyes narrowing as he leaned in closer to the orb. "It seems that pain has unleashed a hidden component within you. What else are you capable of?"