

[Adam C. POV]

Mystogan placed a small bottle of bright red pills into my outstretched hands. I studied the bottle for a moment, before unscrewing the lid, carefully extracting one pill and popping it into my mouth.

The pill's bitter taste lingered on my tongue as I swallowed it in one gulp.

"How do you feel?" Mystogan asked, studying my reaction.

I remained silent for a moment before finally letting out a tired sigh. "They didn't work."

The pills hadn't worked.

At least not in the way they were intended to work.

Instead of recovering my power or allowing me to use more of it. The pills had recharged my magical reserves, working like Ethernano recovery pills.

Mystogan frowned at this revelation. "Perhaps the reason why the pills didn't work on you, is behind the same reason why you didn't lose your powers completely."

I suspected that would be the case.

On that note, I don't know what I was really hoping for with this. I knew very well that most of my power was sealed within the Lacrima above the Royal Castle. It's not like the pills were going to shatter the Lacrima, giving me back my powers.

I sighed.

Letting my power come back naturally would take years, due to the absence of Ethernano in the air. And using the pills for that purpose wasn't really an option.

There was also the chance that my body would eventually adapt to this environment, finding another way to restore missing energy without using the atmosphere as a medium.

That being said, both options would simply take too much time, which at the moment wasn't an option. Meaning the best option would be to face this situation with what I had.

"They worked on Gajeel," Mystogan sighed, leaning against a wall. "But your case is much more different than his. Like all Earth-Land mages in Edolas, he lost the ability to generate magic power, you didn't. Somehow, you kept most of your abilities, the only reason you are weaker right now is because the portal tried to seal you away with the rest, but only managed to take a portion of your power."

A big portion.

"I know that, so let's instead talk about how we can expedite your mission here?" I asked, steering the conversation away from my loss of power. The fastest way to recover what I had lost was by helping Mystogan.

Wait a minute. Did he just say Gajeel?

"I sent Gajeel to find Natsu, Lucy, Wendy, Carla and Happy," Mystogan replied with a short nod.

Unlike in canon, Gajeel hadn't joined the guild after the events of Phantom Lord. Which I had attributed to my interference in the same.

I wonder what he was doing in Magnolia that somehow forced him to join this war.

"That leaves us to do something else, I suppose," I replied, deciding it wasn't the time to wonder how much I had fucked the canon.

Mystogan nodded slowly, pointing at the maps that were spread out on the wooden table in front of him. He traced his finger over them, stopping in the Royal City. "I need you to deal with someone."

I raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Who?"

"Adam Cromwell," Mystogan replied, his voice hardening.

That explains why Edolas Juvia had been more aggressive than normal. I had reminded her of someone, the Edolas version of myself.

I wonder how that works out.

I was reincarnated into Earth Land, my existence wasn't natural to the world in question, so I wasn't entirely sure how that would affect the Edolas version of myself in this scenario.

"He's known as The Executioner," Mystogan continued, leaning in closer. "He's considered to be nigh-undefeatable in combat, to the point no one would dare to engage in

battle against him. And those who are forced into that situation, just accept the fact that they will be killed by him."

Is it bad that I'm getting hyped over my Edolas version?

"Anything else?" I asked, grabbing a chair and sitting down next to Mystogan, my eyes fixed on the map.

"He wields a blade named Nox," Mystogan replied, his voice low. "I don't know much about this blade. All I know is that the blade is rumored to be able to cut through anything."

I see, so my Edolas version is staying in theme.

"Very well," I nodded, cracking my knuckles. "I'll fight him."

"It won't be easy," Mystogan replied. "You're not just fighting a version of you, you're fighting a sadistic, barbarous and bloodthirsty person who lacks any form of empathy."

I chuckled. "Quit drilling; you already struck oil. You had me at nigh-undefeatable, you don't have to keep selling me this fight."

I won't lie. I was excited at the prospect of fighting this supposed version of me. The idea of fighting someone strong, especially with this level of handicap, it made my blood boil with excitement.

It has been a while since I had a decent fight, a real fight.

Mystogan nodded, a small smirk on his face. "I had a feeling you would say that."

I grinned back at him. "What can I say, I'm a Fairy Tail mage."

Mystogan chuckled. "Very well. In that case, here's what you have to do."

My mission was simple, to avoid confrontation until Mystogan gave me the signal to act. In the meantime, he would do his part, setting the pieces to liberate his country in motion.

That gave me a lot of free time to act, time, which I had decided to use to regroup with others in this world's version of Fairy Tail.

Now, in order to do that I needed to convince Edolas Juvia that I wasn't her enemy.

Sadly, she was still unconscious. I might have punched her a bit too hard, which now that I think about it, it won't help to sell the point that I wasn't her enemy.

I sighed, looking down at her unconscious form. I had to do something to wake her up, and fast. From a tactical standpoint staying alone in the middle of enemy territory wasn't the best decision.

If anyone were to manage to find me, it would only be a matter of time before I was forced into a fight with less-than-ideal conditions for me.

So, if I wanted to avoid that possibility, I needed to wake her up. Gently if I wanted to avoid getting on her bad side even more.

I glanced around the room, my eyes falling on a nearby basin of water. An idea struck me, and I quickly grabbed the basin and splashed the water onto Juvia's face.

She gasped and sputtered, her eyes fluttering open as she coughed up water.

Thank God that worked, option B was poking her with a broom.

"Who did that?!" Juvia screamed angrily, scanning the room, until her gaze stopped on me. Her eyes widened when they landed on me, her features twisting from fury to pure hatred. "You!"

I put my hands up in a surrendering gesture. "Wait, Juvia, I know what you're thinking, but this is all just a big misunderstanding."

Juvia's face twisted into a snarl as she brought her umbrella up and around in an arc before thrusting it forward, the metal tip glinting dangerously in the light. I dove away, throwing my body back, avoiding the sharp point of her weapon perforating my eye.

"I'm not the man you think I am," I continued, dodging another swing of Juvia's umbrella. "And if you stop trying to kill me, I could explain why I look like him."

Juvia paused, her eyes narrowing as she considered my words. "You have one minute," she hissed.

I nodded and began to explain to Juvia the situation with as much detail as I could shove under a minute. She listened intently, her eyes never leaving my face as I spoke. By the time I finished, she seemed to be contemplating what I had said.

"That explains why you didn't kill me," Juvia growled under her breath, lowering her umbrella slowly. "He doesn't take prisoners."

"I'm supposed to fight him, eventually," I replied, getting back Juvia's attention. "But before I can do that, I would like to regroup with my friends, who are most likely on their way to your guild, if they aren't already there."

Juvia crossed her arms, eyeing me skeptically. "And why should I help you?"

I blinked. Hadn't we already established I wasn't her enemy?

"You might not be him, but you're still a stranger, a dangerous one at that," Juvia said, her tone ice cold. "I

need a good reason if I am to risk the guild's safety, a damn good one."

That's... surprisingly understandable and levelheaded of her.

I thought for a moment, wracking my brain for a compelling argument, until the answer hit me. "Do fairies have tails? More than that, do fairies even exist? Nobody knows for sure. So, this guild is like them, an eternal mystery, an eternal adventure, a family, one we are a part of." I smiled, repeating Gramps word as I took my shirt off, showing her my guild mark.

Juvia's eyes widened as she saw the familiar symbol etched on my skin. She lowered her guard completely, her umbrella clattering to the ground as she stepped forward, reaching out to touch the mark.

"That's a damn good reason," Juvia breathed, her voice sounding for the first time since I had met her, vulnerable. "I guess I don't have a choice then, do I?"

I chuckled. "So, would you lead the way?"

Juvia nodded, a small smile playing at the corners of her lips. "Yeah, let's go back home."