

[Adam C. POV]

The heavy wooden door of the guild creaked open, and I was met with the familiar hustle and bustle of the Guild, not that the door kept this energy locked.

I mean, after the events of Phantom Lord, the Guild didn't even have a roof.

That being said, the energy was as always incredibly infectious. Laughter echoed from every corner, and the clinking of ale mugs punctuated the hum of conversation.

But today was different. Today, the buzz was not just from the usual camaraderie and competition. Today, the guild was celebrating our victory.

That and the fact I was back, which according to Makarov, had the members of the Guild that hadn't met me, excited. It seemed that for some reason my introduction was eagerly anticipated.

The first to approach me was Jet. He was a tall, lean figure guy, his wild hair a striking shade of orange. After shaking my hand, he talked a bit with me, praising Levy every ten words,

in a very animated manner, his hands gesturing wildly in the air.

"I have to say," Jet chuckled, trying to come off as confident, or perhaps he was just trying to hide his anxiety, I couldn't really tell. "I've heard a lot about you."

I returned his handshake and gave him a nod, "All good things I hope."

"Only the best," Jet replied, his grin wide and genuine.

Next to him was Droy, a lean man with black hair. He was slightly shorter than Jet, and slightly leaner as well. His eyes twinkled with good humor as he clapped me on the shoulder.

"Adam, the man, the myth, the legend!" Droy boomed. "I've been looking forward to meeting you! Erza, Cana and Lilia never stop talking about you! Hell, even Laxus talks about you!"

Talking about Lilia, where is she...?

Perhaps she's on a mission, otherwise she would be here, breaking a window with an over the top unnecessary entrance.

"Likewise, Droy," I replied, smiling at the guy.

Then there was Happy, a small, blue, adorable cat-like creature with wings. He hovered in the air, his tail swishing back and forth. His big eyes were full of wonder and admiration.

"Aye!" Happy squeaked, fluttering down to land on my shoulder. "There's no way Natsu, or Ruffy can beat you."

I chuckled, reaching up to give him a gentle pat. "You're damn right, a fish for you, on me."

"Aye!" Happy cheered, his wings flapping excitedly. "You're now one of my favorite people!"

As Happy left to find his fish, despite the fact I hadn't given him any money for it yet, someone else approached me.

Levy McGarden.

Out of everyone, Levy was the smallest of the group, but it was easy to see that her spirit despite her size was also one of the largest in the Guild, her blue hair was tied up in a bandana.

Her eyes sparkled with intelligence and determination.

"You defeated Phantom Lord's Master, right?" Levy greeted with a respectful nod. "If so, your reputation precedes you. I look forward to learning from you."

"And I from you, Levy," I replied.

Last but not least, there was Lucy, the poor blonde destined to suffer under Natsu's shenanigans, her brown eyes met mine with a sense of awe that made me feel like I should pepper spray her.

"Adam Clive, The God of The Sword, The Shinigami, The One Without Property Damage, also known as Oberon; The King of Fairies," Lucy said, almost breathless. "I'm Lucy Heartfilia, it's an honor to meet you."

Oberon?

Well that's a new one.

But forget about that one, who in the fuck is calling me The One Without Property Damage?

"Weird way to start a conversation, but yeah, a pleasure to meet you," I replied.

Lucy seemed to be in a trance, still staring at me in awe.

"Hello?" I waved my hand in front of her face, trying to snap her out of it. "You okay?"

"Oh! I'm so sorry! It's just that, I've heard so much about you, well, read, in Sorcerer Weekly," Lucy said, snapping out of her

trance. "And at the same time, I haven't read anything about you. Your entire life it's mostly a mystery..."

I raised an eyebrow. "Really? They still write about me?"

"Yes, of course, and why wouldn't they?!" Lucy exclaimed, her eyes shining with admiration. "You single-handedly defeated the Wake of the Abyss, and that was before even reaching puberty!"

The... Wake of What now?

"I'm sorry, I defeated who now?" I asked, genuinely confused.

"The Wake of the Abyss," Lucy repeated as if that alone was meant to clarify what the heck she was saying, her voice filled with awe.

"She means Deliora," Gray interjected, rolling his eyes at Lucy's fangirl behavior. "For some reason, someone thought of giving that bastard a flashy moniker."

Oh.... she was talking about Deliora, ok, ok.

"Don't call Deliora that, it's very confusing and honestly doesn't fit the bastard anyways," I said, shaking my head. "But yeah, I did defeat him. It wasn't that big of a deal, really."

Lucy gasped at this. "But... how could that not be a big deal?! Deliora is one of the most powerful demons ever known to exist!"

And despite his terrible reputation, he was nothing but a failed project.

"Well, that's a matter of opinion," I said with a shrug.
"Anyways, a pleasure to meet you Lucy."

"Wait!" Lucy said, reaching out to grab my arm before I could turn away. "I have so many questions for you! So, if possible... could I... perhaps, if possible, if you don't mind, interview you?"

I smiled. "No."

Lucy's face fell, looking crestfallen at my response.

"But why not?" she asked, her voice tinged with disappointment.

"Just don't feel like it," I said, putting a hand on her shoulder.

"But... I could cook something? It could be a fun thing, like a date/interview?" Lucy suggested with a hopeful smile.

Wait...

She likes me?

Well that explains her fangirl-like behavior.

Nevertheless, she wasn't my type. Sure, she had a nice body, with the right proportions, curves, and a pretty face, but I wasn't interested.

I chuckled. "I'm flattered." I really wasn't. "But I have other things to do." I really didn't. "So, I'm sorry to say; no." I wasn't sorry.

Lucy looked at me with a mix of disappointment and embarrassment. "Oh... I understand, I'm sorry."

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Told you so!" Cana burst out laughing from behind me.

I turned around to see my little sister, Cana, not so little anymore, she was now a woman in her own right. She was dressed in a skimpy outfit that showed off her ample cleavage and toned midriff, and had a bottle of beer in her hand.

Oh hell no!

Hell to the DAMN NO!

I rushed to her, and hugged her, but this was but a trap, as I used the opportunity to put my coat over her, covering her up.

"Who told you, you can dress like that?!" I asked, turning Cana into a living conservative burrito with my coat.

"Hey, what gives?!" Cana protested, pouting slightly as I continued to turn her into a Bible approved Burrito. "I already have enough about this with dad, not you too!"

"Well he's right! You shouldn't dress like that in public!" I scolded her, as the rest of the guild blinked in silence.

"Why not? I'm an adult now!" Cana retorted.

"The hell you aren't," I snapped back. "You'll always be my little sister, and therefore, you will never be older than twelve years old!"

Cana rolled her eyes, but I could see the hint of a smile on her face. "Fine, I guess if you and dad are on the same page, it means you guys are onto something. I give up, you guys win, I promise to dress in a more conservative manner, happy? Now un-burrito me, please."

"Aye?" Happy the cat chimed in, thinking someone had called him.

"I wasn't calling you, I was just using the expression," Cana explained to the blue cat, who looked a bit disappointed at not being included in the conversation.

"Fine, I will un-burrito you," I replied, unwrapping my coat from around Cana. "And sorry for... overreacting, but I will not have the perverts in this Guild ogle you like a piece of meat."

Cana rolled her eyes once again, but this time, with a hint of amusement. "Fair enough, but just so you know, I can take care of myself, I'm a big girl now."

"I know you are, but that doesn't mean I won't try to protect you," I said, ruffling her hair.

"As a father, I feel you should let Cana dress in such an empowering way," Macao interjected, trying to hide the horny grin on his face.

I shot him a dark look. "Fucking try me."

"On second thought, I take back my previous statement," Macao quickly backtracked, sweating bullets as he backed away. "In fact, I don't even know why I was talking?! I mean! My child is a boy, what do I know about having a girl?! Ha! Clearly nothing! I feel like I've been talking too much, does anyone want a drink? I sure do! Bye!"

I watched Macao scuttle away, glaring daggers on his back.

"You know the poor guy will have night terrors for the next following weeks, right?" Cana chuckled, giving me a kiss on the cheek.

"He's lucky Gildarts wasn't here," I replied, imagining how Gildarts' would've reacted to Macao's attitude.

"He is," Cana nodded, shaking her head. "After all, dad is the reason... Wakaba is no longer with us."

Serves him fucking right.

Wait...

Gildarts killed Wakaba for ogling at Cana?

Good.

Wait, what am I saying?

While I approve of that attitude, killing him is a bit over the top.

Break his legs, and arms, and leave him bed-ridden, but kill him? There isn't a reason for that, at least not one they are brave enough to fucking try.

Well, that's neither here nor there.

Rest in piece Wakaba, or should I say pieces considering who he had to deal with?

"So... Wakaba is dead?" I sighed.

"What? No! You think Dad killed him?" Cana asked, breaking into a fit of laughter. "He's alive, just... hospitalized, that's all."

Oh.

Well that makes more sense.

"Really, what happened?" I asked, curious about the whole situation.

Cana took a deep breath, composing herself before speaking. "Wakaba said I had a nice ass, and well... Dad didn't take too kindly to that... he literally slapped him into the hospital, and I'm not being dramatic, Dad slapped Wakaba, from the Guild, into the hospital, one slap."

Hehehe.

I expected nothing less from the man that forcibly adopted me, because I had stolen millions from him.

"He recovered from that a few days ago, but now he calls me sir, and insists that I maintain a twelve foot distance from him," Cana continued, with an evilly amused smile. "I think

he's a bit scared of interacting with me, after... well, you know."

I chuckled in complete delight at the thought of Wakaba cowering in fear at the mere sight of Cana.

That's what he gets for cat-calling someone young enough to be his child!

"What if a guy... I don't know? Her age, tries to flirt with Cana?" Lucy asked, interjecting.

"He would have to meet my standards, after meeting Gildarts, and he would have to be strong enough to defeat me, and Gildarts, separately and at the same time," I replied with a thoughtful nod.

I wasn't asking for much.

But if the guy couldn't meet those overly basic requirements, then he wasn't worthy. It was that simple.

'Adam, I don't think those are simple requirements...' I felt the familiar sensation of my blade vibrating gently in my hand as Zanryuzuki's voice echoed inside my head.

They were!

"Oh God, I will die alone," Cana muttered.

"Oh, princess, don't say that, you will have plenty of sisters in whatever Church you choose," I reassured her, patting her on the back. "Trust me, as a man, you can trust me when I say, all men suck."

Oh God, I sounded like a bad feminist.

Or that lesbian friend who is secretly trying to woo her friend.

Nevertheless, I stand by my point. My sister either marries the embodiment of perfection, or no one at all!