

## [Important Events.]

**Year x780.**

*January* - Adam made significant progress in learning to control his Zanpakuto more effectively, discovering in the process that by manipulating the space around him, he could enhance his own speed, however, he soon discovered how difficult mastering this ability was through trial and error, that being said, Adam remained determined and persistent in his training.

*February* - Fried Justine, along with Evergreen and Bickslow, started idolizing Laxus, impressed by his prowess and determination. Laxus didn't seem to find this... fun. Lilia approved of this, supporting the trio in their quest to adore the Dragon Slayer.

*March* - Charm Magic was officially declared illegal. Some mages attempted to protest and riot against this decision but were quickly subdued and apprehended.

*April* - Adam successfully managed to cast Kurohitsugi without using the needed incantation and although the spell

was considerably weaker to the point it would be a waste of time using in combat, this achievement demonstrated a remarkable improvement in Adam's control over his own energy.

*July* - Cana developed her first unique spell in card magic, one that would enable her to seal spells for later use in empty cards, for the moment, she can only seal relatively weak spells, but her ultimate goal was to improve her spell to the point she's able to incorporate her father's and brother's powerful attacks into her arsenal, sealing their attacks in her cards.

*August* - Jose Porla, the guild master of Phantom Lord, began plotting the downfall of Fairy Tail, having had enough of people talking about them, considering any comparison between his guild and Fairy Tail to be an unforgivable insult that demanded retribution.

*October* - Adam reached a new milestone in his training, with his Shunpo technique achieving unprecedented levels of speed, as well as barely consuming any energy to use.

*November* - Laxus encountered his father, Ivan, leading to a confrontation between the two. Laxus effortlessly defeated Ivan, making it clear he didn't want anything to do with him, showcasing his growth as a mage and a person.

*December* - Natsu challenged Gray to a duel. Gray emerged victorious with little to no difficulty, leaving Natsu

traumatized. Unable to accept the reality of his defeat at the hands of Gray, Natsu's mind distorted the events, causing him to remember the fight as a loss against a monstrous creature rather than Gray.

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**[Third Person POV.]**

**[Ur Milkovich.]**

**[Unknown Location.]**

**[Year x781.]**

In the heart of the dark market, tucked away in a narrow alleyway between buildings that loomed high overhead, was a bar that reeked of mystery and danger.

It was here that Ur, a woman hardened by the circumstances of her life, like the loss of her daughter, Ultear, hoped to find answers about her possible whereabouts.

Since her... fight with Adam, and how he had uttered her name, Ur had begun to think that maybe... her little snowflake was alive, just maybe, which is why she was here at the bar.

The bar was called The Black Omen, and it was no place for the faint-hearted. It was a den of thieves, mercenaries, and criminals of all kinds, but for Ur, it was nothing but an extra in her desperate search for answers.

As Ur entered the dimly lit establishment, the creaky wooden door groaned in protest, and the din of voices and laughter momentarily ceased.

Ur could feel the suspicious glances of the patrons cutting through the smoky air as she strode to the bar counter.

That being said, she didn't pay any of them any mind, instead, she ignored their glances, giving an air of confidence that seemed to put the other patrons at ease, as the conversations gradually resumed, and the tension in the room dissipated.

The bartender, a burly man with a thick beard, eyed her cautiously before speaking. "What can I get you?" he asked gruffly.

"A shot of whiskey, and some information," she replied, her voice as cold and hard as ice.

He poured her a shot and slid it across the counter to her. "You'll have to be more specific, a lot more," he said, his voice barely audible above the noise.

Ur took a deep breath, knowing that what she was about to ask could change everything. "I'm looking for someone named Ultear. She supposedly died years ago due to a disease, but I've reason to believe she might still be alive. I will pay for any information you have."

The words hung heavily in the air, and Ur's heart pounded in her chest as she awaited the bartender's response. This place was supposed to be a nest of information, even if that information meant the end of those who were seeking said information.

The bartender remained silent, his face betraying no emotion, but the slight twitch in his left eye told Ur that at the very least, he was intrigued. "I can't say I have heard that name... a lot, but I have," he admitted hesitantly. "Before you get excited though, I have to tell you that they're just rumors, very vague ones, so I wouldn't put much stock in them if I were you."

"I don't care, where did you hear these rumors?" Ur pressed, her eyes boring into the bartender's, unyielding and determined.

He sighed, his shoulders sagging in defeat. "The only place I've heard anything about that name is in the underground fighting ring in Cortok," he said, lowering his voice. "But you must understand, people disappear down there all the time. So even if it's true, there's no guarantee you'll find her or come out of there alive."

Ur downed her shot of whiskey, the burning liquid providing a brief respite from her aching heart. "Thanks," Having said that, she tossed a handful of coins onto the counter, before walking back toward the door.

"Good luck," The Bartender replied, as she crossed the threshold of The Black Omen without looking back, the cold night air greeting her like an old friend.

Outside, the alley was dark, and without a warning a steady rain began to fall, casting a bleak and melancholic tone over the entire dark market. But, despite all of that, for the first time in years, a glimmer of hope stirred in Ur's heart.

Her thoughts raced as she walked through the rain-soaked streets. She knew the chances of finding Ultear were slim, very slim, for all she knew she could be wasting her time, but no matter how slim these chances felt, she had to try.

The weight of the past had been too heavy to bear, and the thought of her daughter, lost and alone without her, haunted her every waking moment.

At this, Ur's heart ached as she recalled the last time she had seen Ultear, a mere child sick, and promised by others to be healed. She had been so innocent, so full of life...

But Ur had failed to protect her, failed to save her from that cruel fate. And now, all she could do was to seek answers, to find any trace of her daughter, whether she was alive or not, she would find out the truth.

Taking a deep breath, Ur quickened her pace, feeling the rain soaking through her clothes, not that she cared. She had a new lead now, and she couldn't afford to waste any time. She had to find the underground fighting ring in Cortok, no matter the cost.

As she walked, her mind wandered back to her fight with Adam for a brief moment.

Adam had known Ultear's name, despite there being no possible way for him to know.

According to Makarov, the reason Adam had acted like he had at that time was because of those who had enslaved him.

"Were you taken by them too, my little snowflake? And if so, are you still within their grasp, waiting for me?" Ur shook her head to clear her mind, pushing the memories of Adam and his possible connection to Ultear aside for now.

She had to focus on reaching Cortok, she would question those things later, not now.

Love, regret, hope.

These are the only things I know.

They are the only things I have ever known for a long time.

The smoke inside me that keeps me going is made of these three things.

Without them, I am nothing, a vacuum in the shape of a woman.