

[Adam POV]

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Well, long story short, I got captured almost immediately by the monster that had blocked my path.

Before you judge me, I tried to fight, and run when that didn't work out, but the monster moved faster than I could move, by a lot.

So, when I had run out of options. The thing captured me.

Like I said before, it was a good run. Five years, not bad, not bad at all.

Ok, it is bad, very bad. But back on the subject at hand, after the ball had captured me, I was taken to an undisclosed location, and have been there since, unable to move or talk.

“How many kids did you capture, Drek?” I heard someone ask, and by the level of his voice, I could tell whoever it was, it was very close to me right now.

Oh god... no. Please don't let this be what I think it is. Please don't let this be the Tower of Heaven.

“Ten.”

“What about the villagers?”

“I took care of them. As always.”

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I see so that means most likely that everyone I know is dead, including my parents.

“Good, let's go then.”

I had taken this new world without a care, remembering what I wanted to remember, instead of acknowledging the many threats this world had to offer.

I feel bad, like throwing up, like crying, and even though there was nothing I could've done, I can't help but feel that this is my fault, like I should have done something to prevent it.

Perhaps this was the so-called survivor's guilt because right now, all I could remember were days in the village, the days where I would just walk around, play with the kids, pretending I was one of them, the days I would make some food, and simply have a laugh.

One thing I can promise, I will survive this.

[Adam POV]

As I feared, I was taken to the Tower of Heaven. Or the grounds that would make the tower of heaven.

Following a rather, painful introduction to the life of a slave, where I was beaten just to... break my spirit, I was placed in a dark, damp cell, with many others.

All I could do there when I wasn't working was sit there in the darkness and think about how to escape.

I was scared, not gonna lie, or try to sugarcoat it. I was fucking scared, even in my past life, I never had to face anything like this, not even remotely close.

Nevertheless, I was determined to survive, to make it out of here alive.

"Hello, there kid," I heard a man speak a few meters away from me inside the cell.

I slowly turned to see a man, maybe in his 70s, with graying hair, staring at me.

"My name is Rob, a pleasure to meet you?" He said with a glint in his eye.

A pleasure to meet me. Really, in this shit of place?

"Adam," I replied, just here realizing who this man was if his name was anything to go by. He was Rob, the old member of Fairy Tail, the one that had inspired Erza to become who she was in the history. "You seem awfully jovial for a slave. What's your secret?"

Rob actually chuckled at this. "Well, is this or despair? Right?"

I snorted, who would've thought dark humor would actually tickle my funny bone right now? "So, how long have you been here?"

"A few years," Rob replied, keeping his friendly tone. Though I could see beneath said tone, this was the tone an adult would use with a child to avoid letting them know their true feelings.

"I see," I sighed, clutching my knees against my chest. "So, anything interesting about you, Rob?"

Rob looked at me with a thoughtful gaze, "Well, believe it or not. I'm an excellent cook."

My eye twitched at that. I had spoon-fed him the opportunity to tell me he was from Fairy Tail.

"I can't imagine you have done much cooking as of lately," I replied with a sigh.

Rob smiled. "No, I haven't. So, what about you, Adam? Anything interesting about you?"

"Hm, not that I know of. The doctor of my town said I had no magic, so there is that, I guess," I replied, giving the old man a look.

Rob frowned ever so slightly. "That can't be. Ethernano dwells inside all living organisms, the Earth, and throughout the atmosphere. And you don't look like you have MDS."

MDS? What the fuck is that?

"MDS?" I asked, curious.

"Magic Deficiency Disease. It's a rare disease that causes the recipient to fall ill from the rapid loss of their Magic Power. It's most common in mages, of course, but civilians do get it here and there," Rob replied.

So the Doctor had lied. Well, I suppose that opens the possibility of me pulling an anime moment out of my ass by activating my magic when I'm totally about to die.

"I see. Well, maybe the doctor lied," I replied.

"I could check for you," Rob offered with a gentle smile.

I frowned at this. "Don't these shackles we have block all forms of magic?" At this, I raised my hands to emphasize the point.

"They do, but nothing can truly block all magic. I mean, sure these old things won't let me cast even the simplest of spells, but I can still sense magic, and do stuff that requires so little ethernano the magic blockers don't deem them dangerous," Rob replied.

I blinked in surprise. "Really?" Honestly, if the old man wasn't lying I wasn't about to complain, but it honestly seemed like a design error in the shackles if they truly allowed such things.

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Why am I questioning the FUCKING design flaws in the equipment the slavers use?!

"Very well, I got nothing to lose. So, go ahead and check old man," I said after a moment or two.

Rob smiled, approaching me. Putting a hand on my shoulder. Then, he closed his eyes, and for a brief moment, I could feel a warm current coming from his hand.

Eventually, Rob opened his eyes, and stepped back, looking at me in... awe. "My goodness... I don't know what I expected to find. But... wow..."

His words made me feel a bit uncomfortable.

"What is it? What did you find?"

Rob cleared his throat quickly, looking away from me. "Well, it's a bit hard to explain, this is the first time I have... seen this, but you seem to have a large quantity of Ethernano within you, and when I mean large, I mean... very large."

I paused. "What?"

"You will be a great mage one day kid, I can't wait to see it," Rob added with a smile, patting me on the head.

[Rob POV]

Like any other day in the tower of heaven, today, more kids arrived, more young souls that this cult sought to ruin. But one, in particular, stood out to me, he was... different from the

others, he wasn't crying like the rest were, he was shedding tears but not in fear of the unknown.

No... his tears and the way he moved showed understanding of his situation, unlike the rest, he knew at least to an extent what awaited him.

I wanted to reach out and talk to him, to every poor kid that had been forced into this terrible life, but I knew that was impossible, my powers were long gone, so all I could do is hope, hope that I would be put in a situation where I could help them.

Thankfully, my prayers were answered, for once I was done with my duties, I saw him again, inside the cell I had been assigned to.

Now that I could see him up close, I could feel a strange warmth coming from him, like something inside him was speaking, even in my weakened state, I could feel something special in him.

I continued to look at him, as he shed a few tears in silence, staring at the wall.

I knew I had to talk to him, I had to get to know him... If only to understand what he was going through, if only to help him as much as I could.

So I introduced myself.

Our short-lived conversation led to me testing his magic power. The biggest feat of magic I could do nowadays.

The moment my hand touched his shoulder, I felt a massive surge of power, raging within him, power like I had never felt before in such a small kid.

It was overwhelming, and aggressive, to the point I had to withdraw my hand, for if I stayed a single second extra, I would've been brought to my knees.

This kid had possibly one of the biggest untapped potentials I had ever seen.

I smiled, trying to hide my shock so as to not scare him, patting him on the head. It was then that I said some words that seemed to light the kid's face.

"You will be a great mage one day kid, I can't wait to see it."