

**[Third Person. POV.]**

**[Unknown Location.]**

In an unknown location, a castle loomed on a craggy mountain, its ancient stones weathered by time and scarred by countless battles. Torches flickered from the walls, casting a gloomy illumination, while the night held its brooding presence around the castle like a shroud of despair.

Inside, there were a few individuals. One of them, a woman with many goals.

Selene, her figure silhouetted against the moonlit corridors, glided through the maze-like castle, her robes trailing behind her like waves of shadow. Her eyes, aglow with a cold, unyielding fire, stared ahead, her mind seething with thoughts of power and control.

A subordinate, dwarfed by her towering stature, scuttled behind her. He shivered, not from the cold stone underfoot but from the chilling aura of his mistress. He had borne witness to the terrible cost of displeasing Selene, the punishments she meted out were brutal, and they left scars that couldn't be seen.

At the end of a dim-lit corridor, Irene paused, her icy gaze turning to her subordinate. Her voice, when it came, was a haunting whisper that reverberated in the silence, filling the air with a sense of impending doom.

"It seems it's finally time to see that man again," she declared. Her lips twisted into a smile, a terrifying spectacle that promised nothing but misery. "My sweet enigma, Adam."

The subordinate gulped, his breath hitching at the mention of Adam. He bowed low, trying to suppress the tremor in his voice. "As you wish, my lady."

Selene turned away, her silhouette blending with the darkness, and the light the moon casted on her. "He has grown much in the years since I last saw him," she mused, her tone laced with cruel anticipation. "I just hope he has grown enough. His power... there's something unique about it. It intrigues me. I know it doesn't belong to this realm of existence, so I must locate the origin, and see what it is that sets him apart."

As her words echoed in the cold, stark air of the castle, a sense of foreboding gripped the atmosphere. It was as though the castle itself held its breath, dreading what might happen when Selene finally set out to understand what Adam truly was.

After all, some questions were better left unanswered.

"It's been a few hundred years since I've had this much fun," Selene smiled, as the darkness around them seemed to deepen, swallowing the torchlight until the castle was nothing but a silhouette against the backdrop of the night.

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**[Third Person. POV.]**

**[Alvarez Empire.]**

In the depths of the Alvarez Empire, within a room shrouded by shadows and enigmatic energies, the air felt heavy, charged with the essence of ancient and powerful magic. The sunlight that dared to enter the chamber illuminated an eerie gathering.

Irene Belserion, The Scarlet Despair, stood tall and imposing with her scarlet hair cascading down her back, and her cold, calculating eyes fixed on the two figures in front of her.

At the center of the room, Zeref Dragneel, the Black Wizard, clad in his enigmatic robe, his jet-black hair hanging loosely around his somber face. His eyes were pools of darkness, reflecting the centuries of solitude and sorrow that to this day burdened his soul.

By his side stood August, the Magic King, with his long beard and stoic expression. The waves of wisdom, longing and melancholy rolled off him like the oceans he had seen rise and fall through the ages.

Irene's voice, like a velvet cloak of malice, sliced through the tense silence, "Your majesty, I believe it's time we pay that man a visit."

Zeref's eyes widened for a moment before he chuckled softly, an almost inaudible whisper that carried the weight of countless lifetimes.

"Irene," August muttered.

"You mean Adam," Zeref murmured, his voice enveloped in amusement. His tired eyes bore into Irene's. "Do as you please, but don't kill him. The time I gave him has yet to run out."

Irene smiled at that. "I would never dream of doing such a thing, your majesty."

August, who had remained silent, shifted his gaze between the two. His voice, rich with age and power, resonated in the chamber, "Every action has its consequences, and every thread in the tapestry is woven for a reason. Every time we had pushed the kid, he had gotten stronger, it might be best to leave him be, before he grows out of our hands."

Irene's lips curled into a sinister smile as she turned away, her cape flowing behind her like a sea of blood. "Wouldn't that be fun?"

As the chamber's doors closed behind her, Zeref and August were left in silence, and contemplation. The room, dimly illuminated by the pale sunlight, seemed to grow darker, as if swallowing the shadows that danced on the walls.

Outside, the winds howled through the ancient land, whispering secrets as old as time, and carrying the echoes of an uncertain future.

After all, two Dragonesses, paying a visit to the same man at the same time. Was an event that could only bring forth utter chaos.

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## [Adam C. POV.]

After half an hour of dealing with clones of the man I hated, I finally stood atop the rubble of his plans, my boots sending small pebbles skittering down the mountain of debris that was once a towering peak and the base of Oracion Seis.

The dust from the shattered stone hung heavy in the air, as if trying to mute the enormity of what just occurred.

Below, an army of clones lay scattered, each one slowly turning into dust, leaving strands of hair behind. At first, their numbers had seemed infinite, but once their production had been cut down, well, it was all a matter of time.

Slipping my hand into my pocket, I pulled out my lacrima phone, the blue light illuminating my face as I tapped the screen, navigating through my contacts looking for Gildarts.

The lacrima phone began to ring, the soft sound echoing in the emptiness around me until finally, the connection was made.

Gildarts' gruff voice came through, sounding a little breathless. "Your handsome dad speaking, what can I do for you?"

Handsome wh-- no, no, don't focus on his stupidity, get to the point Adam.

"I've finished on my side, how are things on your side?" I asked, cutting straight to the chase.

There was a short pause on the other end of the line, before Gildarts spoke up again. "Just wrapping things up here. A bunch of Brain-less clones appeared, putting up a mediocre fight, so... it wasn't nothing we could handle, you could almost say it took, Zero effort."

Dad puns, great.

"What happened to Nirvana?" I asked.

Gildarts let out a low chuckle. "It's gone. Once I saw the clones were just buying time to activate the thing, I just destroyed the entire shit."

Ahhh, yes, the old Gildarts method. If something gets complicated, destroy it. He applies this technique to everything, enemies, doors, people, allies.

"Good," I replied, letting out a chuckle of my own. "I will see how Erza and Laxus are doing, before regrouping." At that I hung up the phone, turning back to see Jellal still out cold inside my Kido barrier.

Smiling at the thought that seeing him back to normal would make Erza happy.

I might not care for the guy too much, but I did care for Erza, and seeing her smile, a genuine smile would be worth it.