

I died.

I know that's not usually the way to start a tale, but it is how mine started.

Long before my journey in this strange yet fascinating world started, I was a normal guy. A lawyer. But one day, a man I refused to represent in court had me killed.

I was young. Talented in my career, but young nonetheless, and with a bullet to the back of my head, I died at the young age of twenty-four.

I didn't expect anything after death. I believed in God, sure, but not in the concepts of heaven and hell. For me, they felt... convenient, like they were there just to calm those who feared their end, and to scare those who were doing bad things.

I believed in nothingness after death.

Well, here's the thing. I was wrong, very wrong.

I guess in life and death the only thing that is certain is that we don't know a fucking thing.

Oh well. Here's how my story begins, and how I dealt with such a strange situation.

When I opened my eyes, the first thing I felt was complete and utter confusion, as unforgiving light filled my vision, forcing me to narrow my eyes in discomfort.

Once I managed to adjust to the brightness which seemed to be adamant in blinding me for good, I found myself face-to-face with a young blue-haired woman gazing at me.

I stared at her in clear shock.

I mean, had I actually survived a shot to the head? I know there have been cases of that happening, but... still.

As I pondered over my situation, a man walked inside the room stopping beside the young woman. The man had brown hair and looked quite muscular.

The man had brown hair. He was wearing a white shirt and a brown vest. His pants were black, and he had a blue, short-sleeved shirt that was tied around his waist, one that seemed to be covered in coal, I would know.

My old man was a mine worker.

“He’s beautiful,” For some reason, the man said, giving me a stiff smile.

I... flattered I guess?

The woman cracked a smile at that. "He is. He has your eyes."

I... this is getting weird. I feel like I should say something.

"He is a handsome little thing," the man replied with a gentle expression.

A handsome little thing? Well that's just demeaning, I know I'm not tall, but there's no need to rub salt in the wound.

Fuck this. Time to let them know I'm awake. Even though they should know it, I have my eyes wide fucking open.

"Excuse me, but would you guys be so kind as to tell me where am I?" That's what I wanted to say. But instead, this is what came out.

"Eh ooh woo am?"

....

Fuck me.

I guess the bullet actually messed me up, and I now talk like someone who has a few too many cousins marrying each other in his family tree.

"Looks like he's happy to see his daddy. Wanna carry him?" The woman asked, giving the man a look.

Daddy? You know what, I will ignore that.

Carry me? The audacity! Lady I might talk like I have room-temperature IQ and my parents were siblings, but I still have my dignity!

Seeing I could not talk, I tried to move to let them know of my displeasure. But no matter how hard I tried my body couldn't move, or wouldn't the way I wanted it to move.

I felt sensations in my fingers and wrists, but I couldn't move more than that.

FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!

I can't talk, and I can't move. If I ever learn who the fuck saved my life, I will ask him, why?!

As I raged at the fact I couldn't move or talk, which pretty much made me feel like my life was over, the man approached where I was and carried me up, like I was nothing.

I... Holy fuck.

Now I'm somewhat glad I can't talk. If this guy punched me I'm pretty sure it would do more damage than the bullet did.

A month passed by. And good news! I'm not paralyzed or mentally fucked up.

So what exactly had happened, well... the thing is... I was somehow reincarnated, I pulled a Jesus pro gamer move.

Sacrilegious jokes aside, I had become a baby. And my new name was Adam Cromwell.

I confirmed all of this after my initial panic had worn down. I mean, honestly, I should've noticed earlier. For fucks sake, everything was bigger than me, in proportions that didn't make sense.

Sure, I wasn't tall but I had yet to meet a person whose hand is twice as big as my fucking head!

Well, maybe Shaquille O'Neal, that guy is scarily massive but other than him? Fuck no.

Either way, I guess this proved reincarnation was real. But what didn't add up is why I still had my past memories, I mean, wasn't the point of reincarnating starting anew?

Not that I complain. Losing one's memories is like dying. You and what made you the person you are, cease to exist. Leaving room for a new person to be created.

But that's neither here nor there.

Anywho. The people I had first seen when I opened my eyes were my parents.

My... ugh, Father, David. Was a miner, and my mom, Opal, was a baker. And we seemed to live in some kind of Amish community or the like.

I mean, I couldn't see anything resembling an electronic device, even in the kitchen, the utensils, bowls, and anything similar were coarsely made from wood.

I suppose I can't complain. I mean, I can, and I fucking do. But it could be worse, I mean, I rather be a newborn baby than the alternative I previously humored.

I mean, not everything is bad.

I get my face shoved in a pair of tits every two hours. And don't worry I won't sweet home alabama this chance at life, but I still can admire a good pair of jugs, especially seeing I don't consider them my parents, I mean, what adult in their right mind would?

Two years passed by.

And I was proud to say that by this time, I was able to walk and go to the bathroom by myself, earning myself a bit of freedom.

Other than that, I was at a loss. What did I mean by that, well? I had no fucking clue where I was. I was pretty certain I lived in some kind of community that was completely off the grid, technologically speaking.

Though if that was the case, I still questioned how Opal, my mother would get her hair blue without hair dye.

Outside the house, which by the way looked like something out of a medieval setting, there was nothing but long empty plains and a bunch of other houses that looked pretty similar to the one I lived in.

I had tried looking at maps, and such to help me figure things out. But apparently, my parents had no books, and the ones they had, which were about cooking and such, were out of reach for my stubby little body.

I had also tried figuring out where I was based on the language and the culture itself, I mean, people were speaking English, meaning I had to be in a country with English communities at the very least.

Or so I had thought.

You see, the thing is, I could understand others well, but... I couldn't read anything. And I don't say this because of my lack of books to read.

I wish I said it because of that.

I say this because the few things that have things written on them that I can see look like hieroglyphics to me.

At first, I had assumed they were symbols or logos. You know M for McDonald's and stuff.

But, when the... logos started to get questionably larger and harder to rationalize as to what they could mean, well... I started to humor the possibility of those... hieroglyphics being their written language.

I mean, it wasn't unheard of. Many languages were the same spoken but had completely different written rules.

But still...

"Adam, don't walk too far away from mommy, remember we are shopping, and you stay with mommy, okay?" Opal said, in a motherly tone, snapping me out of my long reverie.

I nodded. "Okay." I had earned the liberty of walking without a leash, or holding hands, I was not about to lose that!

I... I miss being independent.

Opal smiled at me and started walking with me following her by her side, admiring the sights around me. I had to admit, there was an unmatched beauty in nature, so beautiful, so calming, so real.

I would exchange this mind-numbing shit for a fucking McDonald's combo.

Don't get me wrong, I like nature as much as the next guy. But when you go to sleep at 5 fucking PM every day because the sun is coming down, and wake up at 3-4 am, and have nothing to do, no books to read, no TV to watch, no games to play.

I...

I can't complain.

I got what many would kill to get, a second chance in life.

"Adam!"

Lady, I'm following you as we agreed.

Oh...

Here was the precise moment I realized a fucking sheep was running towards me with John Cena's theme on the back ready to body slam me into the next reincarnation cycle.

“Well fuc-” That was all I managed to say before Sheep Cena headbutted me into the ground.

After having an encounter with the champ of the WWE himself, I was taken to the village’s doctor. It’s worth mentioning I didn’t know we had one, and I am glad we do.

With how disconnected this place was from technology I half expected the healing to be conducted by priests or shamans. Then again, I reincarnated... so perhaps they were the ones holding the secrets to cure it all.

“Opal, no time no see. How is David?” The doctor asked with a sense of familiarity one would expect from people living in a town with less than two hundred people.

“Working on the mines, same as always, how is Merry?” Opal asked the doctor with a smile.

“Good, good, the triplets sure keep her busy,” The doctor laughed, a laugh only a man can recognize, a laugh that said, why didn’t I get a vasectomy when I had the chance?

“Triplets, two times in a row,” Opal whistled. “That sounds like a lot of work.”

Wait, hold on. Triplets, two times in a FUCKING ROW? I would've ripped my own dick at that point, no anesthesia required.

"Yeah, so what has you coming today?" The doctor asked.

"A sheep hit my little baby, and I wanted to see if you could heal him with your magic?" Opal replied.

Wait... did... Did she say magic? Well fuck, I guess this is a religious town after all. Well, I guess having a life expectancy of ten to twenty years old is an admirable goal seeing I already died.

"Of course," The d- I refuse to acknowledge that man as a doctor said, grabbing a stick.

I swear to God, if this motherfucker Rafiki's my ass Lion King style, I will lose my fucking shit.

"Healing calm." The man said, and before I could do anything, the man tapped me with his stick, which without explanation began to emit a dim light, and, in an instant, the pain Sheep Cena had delivered disappeared.

....

I...

Did... did this man really do magic?

"There, all pain is gone little guy," The m- no, the doctor said in a boastful manner.

Three more years went by. And well, things have gotten a whole lot more complicated.

As I had concluded before, I had reincarnated. But I had failed to account for the UNLIKELY possibility of my reincarnation being part of a low-budget Isekai.

Yeppefuckingronni.

I wasn't in my own reality anymore. Hurray!

I won't lie. I had an existential crisis when I realized that, I have grown past that.

At least the world I had been sent to, was one I was familiar with. The world of Fairy Tail, where Friendship is magic, no... wait, that belongs to another show.

Jokes aside.

I was pretty certain I was in the world of Fairy Tail. The country was named Fiore, which was under a monarchy, with the current King being Toma E. Fiore.

Who recently had a daughter, which he named. Hisui E Fiore.

If this wasn't Fairy Tail, well, shit was similar alright.

The point was, magic here was very real. Very, very real.

The only magic user in our town was the doctor, so I hadn't seen anything impressive so far. But, I had seen enough to want to try it out.

I mean, who the fuck wouldn't want to use real magic?

"Kid, I have told you a thousand times. I don't teach magic!" The doctor said, rubbing his temples. "I don't know enough to do that. Teaching magic, and using magic are two different things that require different skills, and teaching is an area I suck at!"

Right. Did I forget to mention I have been bothering this doctor on an almost daily basis, all so that I can learn some magic? He has been rejecting me so far.

But I still have a secret weapon. He has nine kids, meaning he has one weakness I can exploit

I just wished it hadn't come to this. But if I must. I WILL.

"I will babysit your kids for a day," I replied.

“Deal,” The doctor shook my hand without hesitation.