

[Mavis Vermillion POV]

I sat alone, moving my legs back and forth, overlooking the training grounds in Warrod's house, lost in thought. My mind kept drifting back to the memory of Adam, lying in the forest broken and battered, clinging to life.

It had been a close call, and I hadn't been able to do anything to help him.

I needed to do something to help him, I wasn't sure what, but I had to do something to help him in his path.

The sun was beginning to set, casting a warm, golden light over the training grounds where Adam and Warrod were practicing the art of meditation, he was focused, his eyes closed in concentration as he breathed deeply.

I watched them from afar, my heart aching with the uncertainty of what I should do next.

Though despite the turmoil within me, I couldn't help but smile at the sight.

To see one of my first friends in the world, helping the youngest generation of our family, it really warmed my heart.

At least Warrod was being proactively useful, unlike me, who when push comes to shove, can't do a thing.

I shook my head, feeling conflicted.

Leaning against the old oak tree, its branches providing me with a comforting shade, I couldn't help but lose myself in my thoughts about this entire situation.

No matter how much I tried to avoid those thoughts.

The images of his battered and bruised body replayed in my mind like a broken record, a constant reminder of how close to death he had been.

Perhaps I could teach one of the Three Great Magics of our guild, that way he would have another weapon in his arsenal.

The problem with this was that power that these spells held came at a significant price, draining the user's life force in exchange for their immense strength.

I had seen too many wizards succumb to this fate and couldn't bear the thought of Adam suffering the same, that is why only a select few ever learn this.

But at the same time, despite the risks, I couldn't shake the feeling that he would be safer if he knew one of these spells.

A gentle breeze rustled through the leaves above me, momentarily breaking my reverie.

I took a deep breath, allowing the crisp air to fill my lungs and calm the storm of emotions that raged within me. As I exhaled, I refocused my attention on Adam, who sat in quiet concentration under Warrod's watchful eye.

His posture was perfect, his breathing steady, and his face serene. It was hard to imagine that almost two months ago, he had been fighting for his life.

I had no doubt Adam would learn a lot under Warrod, or at the very least, he would learn enough to make his path easier.

I trusted Warrod's judgment just as I always have.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, bathing the world in the twilight, I came to a decision.

I would talk to Adam about the Three Great Magics and the costs that accompanied them. He had proven his resilience time and time again, and I believed in his ability to make the right choice for himself.

It was only fair.

As I stood up and walked towards them, the last rays of sunlight shimmered across the training grounds, creating a sense of hope and determination that seemed to resonate with my decision.

I knew it wouldn't be an easy conversation, especially because I hadn't talked to him in quite a while, and because I felt bad for not being able to help him.

But at the very least, I owed him an explanation.

Whether or not he would decide to learn one of the Three Great Magics of our guild, that was entirely up to him.

[Warrod Sequen POV]

I sat on a weathered old stump, observing Adam as he meditated under the shade of a massive oak tree.

The warm sunlight filtered through the leaves, casting a gentle, dappled pattern on his serene face, seeming to dance around his aura in a mesmerizing way.

A gentle breeze rustled through the tree branches, carrying the fresh scent of spring with it.

As I watched, I could feel the raw power emanating from the young man, it was like a massive wave, threatening to burst forth and flood everything around it.

It was honestly terrifying how much power he had for his age.

A smile tugged at the corners of my lips, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride watching him.

The power he possessed was immense, far beyond anything I had ever encountered before.

But that was part of the problem.

The bigger the power, the harder it was to control.

It was like trying to tame a wild, raging storm. I wasn't even sure I could fully help Adam control what he needed to control, but I was determined to give it my all.

It was my duty as Fairy Tail's oldest living member.

As Adam continued to meditate, my mind wandered back to my own youth, where my days were filled with adventure alongside my dear friends Mavis, Precht, and Yuri.

I smiled.

Those were the days.

We were inseparable, exploring the world together, facing both danger and excitement with our heads held high. Life was simpler back then, I mused, but I wouldn't change the experiences we had for anything.

The past, however, was not where I needed to be right now.

Shaking off the nostalgia, I focused back on Adam, the young man who needed my guidance. I observed his meditation more intently, watching the flow of his power, trying to discern what was the best path for him.

As I continued to watch him, I noticed a slight furrow in his brow and tension in his shoulders.

It was subtle, but it revealed a struggle within him. Younglings nowadays it seems they live with nothing but stress in their hearts, they have barely begun their lives, and they don't let themselves enjoy it.

"Adam," I called out gently, not wanting to startle him out of his meditative state. His eyes fluttered open, a look of confusion crossing his face.

"Yes?" Adam asked, tilting his head.

"You're doing well," I reassured him, "But I noticed some tension in your body. It's important to stay relaxed as you meditate, even when it's a matter of energy. Remember, controlling your power is as much about letting go as it is about holding on, like peeing."

Hahaha, good one Warrod, another excellent joke.

Adam chuckled dryly. "I see."

I offered him a warm, encouraging smile. "Breathe deeply, and like I told you before, visualize your power as a river. It's vast and powerful, but it's also fluid and ever-changing. Let it flow through you, without trying to force it or hold it back."

Adam nodded, his expression thoughtful as he took in my words. He closed his eyes once more and resumed his meditation, this time with a newfound sense of calm.

As I watched him, I couldn't help but feel a swell of hope for the next generation.

I knew the path ahead of him, ahead of Fairy Tail would be fraught with challenges, but he wasn't alone in this journey.

If the letters I have been receiving for him were anything to go by, he would have many friends at his side on this adventure, friends ready to overcome any challenge with him.

With that in mind, I knew that he would overcome anything.

Just as I had with my own friends so many years ago.

[Cana Alberona POV]

Today was the big day, the day I had been waiting for, the day I had practiced countless hours for, day and night. It was the day I had finally mastered my very first spell using card magic!

I couldn't help but feel a surge of happiness and pride as I watched my cards dance in the air, following my every

command. My heart swelled with excitement as I imagined all the amazing things I could do with this.

But as my cards shimmered and twirled before me, I couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness.

My big brother, Adam, wasn't here to celebrate with me.

He was away on a mission, and while Mom and Dad wouldn't admit it, I knew he had been hurt, I wasn't dumb.

I worried about him.

He was always so strong, and I wanted nothing more than to show him how much I had grown, to show him that I could be strong like him.

I pouted, biting my lip as I tried to fight back the tears that threatened to spill.

Why couldn't I be as strong as Erza? She was only a year older than me! And yet, she was already an incredible mage, feared and respected by all in the Guild.

Sometimes, I wished with all my heart that I could be like her, that I could protect my family and my guild with the same fierce determination.

With a sigh, I dropped into my bed, clenching my fists as the cards in the air fluttered back into my hands.

Well, if it doesn't matter.

I'll just train twice as hard!

I would ask Daddy to train me, to teach me how to be strong.

I refused to be the only weak mage in our family.

I would train harder than ever before, harder than anyone has ever trained! Pushing myself to the limit, making my mom, Dad, and big brother proud.

I closed my eyes, envisioning the look of surprise and admiration on big brother's face when he saw how much I had improved.

I could almost hear his voice, filled with pride, telling me that I had finally become the strong, powerful mage he always knew I could be, I could almost hear him.

And with that thought fueling my determination, I knew that nothing could stop me from achieving my goal.

As I stood there, a fire of resolve burning in my heart, I knew that the path ahead would be challenging, I wasn't stupid, obviously.

But no matter how hard the path ahead of me was, I was ready to face it head-on, to prove to myself and to everyone else that Cana Alberona was a force to be reckoned with.

And when the day came that I could stand beside my big brother, besides my Dad, side by side in battle, I would be able to say with confidence that I was strong enough to protect those I loved.

With a final, determined smile, I picked up my cards and began to practice my magic once more, each flick of my wrist bringing me one step closer to my dream.

And though my heart ached for my brother's presence, knowing that he had been hurt, I knew that our reunion would be all the sweeter when I could show him just how far I'd come!