

## [Adam C. POV]

Yawning, I woke up to the comforting sound of the morning birds singing outside my house.

"Ready for a day full of adventures?!" Mavis asked, leaning in like there wasn't a thing such as personal space.

"It's Sunday, the only adventure waiting for me today, it's the one known as procrastination," I replied, rolling my eyes at my gnome-sized companion, as I gathered the necessary will power to get off the bed.

Eventually, thanks to a herculean effort on my part, I pushed myself off the bed, signaling the start of a new day for me.

Yawning one last time, I glanced around the familiar room, the soft morning light leaking in through the gaps of the old curtain, illuminating the dust particles dancing in the air.

It had been a month since the events of the Tower, and well. Not much had happened since that day.

Jellal was officially sentenced, and though his sentence had been reduced due to the fact he had been brainwashed the whole time, he would still serve a long time.

Not all was bad for Jellal though.

Thanks to Yajima, Makarov, and the good word I put for Jellal with the King, in order to alleviate Erza's mind, the respective authorities were giving Jellal the treatment he needed for his condition.

Whether or not this would bring back the Jellal Erza knew, was left uncertain.

As for Erza.

She was fine.

It hadn't taken her long to recover from the mental strain that shit had brought on us.

"You should make a pool, or a library, so much space, but little to do," Mavis muttered, snapping me out of my long riviere.

A pool was out of the question, seeing it would invite chaos into my space, but a library didn't sound all that bad.

But that was a thought for another day.

Heading to the kitchen, I flicked the switch, the overhead light sputtering to life. Hungry, I reached into the fridge, pulling

out a carton of eggs, some butter, and a half-full jug of orange juice.

My eyes flickered over to the stove, before moving to take out the pan from the oven underneath. It wasn't before long before the room was filled with the comfortable sound of sizzling butter.

Then, just as I was about to crack the first egg onto the pan, I felt something change in the air.

A powerful surge of magical energy, pulsating through the air. My hands stilled, the eggshell hovering over the pan. The raw energy was thunderous, loud and electrifying.

I could recognize it anywhere, this power, this presence, there was no doubt, it was Lexus. The corners of my mouth turned upwards in a smile.

The errant son had returned.

Chuckling at the unexpected interruption in my boring routine, I continued cooking.

Thinking that perhaps, today was going to be interesting, after all.

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## **[Lexus Dreyar. POV.]**

The town of Magnolia sprawled out before me, the familiar streets and buildings being more than welcoming sight for sore eyes.

I could feel the magical signatures of everyone in the town, more specifically those in the Guild.

Though above all, one stood, swallowing most of the energies around. Adam.

I closed my eyes for a moment, focusing on his magical energy. His power resonated from the outskirts of town, rippling out into the town in gentle waves.

A faint smile crossed my lips.

It seemed the bastard had gotten pretty strong.

But he wasn't the only one.

"Lexus-sama... Is this... power we're feeling, Adam?" Fried asked, breaking me out of my thoughts, his voice hesitant, as if in disbelief of what he was feeling.

"Yes," I replied with a nod.

"Haha! No wonder you left those Phantom Suckers to him!" Bickslow chuckled, his signature grin plastered on his face.

"Well, he's a monster, that's for sure," Evergreen muttered under her breath.

"Let's move," I replied, closing my arms. There would be time to chit chat later, right now, I wanted to get home.

Walking down the cobbled streets, I took in the town I'd grown up in. Each brick, each stone seemed to tell a story, reflecting a piece of history.

It had been months since I last walked these paths, but nothing seemed to have changed. The same old bakery at the corner, the familiar smell of fresh loafs filling the air; the creaky signboard of the bookstore across the street, still crooked; the echoes of laughter from the children playing in the park, their joyous energy bubbling in the air.

There truly was no place like home.

Eventually, we arrived at the Guild.

The doors of Guild creaked under my touch, revealing the all-too-familiar sight of chaos within, Natsu fighting Gray, Elfman joining them in.

As I walked in, I took the sights around me.

Levi's group huddled over a map in a corner, planning out a mission while another guild member dangled upside down from the rafters, juggling what appeared to be live chickens.

Somewhere, amidst the ruckus, I could hear the soft strumming of a guitar.

The melody broke almost as soon as I heard it by a deafening crash. A table, with two laughing wizards on top, slid past me, knocking over chairs and startling a few members on the back.

A hint of nostalgia washed over me, coupled with an overwhelming sense of warmth.

An uncontrolled grin tugged at my lips.

Nothing had changed. Nothing ever changed here.

This was home.

My home.

Behind the bar, Mirajane was smiling, her hands expertly juggling bottles and glasses despite the bedlam around her. Seeing me, her eyes lit up and she waved, her cheerfulness contagious.

"Lexus!" Mirajane exclaimed, "Welcome back! How was your trip?"

"Uneventful," I replied, making my way to the bar.

"Want anything?" Mirajane asked, smiling at me.

"Orange juice," I replied, crossing my arms as I slid onto a stool.

"Orange juice? Really?" Wakaba said, raising an eyebrow at me as he walked towards the bar. "You're in a bar and you want orange juice? Not only that, how can a man order that?"

"Don't you have something better to do, like avoiding Cana?" I replied, glaring at him in a cold manner.

Orange juice was a perfectly fine option for a drink. And I fucking dared anyone to tell me otherwise.

"I... don't like to talk about that," Wakaba muttered, looking away from me.

I rolled my eyes and turned my attention back to Mirajane, who was already pouring me a glass of orange juice.

"Guess what?" Mirajane said, placing the glass in front of me.

"I don't like gossip," I replied, taking the glass.

"But Laxus, this isn't just gossip! It's about your bestest friend, your brother from another mother, your one and only rival," Mirajane said, her eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Bestest... friend?" Fried echoed, as Bickslow snickered in the back.

"Oh yeah, the bestest!" Mirajane nodded with a beaming smile.

I could feel my eyes twitching. She was teasing me... changed my ass, she's still as chaotic as always, just under a different mask.

"Get to the point, Mira," I replied, taking a sip of my orange juice.

"Well, Laxus, your bestest friend in the whole wide world, the one you see as a brother, has become one of the Wizard Saints!" Mirajane exclaimed, clapping her hands together.

He WHAT?!



At that precise moment, the orange juice that I had just taken a sip of decided to go down the wrong pipe. So, I choked and spluttered, coughing uncontrollably, my eyes watering as I tried to catch my breath.

"Are you okay, Laxus?" Mirajane asked, tilting her head. "Do you need your bestest friend?"

"Laxus-sama!" Fried cried out, handing me a tissue.

I paid them no mind.

My mind was simply too busy processing this bit of news. The bastard had joined the Wizard Saints.

If he thinks he will take the lead so easily, he has another thing coming. If he's one of the Wizard Saints, I just have to become one of the Gods of Ishgar.

I never really cared for the title; it seemed more like an annoyance than a benefit. That being said, I can't let that fucker climb that obnoxious ladder unchallenged, it might just go to his head.

I grinned.

Friendly competition, right?

"He has that face again," Bickslow muttered.

"Mira, why did you have to do this? You pushed the Adam button! Every time someone does, he trains us to our graves!" Evergreen whispered angrily at Mira, eyeing me warily.

"I have no idea what you mean, Evergreen," Mirajane replied with a seemingly innocent giggle. "Right Laxus?"

I chuckled darkly. "Let's go, we have training to do."

I can't wait to fight him. But first, a little warm up, to get things moving.