

[Adam C. POV]

The journey through the city was long and arduous, especially with the weight of a full-grown woman that I had to pretend it was a normal rug bundled up in a rug on my shoulders.

Needless to say, I tried to move quickly without drawing attention to myself, keeping to the shadows as much as I could.

The city was busier than I had anticipated, filled with people going about their day, merchants hawking their goods, and guards patrolling the streets. Thankfully, nobody seemed to bat an eye at the man carrying a large, lumpy, groaning rug through the city, which worked in my favor.

Maybe they thought I had a very peculiar taste in home decor.

As the sun began to dip below the horizon, painting the city in a golden glow, and the possible places for Mystogan

to be started to run out, I began to wonder what would I do if I didn't find him?

It was when I was nearing the outskirts of the city that I heard it, a rustle of movement behind me. I tensed, readying myself for a potential attack. When I turned around, however, I found myself staring at a familiar masked figure.

"You fucking bastard," I hissed, cracking my neck. I had found him, I had found Mystogan.

"Adam," Mystogan replied, removing his mask. His gaze fell on the rug slung over my shoulder, immediately realizing something was off. "I see you've...acquired a rug."

The statement was so comically understated that I had to fight the urge to laugh. Instead, I shifted the rug slightly and said, "Well, you know, it was buy one get one unconscious woman free."

Mystogan gave me an amused look but didn't press further. Instead, he said, "I've been tracking you all day."

He had?

Well, he fucking sucks at it. I've been here for almost a day, and just now he finds me?!

"Not the best tracker, aren't you?" I replied, a mildly angry smirk on my face. Not because he failed to track me faster, because he knew this shit would happen, and didn't warn me.

Mystogan ignored my jab and motioned for me to follow him. "We need to get out of here before they track you."

"Elaborate," I replied, following him as he led me down a deserted alleyway.

"You kept your magic, part of it anyways, that's how I tracked you, using a radar to find you. And that's the same way they have found about you, I have information that the guards are searching for someone who fits your description," Mystogan explained, a note of urgency in his voice. "And seeing you're one the few creatures in this world with natural magic in them, tracking you won't be too hard to accomplish."

I didn't consider that being a possibility.

It seems that for the time being, it might be best to hide my power as much as possible.

"You don't seem surprised I kept some of my magic," I replied.

"At first, I was, but then, I started thinking, eventually working a theory of my own," Mystogan replied, as we continued to move through the alleyways of the city, "It's not a secret your magic isn't like any other magic, not even Lost Magic operates in the way yours does, not only that, but there isn't a single piece of information about it. That alone should've been enough for me to see something was wrong, but I never put too much thought into it."

Could it be... that he really figured it out?

"It wasn't until you brought Wendy to visit me that everything clicked for me," Mystogan continued, "Your familiarity with my situation, that alone explained some of the things I never understood about you."

That?

That had given him the insight he had been looking for, about me?

"I don't know what conspiracy theory you have inside that head of yours," I replied, following him close behind. "But

I told you, the reason I knew about that is because my powers are closely related to the control of space."

"I know, you said that," Mystogan replied as he turned his head to look at me. "Which is why I didn't tell you about the portal that was about to open above Magnolia."

No fucking way.

This bastard.

Hahaha! I can't believe it. I'm not even mad, that was fucking sick.

"I had my doubts, so I decided to let your words confirm my theories, or to disprove them," Mystogan continued. "That, and the fact you managed not to be sealed in a Lacrima gave me all the information I needed to find the answer I wanted."

"Oh, and what answer is that?" I asked.

"You're not from Earth-land," Mystogan replied without missing a beat. "You're from another world."

Well, I had to admit that was fucking impressive. He got part of the truth behind my existence with just bits of incomplete information.

The parts he probably has wrong in that theory of his, are the ones he probably assumes our situations are the same. And that from where I come from, what I do is normal.

"Am I wrong?" Mystogan asked.

"Who knows," I replied, a chuckle escaping my lips.

"I'll take that as a no," Mystogan replied, his tone growing softer as if sympathizing with me. "One question though, do you plan to ever return to your world, like me?"

So, I was right, he thinks our situation is the same. Good, that's a can of worms I don't want to open, ever.

"That's not possible," I replied, chuckling. "Unlike Edolas, my trip was a one-way flight to the other side."

Mystogan remained silent for a moment. "Do you have anyone left there?"

"No," I replied truthfully. I had nothing to go back to, nothing to miss, nothing to care about there, my entire world was here, well, not here, in Earth-land.

"I guess that makes it easier," Mystogan replied, a tired sigh escaping his lips. "Not having anyone to regret leaving."

I wonder, was Earth Land's Jellal as smart as this one? Or was this one as smart as he was because he had been forced to overcome his lack of magic with skill, and intelligence?

"I've been in Fiore all of my life," I replied, sighing. "My world, and life are there. So, how about we expedite things here, so that I can return there?"

Mystogan chuckled softly. "I'm glad you think that way, because I need your help."

With those words, we rounded a few more corners and finally, Mystogan stopped in front of an inconspicuous, run-down building. From the outside, it looked just like any other building in this part of the city, but I had a feeling that it wasn't just a regular old house.

"Welcome to our safe house," Mystogan said, stepping forward and pushing open the door.

Safe house?

He's been here for less than a day, how the fuck did he find the time to set up a safe house?

Looking for me my ass, I bet the bastard started to search me a few minutes ago!

The inside of the building was surprisingly spacious. There was a large room filled with maps, charts, and other assorted magical items. At one end of the room, there was a table filled with scrolls, and on the other, a couple of cots that looked like they had seen better days.

Mystogan looked back at me, eyes glinting. "We can unroll your... rug here."

I followed him inside, grateful to finally be rid of my burdensome cargo, the Juviarrito. Carefully, I unrolled the Juviarrito, trying not to jostle her too much. She didn't stir, which both relieved and worried me.

"Is she going to be, okay?" Mystogan asked, crouching down next to her, poking her with a stick.

"She's just unconscious, not dead," I replied, trying to suppress the chuckle creeping up my spine, seeing Mystogan poke her like a dead lizard on the street.

Mystogan nodded, standing up and gesturing for me to follow him to the other side of the room. "Very well then, I need to brief you on our current situation. And what I plan to do next."

As we moved away from Juvia and closer to the pile of scrolls, maps, and charts, I started to wonder how the others were doing.

Had they been sealed on lacrimas?

And if not, were they looking for us?

I sighed.

Mystogan cleared his throat and began to explain our situation in more detail. In short, we had a lot to do, and not a lot of time to do it in.

"First things first," I said, cracking my knuckles. "Is there anything you can do about my weakened state?"

Mystogan smiled and walked over to a desk in a corner, opening one of the cabinets, pulling out a bottle of red pills. "I do."