

## [Adam C. POV.]

The dirt beneath me feels cool as I sink onto the ground. Feeling as if the world was moving in slow motion. I look down and see my tattered clothes drenched in crimson. My breaths are measured, my eyes focused.

There's a gaping hole in my stomach. It was... an odd sensation, looking at a part of myself that should never be exposed to the open air.

I trace the ragged edges of the wound with my finger; it is surreal, like something out of a dream.

I wasn't in pain, not a lot anyways.

I had a high tolerance to pain, but it was still bizarre to see this sight.

Taking a deep breath, I close my eyes and reach deep within myself, to the reservoir of energy that has always been a part of me, my spiritual energy, beckoning it to come forward to begin the process of healing my wounds.

Calmly, I weave my spiritual energy through my body, channeling it towards my wounds. The sensation feels warm and inviting as it enveloped me with a comforting embrace.

Slowly, my skin starts to knit itself back together. The cells, the tissues, the muscle fibers, each part destroyed by Selene's claw, returning back to their original shape.

It would take me a few hours to heal. I was lucky she hadn't destroyed anything out of my healing reach.

To think she was a Dragon.

A true... Dragon.

And not just any dragon, but one almost as strong as Acnologia.

No wonder she was so strong.

Without my Bankai, I don't stand much of a chance.

I chuckled, a wild battled lusted grin appearing on my face. "I can't wait to fight her again."

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## **[Third Person POV.]**

The night was heavy with an air of enigma as the towering trees of the ancient forest stood like silent guardians, witnesses to an unlikely event.

Moonlight bathed the dense foliage in silver, giving the woods an almost mystical appearance. The nocturnal creatures, usually so animated, were eerily silent as if even they feared the power that stirred within the woods.

Amidst the trees, two figures moved with a grace that made them almost spectral. One was Irene Belserion, the fearsome enchantress, The Scarlet Despair, her red hair cascading behind her like molten lava.

The other was Selene, the Moonlit Beauty, The Queen of the Moon.

Silently, they walked together through the forest, their energy blending with their surroundings.

Eventually, they halted by a shadowy clearing, where a moonbeam seemed to caress the ground as if guiding them. Selene's gaze was distant as she raised her arm towards a decrepit, ancient oak.

"You got what you wanted?" Irene asked, her voice laced with suspicion.

Selene turned to her, her eyes flickering with a hint of something that Irene couldn't quite place. "Yes, I did," Selene said, her voice sultry and smooth, like honey.

Irene narrowed her eyes, studying Selene's face for any trace of deceit. But she found none. She sighed, knowing that Selene was too powerful to be controlled or manipulated. If she was going to betray her, Irene knew she wouldn't stand a chance.

If there was someone that countered her, it was her, after all, her magic was quite troublesome to deal with.

Selene's grin was unsettling, pulling out an orb from her kimono. "This is what I wanted."

Irene looked at the orb with wide eyes, feeling a power that even she could barely comprehend. Her voice, usually so commanding, wavered with an unusual sense of shock, "Is that... a piece of his soul?"

A laugh that could chill the marrow in one's bones escaped Selene's lips. "Indeed. This, dear Irene, is a small piece of his soul, nothing that he will miss."

Irene frowned. "An incomplete soul can't function, no matter how small a part is, that part is needed."

Selene dismissed Irene's apparent concern with a wave of her hand. "For any other person, yes, but for him? Haha, don't worry, he's an exception to the rule, his soul regenerates, in fact, his soul is the source of all his power, isn't that marvelous?"

Irene bit her lip, uneasy at the thought of what exactly Selene was doing. "What exactly do you intend to do with that?"

Selene smirked, her eyes glowing with a mad excitement that made Irene's blood run cold. "Oh, just a little trip," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I want to see where his powers originate from. I know you're not dumb Irene, so you must have come to the same conclusion I have about dear Adam, and that is that he doesn't belong here."

Irene nodded. She had indeed come to that conclusion, but she had never even considered the possibility of visiting the origin behind him. "So that's your goal, finding his origin."

Selene chuckled, the sound sending shivers down Irene's spine. "Oh, finding his origin is just the beginning. Once I get there, I'll take what I need to destroy Acnologia once and for all."

Irene chuckled, a mirthless sound that held a hint of warning. "You're playing a dangerous game, Selene."

Selene shrugged, her eyes alight with an unholy fire. "I've played dangerous games before, my dear. And I always win. Besides, the prize is worth the risk."

Irene shook her head, turning to leave. "In that case, I won't be a part of this. Good luck with that, I suppose."

Selene's grin widened. "You don't have to be. I have everything I need now. But don't worry, I won't forget our little arrangement. You'll get what you want in the end, as long as you stay out of my way."

Irene didn't look back as she strode away, disappearing into the shadows of the forest. Selene watched her go, a sense of triumph coursing through her veins.

"Acnologia, your time is up," Selene whispered, clutching the small orb holding the piece of Adam's soul in her hand. "I'm coming for you."