

[Gajeel Redfox. POV.]

As I trudged through the bustling market of Edolas, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of exasperation.

The once proud, and mighty Gajeel! Who once fought mighty opponents, now focused on a kitty-cat search. I rubbed my forehead, trying to chase away the creeping annoyance.

You see, my problem was simple, or so I had originally thought. I needed a cat. A freaking, fluffy, mouse-chasing, milk-drinking, English talking cat.

All of the important people in Fairy Tail had one, so it was only natural to conclude that to join their guild, you needed one.

Though now that I think about it, Adam has a raven, but that might be due to his obvious superiority over the others.

Meaning I first needed the talking cat, and then I would work my way to the raven. In short, having a raven had to be a rank thing.

Anyhow, having that in mind, the next logical step to being a 'proper' member of Fairy Tail was to get my own animal sidekick. Only then, my application to the guild would be heard!

"Gajeel," Mystogan 's voice snapped me out of my thoughts, "Go and retrieve Adam from the desert."

I turned to face him, "Wasn't your plan to let them fight?"

Mystogan nodded. "It was, and he won. But due to his weakened state, he exerted too much pressure on his body, and he's out of commission for now."

I nodded, understanding the situation. "Alright, I'll get him. But what about the cat?"

I needed the cat if I wanted to join Fairy Tail, he had said so himself after I shared my own conclusions about the sidekick thing.

Mystogan blinked, before nodding slowly. "Yes, the cat. The totally not fake requirement to join the guild. Don't

worry, you'll have plenty of time to find one after you retrieve Adam."

I let out a sigh of relief, grateful I would still have time to find the perfect talking cat.

[Adam C. POV.]

This sucks...

The coarse grains of sand scratching my face, embedding themselves into every crevice. It was a strange sensation, both annoying and at the same time almost comforting.

I had to admit, being weak had its perks.

Under the right circumstances, it was fun. Thanks to the situation, I had been allowed to enjoy a true fight, one where I had to give me all.

That being said, the fight was over, meaning the fun had ended, and without fun, there are consequences. My fun had left me unable to move, spent and drained.

I would have chuckled if I could. But even that was out of the realm of possibilities for me, right now.

Focusing on keeping myself awake, I exhaled with effort, and grains of sand fluttered away from my lips. The sun was high in the sky, searing through the veil of my eyelids, painting the world in hues of vibrant red and orange.

It wouldn't be long before I became dehydrated.

That wouldn't be good for me.

After that, it wouldn't be long before I died, and dying like this was too stupid for me.

Pushing those thoughts aside, I tried to flex my fingers, for maybe if I could, moving wouldn't be so hard, sadly, they feel weighed down, pinned by invisible unmovable anchors.

I could feel Zanryuzuki a few meters away from me. It seemed the wind had moved my blade. Despite that, I

could still feel her close to me, her edge glinting under the harsh sunlight.

It seemed I wouldn't be able to move.

Well, fuck.

I guess the only thing I can do right now is wait for one of my friends to come.

Oh well, I had my fun.

At least, I wanted to believe that.

I mean, I had always imagined a fight like this would be a thing of glory, a cause for celebration. Instead, it felt... hollow, like an empty achievement. Perhaps it was because I hadn't actually gone all out, on the account most of my power was sealed away.

I sighed, trying my best not to worry too much about that.

It wasn't before long however, that my thoughts began to wander, my consciousness drifting like a ship lost at sea. Faces passing in front of me, some familiar, some forgotten. The family I fought alongside, the enemies I

fought against, and the events that would come to happen that only I knew.

All victims of a cruel dance choreographed by the whims of fate and necessity.

I wonder...

Will I be enough to kill Acnologia?

I was confident in my power, despite the doubts that would sometimes haunt me. But would it really be enough?

Perhaps the heat was getting to me. Or the fact I felt weak right now was affecting me more than I had foreseen, but still, I couldn't help but wonder.

I guess it didn't matter.

Whether or not the answer was what I wanted, I would make my power be enough.

I was on a timer, and I only had one shot, one opportunity to end that bastard, and so, I would make it count.

...

It wasn't fair.

I really didn't want to die.

I had made my peace with my situation, but that didn't mean I wanted it to happen.

Sometimes it felt like my life was nothing more than a show to entertain others. I mean, why else would someone reincarnate me, only to give me a power not meant to be used by mortals.

If it wasn't so sad, it would be funny.

"Adam!"

A shout?

I can't recognize the voice.

Well, I can only hope the Adam this unknown is looking for, is me. Otherwise, I'm fucked.

I might as well try to communicate.

I tried to move my lips, to say something, anything, but I was still unable to do a thing.

Oh well.

I guess my only option is to let this play out.

"I can smell you, but the sand is making it hard to find you!"

As the voice grew louder, I could hear the sound of footsteps approaching.

"God damn it! Adam!" the voice called again, closer now. "If you can hear me, say something!"

It seems whoever came, isn't the brightest tool in the shed. I mean, for fucks sakes, hasn't occurred to him that the one he's looking for is unable to reply to him?

The footsteps grew closer and closer until they felt almost right next to me.

This either meant I was being rescued, or killed off. Crossing my fingers for the first option.

"Fuck," The footsteps stopped abruptly as the person cursed under their breath. "What the hell happened to you?"

Less questions, more saving you beautiful unknown bastard.

As if reading my mind, I felt a firm hand under me, brushing aside the sand, and another sliding beneath my knees. Then, the world tilted. My body jostled, the sand under me replaced by the strange sensation of being hoisted onto someone's shoulder.

"It seems the other guy fucked you up pretty good," My mysterious savior grumbled.

I would have rolled my eyes if I had the energy.

Forcing my eyes open with a herculean effort. I focused on seeing who had come for me.

It didn't take me long to find out who my mysterious savior was, despite how blurry my sight was, and how out of commission I was, there was no mistaking the sight that greeted me as I opened my eyes.

Metal-studded bands encircling muscular arms, piercings, hair as dark as the night sky, and eyes that held the stubborn glint of hardened steel.

Gajeel Redfox.

I could see the usual scowl that seemed permanently etched onto his face now twisted into a frown of concern. As he adjusted his hold on me.

It seems despite the fact I had pretty much changed the events leading to him joining the guild, the Iron Slayer had still found his way to join the guild.

I managed a weak, half-hearted smirk.

"You better put up a good word for me with the old man," Gajeel sighed, before shifting his hold on me, tightening slightly.

That done, he took a few strides before stopping, crouching down slightly. I opened my eyes again, just in time to see him reach out and pluck something from the sand.

Zanryuzuki.

Even in my exhausted state, I could feel the familiar hum of my weapon.

"Just what is this sword made of?" Gajeel mused out loud, examining my blade with interest. "No metal of any kind, that's for sure. Hm, it's got some serious weight to it."

I'm truly glad he didn't just leave her out here. God knows I would not hear the end of it if that happened.

Jokes aside, I was truly grateful, I didn't like being apart from my blade, after all, it was a part of me, an extension of my will, my strength, my spirit.

Gajeel secured Zanryuzuki on his back, adjusting her with a thin strap across his chest. With my sword in his possession and me securely hoisted over his shoulder, he started moving again. "Take a nap, and don't worry about a damn thing. You're under the protection of the best Dragon Slayer there is, nothing can harm you now."

I could almost hear Laxus scoffing at that statement.

Oh well, I will take Gajeel on his offer, and sleep. I wasn't needed for the rest of this, I had done my part, it was up to the others to finish it up.