

[Third Person. POV]

Lightning seared across the tumultuous sky, throwing shadows across the gigantic vessel of Grimoire Heart. The airship, wrought in the image of a medieval cathedral, glided effortlessly through the storm.

Its menacing structure was enveloped by a thick, swirling mist that was powered by pure magic power, from both the members of the guild and the atmosphere itself.

Inside, the dark, cavernous hall was lit by dim candles whose flames flickered against the distant rumbling. Ultear stood alone in one of the chambers inside the airship, her figure silhouetted by the intermittent lightning of the storm raging outside.

Her gaze was hollow, and her thoughts were a tempest, reflecting the chaos outside. The shadows of her past, her twisted present, her goals and the uncertain future seemed to congregate in the room with her.

The darkness seemed to part around her as a deep, reverberating voice echoed off the walls. "Ultear..." The

figure stepped out of the shadows, revealing a tall man with broad shoulders and a stern face.

It was no other than Master Hades.

His visage half-concealed by his hood, materialized from the darkness he controlled. Despite all her years in the guild, Ultear had to admit that his presence was still foreboding, the power emanating from him was simply oppressive.

"The Oración Seis have made their move," Hades said, his voice calm but chilling.

Ultear narrowed her eyes. She was well aware of Oración Seis and their chaotic tendencies, but she hadn't expected them to make their move this soon, especially considering the connection between Zero, and Adam. "What does their emergence mean for us, Master Hades?"

Hades' lips twisted into a sinister smile. "A diversion, my dear. Their unrelenting chaos will be our cloak."

Ultear smiled at the idea, their lives were meaningless to her in any shape of form, so the idea of using them as bait served her well enough. "A sacrifice for our cause."

Hades gazed at Ultear, and then raised his right arm as a dark aura enveloped him. Immediately the room seemed to

darken further, more and more, as if Hades' presence was swallowing all light. "Indeed, the time has come to hunt for us to hunt the remaining keys. The shadows cast by Oración Seis and their foolish endeavors will shield us from prying eyes."

"And what of Fairy Tail?" Ultear questioned, her voice ice-cold. Though what she really wanted to ask was, what of Adam.

Hades' eyes narrowed with malevolence. "Let us hope that the Oración Seis will deal with that irksome guild. Their destruction would be an... advantageous side effect. Though I doubt they will succeed in that endeavor, seeing as Zero already failed years ago, when he failed to kill that brat."

"Well, we can always kill him ourselves," Ultear replied, with a small smile, as lightning flashed again, casting their elongated shadows against the walls.

It was time to bring Zeref back into this world.

[Adam C. POV.]

It had been a little over a month since I had returned from my mission for the King. In which I had decided to stay in Magnolia, all in order to experiment with some ideas I had to protect my mind.

So far, I haven't made any progress in my endeavors, but I was a firm believer that through hard work and unyielding perseverance everything was possible, so needless to say I would not stop trying.

But enough about that.

Today, of all days, the old man had summoned me to his office.

Which rarely ever happened, so curious as to what he wanted to talk about, I made haste to the guild, reaching his office without any delay.

"Gramps, I'm here."

The heavy oak doors creaked as I pushed them open, revealing the old man's dimly lit office, cluttered with mountains of paperwork.

As always, behind the old and big mahogany desk sat Makarov, his back slightly hunched as he went over some papers.

"Ah, Adam. Come in," Makarov says, his deep voice echoing in the silence of his office.

Smiling at him, I walked towards the desk, noticing that the wrinkles on his face seemed deeper than the last time I saw him, as if the weight of the world was bearing down on his shoulders.

"What's wrong old man?" I asked, a frown on my face.

Makarov gazed at me, his eyes fixating on my eyepatch for a brief moment before releasing a tired sigh, the kind that holds years of sorrow, anger and concern.

"It's better you see it for yourself," He muttered, as he opened a manila folder that was lying in the middle of his desk, before sliding it across the polished wood toward me.

As my eyes landed on the first few words within the file; he had given me, an icy chill ran through my veins. "The Balam Alliance."

Oracion Seis.

After so... long, the day I have been waiting for was finally coming.

The day I get to kill Brain.

A cold smile stretched across my face, a predatory curve that held promises of retribution, and as the lines of the world blurred before me my power surged forth, rippling out like a storm shaking the very earth beneath me.

"Adam, stop! You're going to destroy the entire guild if you keep this up!" Makarov scolded, tossing a book at my head.

"I will leave immediately," I replied, my voice cold and surprisingly detached, with no signs of the storm of power I had just unleashed by mistake.

"No," Makarov said as he shook his head. "I know you want to deal with them as soon as possible, but this is a mission many guilds have decided to take in collaboration, forming an alliance of our own."

"You're not pretending to keep me out of this, are you?" I asked, gazing at him.

I would go on that mission, one way or another. I might not be as obsessed as I once was about my vengeance a few years

ago, but that doesn't mean I would leave such an opportunity to go to waste.

"No," Makarov replied without missing a beat. "You're one of the representatives I'm planning to send. But until the other guilds are ready, we have to wait."

I nodded.

I had waited this long already.

I could wait a little more.

A few days wouldn't make any difference.

"Any other candidates in mind?" I asked, trying to make some conversation.

"Lexus, and Erza," Makarov replied after a brief moment of thought.