

## [Adam C. POV]

"All right, Adam! Let's fight!" Natsu exclaimed, grinning at me as an explosion of fire erupted around him wildly, covering his body in flames as I exited my house, with a deadpan expression.

I'll admit, when I decided to go and greet Laxus, and maybe have a stroll around the town, I didn't expect this development.

"I know I promised you a fight, but can it wait?" I replied, feeling as Laxus and Erza arrived at the scene.

"Don't waste your time, Natsu, you can't beat him," Laxus snorted, his arms crossed.

"Let him," Erza smiled, crossing her arms over her chest. "He can learn a lot! Especially through the crushing defeat he will face!"

"Stop talking like I will lose!" Natsu barked at them, but they both ignored him. "Just wait and see! After I'm done with him, you two are next!"

I sighed.

I guess I should've seen it coming, seeing I had promised the walking talking annoyance known as Natsu a fight, one that he hadn't cashed out, until now.

"Let's make it quick," I muttered.

"Get ready to be destroyed! Wizard Saint or not, my flames will crush you! You will regret calling me a gecko!" Natsu laughed before launching himself at me, with the flames that once danced around him now concentrating in his fists. "Fire Dragon's Iron Fist!"

I simply watched, waiting for him to come at me, and as he got within arm's reach, I simply raised my hand and gave him a casual slap with the back of my hand.

The impact roared like a thunder, sending a shockwave around before propelling Natsu into the air like a comet, sending him flying straight towards a nearby mountain, disappearing into the horizon with an 'AHHH!' that echoed for a few moments, followed by a distant thunderous thud and a cloud of dust in the distance.

Chuckling, I turned around and found Laxus watching with a cocked eyebrow. "Well then, now that the back of my hand is all warmed up, who's next?"

I knew Laxus, and Erza were here for a single reason, to fight me. Erza for her weekly sparring match, and Laxus because that was his way of showing he cared.

"Hmph, sure, why not?" Laxus grinned, electricity crackling around him as he accepted the invitation.

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Three hours later, and a few sparring matches, in which I remained undefeated, I made my way to the guild to get a job.

I had to say though, I was impressed with Laxus, and Erza's improvement.

The level of power they had displayed was something I hadn't prepared for. Sure, I had defeated them, but that didn't mean their progress was anything short of outstanding.

Laxus had mastered his Dragon Force transformation, which had given him a massive increase in his overall power, allowing him to actually damage me during the fight.

Granted, the transformation and the increase in power the same had shown had taken me by complete surprise at the moment, and thanks to that I hadn't reacted accordingly at first, but still.

His power was such that I doubted Jose and Jellal at the same time could give him a challenge.

Then there was Erza.

Her techniques with the sword had increased to such a high degree that each move was simply breathtaking.

Not only that.

But she had somehow managed to emulate my Shunpo, adding the technique to her arsenal, despite me never having taught her that.

Though I'm not sure if I can call what she does Shunpo, because despite her technique being surprisingly similar to the real thing, it was still fundamentally different.

From what I was able to gather during our spar, she was able to induce states of high-speed movement through the concentration of magical power on key points on her body, emulating to a certain degree my Shunpo.

That being said, it was still surprising she had managed to create a movement technique similar to Shunpo with nothing but visual knowledge to go by.

Her speed with this technique was such that if I had fought her as she was today, a few years ago, I would have lost without a doubt.

I chuckled.

A pair of monsters.

True prodigies.

"They are quite talented are they not?" Mavis asked, snapping me out of my head.

"They sure are," I replied, a proud filled smile on my face.

"Then again, so are you," Mavis replied, smiling at me.

I chuckled. "Not really."

I knew I was strong.

Pretty strong.

I considered myself as such.

But I was by no means a prodigy like them.

Not to say I wasn't one.

I just was a different kind of prodigy.

Prodigies like them, were some of those gifted individuals who demonstrated an uncanny aptitude for mastering anything at an astonishing pace, showing the ability to comprehend and synthesize the required information almost effortlessly.

In turn, they possess an innate gift for grasping concepts quickly, making connections between seemingly unrelated ideas, and delving into the depths of various disciplines.

I wasn't like them in that aspect. Sure, I learned at a considerably fast rate, but it wasn't out of natural intuition, but thanks to the fact my Zanpakuto was there to guide me.

One could argue that seeing my Zanpakuto was the one speeding my learning process, and my Zanpakuto was a part of me, I was a prodigy as well.

But I considered that a loophole.

Perhaps I just didn't like complimenting myself, I don't know.

However, that was neither here nor there.

The point was, that they had a monstrous amount of natural talent.

And what I have is different.

I had monstrous potential.

From birth, I have been gifted with a tremendous amount of Reiryoku, to the point I really hadn't gotten any stronger in terms of spiritual pressure, because I had yet to actually improve on what I already had.

Meaning that my efforts, and training so far have been in order for me to be able to use more of the power that's always been there.

To summarize, I'm just mastering what was already there to begin with.

"Well, you are to me," Mavis hummed, crossing her tiny arms.

I chuckled. "Thanks, but it doesn't really matter. As long as I am strong enough to protect those I love; it doesn't matter whether or not I perceive myself as a prodigy."

Mavis sighed, shaking her head. "You can't take a compliment, can you?"

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## **[Irene Belserion. POV.]**

Through the lenses of boredom, I take in my opulent quarters with a glance, feeling the usual sense of detachment that surrounded my existence.

Sumptuous tapestries hang from the walls, their intricate designs spinning tales of magic and mystique that only few from this era could truly comprehend.

Even so, these luxurious comforts mean little to me. If anything, it was nothing but a pastime to keep me busy, for the time being.

Taking a deep breath, I allowed my thoughts to wander away, lingering on strategies and spells, in possibilities that stretch as vast and endless as my own arcane knowledge.

If there was one good thing about my cursed existence, it was that I had more than enough time to improve my craft, time to think, to learn.

The distant clink of my high heels against stone echoing through the silence of my quarters, until the door to my living quarters swung wide open, a ripple of green hair flashing before my eyes as my visitor kneeled.



"What brings you here, Lilith?" I asked, gazing at my little tool.

One of my Enchantment pet projects, one that I had improved upon by using his majesty's knowledge in the creation of artificial demons.

The result of this little project of mine has so far been more... stable than the results of imprinting a personality onto an inanimate object.

Granted, I had yet to put my little Lilith through any sort of test to see how much better she was. Not that I was in any rush, there was still time to experiment.

That's all I had.

Time.

"Mistress, I come with news from Ishgar," Lilith breathes, her words filling the air with a distinct vibrancy. "The council has appointed Adam as one of the Wizard Saints."

The corners of my lips twitch upwards, a rare display of dark amusement.

A fascinating development indeed.

Not that becoming one of the Wizard Saints was a worthy achievement in any way, after all, in my eyes all of them were nothing but a waste of space. That being said, I was glad things were moving forward the way I wanted them.

It meant the kid had gotten stronger.

And seeing the idiots of Ishgar were not known for recognizing talent, it was safe to assume they weren't giving him the credit he probably deserved.

The thought of this being the case, was enough to stir a hint of excitement within me. Perhaps it's time to extend a visit to their newly appointed Saint.

"You've done well," I smiled, my voice cutting through the silence that had set in the room. My words, making my little Lilith relax visibly at the praise. "Return to your post in Fiore at once, and remain there until I say otherwise."

Without a word, Lilith dips her head down in complete obedience, the tips of her green hair brushing against the stone floor for a moment, before taking her leave.

And as the silence once again takes place in the room, I can't help but smile under my breath, lost in the thrill of the coming chaos.

Adam's ascension to Ishgar's little ladder of power has just made the board more interesting.

A Wizard Saint. How utterly delightful.

I can't wait to see how much he has changed.