

## [Adam POV]

I wove my way through the broken-down buildings and cracked stone walls, the shadows of the night sky cloaking me as I used Shunpo to jump quickly from one place to the next. My sights were set on the looming figure of Deliora in the distance.

I had at much a minute before I couldn't go on any longer. The wounds I had sustained were already starting to tax my body, it was simply a matter of time before my body shut down.

I had to end this now.

"Ur, limit his area!" I bellowed as I stepped behind Deliora, my form hazily coming into focus before quickly disappearing again as I moved to the Demon's right side. "Hado #33. Sokatsui!" At this, blue flames begin to discharge from the palm of my hand in the shape of a powerful torrent of blue energy surging towards my Deliora, blasting the Demon off balance.

"That better not be all your plan!" Ur shouted her tone showing her doubt, as she set to work. Her fingers dipped into the air and a cold fog filled the entire town, as glittering, translucent formations of ice began to form around the demon's area, slowly shrinking his space.

I smiled and leaped backward as Deliora's fist came crashing down on me, disappearing in a blur of movement. "It's not!" I shouted, watching as Ur continued to limit more and more Deliora's area, making it harder for the demon to move freely.

My plan wasn't anything extraordinary.

I would simply put everything I had on a single attack, and in order to make sure the demon didn't just dodge or something, I needed to limit his movements, and Ur was making sure of that.

Waiting for Ur to finish her part, I continued moving around, my feet barely touching the ground as I shifted back and forth, always one step ahead of Deliora's strikes, as the latter swung his fists wildly hitting nothing but air, as my body faded in and out of view with each move I took.

Suddenly, I felt the temperature drop, chilling my bones, and reacted by moving out of the way.

Ur's voice echoed as she yelled "Ice Make: Rose Garden!" She clapped her hands together and a flurry of ice began forming in the air around Deliora, creating a massive rose garden of ice, one that was connected to all the ice she had created around. "That will hold him down a few seconds!"

I smiled.

Now or never.

I closed my eyes, inhaled deeply, and focused on the thrum of my heartbeat. I visualized it gathering my reiatsu from the air, drawing it in with every beat, and sending it through my body until my cells were vibrating with energy. I felt as if I was a tightly wound spring, which could be released at a moment's notice and send shockwaves of power in every direction.

I aligned my body with the mental image of my Zanpakuto, summoning all of my spiritual energy into the blade.

And little by little, I felt the power behind my spiritual being course through my veins and into my Zanpakuto, and the blade trembled, as the icy prison which had held Deliora in its grip began to crack.

No doubt.

No hesitation.

Then; in one swift, silent burst of power, I swung my Zanpakuto down at the demon below me with all my might. The blade slices through the air, leaving behind a trail of energy that crackles with power before sending a translucent wave of power toward the demon.

The force behind the strike is so great that it seems to bend the very fabric of space around us, warping the buildings and everything else around, before in an instant, without a single sound, Deliora the Demon of Destruction is cut cleanly in two, shattering his icy prison before both parts of his body fell to the ground with a sickening thud as the force of the strike continued past him, sending shockwaves that rippled outwards, shattering buildings and tearing up the earth.

I did it.

I smiled, feeling a sense of satisfaction at what I had accomplished. But as I was basking in my victory, I suddenly felt every pain in my body erupt to its maximum expression as my vision began to blur.

I had finally reached my limit. And now, I was free falling from the sky. But even as I plummeted toward the ground, I couldn't help but feel a sense of peace.

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**[Ur Milkovich POV]**

The brat had done it. He had killed Deliora, cutting the demon in two alongside the entire town with a single swing of his blade.

"He did it," I muttered watching Deliora's corpse when all of a sudden I saw the brat's body falling from the sky like a stone. "Shit!" I cursed, and without hesitation I rushed forward, using everything at my disposal in order to reach him in time.

However, as I was about to reach him, I noticed his fast descent had begun to falter. The momentum behind his fall had halted, as he now hung in the air like a balloon, suspended and still.

"Grab him!" The brat's companion, Lilia shouted, her arms outstretched as a shimmering blue light emanated from her palms and surrounded the boy, suspending him in the air.

I nodded, creating a staircase out of ice magic to reach the brat before gently scooping him up in my arms. "Got him!"

Walking down the staircase, I hold the injured brat in my arms, his body bleeding heavily from multiple wounds.

As I looked down at him, I can't help but wonder how he was still alive. The injuries he had sustained were severe, and it was honestly a miracle that he had managed to hold on this long, fighting at the level he had displayed.

I gritted my teeth.

I will not let him die. He saved my life, and now I will do everything in my power to keep him alive, to make sure that he can be reunited with his family.

I owe him that much.

First, I had to find help, medical assistance, anything that can help him with his situation.

"We need to move fast to the nearest town!" I shouted to his companion, who nodded in response. "He needs medical attention!"

"I'm fine, I just need an orange juice, and a few Band-Aids," The brat muttered in a lighthearted tone, despite the wounds on his body. He was lucky he was so injured because otherwise, I would kick his stupid ass for making jokes like that.

I gritted my teeth and said, "Shut it," but the words came too late. His eyes were already glassy, and he slumped over my arms, the last wisps of breath escaping his lips before he slipped away into unconsciousness.

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## **[Mavis Vermillion POV]**

I had watched in horror as Adam's body was battered and bruised by the powerful demon Deliora. I had seen his blood seep through his torn clothes and onto the ground, and his eyes grow dim with fatigue.

Yet despite all of that, he trudged forward, determined to face the demon head-on.

I had watched him win against all odds.

I had watched him show strength beyond what I thought possible of him.

I simply had no words to express my shock at everything.

"Did he really kill the demon?" Gray muttered, his voice quavering with disbelief and urgency as he asked the question.

Ur remained still, her face etched with concern as she looked down at Adam's still form, the white bandages standing in stark contrast to his pale skin.

Gray watched his teacher, his eyes begging for an answer.

Lyon narrowed his gaze and snorted, crossing his arms defiantly. "Don't be a fool, Gray. It's obvious our master was the one to defeat the beast," he said, disbelief lacing his tone.

He simply couldn't believe that a kid just a few years older than himself, could have taken down the mighty demon Deliora.

I didn't blame him for not believing such claims, even I was struggling to wrap my head around the fact Adam had managed to pull that victory.

I knew Adam was strong, but I never imagined to what extent.

Ur slowly stepped back, her gaze moving between Lyon and Gray, the former's eyes wide and the latter's narrowed. "It was him," she said, her voice low and calm. "I didn't kill the demon. He did."

Lyon's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked from his teacher, Ur, to the injured Adam in total shock. He bit his lower lip and shook his head, his voice a whisper. "Impossible!"

Ur let out a low chuckle, her head shaking almost imperceptibly, as her eyes glinted with amusement. "I know it's hard to believe, kid, but that's the truth. All I did was play

the role of the support in that fight, the brat was the one who killed Deliora, not me."

Gray stood frozen, the only sound in his mind the high-pitched beeping of the monitors around. His gaze was completely fixated on Adam's body in a mix of shock and disbelief, his mind unable to grasp what his teacher was saying as his legs trembled beneath him.

Lyon's eyes widened and he stumbled back a step, his mouth agape. He looked at Ur, unable to believe what had just been said. "D-does that mean... he's stronger than you?" he asked in a faint whisper.

Ur let out a small laugh, the sound reverberating off the walls of the hospital room as she ran her hand along her hair. "Yes and no," She began thoughtfully, giving Adam a look, "His magic power is most certainly bigger than mine, but there is so much more to a wizard's power than just that."

I watched the ice make wizard sigh, taking a step back.

Lyon's brow furrowed as he tried to make sense of Ur's words, "W-what does that mean?"

"It means the brat packs a bigger punch than I do," Ur chuckled in amusement. "Granted I am quite rusty seeing my fight with Deliora was my first fight in years, but still... the kid

managed to do what I wouldn't have been able to do unless I was in top condition."

Lyon remained silent.

Even at her top condition, I estimated she would've had some trouble dealing with Deliora.

Maybe not as many as Adam thanks to her experience which adds a lot to the overall fight, but still enough problems to push her back, and perhaps even more.

Before I could continue that train of thought, the door opened and Lilia stepped into the hospital room, her gaze quickly focusing on Ur before she moved to Adam, scanning his body lying on the hospital bed before finally breaking the quiet with her soft, urgent query. "How is he?"

"Doctors say, and I quote, we have no fucking idea how the kid is so durable," Ur crossed her arms her gaze shifting between Lilia and Adam.

Lilia chuckled softly.

"As for his condition, they said he will make a full recovery, and that other than a few scars here and there, he will be okay," Ur continued, letting out a soft chuckle.

I smiled.

Fairy Tail's future was becoming more and more interesting.

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## **[Gildarts Clive POV]**

When I got notice the brat had taken a mission to kill a monster rampaging the northern towns of Ishgar, I didn't give it much thought, I was confident he had the strength to face any monster.

However, that confidence was soon shaken to pieces when I heard what the monster had done to the northern guilds.

Several guilds obliterated.

Dozens of wizards slayed by a single being.

At this, my concerns for the brat's safety grew. And, it didn't help that Cana began to cry when she heard the news, begging to go and save her big brother.

Seeing my cute little princess was asking me so fervently to save the brat, I did what any father that loves his daughter

more than life itself would've done, and went out on a personal quest to rescue the brat.

Wasting no time I raced to Ishgar, heart pounding, making my way to the last place the demon was seen. However, when I arrived, what I found shocked me more than I would've expected.

Engulfed in an eerie silence, the town where the demon had last been seen lay in ruins, most buildings crumbled all around, and the demon's corpse lay lifeless and bisected in the center of the destruction.

My eyes followed the destruction left in Adam's wake, the way the deep grooves cut through the ground, creating a near-perfect line in the dusty earth between two parts of the town.

A deep gash on the demon's burial, that stretched from one side of the town to the other, a visible reminder of what Adam had accomplished with his magical attack.

"He's Fairy Tail material alright," I laughed, my laughter echoing through the destroyed buildings, bouncing off the crumbling walls and broken glass.

For a few more moments I surveyed the carnage left behind by Adam's battle, confirming the brat was nowhere to be seen, so seeing that I set off to look for him. If he had managed to kill

the monster and yet still hadn't come back to the guild or even reached out to us, then I knew this battle had taken its toll on him.

Having this in mind, I navigated to the nearest town, a bustling winter town with cobbled pathways, full of eager faces of all ages, and distant clanging of wagons and horses.

As I arrived, the magic in the air was palpable and I could feel the brat's power emanating nearby, weakened but still present. That wasn't all, I could feel others scattered around him, their power like glowing fireflies flying around him.

One of the presences I was feeling was strong.

The others not so much.

Having his location already pinpointed I moved, soon reaching the town's hospital.

My footsteps echoed down the sun-dappled corridor as I marched toward the brat's room. I had to knock out a doctor blocking my way, shouting something about only family members. I can't remember, all I know is that I plowed through two more doctors before I finally found one willing to lead me to the room.

I burst into the hospital room, the wood door splintering off its hinges with my kick. My gaze was immediately fixated on

the bed in the corner, where I found Adam's still form covered in white bandages.

At his side, there was a woman with short, and two small children that clung to her side.

The woman seeing me planted her feet firmly on the ground, her arms folded tightly in front of her. Her gaze bored into me as she aggressively questioned, "Who the heck are you?" She took an intimidating step forward, cutting off my path to Adam.

Her stance was unyielding.

I could feel her magic power readying for battle if need be.

I could also tell she knew I was stronger than her by the way she looked at me, yet she was determined to protect the brat from me despite knowing full well her odds against me were zero.

I raised my hands in surrender and smiled, trying to defuse the situation from escalating. "No need to fight, I just came here to make sure my brat is okay."

The woman's eyes narrowed as she scrutinized me from head to toe before letting out a snort. "He's your son? Huh... That explains a fucking lot."

He's not...

Meh, I might as well own the joke, it's not like I can't say no now, Cana loves the kid, and my sweet Cordelia does too, so fuck it.

I flashed a wide smile and stuck out a calloused hand,  
"Gildarts Clive, nice to meet you!"

"Ur Milkovich," Ur replied, taking my hand and shaking it.