

## [Adam POV]

The sun floated on the horizon, like a golden coin in a wishing well, as I moved to intercept Gildarts before he crashed into the Island.

The gilded sails of his boat glinted in the setting sun, and I knew the moment of my reckoning had come.

Reaching him, I waved at him, and he stopped his boat. His face was hidden in the shadows cast by his billowing sails, and I thought for the briefest of moments that I saw a smile on his face.

But before I could come closer or say another word, Gildarts leaped out of his boat in a blur of motion and rushed towards me, and with a mighty swing of his fist, he punched me in the face, sending me flying back to the Island with a sonic boom that rippled out in waves, creating massive tides all around his boat.

Unable to do anything, I barreled headfirst into the Tower with a thunderous crash that echoed throughout the entire island, like the mighty roar of an earthquake.

Blood trickling down my nose, I lay there, stunned and disoriented, a single strike having kicked my marbles off the game.

Eventually, when my head stopped spinning, I clambered to my feet, pushing off the debris around my landing spot, as I heard the sound of Gildarts' heavy footsteps approaching me.

Taking a deep breath, I moved a pair of fingers to my nose and felt the warm wetness of blood spreading over them. "Well that hurt," I said under my breath as I rummaged in my pocket for a tissue.

"Did you forget the words of our guild?" Gildarts' voice bellowed across the place, his face filled with concern and anger, his words cutting into me like a dull blade.

I could feel the anger radiating from him, I could see how worried he had been about me, a myriad of emotions dancing on his face, on his power, tempered by his character.

I took a deep breath and began to speak. "I need to do this. You know why."

Gildarts stared at me, his anger vanishing for the slightest of moments, showing he understood what I was saying, as his face softened slightly. "Brat, I understand that I do. But why did you come here without telling me? Without your family."

I myself didn't know exactly why.

Just that I felt that if I didn't come here alone, I would be denied what I thought I wanted.

"I didn't think any of you would understand," I replied, deciding to go with the best answer possible. "I was afraid that if I asked you or the old man, you would stop me. I didn't want to risk that happening."

Gildarts sighed heavily, his eyes fixed on me. "You know you are fucking stupid, right? We would've never tried to stop you, we would've come with you, ready to wage war with everyone here! We are your family! And as such we will always be here for you!"

Perhaps I had been foolish to think that they wouldn't understand.

Who knows...

I still feel however, that this was something I needed to do by myself, even if I didn't find the one I was looking for, the one I truly wanted to kill, I had gained a semblance of closure when it came to this chapter of my life.

At least partially.

"How did you find me anyways?" I asked him, ruffling through my hair as I stared at him.

Gildarts' long boots crunched in the sand as he approached me, stopping right in front of me, placing a comforting hand on my shoulder. "A guy you saved gave me the coordinates to this place."

Oh, right. I never checked if they were awake or not when I left the place.

"I see...-" I began, however. Before I could complete my sentence, Gildarts shifted his weight, moving his right leg back before unleashing a powerful kick that sent me hurtling into the air as if I were no more than a ragdoll.

Gasping for air, the world twisted around me in a dizzying dance, before I managed to regain enough control to somersault midair and land on all fours, sand digging into my palms as I fought to catch my breath. "What was that for?!"

"I don't know, tough love?" Gildarts shrugged, tossing his head back with a small playful smirk.

"That fucking hurt," I replied.

"Pop a Tylenol," Gildarts replied, before hurling a bottle of Tylenol with a flick of his wrist through the air like a deadly

missile, flying directly at my head at what I imagined was Mach 2.

The bottle flew through the air and smacked me right in the middle of my forehead, with a thunderous clap that echoed through the island, as my legs buckled beneath me, and I fell to the ground on my ass, knowing very well that the bottle had left an imprint on my head.

"And what was that?" I asked, grabbing the bottle of Tylenol as I narrowed my eyes at him.

"Tough medicine?" Gildarts shrugged.

Fair enough.

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Having nothing more to talk about, at least for the time being, I moved with Gildarts to ready a ship for everyone's escape.

As soon as it was ready, everyone scrambled aboard, and soon enough the ship began to move, bucking and lurching with every wave until it finally broke away from the docks at Tower of Heaven, heading out to sea.

As this happened, I flew off the ship and moved above the island using Shunpo, watching from above at the place that had taken so much from me.

The sun was slowly setting over the horizon, casting a golden hue on everything beneath it.

Its rays seemed to caress every single grain of sand on the shoreline with a gentle hand, and even the structure of the Tower itself.

The trees bent and swayed in unison as if they were dancing with each other and their leaves shimmered like diamonds in the light, as the waves of the sea lapped against the shore, sending ripples gracefully across its surface.

A warm breeze kissed my cheeks and for a moment, everything seemed almost peaceful.

But then I remembered why I was here in this place; why I had ventured so far away from home only to find myself standing at this very spot today.

"I might have not found the peace I had sought in here," I began, my eyes burning with loathing as they rested on the Tower. "But this ends now."

I might not be closing this chapter of my life for good, or in the way, I would've wanted to close it. But, I refused to let this place haunt my thoughts any longer.

I would kill Brain when the time came.

But until then.

I was done with this fucking place.

"Judge all things in this universe. Zanryuzuki," I muttered, grabbing the hilt of my Zanpakuto, before unsheathing my blade from its scabbard with a resounding hiss, feeling the edge sliced through the air.

Silently and almost as if in slow motion, I raised my blade to the sky and pointed it straight toward the Tower.

Then, taking a deep breath, I bent my knees and hefted my Zanpakuto above my head, as my power crackled through the blade with anticipation, pausing for a brief second before bringing my blade down, unleashing a searing wave of ethereal energy that cut through the island like a hot knife through butter, before erupting in deafening explosion consuming everything.

For the next few seconds, the air and the sea vibrated as the island and Tower shuddered apart in a massive cloud of dust and smoke, with everything that once stood in there,

crumbling to its knees, descending beneath the waves, into the dark unforgiving depths of the ocean below, leaving no clues there used to be something there.

A weighty longing settled in my chest as I uttered a quiet "Finally" and allowed my eyes to drift shut, letting my body drop into the sea, shifting my feet for momentum, as I turned my body towards the distant ship, before blurring out of sight in its direction in a single step, with the wind whipping through my entire being like a gentle embrace.

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## **[Brain POV]**

After word that slave #127 or Adam, had survived, and had joined one of Fiore's strongest Guilds. I knew it was only a matter of time before someone found the Tower.

Completing the Tower in that location was simply no longer an option.



Sadly, doing damage control by killing the little shit that had taken my arm, was also out of the question.

Especially when individuals like Makarov and Gildarts were there to back him up.

One was a Wizard Saint.

The other had the power to be one but didn't want the title.

It didn't matter though.

This was but a minor setback.

In time, everything would fall into place.

After all, I had prepared for this very situation, knowing very well that it would come to happen eventually.

I had picked the slaves with the highest magical potential, one by one, breaking them into two cells, into two small but efficient groups.

Sadly I hadn't been able to finish my selection, but I had managed to get what I wanted.

One that would work tirelessly in order to resurrect the Tower from the ashes, under the supervision of... one of my business partners.

Jellal - Slave #212.

Millianna - Slave #357.

Simon - Slave #251.

Sho - Slave #312.

Wally - Slave #268.

And the other would work under me, in order to create something even better than the Tower, something so powerful that it would have the power to reshape the world to my liking.

A sinister smile spread across my face as I uttered the name of my new organization, of this new chapter of my life, "Oracion Seis." My body trembled with excitement as I imagined the possibilities that lay ahead.

Macbeth - Slave #317.

Erik - Slave #288.

Sorano - Slave #342.

Sawyer - Slave #292.

And Richard - Slave #267.

I would turn them into the obedient tools I needed to shatter the will of this world, before making it mine once and for all.

And if Adam or Slave #127, got in our way, his death would serve as a reminder to everyone of what happens to those who oppose me.

After all, the future was mine to shape as I saw fit, and I had every intention of making it my own.