

[Adam C. POV]

As I pushed open the heavy oak doors of Fairy Tail, the noise from the guild washed over me. I took in the scene before me with a hint of amusement.

Most of the guild had gathered around the bar, where Mirajane, with her white hair cascading down her shoulders, was ardently lecturing the guild about the Dark Guild alliance.

The tone of her voice, the expression of her face and the fact she was being completely serious drew everyone's attention like flies to a fire.

I listened intently as I walked through the crowd, hearing the words 'Balam Alliance', 'Grimoire Heart', 'Oración Seis', and 'Tartaros'.

Meaning the time was finally here.

Silently, I made my way to the second floor of the guild, my senses keen and my movements deliberate, feeling more tense than usual.

The air felt thick with anticipation, and my boots tapped rhythmically against the wooden steps. I had a lot going on in my mind right now.

Taking a deep breath, I found an empty table overlooking the guild hall and settled down.

From my vantage point, I could observe everything without being in the midst of the tumult, without being close enough for anyone to wonder if I was feeling okay.

I didn't need someone telling me I wasn't okay.

I knew I wasn't.

But that was okay.

I wasn't consumed by my hate towards Brain, but it was still there, burning fucking bright.

I would be okay when Brain died, I would be okay when I finally saw the light leaving his eyes.

Closing my eyes, I continued to listen to Mirajane's lecture, detailing the potential threat that the Balam Alliance posed, and other details about them.

Until the presence of Master Makarov, appeared from the back room. His furrowed brow and stern expression contrasted with his usually jovial demeanor.

I smiled, a cold, hungry smile.

"That's enough, Mirajane," Makarov began, his voice echoing through the walls of the guild. "Children, we are going to war, the actions of these monsters can no longer be tolerated. We must take action."

I grinned, my power fluctuating as my fingers drummed on the table over the excitement I was feeling.

Makarov raised his hand. "We won't face them alone," he continued. "To better deal with them, an alliance has been formed between Fairy Tail, Blue Pegasus, Lamia Scale, and Cait Shelter. Together, we shall face this threat and protect what we hold dear!"

As the old man's words sank in, a surge of energy rippled through the guild.

"That being said, only a few members of each guild will go on this endeavor," Makarov continued, his voice bringing silence to the guild. "The best of the best, the strongest amongst us."

"So, Gildarts?" One random member murmured.

I felt my one working eye twitch at that.

"I carefully selected the members of our family who will be joining this mission," Makarov continued sternly, his gaze

sweeping over the entire guild. "Adam Clive, Erza Scarlet, Laxus Dreyar, and Gildarts Clive."

I blinked, my head snapping towards the Master.

The members of this mission had changed, and drastically. The only one that actually remained from the original group was Erza.

As the guild hall buzzed with whispers and conversations, and I pondered over the change of members, a singular, fiery voice rose above the noise.

"What?!" Natsu's indignant roar echoed throughout the room. His pink hair seemed to mirror the flames of his frustration as he stomped toward the old man. "Why am I not going? I can take them down!" His fists clenched, and his body set ablaze.

Makarov's gaze remained firm as he looked at Natsu. "This mission requires a precise set of skills and the combined might of our chosen representatives," he explained in a stern voice.

"But Master, you know I won't back down from a fight! Let me go!" Natsu begged with a growl, his voice pleading.

Makarov's expression softened for a moment, but he shook his head. "Your time will come, Natsu. You have to trust me on

this. I'm only sending S-Ranked wizards or above, in time, your time will come, be patient."

The guild was now watching the exchange closely. The air was tense as Natsu's fiery passion clashed with Makarov's unwavering resolution.

My fingers continued their rhythmic dance on the wooden table. Deep within me, I acknowledged Natsu's ardor. The desire to fight, the thirst for victory, they were emotions I knew all too well.

However, I have waited long enough for this, and I would not let anyone hinder my goals.

"How can you know if you don't give me the chance to kick their asses!" Natsu shot back, glaring at Makarov.

As Natsu continued his fervent protests, I stood up and began to make my way downstairs. My steps were silent, like a whisper carried by the wind.

When I reached Natsu, I placed a hand on his shoulder. His fiery gaze turned to me, questioning, before the pressure of my power brought him down to his knees, silencing him.

I leaned in, my voice calm and steady. "The master was very clear, Natsu, let's not waste his time, shall we?"

Natsu struggled against the pressure of my power, his face red with exertion. There was a fire in his eyes, a wildfire that had always defined him, but this time, it had a hint of fear added to it.

The entire guild watched as I held him with an icy calmness, perhaps I was being too hard on him, but I couldn't let Natsu, and his childish temper jeopardize the mission that had so much personal significance for me.

Suddenly, the guild doors opened with a loud bang. The figure that walked in was unmistakable, it was Gildarts Clive, with his long, scruffy hair and cape billowing behind him.

His aura was of power and calm confidence.

As he strode into the guild, he surveyed the scene before him - Natsu on his knees, the members whispering, and Master Makarov looking more serious than usual.

"I was taking a crap, what did I miss?" Gildarts said, scratching his head.

"Not much," I replied, releasing Natsu from my grip.

Natsu gasped, inhaling deeply as he stood up, slightly shaking.
"N-now it's my t-turn!"

Gildarts turned to Natsu, grinning. "You gotta calm down, Natsu, before you crap your pants in front of everyone," he said with a chuckle.

Natsu frowned, but after a quick exchange of silent glances between him and Gildarts he simply nodded, before walking back to his table to sit with Happy.

It seemed Gildarts was just what Natsu needed to calm down.

"You should really go easy on the kid," Gildarts muttered.

I chuckled. I would, just not today, today I had more important things to take care of, Natsu and his feelings could wait.

Not like he can hold a grudge anyways.

Lexus's voice echoed up the stairwell as he leaned against the railing of the second floor. His hands were thrust in his pockets, and his gaze was fixed on the hustle and bustle below. "When are we leaving?" he asked.

Good question.

"I would like to know that as well," I added.

"Right now," Makarov replied after a moment.

[Third Person. POV.]

[Ten hours later.]

Under the cloak of a moonless night, the Worth Woodsea forest lay beneath an ocean of whispers, as if the ancient trees themselves were murmuring secrets to each other.

A sickly mist clung to the gnarled boughs and twisted trunks, its paleness illuminated by the eerie bluish light that seemed to emanate from the very soil.

Upon a cliff that overlooked the massive forest stood the members of the Guild known as Oración Seis, their dark silhouettes outlined against a turbulent sky. The air around them was heavy with magic; an arcane feeling that pulsed through the atmosphere, causing the leaves of the trees below to rustle even though there was no wind.

Cobra, with his crimson eyes glowing in the dark, broke the silence. "I can hear it, the magic we seek is here."

"Indeed," answered Brain, his voice as cold and calculated as his expression. He raised a hand and black thorns erupted from the ground, creeping out towards the forest below.

"Nirvana will destroy this flawed world, to give answer to our prayers!"

Angel stood, her wings unfurling behind her, casting an even more sinister aura around the group. "But at what cost?" she whispered, her voice a haunting lullaby. "Look at what it does to the land." She gestured toward the forest below, where the trees appeared to be withering, their leaves turning black and crumbling to ash. "I mean, I don't know if I want to rule the world, if the world looks like a piece of crap."

The air shimmered, and Midnight appeared next to Angel. His voice, a whisper that seemed to echo through the night, said, "The land is a necessary sacrifice. When the Light is broken, a new world will be born from the ashes."

Racer's figure blurred as he moved to the edge of the cliff, looking down. "The magic...it's too fast even for me to comprehend. It's devouring everything," he muttered.

Hoteye's usually stoic face contorted in pain. "Brother... this magic, Nirvana, is it truly more powerful than money?" He looked at Brain, his eyes pleading for an answer.

Brain's face remained unmoved, but his eyes gleamed with a madness that made even the dark night seem bright in

comparison. "Nirvana will reshape the world. But for that, the old one must die," he spoke in an ominous tone.

Suddenly, Brain raised his staff, and the ground shook violently as a massive pillar of blinding light erupted from the center of the Worth Woodsea. It shot into the sky, consuming the stars, and for a moment, the world seemed to hold its breath.

The Oración Seis stood on the precipice, looking down on the devastation below, as the magic of Nirvana continued to pulse through the air.

Knowing that soon, all of their prayers would be answered.