

[Adam POV]

I had spent the past few days holed up in a desolated area two miles away from Magnolia Town, working tirelessly day and night to master the art of moving souls without severing their link to the living world, as well the necessary Kidos to seal said souls in their new body.

Training both inside and outside my inner world.

I had a time limit to master this specific set of skills, and seeing how much Cordelia's condition had worsened these past few days despite Porlyusica's care, it was safe to assume I didn't have much time left.

I had to master this, otherwise, all of this, the creation of the Gigai, the troubles to collect the ingredients, everything would be for naught.

"One more time," I muttered, lines of sweat beading down my forehead as I focused my energy, my mind awl with the complexities of the task at hand.

What I was trying to accomplish was a delicate art, one that required precision and focus.

This was something that shinigami for the most part didn't have to learn or master at all, seeing as it went against most of their rules about interfering with the living, and such.

In order to accomplish this, I had to be in almost perfect sync with my spiritual energy, channeling this energy through my blade and into the soul he was trying to move.

At first, I struggled to find the right rhythm, the right amount of energy to apply to each movement. But as time went on, I began to get the hang of it.

That being said, getting the hang of it wasn't enough, not for this. So I continued to work tirelessly, determined to master every aspect of the process.

Until finally, after several days of grueling training, of trial and error, I succeeded.

Moving my blade with fluid grace, I had been able to channel my energy through it, allowing me to move the soul of a small bird in and out of its body, and into other bodies.

After that first success, I began to test this a few more times before letting Porlyusica know I was ready, testing my skills with animals of different sizes to make sure I hadn't succeeded before just because my first target had been a small bird.

Fortunately for me and the time I had at hand, no matter the animal I tested this on, the result was always the same. A massive success.

There were however a few requirements for this to go without problems, most of which were all on my part, save for one. In order for me to move a soul still linked to the world of the living without outright severing that connection, the soul in question needed to surrender control to me.

If the soul in question didn't surrender control to me, it would inevitably end with the soul severing their soul chain, effectively killing themselves.

With animals, acquiring control had been relatively easy, seeing they weren't really sentient where it mattered, and that their bodies like their souls acted and reacted out of instinct, all I had needed to do to get the control I needed for the process was to basically make sure their instinct told them without a doubt there was nothing they could do against me, but accept their fate.

With humans, this was downright impossible to accomplish, at least not in the way I had with the animals.

Sure, you could force someone to submit to your will with enough power, but no matter how much you crushed someone's spirit under your heel, there would always be a

small part within them refusing to surrender control, even if they themselves didn't know about it.

You can never earn the entirety of someone's being by force, they have to give it to you willingly, for only then is it complete.

It... was complicated.

But in short, the only way I would be able to succeed on this was if Cordelia willingly surrendered the very essence of her being to me.

Before I could give this much thought. Mavis emerged from the shadows, hovering in front of me, her long dress billowing around her like a cloud as she said. "Porlyusica finished the body."

I smiled.

I had finished in time.

Barely.

But I had.

[Second POV]

Adam stood in front of Cordelia's bed inside Porlyusica's house, a solemn expression on his face as he gazed down at her pale, sickly form, before giving Gildarts, who was beside her a brief look.

"Time to fix you up!" Gildarts swallowed hard and ran his hand through his hair. It was easy to see the man was trying to appear confident as he glanced at Adam, but as much as he tried, the sweat beading on his forehead betrayed him.

"Now it's all on you, brat," Porlyusica said, her arms crossed as looked at Adam before giving a brief glance at the bedridden Cordelia.

Adam turned his gaze to her, before glancing at the Gigai she had successfully managed to recreate. The body in question looked like what he would've imagined Cordelia would've looked if she wasn't sick, down to the smallest detail.

It was impressive.

"Cordelia," Adam said softly, taking one of her frail hands into his. "I know this is going to sound... strange, but in order to save you, I'm going to need to move your soul into the body you see on your right, but in order for me to do that without... you dying, you need you to surrender control to me, completely. Do you understand?"

Cordelia remained silent for a moment, her eyes barely open, as she looked at Adam. She knew what was at stake, just as she knew she had nothing to lose if this failed, seeing this was her only chance for survival.

Cordelia's voice was strained and weak, like the last gasp of a dying person, outwardly showing her illness and her waning strength. "I'm not entirely sure how to do that," she replied, "But I will try."

If you asked Cordelia, she would tell you she trusted Adam, she didn't know the kid beyond what she had heard around the town, but she trusted him, even if she didn't completely understand what he was doing or telling her.

Taking her response as the affirmation he needed, Adam took a deep breath, centering himself as he prepared to begin the process. Then, with a deft movement of his Zanpakuto, he tapped Cordelia on the chest.

His energy soon reached within the depths of her soul with a soft white light, before gently beginning the process to extract

her soul without severing her soul chain to the world of the living.

The silence those present were giving Adam, showing this was a very delicate process, one that required the utmost care and precision.

At first, he could feel Cordelia's soul, struggling to cling to her failing body. But before this could become a concern, he felt what he was looking for, complete control.

Once he had her soul in his grasp and completely unlinked from her body, Adam began to channel some of his energy through his Zanpakuto, slowly directing her soul into the waiting gigai that Porlyusica had created.

This part was the hardest part, it was like threading a needle in the dark, meaning the slightest mistake could mean disaster.

But Adam was determined to succeed. And without letting the pressure of it all affect him, he worked with a steady hand on the task at hand, his eyes never leaving the gigai as he carefully guided Cordelia's soul into its waiting form.

Then, once her soul was completely connected with the gigai, through a series of complicated threads that expanded throughout her soul, he finished the process, sealing her soul within the gigai using Kido to permanently link both together.

"It's done," Adam muttered, taking a step back.

Both Porlyusica and Gildarts turned to him, gazing at him and Cordelia's body, both of them, however, before anyone could say anything else, a soft groan of discomfort was heard coming from the artificial body, gaining everyone's attention.

Cordelia's eyes fluttered open, and for the first time in a long time, she looked alive, tired, but alive. Slowly, as if testing things out she turned her head, gazing down at her new body in wonder.

"It feels strange," She whispered, her voice weak but filled with wonder and more life than it had in a long time.

"That's normal," Adam replied, his own voice filled with relief. "It will take you some time to get used to it."

"Is it truly over?" she whispered, her eyes filling with tears.

Adam nodded, a small smile playing at the corners of his lips. "Yes," he said softly. "You're going to be okay now."

Cordelia smiled weakly at this, trying to show her gratitude before her eyes closed once more as she allowed herself to surrender to her exhaustion.

"Well... we did--" Adam began, turning around to face Gildarts.

His eyes fixed on the bed where Cordelia lay, before crumbling to his knees in a heap of emotion.

He had seen her at her best, and he had seen her at her worst, on her way to meet death's embrace.

Now, all he could see was that she was breathing, her chest rising and falling in a slow, steady rhythm, as tears welled up in his eyes, and he began to sob in choked uncontrollable breaths, his whole body shaking with relief.

He stumbled forward, collapsing beside her bed, his hands clasping hers tightly.

He wanted to express his gratitude to the one that had made all of this possible, but no matter how hard he tried to do so, all he could do was cry, his sobs echoing through the room.

However, by the time he finally managed to stop crying, at least to a point where he was able to talk, he noticed that Adam had long left the place, having taken his leave the moment the man had crumbled against the weight of his bottled-up emotions.