

## [Adam POV]

Three months ago, I had passed the S-Class trial, with both the old man and Gildarts saying there was no doubt in their minds that I had what it took to be an S-Class Wizard.

Be that as it may, I was still mildly annoyed at the fact I hadn't been able to finish my fight with Gildarts, though my annoyance paled in comparison to what Zanryuzuki was feeling.

And to be fair, I could hardly blame her.

For the first time in what felt like an eternity, she had experienced a moment of unbounded freedom. But just as she was starting to enjoy herself, the old man stopped us and that feeling evaporated like a puff of smoke.

Thanks to that, I had a grumpy Zanpakuto right now. Fuming inside my inner world at what had been taken from us.

The funny thing was, this was the least of my problems.

My biggest... problems right now, were others. Like the two girls I currently had staring at me.

Lilia Morel...

And Mavis Vermillion.

Well, Mavis Vermillion's astral form if you want to be a nitpick.

"Don't ignore me!" Mavis pouted with a mild glare before crossing her arms. "I know you can see me!"

I wasn't ignoring her because I was an ass, it was because I didn't want to appear like a crazy person, and Mavis refused to reveal herself to the others for reasons I couldn't understand.

"Lilia, don't you have to... go to your house or something?" I looked up at Lilia, who stood tall and strong, her gaze unwavering. Gone was the timid girl I had known a few months back during the trials; in her place was an unyielding warrior, who refused to back down.

For reasons I had yet... to understand, Lilia had changed her demeanor drastically, something she attributed to me...

At first, I had thought she was infatuated with me, alas... the reality was much... much worse than that. She wasn't infatuated with me, she idolized me like the Thunder Tribe would come to idolize Laxus in time.

Lilia's lips were drawn into a tight line and her golden eyes bore into mine. "I don't!" she exclaimed, her voice shaking with determination.

"I see..." I sighed. "Then... Can you give me a few minutes for myself?"

Lilia bowed low, her long green hair moving forward. Then with bright eyes, she looked up at me, her small hands clasped together in anticipation. "Do you have something for me to do, Adam-sama?" she asked excitedly. "I promise whatever the task is, I shall complete it!"

I...

I just don't understand... how can my power knocking her out, translate to this... level of devotion?!

"Hmm, that's scary," Mavis commented, index finger pressed upon her lip as she looked at Lilia.

I...

Fuck it.

"You know what, I do," I said, taking the shopping list of things I need from the fridge. "I need everything on the list, here's some money," I added, handing Lilia the list and some cash.

"I won't fail you!" Lilia exclaimed happily. "Thank you, Adam-sama!" she bowed deeply before turning around and running out of my apartment.

"It's... kind of cute how much she cares... once you forget how crazy she turned out to be," Mavis said, chuckling gently.

"Once I forget how crazy she is, I just want to pinch her cheeks and... give her a hug."

Now, to deal with the ghost in my room.

"Why are you here?" I asked calmly, turning to see Mavis, or her astral projection to be precise.

"Oh, now you can see me?" Mavis huffed, crossing her arms before turning her back to me. "Well, maybe now I don't want to talk with you!"

I could almost feel the twitch coming to my eye. "Mavis, you refuse to show yourself to others, and I don't want to appear crazy by talking by myself!"

Mavis giggled mischievously. "Well you're still rude, I'm your elder you know?! Besides, it's not like Lilia will judge you... oh great Adam-sama."

"That's because Lilia's a bit... strange" I replied with a deep sigh.

"All jokes aside, I find it most wonderful how much she idolizes you," Mavis replied, her voice filled with glee. "You do know that, right?"

"Yeah... I know that," I replied, chuckling to myself. "But what I don't get is why."

"What do you mean?" Mavis asked, tilting her head to the side.

"What I mean is that I knocked her out with my spi- magic power," I sighed, throwing my arms in the air. "How does that translate into... let's admire this guy, is beyond me!"

"Admiration, love, and hate are hardly logical feelings, Adam," Mavis pointed out lightly.

I sighed, she had a point there. "Yeah, I guess.."

Mavis smirked. "See? Elder wisdom!"

"So, why are you here?" I asked again, moving the conversation back to the point I wanted.

"Hmm, who knows," Mavis replied, swinging her legs back and forth in the air in what was a child-like manner, her body still facing away from me. "I might tell you if you answer some of my questions though..."

Great, I was getting blackmailed by the First Master of the Guild.

"An answer for an answer," I replied, giving her a short nod.

"Okay~ Here's my question, how can you see me?" Mavis twirled around a beaming smile on her face, her long pink dress fanning out as she hovered inches away from me. "As you said, no one but you can see me, because I'm not allowing anyone to see me, yet you can see me just fine, so.. tell me, how do you do it?"

"My... magic," I replied.

Mavis narrowed her eyes.

Ok, I guess that's not good enough.

"It's hard to explain, but... to summarize, my magic has a lot to do with... well, souls," I added, taking a deep breath. "I imagine the reason why I can see you, even though you don't want to be seen, is because I'm spiritually adept."

Mavis hummed at that. "Soul magic? That dark magic, or at least it should be, your magic doesn't feel tainted."

"In case you were wondering, I don't actually use souls for anything, I just can see them, and interact with them in a

physical manner if needed be," I replied, trying to avoid a misunderstanding.

"Ohh, I see! And what do you call your magic?" Mavis asked, her voice filled with curiosity.

I...

"I... Ehmm, Soul Reaper Magic...?" That name didn't paint a good picture.

Mavis deadpanned. "And... you don't use souls for anything?"

I nodded.

"In that case, that name isn't very intuitive," Mavis smiled, raising her hands to the sky as if trying to touch the ceiling, her fingers interlocking for a brief moment before she clapped her hands together with a sharp, loud report that echoed off the walls. "Your turn."

"Why are you here?" I asked.

"You just seemed interesting," Mavis replied with a childish smile.

I guess whatever takes her mind off her real situation, it can't be easy to be trapped, forever frozen under the chains of a cruel god that seeks retribution no matter what.

Lumen Histoire.

I knew of its existence, and had a general idea of where it was hidden, but not because I could feel it, no, all I knew about Lumen Histoire was thanks to my 'canon' knowledge.

The reality was, I couldn't feel Lumen Histoire at all.

It was surprising honestly, considering it was supposed to be a source of infinite Magic Power, meaning sensing it should be pretty easy. I imagine the place hiding Mavis' body had multiple safety measures to ensure no one could locate it by just sensing it.

I truly pitied her.

Her actions didn't warrant the punishment given to her.

Ankhseram's curse.

I wonder...

Could my powers help her?

"Why are you sad all of a sudden?" Mavis floated next to me, tilting her head.



I blinked, snapping out of my long reverie. "Don't worry, it's nothing."

Mavis' mouth opened slightly to form a response, but before she could say anything, there was a gentle knock at the door, causing both of us to look towards it with surprise.

It wasn't Lilia.

Or anyone that I knew for that matter.

Pushing my thoughts aside for the moment, I walked to the door and turned the doorknob, pulling the door open, only to find... there was no one around as my eyes moved across the seemingly empty hallway.

"Hi..."

My hand froze on the doorknob as the soft sound of someone talking caught my attention, a sound that seemed to come from below my height level, by a lot.

Tilting my head down, I was met with the sight of a small girl, around four or five years old, her brown hair tucked beneath a pink woolen cap, her tiny hands gripping a ragged teddy bear, her dark eyes looking up at me with a mixture of fear and apprehension

"Awww she's adorable!" Mavis gasped, looking at the girl from above my shoulder.

"A-are you, Adam?" The little girl asked in a whisper, with a quivering lip and an unsteady hand, as she held her tattered stuffed animal close to her chest, its fur patchy and missing an eye.

"I am..." I replied, unsure why she was here, or where her parents were for that matter.

"M-my name is C-Cana A-Alberona! And I'm your s-sister!" The girl replied between stammers, her voice was barely more than a whisper, but the words were full of determination and courage.

....

I...

Hmph, well fuck me without lube.

I guess my prank came to bite me in the ass, in the most unexpected manner if I do say so myself.

"You have a little sister?! And you haven't bought her a new teddy bear?!" Mavis gasped in shock and... disgust? "And here I was thinking you were a good person, how wrong I was! HOW wrong I was indeed!"

So that's what it feels like.