

[Important Events.]

Year x782.

January - Lyon joined the Guild known as Lamia Scale, quickly forming strong friendships with some of his new fellow members, Sherry Blendy, Jura Neekis, and Toby Horhorta being some of them.

February - Mirajane, Elfman, and Lisanna undertook an S-Ranked mission to hunt a dangerous beast that was lurking in the mountains. However, Mirajane's overconfidence in her abilities led to dire consequences, forcing Elfman to use his magic to absorb the beast, and in the process becoming possessed by the creature's intent, after a brief fight, Lisanna was presumed dead by all after the possessed Elfman struck her, that being said, the reality of things was she was transported to the parallel world of Edolas by a crack on the gate.

March - Mystogan effortlessly completed the S-Class mage trial, further solidifying his status as one of Fairy Tail's most powerful members.

April - Adam encountered an elderly man during a mission who after some drinks taught Adam Dispel Magic, a type of magic capable of erasing most spells from existence. That being said, Adam soon learned that the effectiveness of this ability depended on the strength of the targeted spell, with particularly powerful magic proving difficult or even impossible to dispel.

July - Gajeel and Juvia joined the Phantom Lord guild, beginning a new chapter in their lives

August - Adam sensed the overwhelming power of Acnologia as the dragon migrated north. The magnitude of its strength was unlike anything he had ever experienced, instilling both awe and trepidation within him.

October - Loke, the celestial spirit banished for betraying his master, joined Fairy Tail hiding his real identity, hoping to make amends for his sins in the Guild.

November - Adam managed to materialize his Zanpakuto spirit in the real world but failed to subdue Zanryuzuki, missing the opportunity to learn his Bankai, this time.

December - Undeterred by his latest failure, Adam continued his training, this time delving into the realms of seals and healing techniques, experimenting with them.

[Third Person POV.]

[Jellal Fernandez.]

[Crocus - Fiore - Magic Council.]

[Year x783.]

The grand hallway of the Magic Council Headquarters buzzed with excitement. Wizards and council members scurry around, busy with their tasks as they would be every day, paying little attention to the calm figure making his way toward the Council Chamber.

Jellal Fernandez, a young man with striking blue hair and a strange tattoo adorning his right eye, strolled confidently down the hallway, wearing a sinister cold calculative smile, one that would've sent chills down anyone's spine if they were to notice, that is.

Alas, they were blind to the snake in their den, unable to see what was right in front of them. They were simply all too preoccupied with their own affairs, or perhaps too ignorant to see beyond the veil, beyond the mask Jellal showed.

As Jellal walked down the hall, he recalled his journey up to this point and the sacrifices he had to make for this very moment to happen.

For Zeref.

He inwardly chuckled at the thought, finding it rather amusing, and sad in a peculiar way how things had developed for him, and how could he not?

It had been ludicrously easy for him to infiltrate within the highest ranks of the political magical world. It was almost as if they were begging to be tricked, to be backstabbed, seeing all it took to rise amongst the ranks and gain political power was a few smiles here and there, and a small demonstration of power for everyone to trust him.

They've all fallen for his act, believing him to be a loyal and dedicated member of the Council. The fools, their ignorant minds, had no idea of the chaos and destruction that awaits them once the tower is complete, once Zeref is back to rule it all.

"Ready for the big day?" One of the rune knights that had worked alongside Jellal in a few missions for the council, asked.

"I am," Jellal replied, his smile widening. "You can almost say, I've been waiting for this moment for quite some time now."

The knight nodded, looking excited himself. "The youngest wizard saint in history, and it's you! Haha! That's going to be a spectacle, that's for sure."

Jellal chuckled again, though this time it was laced with a hint of malice. "Oh, it will be."

Today, he was taking one more step towards his goal, today, he would officially join the Ten Wizard Saints, an elite group of wizards who have been recognized for their immense magical power and contributions to the magical community, giving him even more political power to control the country from the shadows in order to better prepare for Zeref's revival.

Silently, Jellal's footsteps echo throughout the hall as he thought about the Tower of Heaven, his ultimate goal, and how despite its destruction at the hands of Adam, it was now nearing its completion.

It had taken some... adjustments, and sacrifices to make sure things were right on schedule, but now, with his position within the Magic Council, and as one of the Wizard Saints, he

would have all the resources and influence he needed to see things through without any delays.

"Good luck!" The knight said, as he reached out and pushed open the heavy, ornate doors, leading to the council's chamber.

Jellal smiled and entered the room, his eyes scanning the room and taking in the grandeur of the chamber. The council members were already seated, and they all turned to look at him as he made his way toward them.

The chamber was a large, circular room with high, vaulted ceilings adorned with intricate murals depicting the history of magic in Fiore. The walls were lined with bookshelves, filled with ancient tomes and scrolls.

"Greetings, esteemed council members," he said, his voice smooth and respectful. "I am honored to be standing before you today."

As idiotic as they were, Jellal knew he had to put up an act and show respect for the council and its members, and so he bowed before them.

The council members nodded in approval, and one of them, an old, hunched man with a pair of big ears, hammer-shaped eyebrows, and a scar on the left side of his face, wearing a dark cap that covered most of his forehead, spoke.

"Jellal Fernandez, as you probably already know, we have gathered here today to recognize your immense contribution to the magical community, to the kingdom, and to the world as a whole, formally inducting you into the ranks of the Ten Wizard Saints," The old man said, his voice deep and gravelly.

"Your words are far too kind, Lord Darton, all I did was my duty, nevertheless, I am humbled and honored to accept this great responsibility," Jellal said, bowing again.

The council members nodded in agreement, some even smiling fondly at Jellal, and his display of dedication.

"As a member of the council, and now one of the Wizard Saints, we have decided you are the best possible candidate to oversee the Department of Magical Development," Darton continued with a smile. "We trust that your intelligence and magical prowess will allow you to lead this department to new heights and that you will continue to uphold the standards of magic and justice that this council represents."

Jellal smiled inwardly, thinking things were going better than he expected, this position would give him the right amount of tools to work undetected, allowing him to steer the council and the magical community towards his ultimate goal.

"I am grateful for the council's trust in me, and I will do my utmost best to serve and protect everyone in this country," Jellal replied, his voice steady and confident.

The ceremony continued, with Jellal taking an oath to uphold the laws and principles of magic and such.

Once the ceremony was over, Jellal stepped outside and breathed in the fresh air, his mind racing with thoughts of what he needed to do next, there were so many things he needed to accomplish before the big day.

But that was neither here nor there, at least not now.

Right now, the only thing that was still certain was that he needed to continue gaining the trust of the council in order to work his way up more and more until there was no possible opposition.

Ready to act, ready to take control of the world, they will all suffer under his power, under the one that rules all darkness, the true King of the New World.

Without warning, without delay, they will all be at his mercy when that day comes.

They are but sheep wandering aimlessly, waiting for his rule, for he is the only one capable of leading them.

In their ignorance, they have been misled, in their ignorance some will even try to stop him, but no matter what they try, they will fail, and he will punish them for their blindness.

He knows who they are; he always has, his eyes see everything from the darkness that envelops this world, and because of that, there's nothing that escapes his view of sight.

And, I, his faithful servant can't wait to watch their demise, lying in wait for their end days to arrive, as the slumbering King finally arrives.