

## [Adam C. POV]

As I exited the Guild, and the sun began to sink below the horizon, casting a warm golden glow across the Town of Magnolia. The excitement of the day's events had settled, and a sense of tranquility washed over me as I made my way to my house on the outskirts of town.

According to Makarov, they had finished the apartment per my instructions while I was away, so this would be my first time sleeping in the house I had envisioned.

It had been a long day for me.

I wasn't tired, physically speaking, but mentally, I sure as fuck was.

"I'm finally back," I muttered.

The familiar streets of Magnolia greeted me as I walked, passing by familiar shops and bustling cafes, it was honestly surprising how fast these people recovered. Just a few hours again the Town was being destroyed, but now, they were back on business like nothing had happened.

I guess the spirit of Fairy Tail was truly woven into the very fabric of this place, in more ways than one.

As I walked through the town, reaching the outskirts, I found my apartment, standing there in one piece in all its glory, a quaint three-story structure nestled amidst a row of trees.

I had to admit, I was honestly surprised it was in... one piece, considering Gildarts apparently had a key, which reminds me, I need to change the locks... ahh, who am I kidding, like he uses the door, ha!

Laughing at the thought of Gildarts using a door for once, I stepped inside my house, eager to explore it. The apartment exuded a cozy atmosphere, with soft lighting and a warm color palette.

Needless to say, I was more than happy with the result.

I mean, this place was a reflection of my own tastes and preferences, a place where I could truly feel at home.

"Welcome to my humble abode, traveler," Mavis greeted me, floating at the top of the staircase with a playful smirk on her lips.

Smiling at her, I made my way to the living room, sinking into the plush comfort of one of the armchairs in there. "Ahh, yes. I suddenly feel like doing... nothing."

"Well, seeing you trained basically non-stop these past few years, that would be a nice change of pace," Mavis giggled, jumping off the stairs, landing gracefully on the armrest of the chair.

I chuckled, stretching my arms above my head. "You know why I was training so much, but, yeah, I guess you're right."

Letting the silence of the house wash over me, I closed my eyes, and yawned, melting into the chair for a few moments, until the ringing of my lacrima phone broke the serene silence of the place, causing me to startle slightly.

Who the fuck is calling me?

Snapping my head out of trance, I reached for the device, picking it up to reveal the caller's name on the screen, Gildarts Clive.

Why is Gildarts calling me?

I wonder why?

"Hello, old man," I greeted, putting the lacrima on my ear. "To what do I owe the displeasure of your call?"

Gildarts' deep, hearty chuckle resonated through the phone, his voice carrying a hint of excitement. "Displeasure? You

break your old man's heart! Anyway I heard from Cordelia that you're back and stronger than ever, they say you kicked Porla's ass, not bad kiddo, not bad."

Well, fuck. News sure travels fast around these parts.

"Honestly, it wasn't that much of a fight, if anything it was underwhelming," I replied, shrugging my shoulders even though Gildarts couldn't see me. "He was weaker than I imagined."

"Most of those fuckers get lazy after getting the title," Gildarts replied with a chuckle. "Porla is one of them, I remember when he got the title, and according to the old man, he was a bit weaker than he was back then."

That makes sense.

Some people were simply too compliant, and the moment you gave them an ounce of recognition, of validation, they simply started to see themselves as untouchable beings.

From that, it's nothing but a slippery slope into becoming a weak piece of shit.

"So, when are you coming back?" I asked. Before Cana he would leave for months, even years at the time, but since Cana, well, he rarely ever left, if it wasn't for Cana pushing

him to take jobs that actually paid, he would probably be broke.

"In a few weeks hopefully, but I think it will be in around three months, it all depends, you know how it is," Gildarts replied, his tone suddenly taking on a serious note. "On another note, there is a reason I called you, and that is that I have a mission for you. As the head of the Family while I'm away, I need to instill fear in the hearts of any man daring to look in Cana's direction."

I see.

No wonder he called me, that's a very important subject to discuss. "I'm one step ahead of you, old man, I already traumatized Macao, he scurried away in utter fright."

"He scurried away? So he still walks," Gildarts muttered darkly, sounding like a mafioso.

"He does, but don't you worry, old man, I'll make sure anyone who even looks at Cana funny will regret it," I assured him, my hand subconsciously clenching into a fist.

"Poor girl," Mavis sighed.

"Good, good," Gildarts replied, sounding satisfied. "I knew I could count on you, my boy."

"In fact, I even made Cana agree to make her wardrobe more conservative," I replied, feeling rather proud of that. "In her own words, no more short skirts, low-cut tops, cleavages and such."

Gildarts hiccupped, and for a moment, I could almost swear I had heard him cry on the other end of the call. "I've never been more proud of having you as a son as I am today. As for Macao, tell him I will visit him when I get back, that should give him enough time to make arrangements so that his kid doesn't have to see his father pissing himself."

Harsh, but fair.

"It shall be done," I replied, hanging up the lacrima phone.

"I honestly pity Cana," Mavis sighed, shaking her head.

"I see your point, but I don't care," I replied, giving her two thumbs up.

Mavis chuckled, rolling her eyes. "Well, seeing you're in a good mood, there's a letter addressed for you under your chair, and I feel like you should give it a read."

A letter under the chair? What an odd place to store mail.

Pausing for a bit, I raised my eyebrow in interest as I reached down and retrieved the envelope. It was sealed with a wax

emblem that I didn't recognize, but it seemed like it belonged to a collection agency.

I don't recall having anything kind of debt worth contacting a collection agency.

Perhaps something I forgot to pay before leaving?

Tearing the envelope open, I pulled out the letter and unfolded it, scanning the words quickly. My heart sank as I read the contents, my eyes widening in disbelief.

It was a notice of debt collection for a substantial amount, with a deadline for payment in just a few days, and it came from the very famous MCF, The Magnolia Cake Factory.

Apparently I owed them millions in cakes, but HOW?!

"How is this even possible?" I exclaimed, standing up from my chair. "I don't--- ERZA!?"

"It seems she took advantage of your open account with them to... let's see..." Mavis hummed, looking at the bill. "That plus that, minus that, we take taxes away, calculate inflation, and estimate special offers and discounts, and that gives us a total of... two hundred eighteen thousand seven hundred ninety-one strawberry premium cakes, more or less, I could be wrong."

I could feel my eyes twitching.

Erza always had a sweet tooth, but fucking god this was taking it to a whole new level. This shit was beyond ridiculous! Two hundred eighteen thousand seven hundred ninety-one strawberry premium cakes?! That was enough to feed an entire kingdom for a year!

"I am going to kill her," I muttered under my breath, staring into the bill.

Mavis chuckled. "Well, before you do that, why don't you try talking to her first? Maybe there's a misunderstanding?"

Misunderstanding?! Like what?! Her confusing my account with the cake factory with hers?! Sure, like Erza and Adam are names that you would fucking mix-up!

"Oh, I will TALK! Talk there will be, INDEED!" I replied, planning my revenge as I laughed in the most evil manner.

"I don't feel safe," Mavis replied in a totally calm demeanor.

I would have my revenge!

Oh, Erza, sweet summer child, you have no idea how severe of a mistake you have made! For years my conduct has been largely benign, always friendly! And yet, without provocation,



you have decided to sever our détente forcing me to unleash upon you the vengeful flames of a thousand suns!

You shall curse your love of cakes! For the looming sword of Damocles will crash down upon you, cleaving you in twain and as you gaze upon the smoking wreckage that was once your life, you will regret the day you crossed the **WRONG GUILD MEMBER!!**

And honestly, eating that much cake can't be good for anyone's health. So, in a way, I am helping her.

Where was I?

Oh yes.

Hahaha.

**HAHAHAHAHAHA!**

**MUAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!** Revenge shall be mine!