Summary

This is a tale of four friends who once joined forces and created a guild that would soon become the most powerful wizard guild in all of Fiore. Mavis Vermillion, Yuri Dreyar, Warrod Sequen, and Precht Gaebolg, the founders of Fairy Tail.

Strolling down the street of Magnolia, a small girl clad in a flowy dress, her pale blond hair reaching down to her ankles, greeted passersby with a bright smile, cheeriness practically contagious. Her greetings were returned with just as much positivity as she made her way through the town. This is Mavis Vermillion, the first guildmaster of Fairy Tail, and she is not a little girl, despite her appearance. In her hands was a basket of flowers collected not far from Magnolia. The other day, Warrod had mentioned something about them and she had insisted that she went and see them. The trip had taken a lot longer than she had anticipated, but she assumed that everything would be find. After all, she would trust her friends with her life. So far, everything seemed normal upon her return. That was until she actually reached the guild. At first, nothing seemed out of the ordinary once Mavis walked through the doors of the guild. It was noisy as usual, something she quite enjoyed after spending seven years in a mostly quiet environment. She smiled fondly at the people inside the building before taking a seat to sort through the flowers that she had. She decided that she would craft each of her friends a crown out of what she picked. The flowers were sorted by color and she had an assortment of blues, purples, and whites. As Mavis began making patterns with them, intertwining them together, she realized that Warrod, Yuri, and Precht were no where to be seen. Tapping her chin, she wondered where they could have gone, but decided that perhaps they just went on a job. She hummed a bit as she resumed in her crown making, not too worried about her friends since she knew they could take care of themselves.

Soon after completing the flower crowns, the group of three burst through the doors of the guild. Mavis didn’t even flinch at the sudden entrance, and instead turned around with her usual bright
smile. "Welcome back, Yuri, Warrod, Precht! How was your job?" she asked before actually taking in the state of her friends with a surprised expression. Warrod was sporting a nice doodled unibrow and goattee, Yuri's face was swollen and had bumps all over and was currently wearing a bee costume, and poor, poor Precht was dressed as some terrifying looking princess with a matching set of fairy wings you'd buy on clearance at the market for a five year old girl. After recovering from her shock, Mavis let out a loud fit of laughter, much to their annoyance. "What happened to you three?"

"It's a long story," Precht sighed. "I'd rather we'd not talk about it."

"You might not want to, but I'm gonna," Yuri declared. Though, with his swollen face, it sounded more like a whole lot of gibberish. "So, here's what happened:

FIVE HOURS AGO

Mavis had just left to go pick some flowers when Yuri found the request on the board. He looked down at the reward and his treasure hunter instincts initiated a smirk to appear on his face. Reading the rest of the flyer, he decided that it was a rather easy job for such a large amount of jewel. He walked over to Precht and Warrod who were having a conversation across the room and waved the paper at them. "Hey, why don't we go on a job together? Just like old times," he suggested as Precht took the flyer to look at it.

"'Please watch over a small group of children at my home for a few hours. We will pay six thousand jewel.' It seems like an easy task," he commented, handing the paper off to Warrod who also took the time to look it over. "But I'm not too fond of children."

"Come on, it'll be fun!" Yuri insisted. "I mean, how bad could a small group of kids be?"

"I think Yuri is right. I mean, if we can handle Mavis then we can handle this, yeah?" Warrod agreed with a small smile.

Precht looked between the two before sighing. "Fine. But if this turns out horribly, your debt will increase tenfold."

TIME REMAINING UNTIL THINGS GO BAD: 4 HOURS 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The three of them made it over to the house without much of a hassle and gave a knock on the door. An elderly woman answered and greeted them all with a warm, welcoming smile. "You must be Fairy Tail wizards," she noted. "Come in, come in, I'll introduce you to the children." She hobbled away from the door to let them inside. "Would you like something to eat or drink? I have plenty to share."

"We're fine, ma'am, but thank you for the offer," Yuri rejected politely, standing stiffly in the living room with Precht and Warrod behind him.

"Ah, then I'll just have them come down then," she decided. "Children! Your babysitters are here!" Then down the steps came the thunder of many little feet rushing down the stairs. Six children stood before them all in a row from oldest to youngest, as though they had done this many times before. "These are my precious grandchildren. Gretchen is the oldest at fourteen, then we have Allen who is thirteen, Angel who is twelve, Hazel and Henry are both ten, and the youngest is little Lu who has just turned two. Say hello, everyone."

"Hello," they all said in unison, smiling up at the adults.

The three gave an awkward greeting in return, unsure of how to act around them. The old woman smiled at them again and handed them a slip of paper. "This is their daily schedule. Please be sure to follow it as closely as possible. I'll be back by the time they should be in bed," she said before waving goodbye as she exited the house.

Yuri looked at the kids and gave a bright smile. "So, what do you guys do for fun?" he asked. The twins, Hazel and Henry, looked at one another deviously before turning to the blonde man.

"We usually play outside. Will you come with us, mister?" they asked.

Yuri gave them a thumbs up. "Sure thing!" he then turned towards the other two. "I'll handle the twins. You guys can have fun with the rest." He then disappeared out the back door.

TIME REMAINING UNTIL THINGS GO REALLY BAD: 4 HOURS 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS
Warrod sat with Angel and Lu on the wooden floor, making small trees spring from the boards as entertainment. Lu was absolutely amused by the whole thing, though Angel had gotten a bit bored after she learned that was the only thing he would do. "Draw with me, tree man!" she exclaimed suddenly, standing and and crossing her arms. Warrod gave her a patient smile. "Sure, do you have anything we can draw with?" he asked and the girl's face lit up. She rushed up the stairs and soon returned with a box and some paper.

"Granny bought me different colored inks for my birthday," she said as she laid out the materials in front of them. "But Lu can't use them because he's too little."

"I see, so we'll just have to find something else for him to do," Warrod said. "Say, Angel, do you have a pencil?"

The girl gave a thoughtful look before searching through her box. She managed to find one and handed it to the tall man. Warrod smiled at her and handed the pencil to Lu who took it and began to scribble on the paper. "Looks like he'll be able to draw with us after all." After that, the three of them began to doodle random things on the papers, none of them saying anything as they were extremely concentrated on their drawings. Occasionally, Warrod would look up and ask what Angel was drawing and the girl would only respond by covering the picture with her arms, claiming that it wasn't ready yet. So far, everything was peaceful, and Warrod could handle peaceful.

**TIME REMAINING UNTIL THINGS GO REALLY, REALLY BAD: 3 HOURS 10 MINUTES 7 SECONDS**

Precht stared at the two eldest children who sat across from him on the kitchen table. They didn't even look very interested in interacting with him, so he didn't understand the point of him being there. His arms were crossed over his chest as he regarded the two curiously, his one eye focused on the both of them.

"So," he began unsurely. "Are you two just going to sit there the whole time?" He received no answer. Precht's brow twitched in annoyance, but he refrained from shouting at them as he usually would. He learned that his straightforwardness wasn't very welcome among most people. It wasn't his fault that he wasn't very good at social interaction. He wasn't charming like Yuri or friendly like Warrod. He sighed, attempting to try a different approach. He forced a smile onto his face, wanting to look as unintimidating as possible. Though he only succeeded in looking scarier.

"Don't do that, it's gross," Allen commented with a blank look. Precht's smile faded and instead he narrowed his eyes at the boy. Well, that was the last time he tried smiling at a child.

"What you need is a new look," Gretchen decided, a mischievous look in her eye. "Here, I'd be happy to give you a makeover." She stood from his seat and walked over to him, grabbing his hand. "I have the perfect thing for you to wear. It'll change your image completely. I promise you people won't feel intimidated by you again." Precht was skeptical, but decided to play along anyway. At least he got them to walk.

**TIME REMAINING UNTIL THINGS END UP HORRENDOUSLY: 1 HOUR 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS**

Yuri had his hands settled on his hips as he looked down at the twins. "So, what do you two want to play?" he asked excitedly. He liked games, he could do games. Hazel and Henry looked at one another as though they were having some sort of telepathic conversation.

"Let's play truth or dare," Hazel said with an innocent smile.

Yuri didn't feel at all worried about that. I mean, what's the worst two kids could do? "Sure, that sounds like fun. Who would like to go first?"

Henry raised his hand and was granted the power to ask the first question. "Mister, truth or dare?"

"Dare, of course. Hit me with your worst," he challenged. But that arrogance would be his downfall as the innocent expressions fell from the twins' faces and were replaced with devilish grins.

"I dare you to dress up as a bee and try to steal honey from the hive up in that tree," Henry
pointed up at a large oak standing not far from them. Yuri paled. Well, he hadn't been expecting that. But a dare was a dare. The twins handed him a costume from god knows where and he reluctantly dressed himself in it. He grumbled as he stomped towards the tree and began to climb it, soon reaching the branch that held the hive. The bees surrounding it hadn't noticed him yet, so he snapped a twig from the tree and quickly jabbed it into the beehive, collecting some honey and retreated his hand.

"Got it!" he exclaimed. Unfortunately, this celebratory moment was short lived once the bees noticed that he was there. Quickly, Yuri jumped to the ground, the stick still in his hand as he ran back towards the house, a whole colony of bees following him angrily. He jumped through the open window and the bees followed him. Yuri shouted for Warrod's help and the other quickly stood, only to slip on the drawings scattered about him and land head first on the ground. The action rendered him unconscious and Yuri was left on his own to fend off the attacking bees.

"Precht!" he called. "Precht help! I'm being attacked!" Said wizard hurried down the steps to see what was the matter, believing that it was actually a serious situation. Yuri was about to shout at him again when he saw what he was wearing. He laughed loudly at the sight of Precht dressed in a pretty pink dress with fairy wings, an outfit that was completely out of character for this usually stoic mage. Precht felt the damage his pride had just received to have Yuri of all people, laugh at him. He suddenly attached himself to the wall to brood.

Yuri continued to laugh hysterically, but because of this, the bees were able to swoop down and sting him, having a preference of ruining his face. The blonde shouted in pain and annoyance and swatted at the offending insects. Eventually satisfied with their work, the swarm returned to their hive. Warrod finally regained consciousness and sat up slowly, looking to see that chaos that remained. "What were you two doing? It's a mess!" he exclaimed in disapproval, already starting to clean up. Henry and Hazel snickered and pointed at his face, but without explanation. Warrod gave a curious squint before looking at his reflection in the mirror. Drawn on his face was a unibrow and an odd looking goatee.

NOW

"So, that's basically what happened," Yuri concluded. Mavis couldn't stop her chuckles, amused by the whole story.

"It sounded like you three had a lot of fun," she joked, still laughing at them.

"Yeah, well. Moral of the story is: you can't judge a book by its cover, right?" Yuri decided.

"More like: Yuri now owes me fifty thousand jewel," Precht grumbled. Mavis gave a cough to disguise another laugh before picking up her basket.

"Well, now that you've all returned, I can give you your presents!" she pulled out the flower crowns she had made and put them on all of their heads. "There, now today wasn't so horrible, was it? We all had a good time in the end, right?"

"How so?" Warrod asked.

"Because we all came back to the guild! Even if we're injured, even if we're sad, returning to the guild is all that matters. Because this is our home, right?"

The other three looked down at Mavis then at each other, expressions turning into a smile. "Yeah!" they all cheered in unison.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!