Fairy Authority
by Dantegrey

Summary

After facing the greatest challenge of his existence, Magnus Blacksson, the strongest Campione of the Dark Era, fell through a dimensional rift, into the war-ravaged lands of Fiore, with practically all of his powers gone, in a world that is not his. Magnus smiled and enjoyed the challenge. Wizards?, Dragons?, eternal adventure?. Best bloody world ever. [AU, One Shot]
Repost of my Fic from F.F
This was not his war, but it didn’t forbid him to enjoy it to the fullest. When he landed, face front, on Tenroujima, he didn’t expect this world to be so much fun; it was loaded with magic, craziness and adventure, no longer the threat of an [Heretic God] bringing havoc but a war against an immortal warlock, hell bent on world extermination. Give him one of those any day; he would cut him to pieces and send him crying to his mommy; a pissed off [Heretic God], on the other hand was an entirely different matter; they could obliterate entire countries in the blink of an eye, and just left you in the middle of a massive wasteland, pondering what the frak has happen when you were not looking. Oh, and the dragons.

This was the best world ever.

Magnus Blacksson, one of the most powerful Campiones of midgard, has accidentally landed; a very painful landing by the way, specially after the desperate battle he fought with and entire pantheon; in Ishgar, more concretely, in the sacred ground of a Guild called Fairy Tail. Not his brightest moment, but he could do nothing about it; his falling from heaven was not among his plans, being completely honest, Magnus was convinced that he was going to die in battle, a glorious battle that would be forever remember but his last battle. A lone warrior against and entire pantheon; he left them enough scars and casualties to not be soon forgotten; that much was for certai; but alas; he was one and them many, he was doomed to finally succumb to their superior numbers.

Campiones are God Slayers, Supreme Kings that ruled over mortals as they had stole the Authorities of the same divine beings that they hunt and kill. Magnus has been toss around like a rag doll inside of some kind of rift inside the divine plane on where he was fighting. It has been one of the worst experiences of his life, specially when aforementioned rift, stopped tearing apart his flesh and opted for tear apart his soul instead. Yes, that had been a very painful and unpleasant experience. His very essence was peeled; layer after layer; of what made Magnus thick, piece by piece, cut, flayed, tore and broken until only the core of his soul remains, the final piece that resume the essence of Magnus Blacksson, the most powerful and feared Campione of his age. When the rift ended with him, he simply fall from the skies, into a very hard and unwelcoming piece of land, somewhere along the seas of Fiore. Broken, wounded and crippled in body and soul, Magnus could only lay in shreds until the Valkyries came for him, wherever he could be; not that he could identify the lands, his senses were utterly devastated from the odyssey through that accursed rift. Not precisely the best way to go, but he has fought to his last breath, and even if his sorry ass ended in the halls of Hella, he was going to made the goddess broke a sweat for his soul, Devil Kings like him never surrender, never bend to any authority that is not theirs. They are Kings and Queens and will never be contained, not even by the goddess of death himself. Not to mention, Odin had already mentioned him, that said goddess; Hella; was quite interested in him, something to do with how did he manage to beat the King of the End, the supposed natural predator of all Campiones, that only appears when they are too much for the world. Well, all of that old mussing, had no place now.

He was enjoying a war, and he was going to savor every single moment of it to the fullest. Still, becoming a wizard of this world; so he could participate in the glorious war; was a total pain in the ass. He had to blame whatever the rift was for that.
A Campione, who had lost the bless of Pandora; if it wasn’t so tragical, he would had laugh his ass off, however, it was the truth, his body, neither his soul; contained Authorities, any more, neither he could sense the bless of Pandora on him. The blood of Odin, the blood of his sworn brother, was still running strong inside him; possible the only thing that has kept him alive and healing, in the middle of the catastrophic landing he has done in the middle of nowhere.

[Jotunblut], the gift of Odin, the blood of the primordial giants of the universe, runs through his veins, making him way stronger than any human; the only blesses he seems to kept from Pandora where his unbreakable bones and instincts, like the ones of a feral beast. Slowly recovering his body, Magnus has to adapt to this new land, and in that process, he discover that he was considered a wizard; it does seems that when he start to heal, his body substituted the usual godly magical reserves a Campione had, with the Ethernano of this world; the energy that seems to be the foundation of all magics.

Being brutally honest, he didn’t give a fuck about all the wizardry world thing, he was Magnus, and it was more than enough for him; specially when he had such a virgin world in front of him to explore; vastly different from the realms he knew, back in his home dimension.

Oh, and dragons, and demons, and monsters, and...Yggdrasil bless him; this world was a never ending adventure.

The lose of his Authorities; except [Jotunblut] that has already merged completely with him; has been a serious drawback, it was comparable to the lost of a limb, that hollow in his soul was crippling and during the first weeks of his staying in Eartland, he felt that lost badly.

But he was Magnus and with the pragmatism that marked his people, he soon start researching for a way to overcome that loose of power, preferably slay an [Heretic God] and be back at the Boundary between realms, so he could have a chat with Pandora about this odd but wonderful realm and see if his Authorities could be recovered.

Even if he had to fought the entire Amatsukami pantheon to get them back.

He wanted his powers back, those were pieces of his soul, that pieces disappearance, hurt him a lot, even if [Jotunblut] had somehow turn his body into one capable of go toe to toe with an Eldjötnar( Fire Giants of Muspellheim).

Well, the inhuman strength; even for the wizard standards; was more than welcome, after all, this place was as hostile as his beloved Scandinavia was, but with a lot more beasts to hunt and test his might against them. Still, that magic that seems to abound so much around there was so different from what he knew, that the first time he fought a wizard, he was absolutely stunned to see how did they manipulate their magics, how they create magic circles of some kind and then unleash their spells; most of the time shouting the spell like madmen.

He took good note of investigate about how the hell had they managed to do that; neither the Sjder, Galdr or the Sacred Runes where like this, all his knowledge about magic was sent flying out the window and then torched with extreme prejudice until not even the ashes remain. Magic was nuts in this world; it was at every bodies hand, it only needs training, diligence and perseverance, until you had mastered how to mold the Ethernano inside of you and then turn it, into spells.

Curiously, it was rare to see a wizard that had fully mastered more than one type of magic; those that managed to reach such level of mastery over their magical arts, are considered exceptional among the wizardry world common magic arts practitioners. And almost everyone of them are neck deep into the war that was tearing apart Ishgar; Magnus was not an exception, even if he was considered more a loose cannon than a real asset by any of the bands of the war. So far, only a bunch of people as crazy as him, had been able to be around him, and among those, it does stand up a crazy and genius girl of gold hair and unhealthy obsession with fairies.

Mavis Vermillion was as crazy as him, and Magnus enjoyed a lot the company of the little but wise girl.

Well, even if he didn’t appear like he was a year past his middle twenties, Magnus was almost an eight centuries old former Campione; so he saw every one around him like children in the best of the cases. Only spirits were older than him, and even then, it was not so rare for older spirits to retire and left their spots to their children, as an example, Magnus has already meet a young Lupo; the Silver
key Spirit of Canis Manor. When the war hit Fiore; in the form of a tsunami of demons and
demihumans enslaved under the will of the demons; Magnus just smiled like a predator, now that
was a good war to fight.

And he simply enjoyed it, using the few magic he had learn from Mavis, and giving hell...well, Hell.
Most of the forces of the Kingdom of Fiore and his fellow wizard peers were convinced that he
possessed some sort of Lost Magic; physically enhancing magic; that allow him to fight bare handed
against Demons and demihumans like they were nothing. In a sense, they were not entirely wrong;
[Jotublut] could be considered Lost Magic by their standards, however, it was not magic as they
know it, as he didn’t need magic circles or activation protocols like a lot of enhancing magic users.
Magnus let the world believe that, it was a very convenient excuse after all; so far only Mavis has
been clever enough to see past his bluff and call it bullshit at his face; Magnus really liked the funny
girl, she was as crazy as any Campione and have a lot of power to back up her words if its needed.
Magnus was not a Fairy tail wizard per se; even if Mavis treat him like one, he has not been marked
yet, mostly because he was never been on the Guild, as they meet during one of the missions of the
war, and neither of them could travel back to Magnolia and made it official. On a side note; Magnus
was pretty much convinced that Mavis wanted him in her guild only to flip the bird to the Council of
wizards that seems to be the ruling conclave of the wizardry world of Fiore.

Not sure how are the rest of the countries organized, but so far, Magnus was not impress by the
Council; for him were nothing more but a lot of cowardly chickens that wanted everything under
their control and were scared of everything that did not go their way. This war against a lad called
Zeref, was not on the Council plans, and they were as freaked out as the rest of the wizards of this
world. Magnus found all the situation quite humorous, mostly because he didn’t know a word about
this chump called Zeref; the strongest black magician, the immortal, the Dark wizard with Capital
letters; all those titles were meaningless to Magnus; in all the years of war, he has not even see him
once. On the other hand, he had killed about a dozen of his demons, from a demon sword, to a
demon needle, nasty piece of work the latter, too obsessed with blood purity that one.

Magnus killed them only with the strength of his arms and the weapons he could borrow from his
fallen foes or the occasional regiment of Rune Knights they found when they march to the battlefield.
They were scared of him, every time he entered into a settlement of the Rune Knights to sharpen his
weapons or to pick up some new ones, everyone of the knights get the hell out of his way; ironically,
he tend to get along very well with the logistic crews of said settlements, as they shared his
pragmatism in times of war like they were living on. Magnus would love to have time to pick up
some more magic, specially the kind that could make use of his freaking humongous magical power
reserves; godly reserves, Mavis told him once, unconscious of how ironic the statement was; but
there was barely enough time to pick some grub and keep his weapons in shape to indulge himself
into studying a branch of magic that suited him.

Mind you, that he smirked like wolf in front of a bleeding deer when Mavis explained him that there
was legends about God Slaying Magic; if only she knew who was she talking with, she would have
either run to the hills or cage him into the Magic Council Library so he could take his pick among the
Slaying Magic buried there, and then toss him at Zeref. She would have been heating some popcorn
to witness the match of the century. And Magnus did want a shot at the lad; it will be a perfect test to
see how powerful he really was, he need to test the body his minor Authority has crafted for him, as
he recovered from the dimensional rift. It was that or hunt down a dragon, and he was not in the
mood to run after the tail of the dammed beast, not to mention they could simply fly away form him,
no matter how quick he could run.

He took mental note to learn some kind of high speed magic or flying magic of some kind, it would
be quite unsightly to just stood on the ground as the beast flies away, leaving you with nothing but a
Wtf face.

Those times of war had been good to him, on one hand, he didn’t really need to create an elaborate
cover, he was selling around the story about how he was a mercenary from Iceberg, born from the
union of a giant and a human, looking for fame and fortune in this war. On the other hand, he could
test his body to the limits and start categorizing what kind of magic he would like to learn in the
future; if he was not killed during the war, he was pretty much convinced he was going to live way more than most of the races. Truth to be told, it was Mavis once again, the one that immediately noticed how weak his story was, as she had already read enough books about Iceberg to see through his lies, however; and that was another thing that Magnus was grateful for; she didn’t dig too much on it, she preferred to have Magnus as an ally, and she; perhaps by her Fairy Magic or whatever six sense she had; somehow knew that Magnus was not a bad person at heart. Once again, Magnus could only muss about what would she really thought if she ever learn about what he did as Campione, back in Midgard, when he was the king of a little kingdom near Scandinavian borders. Fairy Tail was a very kindhearted Guild, they didn’t like to kill; humans at last, demons and other dangerous monster are totally open game for them; and despite their destructive tendencies, they never cause any harm to innocent bystanders of civilians. Well, most of them, Magnus was seen Percht; one of Mavis most trusted wizards; been more than ruthless when the situation required it, not that he had nothing to say in the matter, but it was clear that he was sorely mistaken about how to approach this war.

Their enemies were not human; well, most of them were not; foolish cultist didn’t count, those cretins were cannon fodder for Zeref and his demon generals in the best of the cases; Precht was trying to act as one of them, being as ruthless as the demons were, but his troops were not demons, they were humans, they suffer easily, they die easily, they are flawed and broken easily, even the most powerful wizards; who are considered monster by the rest of their kin; when they were trying to imitate the war strategies of the demons.

That is not a wise path.

Although, Precht did really care a lot for the wizards of Fairy Tail, something that Magnus could understood perfectly; they were family and family was the quirk that defined Magnus as Campione. Something that few noticed about the Campiones, was the quirk that every one of them acquired of develop once they became Devil Kings and are received by Pandora in the Boundary between worlds. In the case of Magnus, it was the desire of a clan, a family, a place to belong; Magnus was an old Nordmanni at heart, and old viking of forgotten eras, who has been living for centuries and hated to be alone. Family or true bonds between people was what his soul craved for; Fairy Tail was one of those places, where he could see the strong bonds that all wizards seems to share with each other, they are more than comrades, they are part of something greater than them and they share a bond that can not be explained with words.

As a side benefit, Magnus and Mavis were one of the most dangerous duos that existed in the war; as Mavis strategies are flawless, Magnus provides the brutal force needed to those aforementioned strategies to be achieved. More than once, Mavis has called Magnus her Juggernaut, the unstoppable force that reach the victory, no matter what kind of defenses or troops Zeref throw his way; still, she was trying to help Magnus to finally found a magic of his liking.

Basic Re-equip, Thought Projection, a knack for Transformation and some Runes picked up here and there, during their battles with demons and their mooks; was not exactly the most impressive resume one wizard could have, despite the incontestable success of Magnus each time they faced the armies of Zeref. Neither Magnus or any of his friends; in and out of Fairy Tail; had really the time to taught him, not when they were always on the road for the next battlefront or moving to intercept a splinter of the Zeref army.

As chaotic as it could sound, the army of Zeref was united under the same banner and purpose but at the same time, each one of the demons of Zeref had their own idea of how to achieve their objective. They were surprisingly coordinate in their efforts to wipe clean Fiore; or all Ishgar for what it matter; but at the same time, each one of them wanted to be top dog, all of them wanted to be the one that gives Zeref what he desired. Ironically, Magnus was told by Mavis, that the Dark Wizard, was a man affected by a very nasty old curse, that stole the life of anything around him, using that same magic to increase his own life force. Death Magic of the worst kind; Magnus has already saw similar things, back in his own world, he had to deal form time to time with vampires and other essence stealer beings, not to mention how some [Heretic Gods] have some Authorities under their sleeve capable of those same effects.
In all, Magnus wanted a shot at the Dark Wizard, he would behead him, shred him to pieces, bury those same pieces in molten steel and send each piece in all cardinal directions; let see how the heck did the curse recover from that. On a curious side note, Magnus realized how soft was the wizardry world, they did had their own share of psychos and criminals, but in all, killing was one great taboo. But only applied to humans, everything non-human was fair game for all of them, they even made Jobs or Missions form the hunting of specific beast and other kind of dangerous monsters. Such dichotomy surprised him a little the first time he witnessed it, but Magnus had to remember that this was not his world, so the rules could be completely alien for him. Trying to compare his Nordmanni traditions with the ones of the Kingdom of Fiore was a complete waste of time, however, that didn’t mean that he would just abandon his customs, it meant that he would have more difficulties to adjust to this new yet wonderful world.

Still, this was a good thing on his books; a constant fight against powerful enemies that allow him to test the limits of his body, a good bunch of comrades in arms, in the form of Fairy Tail wizards and the possibility of finding the perfect magic for him. Although, for the moment what he has mostly doing was testing all kind of weapons he could put his hands on, and see which among them was more attuned with him and his brutal style of combat and his humongous magical reserves that could fuel spells of great power. In a sense, he most probably will be feared by the Council, as they are scared out of their minds from Zeref, and even if Magnus still hadn’t the pleasure to cross blades with the lad, Magnus was sure that he could become as a nightmare as the Dark Wizard was, for all Earthland. Fortunately for them, Magnus was far from interested in such titles and goals, being the Dark Lord only grants you and enormous headache in the form of your own brand of fan-girls; namely Cultists.

Magnus saw a lot of those among the peers of his fellow Campiones back in Midgard, for what he remembered the Huntress of Afrika had and entire harem of man toys that worshiped her like a goddess; the Spartan on the other hand, had an entire court of women to satisfy any need he could have, treating them like breed stock. It was incredible, how almost all Campiones, had a Harem of some kind; no matter male or female; perhaps it was as consequence of their enhanced desires, but it was almost a shared trait of all of them; they were exceptions of course, those that imitated the virgin goddess and gods, and those that found a soul mate and belong to him or her for all eternity or until death finally befalls on them.

Back to the topic of being the Dark Lord, Magnus had already walked that road in the past; when he was conquering his Kingdom in Scandinavia; in order to conquer his kingdom, he had to resort to a lot of dark deeds; killing everything in his path being one of those deeds, if he wanted to make it clear for the rest of the world, that he was not one to be trifled with.

In a sense, he was the new kid on the block of Earthland, he was powerful; that much was for granted; specially after his latest achievements in the war; but he was neither famous or infamous, he was not known around this lands, and that respect that he had taken for granted in the past; in Midgard; was not there, forcing him to win it back again.

And he was enjoying the challenge.

It has been quite the long time since he had a real challenge; being the most powerful Campione of his era was good, and being at the top had his perks, but at the same time, it was very difficult to find a challenge; even the [Heretic Gods] were a disappointment from time to time, as he was as dangerous as them. Now, he had lost all his Authorities, except [Jotunblut] and he was not entirely sure if it was an Authority or something else entirely that Odin gifted to him, when they became Fostbraethr (Sworn Brothers). No Authorities, almost nothing of the bless of Pandora and all his knowledge about magic and gods of Midgard was practically useless. On the other hand, he was a warrior with centuries of battle experience under his belt, against opponents that were way out of the league of the humans; and all wizards of Ishgar, by the way; and he had been a thousand of different things at some point, form artisan to soldier.

Having thousands of Skills was good, much better than a one-trick-pony magic that all the wizard of this world seems to favor, if you are a skilled fighter before you master your magic or if you manage to effectively mix both skills into one, you are in the sure way to became a legend.
But this world magicians thought in a different way, they hunt Lost Magic and similar things like rabid dogs, convinced that it will made them invincible on the long run or that it will grant them all their wishes, no matter how estrange those same wishes could been. Magnus wanted to find a magic for him too, after all, one can not be called a wizard, if he couldn’t do any kind of magic, but he was not that eager to waste his time in such a quest, when the glories of the battlefield and the parties with Fairy Tail were right in front of him.

He had the excuse of his [Jotunblut], to be some kind of enhancement magic, conferring him, inhuman strength and resilience, added with some magical weapons and a couple of runes to bobby trap his prey or increase further the capabilities of the few weapons he had managed to found, borrow or forge, in the always rushing state way of the settlements all around Fiore. That was one of the few things that he approved in this war; the King of Fiore was not a fool, he knew well, that he could not match the strength of the demons, so instead of massive, apocalyptic battles between the wizards and Zeref forces, he opted for a constant moving army, that hit the Commanders and Leaders of the armies of Zeref, before they got the chance to overwhelm the humans with their sheer numbers and powers.

Still, the demons are not really in a rush, such was his arrogance, that mostly of the commanding officers of the Zeref forces, just take their sweet time, playing around with all the humans they found, taking sadistic pleasure in torture them and twisting their minds to the Zeref armies. Speaking of whom, Magnus has never listened one single occasion on where Zeref had been sightseeing, leading the armies under his name, neither doing anything in any place of Fiore or the nearby countries. Frankly, if it weren’t for Mavis explanations about the lad, Magnus would been pretty much convinced, he was nothing but a convenient excuse for the demons to set loose; and it was not like they need too much for indulging themselves into whatever sick pleasures they crave for.

As an obscure piece of trivia about demons, he knew that a lot of the demons in the Zeref forces were specifically set into one determined task, as core of their identities and functions; however that same identity, became corrupted into a parody, up to the point, you only saw an abomination that should be put down as soon as possible. And when that occurs, Magnus; and most of the times, Fairy Tail too; is sent to deal with said abomination and whatever escorts is it carrying around. The last demon Magnus has killed, was one of the so called Etherious; a demon originated from one of the Books of Zeref, dark magic arts given life and thought; a sap called Etherious Rook Nightmare, or mostly called ERN by his subordinates.

ERN was a monster in all the sense of the world; a towering fifty feet giant, wide as a tower and with a body similar to a gorilla, with all his back and arms covered in red spikes, his entire body was covered by green patches of fur from where the bodies of humans, hung, in different states of decay, his scale body was sick yellow and his eyes were a pair of snot green orbs, that glowed with malice and hatred for humankind. It took Magnus and the squad of knights with him, three days to take down the damn monster, having to be extremely careful with the poisoning and illness aura he spread around, turning his victims into some kind of plague zombies, only moving thanks to the sickness that run trough their veins.

Long distance magic to open a path among the army of stumbling infected and then, a selected few charge in and engaged the monster in close combat, keeping it in one place, so a dozen wizards and all the knights they could muster, could make hell rain over the head of the demon. Magnus was partially immune to the aura of sickness, his body was more than capable of fight and vanquish the infection; but that didn’t protect him from the sheer brute force of the beast, who annihilated almost all the knights with him and severely wounded and crippled the wizards around him.

After the first hours, only Magnus stood in the path of the beast, going toe to toe with the demon, tearing his yellow and putrid flesh like it was nothing and enduring hits that would have devastated any other person. Withstanding the punishment was not among his favorite tactics but there was no other choice, if he wanted to give the support crew time to retire the wounded from the battlefield and win some extra time to finally gather some more reinforcements and overwhelm the dammed Zeref spawn.

At the end of the third day, and after a massive discharge of a lot of caster type magic; from fire to
acid; the demon was weakened enough, so Magnus could take one of his most brutal weapons from his arsenal out of his re-quip magic and behead the accursed demon. The powerful strike of Magnus, did not only behead the beast, but completely tear apart the demon, in a shower of ripped flesh and innards, surpassing the demon unnatural resilience to all kind of physical and magical damage, by pure, unadulterated strength. Magnus Rune enhanced weapon, helped a lot too.

After that battle, one that cut short the strategies of the demons; or so did say one of the emissaries of the Council; all the survivors were put in a temporary retreat from the main lines, moving to one of the back camps of the Rune Knights, so they could heal and recover from the ordeal. Not that Magnus wanted to rest, so far the demon has been quite the challenge, and he was eager to test his skills and powers against the one that ordered ERN around; that perhaps would give him the challenge he was looking for.

The encampment of the Rune Knights and the military forces of Fiore, was placed near the bottoms of Barnaby mountain, in a natural valley, surrounded by forest and peaks, that offer a good protection against possible intruders and who offers the people making a live on it, a constant source of wood and hunt. The place was more a hospital field that anything else, but considering the amount of wounded that came in every day, it was not precisely a surprise; this war was terrible for the soldiers and the wizards; ironically, if the civilians are clever enough to get the hell out of the place at the first signal of demonic presence; the civilians are the ones that are less pursued, well, if a demon find a village, they will have no qualms in burn it to the ground, but if the civilians had run before that happens; the demons will not pursue them.

Only a couple of demons had been marked as human hunters, taking pleasure in the thrill of the hunt; both of them Etherious class of demons, who Magnus was eager to face in the battlefield, to see if those auto proclaimed supreme hunters, were up for the name, after fighting the Huntress of Afrika in several occasion, Magnus doubted this demons would impress him, but it would be fun anyway. Magnus awoke inside of his tent, his own tent; one that he carried around thanks to the eternal usefulness of the Re-quip magic; eying the ray of sun that filtered through the entrance, carefully disentangling himself from the sleeping woman at his side, but covering her with a second pelt; an action that earned him a mumbled groan from the sleeping woman; he walked out of the tent, and stretched his body to the morning sun of the encampment. There was a lot of activity around, even if the dawn has barely risen over the mountain peaks; they were at war, and it was a common sight to see several carriages with supplies going in an out of the settlement and a new batch of reinforcements or wounded being taken into the hospital.

Any wizard with healing capabilities was recruited instantaneously and loaded into the first vehicle they could find, to bring them there or to any other field hospital around Fiore. Magnus observed the place around him; his tent was among the tents of the mercenary forces that the kingdom contracted to reinforce their lines; at the beginning it only brought him problems and not few skulls to bust to make things clear, but after the first dozen skirmishes, everyone around has soon learn to respect the powerful mercenary wizard from Iceberg. Six feet and half tall, and with the complexion of an athlete; Magnus was the image of a warrior, standing with his hairy torso naked to the sun, and scratching a five o´clock shadow beard; he take his shoulder length red hair; with black stripes here and there on it; into a ponytail, picking a wolf headed silver hairpin from his Re-quip magic to hold the ponytail, as he started to prepare a fire in front of his tent.

It didn’t take him long to get a warm campfire, he performed the tasks for the campfire with the accuracy and quickness of one that has done the same thing a thousand times; he put a little pot over the fire, heating a new beverage that he had discovered by accident, at the same time, he let a handful of brochettes of spiced Hodras meat, roasting over the fire as breakfast. He had the sensation, that at some point during the morning, he was going to have visitors; not to mention, he had a guest in his tent, he would be insulting the rules of hospitality if he was not prepared to attend his guests, even if his house was nothing but a tattered tent in the middle of a military encampment. Coffee and meat was a good way of starting the day, although it was a pity, he couldn’t found mead around the places he had visited with the army, it does seems that this lands did not know of the
glorious beverage of the gods called Mead, something he fully pretend to correct as soon as he could establish himself somewhere and could afford an adequate distillery.

Sitting on a root; his tent was place near the borders of the camp, and the roots of the trees around has pass under the walls of the encampment; he attended the fire and the meat, before taking a long and thick piece of cloth from his Re-quip; at a painfully slow rate, he was very conscious of how Re-quip was nothing but a side skill for him; opening the cloth, showing to the morning sun, half a dozen of weapons, and the items needed to perform maintenance on them.

A broad; rune enhanced; cleaver, two daggers; although they were big enough to be called short swords; a massive Lacryma revolver, a Lacryma pump action shotgun and a double headed ax. All of them magical items, looted and borrowed from enemies and allies alike, and for the moment, all his armory, until he could find a magic that suit him. Each one of the items had quite the tale behind them.

He took one of the daggers; one that looks like it has been made with the bone of some animal instead of metal; and after preparing a whetstone, he begun to sharp and polish any imperfection on the edge of the dagger. He perform the same maintenance with the rest of the close combat weapons; exhibiting the patience of a saint, meticulously examining the weapons and applying the exact measure of pressure and care. He left the cleaver for the last, as it would require an extra amount of work because of the runes it sported in the sides of the blade.

He put the weapons in their places on the cloth, a piece of equipment that keep the weapons save from outside dangers, like water, rust, dirt, etc; they still need maintenance but under the cloth, they will never experiment rust or dirt, that could reduce their effectiveness. Picking up from his re-quip, a couple of spices tars, he turn the meat over the campfire, so it would roast equally from both sides, adding an extra layer of seasoning to the meat; the smell of the impromptu barbecue expand around his surrounding and more than one mercenary and soldier eyed the meat with barley contained hunger and envy for the feast.

Magnus took the revolver and took out; from the place the bullets should be in the revolver drum; six cylinders Lacrymas, the pieces that hold and unleashed the magic stored in the weapons, each time the trigger was pull. He cleaned the barrel and the compartment of the Lacrymas, oiling the mechanism of the trigger and closing his eyes, started to refill the Lacrymas of the gun; he was not a Gun Magic user, not by far, but he had magic power in spades and using the revolver and the shotgun, give him long range options for the battlefield. Not to mention that Magnus was quite smitten by the idea of guns; the most advanced piece of warfare he saw in his home world were siege machines and catapults, nothing like this guns and cannons the wizards and the soldiers use during the battle.

He pick one of those magical guns for himself as soon as he could, and so far, he liked the weapons a lot; he was not precisely the best marksman out there, but he was very good with his revolver and shotgun, some day he would have to expand his armory and add some machine guns and rifles. Not today, but some point in the future, perhaps he would ask Mavis about the Gun magic, he did like it and it will be a perfect addition to his skills, to counterbalance his close combat skills.

Leaving the revolver, Magnus checked the Lacryma bullets of the shotgun, doing mostly the same with the shotgun than with the revolver, cleaning the weapon and loading it with lacryma bullets. Leaving both guns on the cloth, Magnus take a couple of tankards from his Re-quip and removing the content of the pot, he directly filled one the tankards from the pot; not really giving a fuck about the scorching hot liquid of the inside; filling the tankard and taking a sip from it.

The coffee was bitter as the devil, exactly like he wanted, strong and bitter, just what the doctor recommended to start the day, awoke and clear. The fizzle of the meat, as it started to leak delicious grease mixed with spices; a combination, that when it evaporated in the fire, created a delicious smell that floated around his camp like a siren song; called his attention to the state of the brochettes, Magnus pick up a tray from his Re-quip and taking the meat out of the fire, he put the roasted brochettes in the tray.

He took one of the brochettes and took a bite from the cooked meat; the taste was perfect, the meat was juicy and the spices made a perfect balance between the strong taste of the meat and the bitter
taste of the coffee; he could have done better with a better fire or proper ingredients and seasoning, but for the moment, it will suffice.

Since he landed in Ishgar; more concretely Fiore; Magnus became quite the connoisseur, mostly because he has landed in a world where they had a thousand of different species of new animals, all of them who could be cooked and eaten safely by humans. Take the Hodras for example, those were massive pig like animals, that can be domesticated; there were dozens of ranches of Hodras, as the animal; despite his violent nature; could provide with hundreds of pounds of edible meat. Magnus has already hunt a dozen of new animals, after the pleasure of the hunt he proceed to test how edible the meat actually was, not to mention, the vegetables around Ishgar were a world of their own, and he was not only speaking about common, edible vegetables, like lettuces or onions; but the tremendous variety of herbs and fruits that had magical purposes, as potion ingredients.

Not a surprise Alchemy magic was a big hit in this world, the branch that deals with the potion making that is; there was a dozen of different branches of Alchemy magic, from manipulating magic, to create something from nothing, to distill potions, the list goes on and on...Magnus took a sip from his coffee tankard and grab the handle of the cleaver, finishing his brochette and tossing the wooden prick into the fire, increasing the flames that would keep the coffee hot for a little longer, not only for the woman behind him; still sleeping in his tent; but for the more than probably visitors he would have along the morning.

The blade of the cleaver was already corrected, after the nicks and damages it suffer, fighting ERN; he needed to arm wrestle his access into one of the forges that the Rune Knight had in the fort, but the weapon need the repairs. With an oiled cloth, Magnus clean the silver runes in the sides of the blade. If those glyphs were to be destroyed, the weapon would loose any magical proprieties, and that was something he couldn’t allow to happen; he didn’t have anything to substitute the useful weapon. He could use the two headed ax, but it was a weapon that absorbs the magic power of the user and release it, in the form of brutal explosions where the blades hit; not precisely the most controlled and versatile of the weapons; it was a weapon that served to clean up enemy formations of to cause a massive amount of damage in one wide are.

Satisfied that his weapon enhances were in good shape, Magnus proceed to adjust the leather straps in the handle, after the battle with ERN, he has noticed how the straps loosened a bit and he will tightened them, last thing he needed in the middle of a battle was to lost his weapons because the handle slipped out of his hands. Magnus could sense the incoming tackle of love from a mile away, Mavis presence was like sun of light in the middle of an ocean of colors; although in the camp was a lot more grays than it should be healthy; in more than one occasion, had Mavis told him how similar he was to her in that aspect, Magnus had a humongous magical presence, even when he was not actively using his magic.

Mavis arms surrounded his neck and the cheerful and brilliant girl hugged him fiercely, he could see her eyes sparking once she saw the tray of brochettes, drooling a little in his shoulder.

“Good morning Magnus” greet the girl, before noticing the meat “ oooh...something smells good...”. “Suit yourself little fairy” chuckled Magnus, resting the cleaver over his legs and waving in salute to the other two wizards that hanged around Mavis.

“Warrod, Yury” greet Magnus to the other two wizards with a smile “good to see you well, my friends”.

“Yo, Magnus” smiled Yury, taking a seat on the root of the tree near the little camp of Magnus and immediately start squabbling with Mavis for the brochettes.

“Coffee?” offered Magnus to the most sensitive and collected of the trio, Warrod. “Oh, thank you Magnus” thanked Warrod, picking up the cup, Magnus has offered him and using his own Green magic, create a sugar plant near him, using the natural sugar of the plant to lessen the impact of the bitter beverage of Magnus.

As Yury and Mavis ate the brochettes, trying to stole the pieces of the other, Warrod and Magnus talk about the last news in the camp. “I take that you has been call here, after the battle with ERN” started Warrod, with the coffee in his hands “that worries me, Magnus”.
“And with good reasons” nodded Magnus, leaving the cleaver in the cloth. After securing the straps of the cloth, start to put it back into his Re-quip, a process that always took him a little, showing how it was a secondary magic for him at best.

“The Rune Knights are calling in a lot of tested veterans” continued Magnus “specially those who had face a Etherious and could tell the tale”.

“What I feared” sighed Warrod “there is another Etherious in Fiore and the council and the Rune Knights would want to hunt it, as soon as possible”.

“Works for me Warrod” chuckled Magnus with dark humor “I am a mercenary, ERNs head had quite the reward on him, and another Etherious head on my wall will only do good to my reputation”.

“I believed you were negotiating with Mavis about entering Fairy Tail” raise an eyebrow Warrod, for all he know about the man, he was like a fearsome tiger, controlled until the prey is near, then he becomes ruthless and dangerous.

“Aye, I am” nodded Magnus “but it will be after the war” specified Magnus “I am a warrior Warrod, and a second Etherious; not to mention I am possibly one the few around here that could face him and survive; was a challenge I could not ignore”.

“Well, I would not say, I can understand you Magnus” confessed Warrod, who was not a violent person at all “but if that is how you want to live, by all means, go ahead, just made sure you survive; Mavis would be heartbroken if you die on the battlefield, your had became a very good friend for her...” Warrod smile grew mischievously “not to mention how sad will be a dozen or so, of fine ladies; for what Yury and his drinking pals could pick up of the gossip mill of bars and taverns”.

“Ha!” barked like a laugh Magnus “what can I say Warrod, I fight hard, I party hard” shrugged Magnus with an amused smile.

“Magnus” called Mavis the attention of the man “the rest of the guild are asking if you could cook for them tonight?, pretty please?” ask Mavis with sparkling eyes; she tend to do that a lot, it was like an enhanced version of the puppy eyes, and honestly, those were devastating.

“I will be honored” sighed Magnus, knowing full well, that Mavis will never let him go, once she was determined to have a feast tonight, Magnus was a very good cook, a little limited in recipes, but the taste was always great.

“What is the Guild celebrating?” asked Magnus taking a sip from his tankard, noticing how quickly the coffee get colder.

“Everyone got back alive, and sparky here, is an S-Class now” smiled Mavis, headlocking Yury, who protested for the nickname and the treatment.

“Congratulations Yury” said Magnus “now, all three of you are S-class” commented Magnus.

Warrod smiled and shrugged, not really interested in that things, but Yury and Percht were long time rivals, and finally Yury has reach the same status as his friend and rival.

“ Heck yeah” grinned the man under the arm of Mavis.

Despite the childish appearance of Mavis, she was stronger than she locks and with her expertise in Illusion magic and her superior intelligence, was not really a surprise she became the First Guild Master of Fairy Tail.

“Sparky performance lately has been great and both the council and me, believe he deserved the rank” tightened Mavis the hold on Yury “however, he still is a hothead with more magical power than common sense and brains”.

“Mavis!” protested Yury, tickling the girl, who release him with a burst of giggles, just to suffer his wrath in the form of a lot of tickles.

Mavis Vermellion, the First Master of Fairy Tail, one of the most respected and feared guilds of Fiore, was ticklish.

The tabloids would eat it in spoons, after all, Fairy Tail, along Phantom Lord and another dozen of guilds around Fiore, are a constant source of entertainment for the common people, from their constant adventures and jobs, to their unique personalities. Not being a part of a Guild; Magnus has been able to prevent his apparitions in any of those abominations called magazines and newspapers; nothing but a waste of paper and ink the best of them, if not the biggest pile of gossip shit he has seen
in all his life. Mavis counterattacked by chewing the head of Yury, who started to run around like a headless chicken, at the gnawing of his head by the little Guild master. Magnus and Warrod chuckled in amusement for the image.

The entrance of the tent of Magnus opened and the sleeping woman; dress with nothing but a pelt, like it was a blanket; exited from the inside, yawning at the raising sun of the morning and stretching her free arm.

Except Magnus, the other present in front of his little camp, felt their jaws fall to the floor, at the image of the woman. It was not about the image itself, it was a know fact, that Magnus was kind of a Lady killer, but the data that send Mavis, Warrod and Yury brains into shock, was the identity of the woman.

A tall and physical fit woman around her late thirties, with a red hair up to the shoulders, tinted with a couple of gray and white stripes on the sides, her face was beautiful, yet it carries the hardness of those that had presence an inferno and lived to tell the tale. And she was the infamous Commander Ikaruga Lawson, the Commander of an entire regiment of Rune Knights and the person whom; supposedly; all the wizard and soldiers around had to report as soon as the next deployment was decided.

“Morning Ikaruga” greet Magnus like it was nothing, offering the woman a cup of coffee “your armor and weapons is inside the tent, cleaned and with maintenance done”.

The woman just smirked and took the coffee from his hands, giving him a soft kiss on the lips, with a second, or two, of tongue.

She took the cup inside, in order to dress in privacy.

Magnus took a sip from his own tankard and noticed how cold it was, tossing the remaining liquid into the floor, he filled the tankard again from the pot, he wanted his coffee hot and bitter, call it a mania.

For almost an entire minute, none of the other three said a word, and Magnus eyed them with a raised eyebrow, what was so shocking?, Ikaruga was a beautiful woman, one of the best warriors and commanders he has ever saw, so it was not really that surprising he could be attracted to her. Magnus type was always strong women, women that could hold her ground, both in and out of the battlefield; all his spouses of the past were like that, and Ikaruga; being a hot MILF warrior with decades of battlefield experience; was exactly his type.

Yury was the one that broke the silence, whistling slowly and in quiet voice, before kneeling in dogeza position in front of Magnus and ask in devoted voice: “Please, teach me your ways Magnus-sama!”.

Magnus fell from the root when he was sitting, with a laughing burst, oh, the situation was so ridiculous, that he couldn’t stop it. Warrod was as astonished as the rest, but he joined the man in his laughs, for the request and antics of his old pal Yury. Mavis on the other hand, smacked Yury on the back of the head, scolding him for being nothing but a stupid womanizer and a lot more names, Yury tried to defend himself arguing about it was Magnus, the one that has scored with the hottest MILF of the Rune Knights, and possible the commander of the army division Fairy Tail will be deployed with; and he wanted to know, how the hell has he managed to achieve such a conquer.

“By being a perfect gentleman most of the times, and a complete beast under the blankets” answer Ikaruga herself, exiting from the tent with her armor and sword on.

She was still carrying her cup, taking sips from the cup; her tastes of coffee were different form Magnus, but she could appreciate a strong cup of coffee in this situation, don’t to mention, it does get rid of any sleepiness, even if it was by piercing your brain by overloading the bitter taste buds of your tongue. Yury mumbled something, curling in depression at the side of the tree, Mavis patting his head like she would do to a depressed child; Warrod just smirked and nodded in salute to the woman, who nodded back. Magnus take the empty cup of the hands of Ikaruga, refilling it, before she give him a last and deep kiss.

“Thanks for a wonderful night, Magnus” said the woman, parting lips, and taking the refilled cup of coffee “If you found yourself near a place where the Fifth division is deployed, don’t hesitate to join us”.
“Eager to fight under your command again, Ikaruga” smirked Magnus, with a warm smile. Ikaruga chuckled and waved goodbye to the rest of the present, as she walked inside the encampment, ready for a difficult morning on where she would have to be deployed in a hunt for more demons and cultist. “This only cemented your fame as a Ladies man, Magnus” chuckled Warrod when the woman was out of earing.

“I don’t like her” pouted Mavis “She is rude, always frowning and barking orders around, she is no fun...” her eyes, mischievously sparkled with that stars of hers “although you did squeeze a lot of fun out of her, yesterday night, no doubt”.

“What can I say, lass?, totally worth it” shrugged Magnus. “As much, as I would love to see you and Magnus banter back and forth” said Warrod with a smirk “we are here for more prominent matters, Mavis” reminded his Guild Master about what they were there for.

“Ah, yeah!” blinked Mavis “I take that Warrod has already informed you of the new Etherious roaming around” said Mavis. It was kind of astonishing how easily, she could change, from a childish girl to a serious and deadly Guild Master in the blink of eye, it does seems that she was bipolar, but it was a very common trait among a lot of high level wizards; Magnus was confused as hell about it, how easily they could swing their emotions back and forth like it was nothing.

“There had nothing concrete but they are pretty sure there is another one” added Yury, sitting near the fire and tossing some little wood pricks from the floor to the camp fire “so far, we had only saw a dozen of Rune Knights commanders, two S-class and a lot of wizards that flap their gums about being capable of beating one”. “I seriously doubt so” shook his head Magnus “Etherious demons are beasts of tremendous powers, specially those, that took his battle forms; those Etherious forms of theirs; when they deal with an enemy they could not kill easily”.

“You are possibly one of the few that had actually bested and Etherious in single combat” commented Warrod “I am pretty much sure, that the demons those wizard had supposedly slain, were not Etherious, not even close the real deal”.

“I was not alone in that combat” reminded Magnus “a lot of good warriors fall that day, so we could take down that sick monster; ERN; whose mere presence irradiated pestilence and plague, even then, I am pretty sure, those demons are not to be underestimated, they are books, not living beings and books can be rewritten every time, they are needed”.

“That’s...a very good point” said Mavis “and one that agrees with my theory of how Etherious are nothing but distractions; we need to take down Zeref, not their little book puppets; but for that, we must eliminate the head honcho of the Demon Forces of Fiore, forcing Zeref to recover his book before we burn it to the ground”.

“Mard Gerd Tartarus” said Warrod “the so called, Underworld King, he is the leader of the Etherious, and the one that is obsessed with fulfill the desire of Zeref to finally die”. “That arrogant, little piece of shit is mine” growled Mavis “he has cause enormous pain to my Fairies and I am going to kick his ass so hard, that he would never be capable of sitting ever again”. Not that Magnus did not understand Mavis fury, but she found adorable how murderously dangerous could she be, when on any other moment, she was the usually adorable Fairy Tail, First Guild Master.

“Still, I am waiting for the but in the argument” commented Magnus. “Mard never lefts his flying fortress of hell” explained Yury “he had a bastard of an Etherious; Etherious D’mongo Soul Stealer, the Skull Stealer; doing his dirty job, killing powerful wizards and anything that cross his path; using the souls he stole, to further increase his powers, up to the point on where they could feed enough energy to Mards supreme spell and kill Zeref”.

“That is one of the worst plans I had ever ear” said Magnus raising an eyebrow “does this Zeref lad, has even thought about how all he has done so far, has been nothing but hammer tactics?”. “All of them, those Etherious” grunted Magnus “are nothing but hammers in different shapes and
Zeref is the nail, he only tries to overpower whatever made him immortal, and so far, he has failed miserably”.

“More or less, what I thought” beamed Mavis “all the Etherious that we have encountered so far, are always the same, accumulating power to kill Zeref with their curses or magic or swords of whatever the hell, they had on their cores”.

“But D’mongo...that’s a nasty piece of work if I ever saw one” snorted Yury “the problem, is that he has develop a taste for collecting souls; the stronger the better; and Mard has give him a free card, to do whatever he want in Fiore”.

“He is going after us then” smiled widely Magnus.

Mavis sighed, she really expected that Magnus would be delighted by the news, as she get to know better the powerful man; even if she knew that he was not an Iceberg citizen, not by any means; she has already deducted the mile wide violent streak he had, even if he has a family man, if she has ever she one. Well, considering how she has been most of her infancy as slave, and the rest mostly alone with Zeira, until Yury, Warrod and Precht appeared on her turf and take her out of her island into an ever ending adventure; she was not precisely one to judge.

Still, her instincts where never wrong, and despite the infamy that Magnus carries around, Mavis could tell the redhead was far form being a bad man, he was powerful as hell, and people often feared powerful beings like him. She even doubted, she could call him human, although, more than once has she being feared by her Fairy magic spells, so she could relate to how Magnus tried to retain his humanity, by simple being cautious around everyone around him; only with his inhuman strength, he could cause serious wounds, even if it wasn’t his intention.

“After each S-class, he could find” pointed out Warrod “he looks quality over quantity, but that didn’t stop him for cause thousand of casualties in the Rune Knights, the Guilds and the Fiore Army, he seems to like to test his foes, before he goes for the kill of the worthy ones...to be added to his collection”.

“Collection?” ask Magnus.

“What D’mongo kills, gets forever slaved to him” explained Mavis with a somber tone “he uses the skulls of his victims, gluing them onto his body, and summoning them like they were Celestial spirits, but using the skulls as a substitute of keys”.

Magnus low growl was more proper of a beast, than a human being.

Part of his own cultural heritage, Magnus was not one ignorant of what slavery was. In his own home dimension, his people had a category for slaves, they are called Thralls, but opposite to the cruel and denigrant image one could have about slaves being beaten and tortured for the amusement of those who owns them; in Scandinavia, such stupidity was frowned upon.

A Thrall, was a valuable propriety of the clan. There was little space for foolishness in Scandinavia, each single one of the members of the clan is valuable, from the Jarl to the Thrall, each one has his purpose and duty, each one fills a role. Instead, slavery in Fiore was something completely different, it was more akin, to the slavery that he has saw in the worst parts of the Polis of Greece and that Roma thing that was starting to grow in the Mediterranean sea.

But that was not, what has made Magnus growl; what angered him was the fact, that D’mongo takes the souls of the fallen ones and prevents them to reach Valhalla, or whatever other warrior paradise they could found in the afterlife.

He will destroy D’mongo, what he was doing was the worst insult he could do to a soul.

Even if this was not his home world, Magnus faith in Valhalla; a place that he knew for certain that existed; was beyond any possible doubt, even if he hadn’t still managed to explore the Otherworlds that Eathland posses; such as the Spirit realm; he was convinced that there must been a paradise and hell of some kind, among those places.

“D’mongo is mine” simply stated Magnus with a growl “I will rip his twisted soul of his fiendish body and destroy his very essence so no one could even try to recompose what would rest of him”.

For a second, even Mavis had to suppress a shiver at the vehemence of Magnus, she was right about his deductions about how Magnus would find, D’mongos curse like magic, utterly despicable;
however, this deep rage was not among her calculations. Not that it would not made Magnus even more determined to made D’mongo pay for their atrocities, it was only, that she didn’t expect Magnus to hold such an anger over the issue. Mavis was a genius that you only see one in a thousand years; as soon as she meet Magnus, just sensing his humongous magical power, she immediately knew he was not human, more akin to the giant race than to humans, and even then, Magnus overshadows the immense life force of a giant by far. At the beginning, and considering that Mavis worst sin was her eternal curiosity, she spied a little the big man, fascinated for his strength; obviously not believing the excuse of enhancing magic, not even for a second; but soon she became friends with the man, friends enough to even invite him to Fairy Tail. Magnus was a very likeable fellow; you only must understand that his deepest desire was to have a family, a place where he could belong; Mavis saw through his powerful facade, and understood that desire, not so different from her own, when she founded Fairy Tail. “I told ya” smiled Yury to Mavis “I told you that Magnus was going to love the chance to hunt down D’mongo, as soon as he learn about his existence”. “Well, it was among my expectations but...” said Mavis. “Anger” replied Warrod looking at Magnus “I didn’t expect such a strong reaction from you, my friend, did you know about this D’mongo before?”. “The way he binds his victims into eternal slavery” Magnus clenched his hand and the tankard creaked under the pressure “that’s something that piss me off, a lot”. Relaxing his fingers, although the tankard was already crunched, Magnus sighed and took rein of his emotions; D’mongos curse was something that hits too close to home for his tastes. “I could understand if one sacrifices himself for another” said Magnus “I could tolerate if a soul is so devoted to his art, that used his own life force to achieve perfection, but never, ever, steal the souls of others, preventing them to reach Valhalla, or even Hellheim for what it matters”. “Valhalla?, Hellheim?, what are those places?” thought Mavis on her mind, confused by the terms, Magnus has used, she had a vague idea of mythological places with that same names, she was sure, somewhere among the obliterated Red Lizard Guild library was a reference to those places, but she couldn’t remember what exactly they were. “Then, I take you are going to hunt him” ask Yury. “Aye, lad, I am” nodded Magnus “just point me in the right direction”. Even if she agreed to the plan, Mavis had the creeping sensation, that she has done something that she was going to regret later, that this was going to be the last time, she was going to be bantering and playing around with the giant man. Mavis had a lot of those premonitions lately, she hated them, mostly because, they were mostly right. Something wrong was about to happen, and she would hate to lost another friend, to this stupid war, that idiot of Zeref created. If only he could see beyond his hate, beyond his misanthropic perception of the world, perhaps Zeref could find what he is so desperately looking for...but Zeref was lost in darkness, and it would be needed a strong light to force him to see the light. Mavis wanted to be that light, she owned that much to the Dark wizard.
The sea hit the bottom of the ship where Magnus and an entire squad of Rune Knights and wizards of seven guilds, were patiently waiting to reach the island; near the waters of Caelum; where they will resupply the ship and continue patrolling the western waters of Fiore. This has been an uneventful week and Magnus was slowly getting more and more feed on with this ridiculous hunt. Not a day, after Mavis and the rest told him about D’mongo, Magnus was called by the Council member, present in the Camp of the Rune Knights; the Council Wizard was projecting his image from Era, passing orders from the Council to all the wizards presents in the encampment.

When Magnus reached the tent, the Council man, inform him, that the Council offered him twenty million jewels, if he managed to kill D’mongo, as side benefit, he would be offered a permission to travel all around Fiore as a recognized wizard form the council. Magnus accepted the job, he was going to hunt the bastard anyway, but the reward and the documents were a nice plus. However, he would have to travel with a squad of Rune Knights with the same mission and a dozen or so, wizards form different Guilds that had offered to hunt down the demon; not that Magnus cared, but he prefer to work alone, that with those that he had never shared a battlefield with. Frankly, he would prefer to have Mavis and the rest of his crew for this battle, or Ikaruga and his men, however, he would give the benefit of the doubt to those that he had to share job with; after all, they could surprise him and earn his respect.

So far, it has not been the case.

When Magnus pick up his little camp and say goodbye to his friends; he joined the caravan in the direction of the Kingsley port, reuniting with some of the wizards that will hunt D’mongo with him, and the first impression was that none of them were going to survive. Magnus was not as sensitive to Magic power as Mavis or Warrod were, but as soon as he saw the wizards and half of the squad, he noticed that none of them had precisely an overwhelming quantity of magical power. He could admit, that few could compare to him in that department, but even then, none of the wizards in the carriage he rode with, had even a quarter of the magic that people like Warrod or Precht had.

They could be hiding their power, Magnus could very well understood that, after all, the powerful eagle hid his claws before the attack; but he had the nagging sensation that it was not the case. And the squad of Rune Knights weren’t even wizards, they just posses magical items, and were very competent with them. Magnus could respect that, after all, if it weren’t form his [Jotunblut], he would be in a very similar situation, but against a monster like D’mongo, something tells him that depending on a one-trick-pony magical item will not be the greatest of ideas.

Again, he was not the most qualified to judge about the usefulness of the magical items or how effective they could be, his own experience said that a good magical item was a battle changer; he has only to grab his cleaver to became a juggernaut in the battlefield; but only, if those items, support or complement the skills of their handlers. Ikaruga, for example, was a Sword Magic user, with a magic sword that could absorb her magic and transform its edge into whatever she need, from a fire sword to a thunder ax, only limited by her magical power and imagination.

He suspected that this Rune Knights were something of the sorts, but none of them give him the
same power and confident impression that Ikaruga did when they meet. The travel to the port was boring, and he was the only one to blame for that; once he killed ERN, he turn into disarray one of the divisions of the demon army, temporary securing a good portion of Fiore, until another Etherious could fill the hole left by ERNs death. And that means, that the only thing he should worry about during all the travel was to combat the boredom, a task that was became almost insurmountable, at the first five hours of traveling; he resorted to read some of the books that Mavis has borrowed him, so he could start to pick up a branch of magic that suit him.

Although, it was mostly boring basic stuff. Not that he disrespect it, the stronger the foundations, the strongest the building will be, and with magic something very similar happens. There was of course, cases, on where magic was something far more attuned with instincts than logic and calculations, not to mention how he has meet a Celestial Spirit wizard, that claimed that her powers come from the unconditional love she had for her spirits. He has saw enough world, to knew that she was completely right, Love was a powerful emotion, one of the most powerful and dangerous that exist, that can either save you or destroy you, in equal measure. Magnus read the books, most out of boredom than anything, discovering that all the wizards were either scared or frightened of him, and the Rune Knights tend to see him as the monster that has been able to survive a night with their commander.

Cursing his own bad luck, Magnus resigned to a very boring travel, reading his book and form time to time, eying the weapons of the wizards and the Rune Knights. At the end of the first day of traveling, he has already made to the idea, that if half of them survived, it was going to be complete miracle; he didn’t understand what the hell, the council and the Rune Knights were thinking, but this loot was sorely unarmed and unprepared to face and Etherious; much less one as dangerous as D´mungo seems to be. He really expected them to have some kind of ace under their sleeve or they were domed. As a side note to this musings, he was really surprised about how this world, seems to favor the unexpected tricks, how everyone had a secret spell or two, that granted them a sudden power up or became suddenly useful when you most need it.

As the first day of traveling ended, Magnus took a place at the fire of the camp the caravan has set near the road, and just waited for his share of the dinner; a stew of some sort, cooked quickly and without any care, just food to quell the hunger of the travel. In any other circumstance, he would gladly cook, so he could eat some real food, the stew was exactly that all of them needed but it tastes like crap, not that they could do nothing about it, as they were more worried about possible ambushes that the cooking they were doing.

It was a very common fear this days, how the Zeref army had a battalion of some kind of shades that specialized in hunting down supply caravans and merchant caravans, attacking from the shadows and disappearing, leaving nothing but corpses and broken carriages. Magnus has already kill a dozen of those things, they were not alive, they were just magic given shape and an objective, a branch of Zeref Living magic, that created soldiers by the dozen, easily disposable but capable of a lot of damage until they were destroyed.

The secret was to burn or destroy the magic that holds them together, once you done that, they will vanish like a bad dream in the morning; being honest, Magnus would be delighted if they attacked him during the travel, the ambush would be a welcoming change, it would ease his boredom and would allow him to see, if those around him were hiding his true potential or are as domed as he suspected they were. Magnus had already encountered a dozen of strong beings that hide their powers under different layers; one like to act goofy and innocent, other simply keep themselves in the shadows; in any case, Magnus really hoped; for the safety of his companions; that this was the case with the Rune Knights around him.

He sleep near the fire, bored out of his mind, and mentally mussing about what kind of magic should
he ask Mavis to taught him, once he became a part of her little funny Guild.

The morning came soon, and with the less words possible, all the caravan get on route; with a hasty pace that did surprise Magnus a little; so they could reach Kingsley port during the night, the port was one of the safest heavens Magnus remembered they were. There was a strong Guild of wizards in the port and a lot of the armada of Fiore, was stationed there, waiting for the reinforcements of Caelum, a country that had already dispatched their share of the Zeref Army, as none of the Etherious had appeared on the country. Fiore was the unlucky kingdom that has the honor of have three or four Etherious roaming around his countryside; from the deceased ERN to the hidden head of all of them, that Mard Gerd Warrod told him about; and as soon as one falls, another took his place.

Magnus loved the war precisely for that; he could find worthy rivals, almost everyday, it was like being young again, when he didn’t have none of the responsibilities of King or Campione to deal with, although the loss of power was something that worries him deeply. Not that he expect a [Heretic God] to appear soon, this world was a notable absence of divine powers, he had sensed divine energy but in a scale that could barely be compared with the one of the divine beasts; it was something more akin to a Völva; a priestess that channel the powers of the divine through her body and soul; like those Celestial Spirits wizards or the few healers he saw around the encampment in Mount Barnaby.

It does seems that healing magic, is considered sacred, a manifestation of divine blessing of some sorts, almost Lost magic. Magnus laughed his ass off on this; instead of focusing in the useful healing arts, all wizards had turn their heads to more violent and war oriented magics, ignoring those that could really change the things around for good.

As King of his people, Magnus would have gladly sacrifice an arm for a dozen of those healers, even with the [Golden Apples], his healing Authority of the past, he was never been a healer, and in the harsh lands of Scandinavia, it was a gift that has to be cherished and nurtured. Any cretin could destroy; creation and healing, those are the real challenges. Anyhow, Magnus was pretty much convinced that he would have to look for some Lost Magic, specially that Slayer type of magic that Mavis told him about; he was a Campione, even if he was in another universe entirely, he was a God Slayer, and considering how this world has a magic, supposedly created to slay gods, one could say it would be fitting.

He will keep his judgment about how truly capable of slaying a god that making was; something tells him that he was going to be sorely disappointed, after all, it was magic created by humans to slay beings that they do not comprehend at all, the divine powers in Fiore were a tricky business. It could be a good start, all Slayer kind of magic seems to be both feared and respected among the wizard community, if Magnus recalled correctly, the Dragon Slaying magic comes from the dragons that taught their secrets to humans, so they could defend themselves against the Dragons that wanted to obliterated humankind.

However, it backfired spectacularly, when a bastard called Acnologia, abused of his powers and became as dangerous as the dragons he hunted; becoming a menace even in this day and age; speaking about the dragon, it has not been seen in the war, at last not in Fiore, but yes in Iceberg, Pergrande and Seda; simply flying around, destroying whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted. Magnus wanted a shot at the black monster, he wanted to see how powerful this dragons of Earthland were, to see if they are the levels of [Divine Beasts]. Something highly improbable, but still, Magnus hoped they could be a challenge, even after he gain his own brand of magic, it would be good to have a worthy rival around, so his skills would not rust. At the back of Magnus mind, his more sensitive part, was trying to smash into his brain that he was not a Campione, not any more, and even if he had the body of a Jotun; a giant of the primeval times; he could be killed as easily as
any other mortal, if he was stupid enough to became overconfident in his own abilities.

The travel until Kingsley port was as boring as the previous day, even if the tried to engage in light
talk with the wizards and Rune Knights with him; the former considered him almost another enemy
for the bounty, and the latter were still scared of him; the man who has the balls to seduce
Commander Lawson and survive. In general, Magnus cursed his own rotten luck and mentally
resigned to a boring and awkward travel, at last, he hoped that in Kingsley Port, he would be able to
found a good tavern, where he could pass the night, before they embarked into the ship the Rune
Knights had prepared for them, in order to hunt down D´mongo and whatever demon or cultist he
could have around.

For what Mavis and Warrod told Magnus, D´mongo was not one to have escorts or followers of any
kind, if anyone was unfortunate enough to call his attention, the poor sod, will soon became part of
the collection of the demon. In truth, Magnus was eager to face the demon, he had already collected
a lot of souls, souls that belonged to capable and powerful warriors and wizards; this means that this
battle could the ultimate test to his new body and his skills as warrior.

That is, if he did not put his own magic revolver to his own head and pull the trigger, to get rid of this
boredom.

When the carriage, finally reach the hill that marks the entrance into Kingsley borders, Magnus was
about to erupt in cheers, he could finally get some supplies and a lot, and he means a looooot of drinks
to forget this travel. More than once he has been pondered about starting a fight, just to alleviate the
boredom, but if he did that, it was more than sure, that all the members of the hunting party will hate
and fear him even more, and at this rate, they would put a dagger in his back, as soon as they could.
Fortunately, he was accustom to work alone; only with Fairy Tail had show a remarkable teamwork,
specially with Mavis, Warrod and Yury, perhaps that´s why they called him, the Juggernaut, an
unstoppable mass of raw force that cleaves a path among the enemy.

Together with Fairy Tail wizards and under the strategies of Mavis, they were an unstoppable team.

And now, more than ever, he just missed the crazy Guild, the only ones that really seem understand
him. Warrod had already told them, that most of the Guild members, are people with a shady past;
mostly traumatic and sad histories, that had finally find a place where they can found what they were
looking for; a place they could call home.

And Magnus found that statement, quite of his liking; after all, he was Campione, and his quirk was
bonds; family, brotherhood, no matter; he looks forward to establish strong bonds, as he did, when
he was the King of a little kingdom, back in Scandinavia. But for that, he will have to endure this
mission; more the company than the mission; and get rid of that little D´mongo as soon as he could,
ready to obliterate the bastard into pieces and destroy the book that gave origin to him, so he could
never be used again. Nor by his cursed master, nor by any other dark wizard with their own ideas
about what and how must things be done.

Enough fools like that had Fiore already, to deal with another one.

As soon as the carriage, reach Kingsley, Magnus jump out of the dammed thing and run to the
nearest tavern, ready to drown the memories of the travel in all the booze he could find; fortunately
enough, there were other Rune Knights in the zone that were partying too, and they didn’t matter
another veteran to join the party. Specially when some of the knights, recognized Magnus from the
front lines, and respected the powerful wizard; in all, Magnus enjoy some food and booze, along
another warriors and as the night advanced, the company of some of the finest ladies of the night.

Live hard, party hard, was a motto that all of the knights seems to take to the heart, specially in this
day, and age, where they could die at the drop of a hat, each time they are deployed to the battlefield. Not really a surprise, considering how dangerous this war against Zeref was. Still, Magnus really enjoyed the night, and at the morning he was the first that climb the plank of the ship. It was a good ship, sturdy and reinforced with magic, it was one of the best ship the Fiore fleet had, between the dozen magical canons it carries and the enhanced wood of the structure, Magnus has to admit that the Mikazuchi was one of the finest ship he has ever saw.

Still, he would have gladly give his left arm for his Authority, [Dvergar Forge], and start the hunt aboard the Skidbladnir, the best ship on the bloody world. But, he would have to endure the sailing with the Mikazuchi, at last the soldiers and the sailors, were more open to conversation that his previous traveling companions. As the orders of the Rune Knights follows, the ship will be patrolling, both the waters of Fiore and Caelum; even deploying expeditions to the numerous; supposedly abandon islands between both countries; to check if those islands are used by the demons to increase their numbers or by the cultist to have a base were resupply.

Leaving apart, that those same islands are a very well know refugee for pirates and other sea maladies; like sea serpents; and marine beasts, that would consider the ship a bigger, more harder snack that the usual whales and tunas. Magnus enjoyed being on a boat again; his people were exceptional sailors after all and the call of the sea was deep in his blood, no matter how changed, bless, cursed or enhanced it could be after his crash landing in Ishgar. It was good to feel the waves and the currents move the ship, even if they were on an important mission. Inside the boat, everyone was tense as hell, and Magnus tried to advise them to chill out a little; being like the strings of a lute all the time, would only come to bite in their asses when the enemy really appears. Some did pay attention to his advise, and others simply continued their vigilance of the sea like it holds the secrets of the existence.

D´mongo will attack them, that was a fact, such worry about the when and the how, was a little futile, as they were as prepared as they could be, Magnus did not low his guard, but he was far form twitch like a scared rat at the slightest splash of the waves. Those are wild waters, full of monsters; completely indifferent to the war of the humans; and other miracles that Magnus had only saw in Ishgar, he would love to explore the world a little more, but as soon as he reached the main land; Fiore; he was drag into the conflict, so his wandering ambitions became a little impossible after that. For the first two days, Magnus contemplated the possibility of fish some of the most notorious specimens of the waters; namely Hornsharks and Sarcosuches, one an inhabitant of deep waters and the other a hunter of the coastal sides of Caelum.

But as soon as he finished to fabricate a big harpoon, the captain of the Rune Knights and the Captain of the ship at the same time, denied him the possibility, his argumentation was that a furious sea beast was the last thing they need before they engage in battle with D´mongo. Well, Magnus concede the point that if he was after a sea serpent, the damages the ship could sustain, will be dangerous for the good going of the mission, but fishing a Hornshark was something that would do nothing to the ship; the animal was not strong enough to harm the enhanced and reinforced hull of the ship.

Unfortunately, Magnus knew that it was a fruitless effort to try to convince the stubborn Captain to revoke the order.

As the fishing idea was out of the question, Magnus took his time to sharp the harpoon, and add it to his collection of weapons, after all, it was a weapon designated to even pierce the hard flesh of a hornshark or, if the thrower was strong enough; the scales of a sea serpent, but for the latter, it would be needed a couple of runes to be added to the handle and the metal of the edge, just to add the extra punch to the already more than enough piercing weapon.
When you hunt monsters, there is nothing like overkill and overcautious. Between enchanting the weapon further with some extra runes, and the few times they had to explore and check the islands in their way, Magnus bind his time, waiting for the chance to fought the dammed Etherious. At the seven day of nothing to do but watch the sea, Magnus was seriously contemplating the idea of jump overboard and swim back to Kingsley; in the port at last, he could do a lot more than simply be like a flowerpot in the ship, waiting for the appearance of the Demon.

As if their pray were answered, from the nothingness, a storm cloud surrounded the ship, shutting down the visibility beyond the ship to almost zero.

When something thuds on the surface of the ship, Magnus smiled widely and pick up his weapons from his Re-quip; the falling sounds, were nothing but dozens of skulls falling from the cloudy sky, not a second after they found a place where to rest in the ship; dark bolts started to rain from the sky into the skulls, infusing them with new life and manifesting a dozen warriors on the wide deck of the Mikazuchi. The sounds of battle soon filled the deck, as some of the summoned were beast, and others warriors of different eras and talents. Magnus did not give a shit about that; moving his cleaver and double headed ax in wide arcs, he simply brutalized through the defenses of the trio of summonings that had come his way; he was far more interested in D´mongo.

Noticing how he was a threat bigger than the rest of the wizards, who has already started to unleash a dozen of spells to their enemies, a lot of the summonings tried to overwhelm Magnus, in an avalanche of steel, fangs and claws.

Magnus feel honored, receiving the attack with a smile and a war cry, that echoed in the ship; not much different from he roar of a beast like the ones he was fighting with; the sound reverberated on the wood and materials of the vessel. The weapons of his little but powerful collection continued with the carnage, as Magnus opened a path among the ones assaulting him.

His cleaver cut in half a man that was dress like some kind of samurai; as a side note, it was time Magnus gives a name to his cleaver, the weapon has earned that gift after all they battles they had together; at the same time, as the samurai fall to the deck in two halves, he shot his revolver in the mouth of a scale covered wolf; making the head of the beast disappeared in a red mist and shattered flesh and bone pieces.

As he walked to the carnage in process, he crushed the chest of another knight of some kind.

The carnage was totally one-sided; at last in Magnus case; despite the skill of his enemies and his natural superior abilities as predators, in the case of the beast; Magnus was simply a category on their own, ripping them apart by pure brute force. Their weapons could not endure the pressure of the cleaver, their armors could not stop the powerful bullets of the revolver, Magnus strength was the one of the giants of the ancient times, the beings that could stand his ground against deities and wage war against the Gods of the old realms of myth and legends.

In resume, their enemies were fucked.

Until the big guns of D´mongo, jump into the fray.

Magnus cleaver beheaded another samurai; his fifteen one or so, he was pretty much sure, he has been killing the same beings all over again for the last ten minutes; but when he was about to shot a rain of bullets, a spear came out of nowhere and almost pierce his hand, still, the edge of the spear managed to pierce the cannon and part of the drum of the revolver, rendering it useless.

Cursing for the sudden attack, Magnus buried the sparkling weapon in the chest of one of the scaly wolves and kick it against another trio of the same kind. The explosion vaporized all four of them,
and Magnus felt really sad at the loss of his gun, it was a good weapon, that has been with him, almost since he landed in Ishgar; he was going to miss the weapon.

Focusing his mind back into the battle around him, Magnus bury one of his daggers in the head of another knight and using him as a living shield from the spear attacks, he look out of the origin of the barrage. When he found out, where the strikes were coming, he almost let the hollered corpse fall, it was impossible!, has D´mongo managed to slave a deity?! , that was preposterous but then he realized that her powers; although big; were nothing but a candle to the real power of the deity she emulated.

“Yggdrasil protect us, what are you doing here Phantom Queen?” asked loudly Magnus, to make himself ear over the scandalous battlefield around them.

In front of him was none other than Morrigan; the Tuatha deity of the underworld; in her aspect of Queen of the crows. Morrigan could appear as an ugly hag or a wet dream made reality; fortunately, she was on her most gorgeous aspect, a black skintight bodysuit with leather straps hugged her curvaceous body, she had a feather cape over her shoulders, reaching her ankles, and a helmet that imitates the upper part of the beak and head of a crow.

Her long and silky dark purple; almost black; hair fall in cascade on her shoulders and breasts; her eyes were as black as Magnus remembered and her soft pale heart shaped face was one of strength and beauty all in one. She carried a black spear; the same weapon that has been trying to gut him all this time; and a solid broadsword that hummed in resonance with her black aura. Odd, Magnus knew she was powerful but she was not holding back, and she was nothing like the Morrigan from his memories.

“My name Morrigan, not Phantom Queen; I am sorry human, but I have to kill you” despite his attacks being flawless, they did carry sadness and sorrow; specially on her voice, the voice of one that is trapped and could do nothing to scape.

“Ha!” barked Magnus tossing the corpse at her and in the second of distraction; the time she needed to split in half the body of the knight with her humming sword; Magnus pick up his double headed ax and attack from both sides with the cleaver and the ax. Morrigan eyes widened and instead of blocking the attacks, she transform into a flock of ravens and scape to the mast of the ship. Magnus attack seems to have failed, at last from Morrigan point of view; however, as the attack continue the path on where she has been just until a second ago, the sudden burst of wind and pressure the weapons created with his swing, was more than enough to send everything on his path stumbling or directly flying.

For a few seconds, none dared to say a thing, after they just witness the inhumane, monstrous strength of Magnus, and the man just put the weapons on his shoulders and laugh with predatory frenzy hidden in his mirth.

“Come D´mongo!” howled Magnus, shaking the deck and the sea by the force of his lungs.

“No hide behind your puppets, come and claim your prize if you are worthy, I challenge thee, I am Magnus The Juggernaut, the killer of ERN, He who defies you to a battle, with our souls in the line!”.

The gauntlet has been thrown, however, Magnus was pretty much sure, D´mongo will not take it; so far, the demon seems to be confident in his more than tested strategy of send wave after wave of his thralled minions, some of them are the level of S-class wizards. Morrigan herself could be an S-class, only judging for the amount of magical power she had; Magnus was convinced she was not human, neither the deity she impersonated so well, so the only option was that she was a Spirit.
Mavis already told him about the Zodiac and the Celestial Spirit Magic, perhaps she was a Silver Key?, those could be immensely powerful and rival the gold keys some times, if their masters are capable of providing them with enough magical energy to go toe to toe with the highest ranked Spirits of the Celestial Realm. Still, and despite his eagerness to combat; Magnus was far from being an idiot, and he knows that in the long run, he was going to be overwhelmed without a doubt, so the sooner he could get the head of D´mongo, the better. As if he has been summoned, a massive presence appeared over the ship, D´mongo made his entrance, and Magnus had to concede that the demon was good.

D´mongo itself was not precisely the most physical intimidating of the demons of Zeref, he was slender and about five feet and half tall, his body was composed of a black solid substance of sort, that extended into a long cape that hug his entire frame, ending in a spikes of sorts on the shoulders. What did really called attention about his appearance was the amount of skulls that he has glued to his chest, like they were a jacket or armor of some sorts and how his skull was devoid of any flesh, and instead in floated in a balloon sized tear shaped containment of blue liquid that seems to boil and send fizzes of blue flames at every second.

In all; and combined with the massive magical power that he exuded; Magnus has to admit that D´mongo was a terrible as one could expect from an Etherious, although Magnus found ERN sick like aura, much more terrifying, but that was his opinion, as one of the few that had survived things that could made even Zeref cringe in fear.

“So, it appears that you have a sliver of honor in you demon” chuckled Magnus with his weapons, comfortably hanging on his shoulders.

“Oh, you are sorely mistaken” the sharp and derogatory voice of D´mongo was like some scratched his nails over a blackboard “I have come to take the measures of your skull, after all, it has been centuries since someone actually was stupid enough to challenge me”.

“Arrogant, cocky and nasty piece of work aren’t you, lad?” laughed Magnus at the evident arrogance of the demon, he has been on the top of the chain for so long, that he had forgotten anything else.

“Silence human” snarled D´mongo, flaring his magical powers “I do not allow, inferior species like yourselves, to talk back to your betters”.

The presence of D´mongo was doing numbers on the Rune knights and wizards on board, as Magnus feared, none of them were actually ready to face and Etherious, and despite the good job they were doing to hold the hordes of magical slaves apart, at the end of the day, they will fall. They lack the amount of fire power it was needed to take down a beast like D´mongo.

Magnus flared his own magical power, easily overpowering the dark and wretched presence of D´mongo with a golden aura of pure strength; even Morrigan had to steel her will to withstand the sudden and overwhelming impact on her mind.

“Shut your muzzle, dog” growl Magnus and D´mongo, for the first time in...forever, felt like he was in the presence of some of his brothers and sisters of the Library of Zeref, in the presence of those that even him had to double think against mock them in any way of shape

Magnus give a step ahead and D´mongos skulls lightened with black flames.

Then they moved.
In the blink of an eye, a shock wave shook the entire ship, making it sinking a meter on the waters below, before the enhancements of the ship could overcompensate the sudden explosion of force, but not before it has already devastated a goof chunk of the deck. A thousand of splinters and other debris from the deck floated in the air, as the magic auras of both Magnus and D´mongo clashed for dominance. The ax of Magnus was buried till the upper jaw of one of the skulls, much to the amazement of D´mongo; even if he couldn’t express it; as D´mongo tried to curse Magnus with one of his skulls; effectively making him another slave for his collection.

Magnus was eroding the curse with his ax and a ton of magical power, poured directly at the container of the curse.

The standoff continued until the ax pierce deeper and broke the skull in half, cutting part of the hand of D´mongo, who let it go and fled over the board, getting some distance between him and Magnus, now that the ax had no obstacle, it shattered the skull into tiny pieces and buried one of his blades; up to the hilt; into the wood of the deck. The eruption of magical energy, throw everything and everyone around flying over the deck. Magnus growled and taking the handle of his shotgun, he pointed it to D´mongo.

“Skull Barrier” said D´mongo, creating a wall of skulls that floated in front of him, and barely endured the impact from the repeated fire of the shotgun.

Before Magnus could continue, Morrigan appeared at his back, in the form of a flock of crows, creating a dozen spears that look out for this vital points, Magnus jumped to the side, dodging the attack that hollered the already damaged deck. It was good thing that this ship had a magic that allows him to float even if its hull was devastated...otherwise they will be already swimming in the cold and dangerous waters.

The flock of crows, relentlessly hunted Magnus through the deck, and Magnus had to take care that he get himself far from the thick of the battle, if Morrigan used that spear rain trick, he doubted that more than a dozen of the wizards or Rune Knights will be able to defect or withstand the attack.

He was having a tough time, trying to keep himself not skewered by that spear, as soon as it pierced through his revolver, he knew that it was bad news; it was a weapon capable of piercing his resilient flesh, better than most of the spells out there.

The flock solidified in the form of Morrigan, who proceed to attack with both sword and spear, in a mesmerizing display of martial skills and agility; she was almost dancing with him, but at each step, the blade or the spear came out out of nowhere and tried to kill him.

Magnus had lost one dagger, his ax and his revolver; but his cleaver and the other dagger, along the shotgun and the recently added harpoon, would be suffice to deal with the demon and his thralled goddess alike. Well, not goddess, if Morrigan was really, the same Morrigan, Magnus knew, the entire ship would have been obliterated with nothing but a frown from her. It was hard to get accustom to do not posses any Authorities, once you had taste the power of the gods, its almost impossible to do not crave them, hunting down more [Heretic gods] until you gain more and more power. When Magnus did not sense the presence of any divinity out there, he suspected that the deities of this realm had long abandon them or instead do not involve themselves in the day to day of the humankind; but when Morrigan appeared before him, it was quite the shock.

Alas, she was not the goddess, despite her having all her spectacular beauty and awe inspiring fighting skills, along some sort of similar domain over the crows. Being completely honest, this lass in front of him was exactly the type of woman he found extremely attractive, not only for her curvaceous body, but for skills as warrior and the strong mind behind those black eyes, the strong will that had allow her; the unique so far; to be the one capable of talk among all the other slaves of
D´mongo.

Even if Magnus was butchered them, all of them had been silent, completely devoted to the will of the demon, Morrigan instead, had planned an ambush and had managed to answer his question and to read his intentions when the swung his weapons in a devastating arc, that almost slip her in half.

D´mongo took another couple of skulls from his chest and toss them at the ship, laughing when both skulls were hit by a dark bolt of him, and transformed into a tall giant of eight arms and a wyvern. Magnus saw the newcomers and immediately knew that they will be far more than none of the rest of the Rune Knights and wizards would be able to handle. Unfortunately, in order to do something about the newcomers, he would have to made a sacrifice.

Channeling a lot of magical power into his cleaver, Magnus suddenly stop, and with a powerful swing, his cleaver extend several meters, cutting in half all the enemies in his path; and barely missing some of his own allies; before the wyvern fly over the blade; the animal has instantaneously sensed how dangerous that cleaver really was and dodged the attack; however his eight arms companion, opted for block the incoming blow with his arms.

That was the worst mistake he could have made.

The cleaver cut trough metal, flesh and bones, like it was nothing, and with the strength the swing carried, the body of the eight armed giant, exploded in a shower of gore and viscera, covering a good six meters of the deck with his battered remains. Still, the stunt has cost Magnus dearly, as he barely could raise his dagger; the only one he had left; and deflect the incoming spear trust to his heart, both weapon screamed when their edges meet, but Magnus was in a difficult position to exert any of his immense strength on the deflective parry, Morrigan instead, could exert full force to the trust.

Fortunately, he could deflect the spear enough, so instead of piercing through his heart, the spear left a deep gash in his torso, and nicked the side of his biceps, a very painful wound, that would bleed a lot. Magnus cursed and keeping the movement of the cleaver, he made it a full circle, slamming the side of the cleaver against the flock of crows, as soon as it touched the flock, they solidified into the woman form, blocking the edge of the massive cleaver with her sword, an action that it was clear it was costing her a lot more of effort than she expected.

Magnus toss the nicked dagger, with its blade almost broken by the collision with the spear, at the face of Morrigan, she blocked with the handle of the spear, but that action; guided by instinct; distracted her from the sudden increase in pressure from the cleaver. The humming sword broke, but as the cleaver made contact with her skin tight suit, the cleaver stop its advance, the strong runic weapon couldn’t pierce the bodysuit; mute testimony of how sturdy her armor or clothes were. But even if the cleaver was not strong enough to rend the cloth, it was more than enough to crush and smash all her left side, broking her ribs and shattering her organs upon impact.

There was no time to celebrate, as the green breath of the wyvern hit Magnus at full force on his back, slamming him against the deck. The green beam keep pushing him down, and Magnus roared in both pain and annoyance for being pin down. Emitting raw magical power, Magnus raise a golden rune barrier, a facsimil of the [Divine protection] he used a lot when he was a Campione. Inside the dome of golden runes, Magnus leaned over his cleaver and eyed the situation.

The ship was a wreck, so far only the magic that allow him to be a float that was kept it together, and the Rune Knights and the wizards weren’t in better shape, they have hold the line pretty well against the infinity hordes of slaves of D´mongo; speaking of which, he would throw another giant eight armed man and Morrigan back against him soon.

However, something caught Magnus attention, from the place where the fallen slaves where, a black
smoke of sorts flow, deep into the skies and directly into the laughing form of D´mongo.

Souls.

So that was how he was doing it.

He created false bodies and feed them with their souls, so he could recover the souls back, anytime he wanted, perhaps that’s why Morrigan was so weak, that was not her original body but a fake one, created by D´mongos Curse, and no way that would ever equal divine power. Magnus raise from his kneeling position and breathed a pair of times, between the deep cut in his chest and the burns on his back, he was not precisely in the best of shapes, not to mention he could sense how his body was repelling the toxins in the breath attack of the wyvern. There was a chance that he could pull out of his hat a crazy stunt, one that would no doubt made Pandora proud for his boldness and Irrationality.

But he need a fresh victim for that, Morrigan body was already decomposed and so was the body of the giant; the only being strong enough around him was the floating lesser cousin of the dragon kin; he would have to use the wyvern then. Said lesser dragon was smashing the protection with his jaws and claws, if he had a lot of time, there was no doubt that he could finally able to pierce trough it; this was not [Divine Protection], just a convenient facsimile made of Magnus magical power.

Soon another set of slaves joined the wyvern in their attacks to the barrier, as the knights and wizard were obviously down for the count, after all D´mongo wanted his slaves corpses in the best state possible, it would no good if he brings back the charred and mangled form of a powerful warrior, even his Curse had its limits.

If they smashed their skulls or tear them apart into pieces, they would be of not use for D´mongo, to increase both his collection and the pool that would finally allow Zeref to reach his dream. Magnus put his hand over the wound of his chest, that has been too close for his comfort zone, just an inch deeper or the parry a second latter and he would had his heart skewered by that lance; his respect for the Morrigan doppelganger get up to a notch, up to a notch one.

It was a deep and dangerous wound, he would have to treat it as soon as he could, however, he has another worries to deal with first; after all, you can only cure yourself, when you were alive, and not when you are a magical thrall to a demon. Taking his shotgun, he checked that it was enough charge left in the bullets for what he was about to do, and picking up the harpoon from his Re-quip, he put the cleaver back into his Re-quip with hastiness, as he could sense the barrier finally weakening, Magnus bandage his chest as good as he could, and made another makeshift bandage for his wounded arm.

He prepared for the battle and smiled, this was going to be interesting.

As he drop the barrier, the time seems to slow down for him, as his muscles and reflexes increased ten folds.

This was one of his ace under his sleeves.

He didn’t have learned any magic yet, but he has learn enough theory form Mavis to knew how to channel magic into his body and strengthen it even more, increasing his speed and strength a lot; this was the way on where a lot of powerful wizards could endure attacks and spells that would have obliterate any lesser being. Reinforcing their bodies with the same energy; Ethernano was it called, if Magnus remember correctly; that allow them to cast and hold all kind of magics.

Not really wanting to pull any punch here, Magnus just moved, before the slaves has even reacted to the absence of the barrier; covering the space between him and the next bunch of slaves in a blink,
raising his shotgun and pulling the trigger. He didn’t even really care about who was shooting, it didn’t matter if he was one of the samurai, a big vulkan, a gladiator, whatever, he only needed them as a distraction.

When he shot all the bullets of the shotgun at once, the weapon went into overload but that was secondary, the sudden discharge of power, managed to torn to shreds practically all the slaves in front of him, creating a very nice and convenient cloud of smoke, blood, flesh and debris form the already more than wrecked ship deck. He really fell sorry for the Mikazuchi, it was a good vessel, it was sad, that such a fine ship had to end like this, in fact, they had just shoot the cannons twice against D´ mongo and his flying mascots, before they were practically overwhelmed by the slaves of the demon, and had to abandon any artillery in fear of cause more harm to the ship and the crew than to the enemies around him.

At his augmented senses, he could pick up, how the few survivors tried to hold one of the cabins against a lot of the remaining summoned thralls aboard, even if Magnus has just decimated a good chunk of them with his shotgun, they were accounted by the hundreds already. Under the cover of the smoke screen, Magnus tied together the whining shotgun; as it was about to overload and blow itself up; and the harpoon he had picked up a couple of days before, bulging his arm muscles with an extra infusion of power, he throw the harpoon directly to the flying wyvern.

For the senses of the wyvern, the presence of the shotgun was more than audible, specially now, that the weapon was whining in advise for his imminent overload, but for the beast, it was the harpoon what he feared, so he simply dodge the incoming harpoon, and when the weapon exploded at his side; it torn to shreds one of his wings.

Even a resilient beast like him would be concussed after such a lacryma explosion at such short range and with the sudden lost of a limb, his flying became erratic. The wyvern tried to recover his balance, before he crash landed on the surface of the ship or the already more than infested with sharks waters below him.

But before the wyvern could do anything, Magnus has already jumped into the sky, after recovering his ax from the place where he has buried in the wooden deck in the previous skirmish with D´ mongo. With a mighty swing, Magnus behead the lesser dragon in a devastating arc, from left to right. As Magnus suspected, as soon as the wyvern was dead, his body erupted into a dark mist, energy or whatever the curse of the Etherious used to fuel his magical constructs.

What happened next, was something that cut short the laughter of D´mongo and left him stunned and speechless, floating in the air, with disbelief painted in his body language.

Magnus grab the tendril of dark smoke, firmly grabbing the soul of the wyvern and let himself be drag into the skulls of D´mongo; dragged by the same curse that the demon was using; being drag into the demon soul warehouse, inside the strange body of the dark devil.

“I-Im-possible” muttered D´mongo before both Magnus and the wyvern soul, disappeared inside the chest of the demon, absorbed by the same skulls that hold and keep the souls he trapped and imprisoned inside of him.

As soon as Magnus stepped into the inner space of the demon, he flared his own magical power, creating an aura of sort; in order to protect himself from the dangers and poisonous miasma that seems to be the very core of this wretched thing called D´mongo.

Magnus let the soul of the wyvern go, taking a good sight of his surroundings.

He could see, hundreds of magical circles; inside each one of them, a prisoner of some sort was
laying in evident pain; one of them was being filled with the soul of the same wyvern he has just defeated.

“Warrior, heed my call” echoed a feminine voice in his head and Magnus, look out for the source of the calling, he soon found Morrigan, knelt inside one of those things, with her beautiful features marrow by an expression of pain.

Magnus got close to the circle and tried to touch the woman, only to be repelled by the magic that bound her inside and torture her existence.

“We are trapped, warrior” explained Morrigan, communicating with her mind, as there was no other way to spoke in this twisted inner world of D´mongo “D´mongo stole our souls or trapped us inside him, transforming his body into an eternal prison”.

To say that Magnus was pissed would be the understatement of the century, he could tolerate slavery up to a point, if the system was similar the one that he used on his kingdom, but this was the worst kind of slavery; one that caught souls into an eternal torment and denies him the glory of the Valhalla or whatever the paradise they believe in.

Magnus extend his hand, his face frowning in barely contained rage, and with a powerful grip, grab one of the layers of the circle that detained Morrigan.

The Spirit; although Magnus could not know that she was the youngster daughter of Corvus, the constellation of the crow; was astonished by the power of the tall human, not only he has managed to beat her in combat; even if she was not as full power, as D´mongo could not recreate her full powers as Spirit; but the human wizard called Magnus had kill a lot of slaves of D´mongo, a Wyvern, an Eight arm Asura golem and forced D´mongo to retreat or he would have been cleaved in half by the ax.

Magnus grab the layer of the circle with both hands and with a mute roar tore apart the magic, by sheer raw strength; a feat supposedly impossible. As Morrigan was free, she immediately, start to return to the Celestial realm, for the first time in a decade...her joy was only surpassed by her amazement. Magnus smiled to the disappearing woman, before put his cleaver on his shoulder and wink at her; Morrigan was too stunned to even blush; this tall man was a handsome devil she would admit that.

“Thanks warrior...” said Morrigan before went back to the Celestial realm.

In the outside world, D´mongo was seriously worried, he bent in pain, as one of his slaves has broke free by force, tearing apart the curse that bounded her soul to him, and in the process, it cause D´mongo, not only tremendous pain, but started to erode and destroy a bit of his core essence too.

D´mongo didn’t expect that; it was preposterous; no one could broke free from his slavery, it was perfect and the circle drain them of all their powers, unless....the breaking was done from the outside, like it could have done a crazy human who has managed to hitch a ride in the soul of one of his slaves and slip inside his inner world.

Magnus stretched his muscles and raise his cleaver over his head, charging it with all the magic he could muster; and it was quite the amount; the cleaver got bigger, wider and start to glow like a golden sun, Magnus hold his stance and prepared for a vertical slash with all he got. All of the slaves, no matter how far or pained, could sense the massive presence of the golden cleaver, a presence that filled each of the corners of the dark dimension were they had been trapped for what look an eternity for all of them, the pain became secondary as the golden sword overshadow all of them in a golden blaze.
The sword fall, and the inner world of D´mongo exploded in light.

For the survivors of the battle, it was a sight to behold.

D´mongo and the unnatural storm that followed him, started to collapse.

First the sky cleared, and then D´mongo started to convulse in pain, from the eyes and mouth of all the skulls in his chest, a golden light erupted in a shower of energy and golden beams. The golden light was bright and glorious, carrying a sensation of freedom, power and warmness. One by one, golden phantoms of those D´mongo managed to enslave during centuries, torn a hole in his chest, skull, neck, limbs... hundreds of ghosts roared for their freedom, as they were free after centuries of forced and demonic slavery.

In contrast with the exhilaration of the ghost, the frame of D´mongo start to crack and tear apart, as the demon roared and scream in pain for the damages he was suffering in his essence; this was beyond physical pain for him, this was complete and utterly annihilation. He couldn’t understand how the hell, has the dammed human managed to do it, but he was destroying his bare essence, he would not be able to survive, he will be torn apart, he would not even reform as one of the books of Zeref.

Beam after beam, erupted from the body of D´mongo, until with a thunderous explosion that filled the sky; along the dying scream of the demon; followed by a golden wave, vaporized all remains of the demon and the few slaves that were still fighting on the wreckage. Wizards and Rune knights alike behold the miracle, as the specters of those that has been battling with not a second ago, dispersed in a golden mist, some crying in release and other saluting to the heavens, to the one that had free them for the torment of D´mongo.

After the survivors calm enough and could deal with the wounded, they noticed that no one has ever saw the mercenary form Iceberg; assuming that he would have die and become one of the ghost of D´mongo; even if some of the most sensitive wizards and Knights called that idea the worst possible royal bullshit; the captain of the ship just order them to sail back into the nearest port available.

The mission was a success, and the lost of a mercenary was nothing to worry about, he knew the risk of the job, it was simply bad luck. Some of the Rune Knights and wizards tried to protest such decision. It was more than obvious from them, that the golden explosion was the making of the mercenary, the magic energies were identical; he saved their lives and the captain and the Rune knights just want to abandon him in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by sea predators?, he was not among the ghosts, so he could be alive, and they were about to abandon him in such hostile waters?.

Unmovable from his decision, the captain just sailed back to Kingsley.

At the image of the ruined ship, soon all the port moved to receive the incoming and wrecked ship.

At the report of the Captain, the Rune Knights report about how they had managed to defeat D´mongo at a great cost. That earned quite the reward for the magical squad of Knights, however, as soon as Mavis got ear of the disappearance of his friend, she personally interview the captain; in order to reveal the truth of what happened; after that interview, the Captain retired due mental trauma.

Mavis and the rest of her guild, truly missed the giant young man, however, they had a war to won, and it was something they were going to do, at any cost.

It was impossible for them to know, but at the same time, all those events took place in the human
realm, a very pained Magnus; with one of the biggest migraines of all his life; was slowly awakening, in a place where he should not being.

Magnus groaned and his senses pick bits of a conversation around him, it was clear that they were speaking about him, but he didn’t understood why such a ruckus; not to mention his migraine didn’t help either.

“Father, we own him, he free us...” that was Morrigan voice, he could recognize it.

“Morrigan, as much as I am grateful to him for what he has done, he is a human” there is a voice, that he didn’t recognize but it carries a strong tone, this was the voice of a leader and a powerful warrior “he had no place here”.

“Still, I am impressed, moo” moo?, that was an odd verbal thick, if Magnus has ever ear one, it was like one of the Minotaurs of Creta “he defeated both Morrigan and an Etherious” at the end of the phrase, the sound of a bell, like the ones that hanged form the neck of a cow echoed.

This was getting curiously ridiculous.

“Tch, ok, he is a powerful wizard, and what with it?” the harsh voice of a woman intervened in the conversation “he is a human, nothing more”.

“Ooooh, worst hangover ever” said Magnus, freaking out everyone of the presents as he stood up and stretch his body, making all the joints pop and creak.

“How?...moo” said out loud a white and black spotted minotaur in an speedo and boots, with a massive ax hanging on his back.

Near him was a mermaid of blue scales and hair, sporting an annoyed expression that turned into amazement as how was he alive and moving.

Near the mermaid, stood a handsome man in an elegant suit, with a golden ring, sun glasses and a pair of cat ears on the soft brown mane that he sported on his head.

Morrigan, and what can only be described as a male, older, counterpart of her, stood speechless in front of him.

“Greetings” said Magnus, noticing how he has lost his cleaver, and frowning from the lost, he clenched his fist a couple of times, he really loved that weapon, and he didn’t even named it yet.

“Pity, I liked that weapon” mussed out loud, before turning to the Spirits that keep staring at him, and his battered state, as he had only a tattered red and blue tunic, a shredded pants and almost torn to pieces boots.

“I apologize but, where I am?” ask Magnus raising an eyebrow at the stunned silence of the Spirits, that keep looking at him, like he was some kind of Chinese mystery box.

Although, he could assure that with his mere presence, he has broken Morrigan, and her...father?, older brother?, not sure about who he was.

And speaking of which, had he managed to kill D’mongo and free the souls of all the slaves?, he would have to ask Morrigan latter, when she would be out of the shock he was showing on her face right now.

Well, new lands, new people, new adventures, pity he couldn’t say goodbye to Mavis and the rest.
Now, if only he could get some magic of his own and some new clothes and weapons, that would made his day...

And mead, Yggdrasil protect him, he really wanted a good tankard of mead right now...his migraine was killing him.
The R-system, despite his despicable objective, was one of the wonders of the wizardry world; from his engineering to his capabilities of store and channel magical power, it was a testimony of how genius Zeref was, and a demonstration about how greatest minds could be used for terrible deeds.

Essentially, the system was nothing but a humongous lacryma, one that could store thousands of units of Magical power and condense, focus and crystallize it, into the body of an adequate sacrifice.

Unfortunately, all of the cultist that work on the tower, completely misunderstood one thing, and it was that Zeref did not want to revive, first of all, he was not dead, it is almost impossible to actually kill him, his curse prevent him from dying, stealing all the life force of the surroundings to reanimate and revive him.

Any how, and since the war from a hundred years before, those cultist are practically convinced that they could restore Zeref to his former glory, and under his command and leadership, became the kings of the world.

With that objective in their minds, they perform a series of raids into a lot of villages from Fiore and beyond, killing all the adults and taking all the children and youngsters, into a big and relatively easy to control work force.

Those slaves would be working non-stop in the building of the Tower of Heaven, the name the cultist had come to adopt as cover for the R-system, working; or better said, making the slaves work to the bone; for the day that Zeref will come and will bring them to paradise.

Amazing, the idiocies humankind could swallow at the drop of a hat, and achieve both greatness and infamy in the process.

A lot of children were forced to work in shifts, with barely some scraps of food and sleeping in the cold, stone floor of their cells, shackles of Lacryma on their necks, wrist and ankles, so they could be punished and their magic sealed; just in case someone had, like the old man Rob, one of the oldest slaves, and the grandparent figure of lot of the children among the slaves; keeping all of them under their cruel thumbs.

The work was hard, and absolutely not for children, as they lack they strength to endure the harsh and heavy conditions of the heavy work, specially carrying around tons of stones or shoveling a terrain that was as hard as the stones they pull out of it.

But none of the slavers did actually give a fuck about any of it, for them, the slaves will work equally, if they are old people or a ten years old children that could barely lift a stone from the construction site, much less a full basket of them.

Instead of delegating task so they could maximize efficiency, they just pick up the whip and furiously whipped any slave that slouched; in their eyes; from the work, no matter if said slave was evidently famine or sick from the lack of sleep, food and basic health care.
As the workforce was only formed from slaves; more than the sixty percent of them children about eight or ten years of age; the construction site was always surrounded by guards and monsters, that keep the slaves quiet and fearful.

Most of the monsters were some kind of dangerous predatory beast, slaved by a powerful monster tamer of branded with slave magic seals or shackles, like the ones the slaves used but a more powerful version, that made the beast, loyal to the death to the cultist that ride or command them.

It was a very common way of punishment, to tie a slave, to an Overlooker; a floating ball that creates a short magical leash between it and a slave, not allowing the slave to move from a spot; and watch how the slave squirmed when the guardian beast tried to bite and gash at them, not reaching by milliliters; keeping the slaves terrified and in constant alert at the movements to the beast.

There was even bets about whom among the slaves; with colorful pet names to identify them, as the cultist did not even bother to learn the name of those that had hunted and forced to work in their delusional utopia; would be able to survive longer once they put them under the Overlooker.

So far, Tattoo boy and Redhead were the leaders of the impromptu entertainment that the guards had devised to amuse themselves during the boring vigilance of the slaves, as most of them were so weak, that it was an absolute miracle that half of them were not dead already by starvation, frostbite and the constant whipping of a taskmaster with an ax to grind with the world.

Itself, the Tower of Heaven was a humongous construction, and of course, the cultist didn’t understand half a shit of what they were doing, not that it really matters, all of them were the pawns of Grimoire Heart; fools that the Dark Guild had convinced about the sacred mission of Zeref, when they were nothing but a convenient excuse.

In the past there were seven of those towers, built during and before the war, but as soon as Zeref disappeared; supposedly death; and his Etherious just vanished with him, the Council immediately stop the construction of the towers and demolish each one of them.

However, there was an eight one, hidden in the islands of Caelum, were the Council had not the same presence as in the rest of Earthland, specially after the fiasco on where they used the excuse of looking after demons, to hunt down some supposed Dark Guild, just to discover that they had mess up the papers and attacked a legal Guild of Caelum.

This Eight tower was nothing but a lot of ruins when the heads of the cult of Zeref discovered it; as Grimoire Heart offered them help to reconstruct; as fellow devotes of the dark arts; they accepted the magic resources and beast that the Dark Guild procured to them.

Unknown to them, was the fact that they were nothing but pawns to Grimoire heart, that pretend to use the eight tower as a method to distract the Council; meanwhile, the Dark Guild will continue with the search of Zeref, as they knew, he was perfectly alive; in fact, he was impossible to kill, by any means.

But if the dark arts crazy fools wanted to believe otherwise, Grimoire Heart was happy to let them distract the council with their antics, as they could focus on really important matters.

For what seems forever to the slaves, the Tower of Heaven was built on the blood, tears and suffering of hundreds of slaves, some of them died, other were crippled mentally and only act like zombies who work and other, were beyond redemption; the taskmaster usually throw them at the beast pits, as proof of what happened to the slaves that did not work.

All for the glory and the revival of a cursed man, who was not even death to being with.
Of course, Zeref did not give a fuck about the towers, there was nothing but a contingency plan for his demons, and instead it was used to revive VIPs, just in case their powers are needed; at the end, the demons turned to Curses and Necromancy, much safer and adequate to their natures, not to mention all of the Etherious used Curses and not magic itself.

Even if they feed on the same source, the Curses had the advantage to work on zones without magic, giving the demons, even more advantages that they already had.

Zeref did not pull anything off, when he created his Library, his Living magic books containing curses that end in the death of the victim.

Any how, the cultist were nothing but a collective of Dark arts lovers, not really understanding where they were stepping, firmly believing in Zeref as some kind of Supreme Dark Wizard that will lead them into an era of supremacy in Ishgar.

They couldn’t be more mistaken, but for the slaves, that was poor consolation, as they had to suffer and work to the bone, each day, trying to fill the impossible quotas that the taskmaster imposed them, and do not die in the process.

As usual, in the middle of this dark pit of despair and slavery, little flames burned, trying to reach a better tomorrow.

Those flames were a bunch of kids under the care of Rob, an old and fragile wizard of Fairy Tail, long past the age of retirement, that had the bad luck to be caught in one of the slave raids of the cultist.

Rob had made his, the duty of protect as much as he could, the souls and bodies of the children around him, from the taciturn Simon, to the cherry and cat like Milliana.

Rob was a wizard that was already on his nineties, only the few magic left in him allow to endure the constant workload that the taskmaster impose on them, at the same time he used form time to time, his magic to help some of the children to survive the night.

The old wizard was user of an old magic, one that could be considered Lost Magic; Soul magic; in essence, he could channel souls from a vessel to another, mostly in the form of organs and such, he was the supreme transplant surgeon in Fiore, but the cost of the operation was big, as he had to take a living piece, from a willing subject, to another; still there will be no rejection, once the implant has been done.

As Fairy Tail member; even if he has been years disappeared from the Guild; he immensely valued the family bonds and the bonds between friends and comrades, those children had became his family, well, not all of them, but when Erza called him Grandpa Rob, his heart filled with pride.

Now he could understand why Maky; Third Fairy Taill Guild Master Makarov Dreyar, for the rest of the world; was so adamant about the bonds of the Guild, that was one of the reasons why Fairy Tail was one of the greatest, they cover each other backs and never left a comrade behind, you mess with a Fairy, you mess with the entire Guild.

Despite his old age, Rob was more than enough skilled as a wizard, to drop discretely some of his own life energy into the children; easing their aches and pains, healing bruised organs and crackled bones, soothing the cold and the hunger from those things the taskmaster call food for the slaves.

However, he was painfully conscious of how little time he had left, even if started to made executive decisions about who save and who dies, his magic will not hold out for much longer; he has already
starting to live more of magical energy than of food and water, a mistake that would cost his life in the future, no doubt.

But he had to do it, otherwise, it would be the children who will suffer and what cost is an old man for the lives of a dozen of young children, who had no other sin than to be in the worst place possible, at the worst possible time?.

The routine for the slaves was simple, they get up; by some very well placed whip slashes; and the taskmaster assigns to them, the task for the day.

The group of Rob; no more than a bunch of old men and women, a dozen of adults and double the number of children; were usually placed on the bottoms of the Tower, reinforcing the foundations of the Tower and mining stone, that would be used to build the upper echelons of the Tower.

All the island was an enormous deposit of minerals, a natural quarry, that was needed to the construction of the Tower, severely cutting down the necessities of supplies.

Leaving apart food and other basic necessities, although the slaves were in the bottom list of the interest of the cultist, they firmly believed that if the slaves died, they would only had to raid another town to the ground and pick some new refreshments.

One sensitive mind among the cultist had already give orders, to do not bring women among the slaves, only children and a few adults; the last thing the project needed was an over amorous taskmaster, having his fun with the slaves, instead of having them working on the construction of the tower.

If they wanted to dig some whores, they could always pick one of the supplies ships and sail to the nearby resort, where they could have all the booze and whores they could want; still, there was a very clear rule about any trip to the mainland.

No one, ever, say a thing about the Tower.

Otherwise, they would found you, your family, your pet, your friends, the neighbor you talk with in the stairs, and kill them, in the most gruesome ways they could even imagine; and we are talking about some nasty Dark Magic lover, people that had killed an entire town, just to get a new batch of slaves.

The slaves, didn’t really knew what was all this about, so far, they were told that they were building a Tower that will grant them the Heaven; not that they haven’t already experimented hell back and forth a dozen of times; when the supreme Dark Wizard Zeref would be revived.

Unknown to the slaves, as they build layer after layer of the building, they didn’t know that, all the place was in truth, a humongous Lacryma, so big that it could contain billions of Idea; the basic unit to gauge magical power; when the Tower is complete, the Cultist will only have to sacrifice wizard and people, until the Lacryma is full and then Zeref would be revived.

They lack knowledge of the truth of course; Grimoire Heart, was clever enough to fully knew that this Cultist and Dark arts lovers, would betray them at the drop of a hat, if they had the chance, so the Dark Guild had keep some vital instructions hidden under their sleeves.

After all, all of this was nothing but a convenient smoke screen for them.

Slow but steady, the Tower start to take form, soon reaching a good altitude, one from where the Cultist could saw the nearby seas, and with the help of a good pair of binoculars, even see the lights of the Resort down the coast.
It was a very popular vacation place, always open for more clients, and the cultist had made good use of the darker corners of the resort to dispose of some slaves or to by some more, after all, the workforce was always needed of another pair of strong hands.

The Lacryma that conforms the base of the Tower was the real problem although.

Lacryma itself was a common thing, but that doesn’t means it was not very carefully regulated by the Council, who had a heavy hand in anything magic related; Lacrymas were versatile magical container that could serve for dozens of common purpose or even to be transplanted into people, turning them into powerful wizards; if they were able to endure the surgery and the sudden influx of Eternano in their bodies.

Sure, Lacryma was a short and easy to access way to power, but the cost could be extreme and most of the wizards are hardly capable of endure the stress of the surgery or the sudden change in her bodies and magical power.

In short, if you are a water attuned, put a fire battery into your own gut, was not the best of the ideas.

Entire cargo of Lacrymas were delivered to the Tower each week, some of them, still need to be shaped and connected to the main frame of the Tower, but another, they were just ready to be installed into the pillar of the Tower, the real main pillar; entirely made of Lacryma; that hold the place together and allow to the higher rooms, to control and channel magical energy through all the building.

Rob; as an old and wise wizard, one that was born just at the end of the war against Zeref and could remember very well, the devastation it caused and how much effort it was needed to build it again, and recover form the horrors.

Could recognize the Lacryma easily, and manage to smuggle bits of it, using the slivers and bits of Lacryma, as extra charges for his magic, augmenting his reserves and allowing him to live a little longer and keep all the children he could, as save and healthy as he could.

He was running against the clock, and he was very conscious of it, but he was a wizard of Fairy Tail, and no way in hell, he was going to surrender, not, when it was a chance to survive and made the children happy; even if it was for a few precious seconds.

Rob was sat on one, specially hard rock, that was not helping at all his old and fragile bones; barely sustained by the magic he had left; the cell on where they had been allocated for the past week was nothing but a cave with steel bars.

His group was one of the few to managed to achieve part of the taskmasters exigences somehow; mostly thanks to Rob discrete use of his Soul Magic; and that had made all them to had the “privilege” to be tasked with the most arduous and delicate parts of the job.

In part because the children are the only ones that could slips past the frames of the construction site and allocate some pieces of the Lacryma on their adequate spots, and in part because they were one of the few groups that were not already on the verge of being disposed off, due starvation, frostbite and after the occasional beating of an overzealous taskmaster, who wanted to show the slaves, who was the boss around there, enforcing the discipline.

The children were resting from the hard day, Erza was trying to console the poor Milliana, whose hand were red and swollen, not only the taskmasters had hit her but her hands were not ready to connect two pieces of active Lacryma without harm.
Any wizard would be able to do something like that with easiness, a bit of magical power to protected yourself for the energies released in the connection and done; easy as pie for any professional.

But one of the cultist saw the girl struggling to raise a heavy stone, and picking her up after some whips lashes, he ordered her to crawl into the dangerous holes on the construction site, to put the tinier Lacrymas where they should.

As ridiculous, as it could appear to be, the taskmaster was gloating of the event, as he has been attacked by a cat in the nearby resort and Milliana just had similar features to a kitten, taking vengeance from the cat, by causing harm to a little girl.

As it has been told several times, this cultist were nothing but the brawn of the heads behind the Tower of Heaven project, and even then, those same heads, were nothing but socket puppies for Grimoire Heart.

Erza was bandaging the hands of the sobbing girl, as she and Wally, tried to comfort the poor girl, Simon and Jerall were discussing something in whisper in a corner of the cell, as a the rest of slaves, just tried to found a place where they could rest and prepare for the next painful day of work.

Rob, stared at the children, his magical power was depleting very quickly, even with the extra power boost of the few Lacryma pieces that he had been able to smuggle from time to time; he suspected that if he continue like that, he was about to die in a week, a month tops, if he start to take drastic decisions.

Trying to get more comfortable in the stone; a labor completely impossible but that didn’t stop him fro trying; he started to breath more calmly, trying to win some extra energies through meditation, and in this case, to pick a fell about how was going the Lacrymas all around them.

The place brimmed with power, far more than any human should be able to command and control, and the Tower was only half done, it was still needed, years of dangerous work to finally build the tower, and he knew that they would not last that much.

Rob look at the children, first of all, his almost adoptive granddaughter Erza, with her rugged eye patch; a souvenir that the cultist had left her, when they torture her for protest, taking her right eye in the process.

The old wizard would have love to sacrifice his own eyes to heal her, but it would drain his magic completely, and would lead them into a worst position.

Erza was kneeling, along Wally Buchannan; near the crying Millianna.

The farmer boy, a kind and honest boy; drag by force along the rest, only wanted to be with his brother, back at their poor yard, where he could ate another of their well deserved sweet potatoes; he had kind of a childish crush in the cat like girl, Milliana.

Unfortunately for the boy, his brother Richard was in another, completely different bunch of slaves, and they could barely see each other, any other moment, that it wasn’t during the heavy task imposed upon the slaves.

A little apart of the trio, was Sho; a tanned boy with blonde hair; was trying to reason with Jerall and Simon, it does seems that this time, they have connoted another possible plan of escape.

Rob knew better than that; it was impossible for them to scape, unless a miracle happened, there was too many cultist, flying beast and those pink lizard hounds of the taskmasters.
Even if he was at full power, would have a very hard time to deal with such numbers against him.

At the corner of the cell, another bunch of kids were trying to get some sleep. Erik, Sorano and Sawyer were a trio of curious children, specially the first one, who seems to have adopted a snake as his own personal pet...and possible the only friend he had apart of Sawyer and Sorano.

He turn back his attention to the discussing boys, as they seems to have a heated argument; Rob was too tired to do nothing about it, and instead, he just lay on the stone, trying to get some well deserved rest and wait for his moment to infuse a bit more of power into them, allowing them to survive another night.

He reminded for a second, how proud he was when Erza run around the cell, with a broom, stating that he was going to be a wizard like him, and take him and the other out of this hell, with a sad frown, he admitted that it was possible that some guard could have ear her and her right eye was the price of disobedience.

Jerall managed to rescue her, but at the end of the day, the guards submitted both and torture both, until they could only survive by Rob intervention, once they were toss back into the slaves cell.

Still, there was something that confused Rob, during all day, the guards, the taskmasters, each one of them seems to be waiting for something, like they were expecting something.

Rob hadn’t see any newcomers along the slaves, neither another ship of supplies; under that light, what made all the guards so nervous?, it was not the kind of nervousness that they should have, in case there was a ship of the Rune knights nearby.

In fact, a hundred of the slaves were from sunken ships from the Rune Knights that the cultist had destroyed before they get too close.

On the other hand, it was the kind of nervousness, that would come as consequence of a great event.

Rob thought about the possibility of them, finally achieving the activation of the R-system, but that was impossible, they Tower was still in construction, they had already build a third of it more or less, and when the real magic comes into the process, the whole building process would go even slower.

And then, his mind reminded that it was not needed to be entire, to have some test runs made...

As his thoughts froze his mind, he ear how a couple of guards; armed with magical staffs and dressed with purple tunics and mask; appeared in front of the cells.

Rob tried to get up and move, but his body was in a very bad shape, and could barely kneel, trying to reach the children, and get them out of the hands of the guards.

The guards open the cell, and after swing their staffs a couple of times, to send some of the slaves to the ground in pain; they kick Simon and Sho out of their way, shocking Jerall into unconsciousness with a discharge of their staffs.

Erza and the rest tried to keep Jerall with them, but it was useless, they were strong and determined children, but the cultist were strong adult, not affected by the cold cell, the starvation and the exhaustion, not to mention their pain inductor staffs they carried around.

In short, they kick the children, leaving them bruised and pained, and took the unconscious Jerall to somewhere in the Tower.

Rob knew that this was the last time, he was going to see the intelligent blue haired, tattooed, boy
and the sensation of guilty for not being able to protect him like he should have done, as member of Fairy Tail wash over him like a tsunami.

Latter during the night, when both Erza and Milliana had sleep in tears from the lost of their friend, Rob sensed the Tower rumble, and with widened eyes, look at the barred hole that acted as a window for his cell; outside; in the middle of a, cloudy, starless night; a sun was going down in the Tower of Heaven.

R-system was one thing, but the Tower of Heaven systems could be used for a dozen different things, one of them, was to summon things, feeding the portal between realms with the energy of the Lacryma.

Eclipse Gate was the final project behind that theory, but Tower of Heaven was similar in magic technology and design of how to channel the magic into the manipulation of different spaces, and even times, if the Tower had enough power and the correct spell and rituals are prepared.

As it has been aforementioned, the heads of this concrete Cult of Zeref, had not all the answers about what and how the R-system goes, after all, it was impossible to actually revive someone that was not death.

But they didn’t know that Zeref was pretty much alive, and relatively well, all things considered.

Grimoire Heart were using them as nothing but bait for the Council, diverting their attention from the Dark Guild activities, in a eight years plan, more or less.

As Jerall was tortured out of his mind, Ultear killed all the cultist that surrounded him and using a piece of tech stolen from the fallen Tartarus, she implanted a piece of a demon in the tattooed eye of Jerall, twisting his mind and turning him into a puppet for Grimoire Heart, without even him knowing.

Although, she couldn’t believe how those idiots had managed to actually use, the incomplete R-system to pierce the heavens and cause who know what kind of ruckus.

Fuming in rage, Ultear vanished from the cell, where they had been torturing the blue haired boy, this was not what she expected, she only had to appear, mind wipe and brain wash the first potential pawn she could find, and disappear as the recently enhanced cretin wipe out the place with the cultist.

He had a lot of reprogrammed orders embed in the same magic that she had infused on his eye and body; in all, she thought that she had almost create a new demon of Zeref with those relics of Tartaros; not that it was a bad thing in her book, as much as they could get close to the supreme Dark wizard, more close all of them will be to the One Magic.

In all, it could be blamed to an accident in experimentation; when they were implementing the R-system, and triple checking that everything was in order, they discovered; in the blueprints of the Tower; the presence of rooms, on where Zeref used summoning magic, accessing to the Celestial Realm and in occasions raiding that mysterious plane, before the Spirits that inhabit it could discover what has happen; after all, a day in the Celestial Realm, equaled three months in the Human World.

They could hit, run and get out of there before any spirits could even notice what has happened, and the idea of celestial slaves, much better than human slaves, was quite appealing for the Cultist.

However, what happened, was not precisely what they expected.

As soon as the chamber was ready, a lot of the wizards among the cultist and a great group of
soldiers prepared to invade the Celestial Realm, drag all the Spirits they could and shackle them with enchanted shackles, so they could not abandon the human realm and to keep them around for more time, that the three days most of the spirits seems to tolerate.

But the beam; that appeared and illuminated the night like a supernova; was not *From the Tower To* the Celestial realm, but the other way around.

The impact of the beam over the floor of the summoning room, made all the structure tremble and a lot of magical circles to appear in quick succession, as the countermeasures in case of a damage to the tower started to act to prevent the entire place to collapse.

The heat of the ray, was more then enough to melt completely the floor of the room, destroying all the symbols and the circles that the raiders were about to use to invade and raid, the Celestial Realm, and along the heat, came the pressure, up to a point on where the cultist with magic items, had to give a step ahead and use their barrier creation items to protect them from the heat and the strength of the impact.

It continues for a few seconds, until the intensity of the beam, start to fade, slowly reducing itself to a white line of the sky and a completely wrecked summoning room, with a hundred or so, astonished cultist, who didn’t understand a shit about what had happened.

Magnus; who was standing in the middle of the room; blinked a pair of times, staring at the cultist, who stared him back, as confused both parts as they could be about what had transpired here, without any of them really knowing whats going on.

“Greetings lads” saluted Magnus with a smirk “Could anyone of you told me where I am?”. Magnus was an imposing figure, six feet and half tall, with the constitution of an athlete, broad and powerful; his red hair with black streaks was combed back, into a ponytail with a silver crow pin keeping it, and his strong face features, still sported a five o’clock shadow in chin, upper lip and cheeks.

His golden eyes; more proper of an animal than a human; look around with evident amusement and zero fear of the heavy armed hundred men in front of them.

He was dress with a silver chainmail armor that covered his torso, black pants, black boots and a black cape with black feathers on the shoulders, the borders of the cape trimmed with runes in gold thread, a pair of black leather bracelets hug his muscled forearms and a necklace of gold with a bear head in black metal hang from his neck.

Magnus appears to be unarmed, and still, all of the soldiers were very wary of the presence of the man; there was something of him that put all of them on alert, it was like walking into a room and found a dangerous animal standing there, looking at you intensely.

Still, orders were orders and soon the cultist barge into the room, surrounding Magnus in a circle formation, with spears and swords pointed at him, as the wizards in the back, prepared their spells and staffs.

Magnus just smirked, still standing in the same place, and cross his strong arms over his chest, waiting patiently for the cultist to made their move, it was not arrogance, it was supreme confidence in his own abilities, that keep him standing and without any fear in his body language.

When the had him completely surrounded, the wizards start to chant an incantation, an a four layer magical circle appear around him; at the end of the chant, the circles spin a couple of times and shot a
purple lighting tentacle like, that grab the wrist and ankles of Magnus.

Who simply raised an eyebrow at the peculiar spell, obviously some sort of trap or bind, that allowed them to capture and harm any possible slave they could find; it was a well designed spell, but had one single weakness.

It only could capture those, whose magical power was not capable of broke the purple lighting like leash, an action that Magnus did with easiness, tearing apart the spell like it was wet paper.

The wizards responsible for the spell blanched a little at how easily had destroyed the man, their imprisonment spell, something that was devised to block even the Zodiac spirits; however they start to bark orders and changed their actions, from imprisonment to elimination.

Magnus raised an eyebrow at the magic bolts of all kind of elements being throw his way and raising his left hand, just created a barrier of golden runes, that completely block the barrage of attacks like they were nothing but a faint rain.

“Violent bunch aren’t you, lads?” chuckled Magnus and extended his right hand.

“Gungnir” called up Magnus, and a magnificent spear; from the golden spearhead to the dark wood, covered in red runes; materialized in his hand.

He grab the spear, and in a quick show of dexterity and skill with the weapon, point the tip to the floor, piercing the already more than damaged floor of the room.

Suddenly all the room was envelope in a massive magical circle that manifested in a golden flash of magical power.

“Incarnating the conflict, those who walk the eternal winter” whispered Magnus channeling magical power on his spear.

“Nauthr” ended his chant.

A golden eruption shot to the sky for a moment, piercing the walls of the room and destroying everything in his path; it happened only for a second, but the massive outburst of golden energy was more than enough to obliterate and entire side of the floor of the Tower, leaving the summoning room like a hole in the side of the Tower and a whistling Magnus looking at the result.

“Aye, I should have tune down the output a little...” chuckled to himself.

As the barrier and the spear disappeared, he walked to the edge of the wrecked room, and take a peek from the altitude, not really recognizing any of the landscapes, but his eyes were able to see in the distance the lights of the Resort, way down the coast.

“I have no idea where the hell I have ended this time” scratched his chin, looking at the cloudy skies “I am pretty sure, I was dinning with King and Leo, chatting about how the Celestial Spirit wizards seems to have diminished over the years and then here I am” spoke with himself Magnus.

A groan from the defeated cultist call his attention, it does seems that one of them was able to raise a defense before the Runic Spell hit him head on; Magnus could respect that, and what is best, it provided him with a chance to get some info about where; in Yggdrasil name; was he?.

Walking to the battered wizard, his mask and robes were torn, and his body; not precisely the epitome of a healthy body; was covered with burns, bruises and gashes, at his side, a broken staff of some kind was smoking from the melted Lacryma on the tip of it.
Magnus grab him by the collar, as he knelt next to the wizard, raising him from the floor, with only one hand and looking his golden eyes with his brown and pained ones.

“Congratulations lad” said Magnus with zero humor in his voice “now, could you answer my original question?”.

The cultist, even pained as he was, could note how dangerous Magnus was, it was pure luck that he had survive the blast; only because he was carrying around a barrier staff, and only because he has used almost all his magical power in protect himself.

“T-To-Tower of Heaven” answer the Cultist.

Magnus snorted, one of those things that Zeref was using to investigate how to kill himself and the demons to bring back some of them?, what the hell was he doing in one of those?, how come they had summon him from the Celestial Realm?.

Morrigan was going to be seriously pissed, fortunately, he had the contract always on him, as a sturdy, comfortable and elegant black cape with feathers and golden threaded trims on the edges.

“And what were you doing here lad?” ask Magnus.

Raising his free hand, so the cultist could see a golden ball of energy forming on the hand; the frightened cultist could sense how his skin was boiling even when the orb as still far from him; Magnus waited him to answer....truthfully.

“We...” for a second the cultist thought about lying, but the ball got closer, and when he felt the second degree burns it was provoking, he clenched his teeth and quickly start to answer.

“We wanted to revive Zeref-sama, he would bring us Paradise!” shouted in a mix of pain and hurry, the cultist.

Magnus ball disappeared in a burst of golden flame, and Magnus look at the man, like he has grown a second head.

“Lad...are you crazy?, that nut job of Zeref is alive; Hella curse him, he can not die, his curse made him practically immortal” said Magnus to the Cultist, whose eyes grow to saucer sizes at the explanation.

“You had no idea of that, aren’t you?” more than asked, practically confirmed Magnus at the stunned reaction of the poor sod.

But even if the lad was nothing but a puppet, it didnt explain what the hell they were doing at the Tower of Heaven, this things are not cheap, it is needed resources, materials, a workforce...and judging from whom has they greet him and..

“*What a moment...isn’t that the symbol of Zeref?, the demon eye?” pondered Magnus in his mind.

Letting the cultist fall and groan form the rude treatment, he pick one of the fallen; and relatively entirely; masks of the wizards and the guards, he hadnt payed attention before but now that he could take a closer look at the thing; and considering what the cultist has told him...

“Well, lad, it does seems that you had a lot more to tell me than I thought...” Magnus completely crushed the mask in his hands “but first comes first...what year is this?”.

The cultist blinked, and only could shiver at the image of the tall young man, eclipsing the lights of
the hall outside of the room, with a sharp dagger in one hand, walking at him; the cultist really
prayed for a swift death, but something told him, that was not gonna be the case...

Ultear had sensed the spell, that those idiots had use, she had used her magic to interrogate one of the
fools that controlled the system, and she was fuming with rage at their idea to raid the Spirit Realm,
even with the disappearance of the majority of the Celestial Spirit wizards, it was never a good idea
to mess with the Celestial Realm, they could be dangerous and had all the time in the world to plot
their vengeance.

Caprico/Zoldeo, was the living example of her arguments, the wizard was able to fuse himself with
the Spirit, gaining the inhumane physical and magical strength of the Spirits and using his powers,
killing and subduing a lot of humans, mostly because he could do it.

Zoldeo was one of those cases of wizards, so drunk in their own power that could barely thought
about anything non-related to it; it was a good thing that she was better than him and had the entire
trust of Grand master Hades to back her up, when they butt heads...sometimes literally.

Ultear used her Arc of Time magic to travel through the Tower, as soon as she released Jerall and
infused him with a Demon eye; the mark of Zeref, proudly visible on the white of the eye, flogging
the boy with magical power, changing him into a good, powerful, puppet; the blue haired boy started
to massacre cultist and wizards back and forth.

Ultear was controlling him via her magical orb; being sure that he started what must be done, so
Grimoire Heart could operate out of the radar of the Council; she smirked at how easily was he
dispatching the Cultist on his way, destroying this little pawns of Grimoire Heart that had dared to act
without the permission of his master.

However, she didn’t expect for a sun to came directly over his faces.

The arrival of Magnus had several unexpected consequences, that has ended in a massive revolt of
the slaves, fighting for his freedom and paying back the Taskmasters for all the suffering they had put
them through.

It was a good thing, that most of the wizards had been already dispatched by Magnus, otherwise, the
slaves would be a complete, one side massacre, as the spells started to harvest their lines like they
were wheat.

As the first consequence, was the fact that the R-system has been forced beyond what it was safe and
used in a manner that was not prepared too; the idea was to travel, not to drag an Spirit down
Earthland, and even so, the beam would have done nothing but damage any Spirit on his way,
except for the fact that it found, something non-spirit and latched to it, dragging it to Earthland.

Magnus being the poor victim in all this, mostly, no doubt half of the Spirits would be asking where
the hell was the man, he has just...vanished in thin air, in the faces of the Spirit King and Leo.

Now that the system was mostly broken, the Lacryma, and nearly all the structures of the Tower;
specially after how Magnus had practically obliterated and entire floor of the tall structure; must be
substituted, if not directly reconstructed, adding years and expenses the half made Tower
The second consequence, was that Magnus, in his ignorance of what was happening here; had almost killed the seventy percent of the wizards presents in the Tower, along a big part of the most capable soldiers of the Cultist.

That didn’t exactly spoke well for the organization, but they were there mostly to look after children and old people, you don’t waste your better troops in patrolling a construction site; so the guards and most of the Taskmaster were nothing but contracted brawn with white card to discipline the slaves as they see fit.

As Jerall went up the stairs, and Magnus went down the stairs, it was almost comical, to see how both were tearing apart the tower, destroying walls and entire rooms in explosions of magic, accompanied with the bodies of a lot of cultist.

They look like they were out of some crazy cartoons, sending cultist and guards; along beast twice the size of both of them; flying through the walls or destroying entire sections of the Tower, just to pass the barricades and obstacles they found their way.

Ultear was observing it all through her ball, a powerful magical item that allow her to focus her sight in distant places, and a focus for her Arc of Time magic; as the scene progressed.

She just stared dumfounded at the destruction both were making, even sweat drooping at one of the scenes on where the newcomer; an absolute hunk in her teenager mind opinion; had grab one of the beast by the snout and threw the best over his shoulder like it was a rag doll, and not a dangerous predator of half a ton of fangs and claws.

It was ridiculous, and Ultear couldn’t but watch in amazement, the sheer strength of the newcomer, was he some kind of Spirit?, nothing human could posses such strength unless his magic was an Holder Type, focused in enhance the body of the wizard into superhuman levels.

Now, that was interesting, there was a lot of wizards that used some kind of physical enchantment to endure the constant dangers of his job, but this was in another entire different level, not to mention how he used form time to time, diverse weapons and burst of a golden magic that she had never seen before.

Captivated by the man; and her teenager mind pointed out that he was handsome devil along all that wonderful magical power, but she quickly shut down that part of her mind, she didn’t want to dwell in those damn hormones, she didn’t need them, dammit, it was only professional curiosity and not because a body that half of the models of this world would sell their mother souls for...dammed hormones!; she huffed and keep observing his travel downside the tower.

He was about to reach the slavers pen, where the battles were becoming more desperate and brutal, as even the children were taking weapons from the fallen and start to stab and be stabbed by the cultist in the animal frenzy, each side was showing.

As Magnus twisted the neck of the taskmaster that has tried to attack him with a magic whip, he could ear the noise, the battle between the slaves and the taskmasters and cultists was getting violent by the seconds, as each side had a loot of axes to grind with the other.

From an upper balcony of the room, Magnus could see how they slaves were pushing their former
tormentors, and Magnus could see how even the children were actually fighting with borrowed weapons; back in his home land, rare was the kid that did not knew how to handle a weapon, but this was disgusting.

Magnus put his hand over the rail of the balcony and jumped over it with easiness, free falling several stories down, like it was nothing but an easy jump.

Under him, the slaves moved like a wave, attacking the taskmasters and the cultist that had survive the sudden collapse of the entire Lacryma of the Tower.

Fire balls, lighting and all kind of projectiles pass over them, as they jump and engage the wizards in close combat, before they could use more magic on them.

It was a valiant effort, but at the end, it would be an useless one, as the guards take formations; better armed, and not weakened for years of slavery; and start to fend off the attacks as the few remaining wizards start to blast all they put their sight on.

During the battle, Erza had managed to get a shield, a rusty sword and a little armor that fit her body, but what really matters, it was that his magic had awakened, allowing her to send waves after waves of the abandon weapons around her, to her enemies.

Still, despite all the strength the girl shows, it was one against many, and her magic was not trained, not refined, expending a lot more of what's necessary to send the swords flying into the bodies of the cultist and their forces.

At some point, one of the wizards from the Cult, noticed how Erza was by far, the most dangerous slave, and with a series of orders, he order his wizard companions to focus the magic attacks on her, once she will be out of the picture, the rest of the slaves will soon fall under their magic.

Rob watched in horror how Erza defended herself from the first projectiles, swinging her rusty sword until it broke, but finally, the numbers turn on her, as one nasty looking dark projectile hit her on the chest, breaking part of her armor and sending her to the ground, wounded and with tears in her eyes.

Another barrage went at her, and Rob didn’t even thought about it, jumping in the middle of the barrage and start channeling all his remaining magic, even his own life force, to deflect the incoming barrage, but as he was about to sacrifice himself, a shadow crashed in the floor directly in front of the attacks, blocking them.

As the smoke of the fall and the attacks cleared, a knelt Magus appeared in front of the slaves and the cultist; opening his eyes, his golden; soul piercing; eyes, filled with disgust and hate pointed to the cultist, he stood up and pointing his left palm to the cultist and their wizards, he started his own spell.

"The beast that hunts the sun, now I unleash thee..” chanted Magnus the magic agglomerated in his extended palm, soon manifesting a massive wolf head, that snarled and bite the air in front of him with barely contained rage.

“Hunt, Sköll” Magnus released the head wolf, and like missile, the golden apparition, torn to shreds anything in his path, dismembering and disemboweling any cultist, soldier or wizard standing on his path.

Soon, the golden head, became red by the blood and gruesome body parts that hangs from his surface, as it continues to hunt all near him, much like a rabid beast would do.

Throwing into disarray, the cultist disperse, trying to put as much space, as possible between
themselves and the golden wolf head that was butchering them, moment of respite that Magnus, used to turn around; ignoring the massacre; and facing the old man and the wounded girl.

“Greetings, lad” smiled Magnus to the astonished Rob, who was about to collapse, as his magic was near the limit too “ sorry to stole your thunder, but I couldn’t allow you to die at the hands of this...pests” Magnus snarled pointing with his thumb to the cultist, that were trying to destroy the monster in their lines.

“I..thank you” said Rob and suddenly Magnus noticed the tattoo on his back, as the old man kneel in exhaustion.

“Fairy Tail?, are you a wizard of Fairy Tail?” asked Magnus, happy to see one of Mavis boys, even in a desperate situation like this.

“Well...yes, I am from Fairy Tail but..” said Rob, who pointed out suddenly to the back of Magnus, eyes widening “ Watch out!”.

“Oh, do not fret, lad” smiled Magnus and snapping his left hand fingers, and a world, a dome of golden runes protected him and all of the slaves.

“Algiz”

Honestly, Magnus didn’t expect for the cultist to eliminate so fast his spell, after all Sköld was almost a living spell that hunts for blood and flesh until it was satiated; and it was only the first version of the spell, but it was more than enough to deal with this pests, none of them worthy of his blade or his respect.

All the slaves noticed how protected they were, as the spells of the wizards of the cult and the weapons of the guards did nothing against the golden dome, that flawlessly protects them from any damage from the outside.

Taking this as a chance to catch a little breath, a lot of the slaves collapsed in exhaustion, the adrenaline could only lead you so far, and they were already losing their second wind, even with all their hate and rage, years of inhuman conditions did made numbers on them.

Rob; and a lot of the children that were fighting moments ago, runnig near their friend; worry and fear painted in their faces; they look out for the pained girl, who hug her sides and chest.

Looming over them, Magnus kneel and offered his black and golden cape to Rob and the children.

“Cover her with this” explained Magnus with a kind smile and soft voice “ It would keep her warm and will help her to heal”.

Sniffing and a little terrified of the giant, the kids obeyed and wrapped Erza with the cape, Rob was more than capable of identifying it like a magical item but then Magnus softly drawn a rune in the forehead of the girl and with a soft and warm tone pronounced another of his odd but indubitable powerful incantations.

“As Idunn bless the Aesir with strength and health, I bless you child of man with the same gift” there was warm and kindness in his voice.

All surrounding him, could sense his magical power soothing their nerves and fears, his power was a mantle that covers them against the darkness, and they welcome it, in their darkest hours.

“Uruz”.


A rune glow a second in the head of Erza and she stop struggling, sighing once and opening her eye to see a giant of a red head man like her, she didn’t know him, but the magic that was soothing her pain; and erasing whatever that dark bolt that had hit her, was doing to her; was a warm and kind one, she felt that this giant was nothing like the cultist or the taskmasters.

“Hello, little one” greeted Magnus with a kind smile.

“Erza!” shouted the children and hugged their friend, relieved that she was not gravely wounded.

When they saw how she had fall after being hit by that dark thing, they feared the worst, but now she was not in pain, and this giant of a man, had dispatched a lot of the one that enslaved them, it was bit gory and bloody but this children were not ignorant of the hate and rage that dwell in their souls.

It simply was a bit unfair that the giant man was the only one that could kill them; they wanted vengeance, and broke Magnus heart to see innocent children to be like this.

One thing was to be a warrior, where your enemy in the battlefield knew as well as you do, that you could die at any moment, the way of the blade was a bloody one, but this kids had no choice, they had been forced into violence and suffering, not a sliver of honor, or a chance for improvement, just brutal and short lives.

Magnus was changing that, but the damage was already done, and Magnus could see in their eyes; deep buried under the relief and love they had for their friend; the rage and fear that would accompany them for all their life.

It pissed Magnus off, and a pissed off Magnus, an enraged Magnus, was a very, very terrifying sight to behold.

From each side tunnel, a new squad and division of cultist and taskmaster appeared, they were like ants in Magnus opinion; and this time they bring beast and flying draconic lesser beings, in all Magnus could count about two hundred enemies; and none of them did actually carry any sensation of power.

They could be hiding it, of course, but Magnus was somehow convinced that this was nothing but easy muscle, the kind of muscle that one could easily dispose of.

Magnus reinforced the barrier with a gesture, making the rune glow and thick the golden color of the barrier, partially smoking the surface, making it hard to see the other side.

“Those are a lot of troops” sighed Rob.

“Nothing but nuisances” snorted Magnus, in such a confident tone, that Rob blinked a pair of times.

“Err...not really wanting to be rude but...” and Rob took notice that he didn’t knew the name of his savior.

“Magnus” simply presented himself Magnus “wandering wizard from Iceberg”.

“So cool...” mussed one of the kids, the one with a curious square like face.

“No second name?” mussed out loud Rob, he was sure, that he has listened to that name at some point.

“Nay, no, no for the moment” shrugged Magnus with a sad smile.
The outsiders tried to break the barrier of Magnus, but even if they slammed their weapons and tossed spells left and right; the barrier held strong, blocking any danger to the ones under his protection, who could only try to catch a breath and observe in amazement the golden protection.

“We need to get Jerall” said Erza, surrounded by the cape of Magnus, as the children held her “they are going to kill him.” they were panic in her voice and Magnus frowned, this Jerall must be very important for her.

“Hold your horses, lass” chuckled Magnus “none of you are in any form of shape to begun looking for your friend, not to mention, you had an army at the doors” smirked Magnus to the futile efforts of the cultist at the other side of the barrier, temporarily unable to attack them.

As they failed, they were patiently waiting for the barrier to fall, blocking any space route, except the one that has been covered by the dome, when it was created.

“But...” the girl frowned, and Magnus was a little impressed with the redhead girl.

She was so much like some of his best Shield Maidens back home, that he couldn’t but instinctively respect a fellow warrior and such a devotion to her friends, although, this Jerall... from how she sounds, it does seem that he was more than a friend for the redhead.

“Oh, I get it, you don’t want to leave anyone behind” sighed Magnus “but, tell me little one, who was going to protect them, before you reach the docks?” asked Magnus pointing to the already exhausted slaves surrounding them.

“First comes first, lass” smiled Magnus “I deal with the army of mocks, you bring everyone here, safe to the outside” pointed Magnus to the unique escape route “and I promise you, I will try to find your friend before I demolish, this rotten place”.

Seeing that there was no room for debate, Rob and the children nodded and started to pass the word to all the slaves, moving the group into the caves, even if Magnus was confident on his barrier, he knew that in due time; at the cultist did look determined to pass through it; they will break the magical construct by sheer force and numbers.

He waited patiently for the slaves to go deep into the path; leaving his cape with Erza, just a form of saying her that he would fulfill his promise, and the cape would be a good substitute for her armor, now that it was broken; and with a final wave, Magnus extended a hand and materialized another of his weapons.

This time, a solid and robust hammer of short handle that sparked with barely contained lightning from time to time.

“Mjolnir” called Magnus the weapon and with a single upward strike, demolish the entrance of the path, blocking the route for the cultist, in case they decided to ignore him and went after the slaves.

After smashing the entrance, Magnus simply turned around and counted the number of the enemies, barely a hundred and half, and that even counting the beast that they had carry around with them.

Magnus smirked and did some neck exercises before the battle.

This could be a good warm up.

The dome vanished and Magnus started another incantation, as his body started to softly glow in a golden and black aura; taking a battle stance with his hands surrounded by two magical orbs of golden power, Magnus prepared to release a more violent version of the same spell that has
butchered the previous cultist.

“From the east Sköll hunts the sun, from the west Hati hunts the moon”...

The cultist did not lose a moment neither, and soon all of them charge at Magnus, ready to kill the intruder and go after the slaves, even if he was a powerful wizard, he was surrounded by a hundred of warriors and a lot of wizards, all of them already sending spells at him.

“Wolves that prey the sky fire” ended Magnus his spell and two gigantic wolves of pure magical energy materialized and clashed in a thunderous explosion with both warriors and spells.

Unknowing the destiny of his friends and fellow slaves; and not that now it matter to him, the mind control of Ultear was flawless in that aspect; Jerall just keep walking in the Tower, killing anything that comes his way, in explosion of divine energy, as the piece of a demon attached to him, show him how to use powerful and lethal magic.

Between Magnus and Jerall, they had very much, emptied the Tower of all of his former owners, in a very violent and gruesome way, in some cases, specially Jerall, that had no real notion of how gruesome was the deaths he was provoking with his high level magic.

The boy continued wandering on the halls that guide to the old control room of the Tower, there he could understand how it works, and then he could start to build it anew, better, for the sake of Zeref, the one that would guide them into the paradise.

The poor boy was not conscious of how foolish did that sound, how absurd could be that a well know nihilist would never guide anyone into a paradise, as much, he would kill you, or; better if you ask him; he would prefer you to kill him.

Any case, Jerall, just continue walking into the Tower, reaching for the control room, and in his way, destroying all cultist he could find, and releasing all the slaves that he found; being them chained to the walls as punishment or simply trapped into different galleries, as the collapse of a good portion of the Tower, was the cause of part of the structure to trap those who were working on them.

Still, he didn’t even listen to what the slaves say, and if by some unfortunate coincidence, they stood on his way, he would simply deal with them, the same way he has dealt with any nuisance in his path; a quick and devastating spell, and that was it.

The mind of Jerall was beyond redemption by now, Ultear may believe that she had the control, but in truth; and considering how little did anyone knew about how the demons of Zeref really work; she had committed a dangerous mistake.

First of all, the piece that has implanted inside Jerall, was a portion of the eye of none other than Mard Gerd, the deceased King of the Underworld, who has already corrupt the boy, up to a point on where he didn’t knew that the Tower that he was about to build, was for the sake of his resurrection.

The supreme tactician of the destroyed Tartaros; a Dark Guild that was obliterated during the war when Mavis and his Guild, along all the Guilds she could found and convince to join her attacked the alliance of demons with all they got; was a very patient demon.

He already calculated his downfall; once that bastard of the Juggernaut, that damned mercenary killed D’mongo and practically destroy an entire flank of his army when he killed ERN; once the army of demons suddenly lost foot in Fiore, mostly because master Zeref disappeared like he has never been around.
Mard never understood what happened to his master to change of thought so easily, not to mention E.N.D was no longer an option, when that fairy whore and her cohorts slammed the doors of the library and start to overwhelm the Etherious, one by one.

Ironically, she used the same tactic, that the demons had been using during all the war; each Etherious could be resurrected, but once the labs were obliterated and buried, the Etherious were condemn, and Mard took some extra precautions.

Still, ending in a body like he was now, was not among his plans; the boy had talent, of that, he had few doubts, and his body could be an adequate vessel in the future, but he would like to be revived into the body of a real powerful wizard, someone like Mavis or the other Guild master that went with her when Tartaros fall.

Anyhow, Jerall mind was blissfully ignorant of the plans of the demon piece inside him, at the moment, he was far more determined to reach the control room and enact the self destruct of most of the pieces of the Tower.

He was going to rebuild it from scratch, this time as it really should be, as a Tower that would guide all of them into the heaven.

Ultear, on the other hand, was more or less satisfied with the result, she will inform Master Hades of the presence of the newcomer, as his power was something to take into consideration, but for the most part, her work here was done; and she could get back to the Grimoire Heart for the next steps on their plans.

Already on the docks, and after crossing and liberating as much slaves as they could, all of the group of Erza and the rest, were trying to use the ships, to sail into the main land.

The ships on the docks were not precisely the best vessel one could find, after all, the real ships were supposedly, still sailing for supplies, before everything went straight to hell, there was a lot of slaves and very few ships, still, all the groups started to separate and board the ships, trying to set them on route to the nearby coast of Fiore.

But the first thing a lot of them did, was to take the warehouses like a tsunami, eating and drinking real food for the first time in years, and picking up some clothes; no matter if still carried the symbol of the cult, they could easily rip it out of the cloth; anything was better that the rags that they had been wearing for years.

Rob recovered a little, no longer in dangerous of crumble apart after using all his magic; thanks to the Magnus giant of a man; and was helping the children to found food and other supplies, ready to embark into one of the ships; a lot more of the slaves had already divided; some has already sail into the open waters, and other were filling the ship they were going to take, with supplies; as a lot of slaves were from Caelum, and other coastal kingdoms.

The old wizard, was helping some of the kids to enter into the ship, unfortunately, the travel into the bowels of the towers and to the docks, has not been an easy one, there was a lot of bags of resistance on the way, bunch of guards and wizards that had no idea what the hell had happen and suddenly a lot of slaves came their way, eyes fill with hate and vengeance.

They had lost people in that skirmishes, as even in their confused state, a wizard was capable of cause a lot of casualties with a spell, specially if they had staffs, and a few precious seconds; before the slaves caught him; to cast the spell before they were killed by the vengeful slaves.

In all, and in no small parts to the recently awaken magic power of Erza; a incredible powerful TK
that allow her to manipulate swords and weapons into dangerous projectiles; the girl kept the cape of Magnus, as it was a better armor that the ragged breastplate she carried, and it keep her warm and protected.

She didn’t recognize Magnus, he was not from Rosemary village, but he has help them, and heal her, so in her books, he was a good man; not to mention, he has fighting an army, in order to give them time to space into open seas, and say goodbye to this hell on earth.

Tower of Heaven, her ass; this was hell, and he wanted to left this place as soon as possible.

But she wanted Jerall to go with her too, the body has always cheer him, he gave her a name, a name that she liked a lot, and carried it with pride, after all, it was like her red hair, Scarlet; a name that fitted her, more than one could think at first sight.

As they reach the docks, Erza started to feel increasingly worried, she had no doubt that Magnus will be back, as soon as he has ended the cultist, even if she had only saw his magic once, the man exuded power and confidence in spades, it was a warm sensation, like the one she had when he had his feather coat on her.

But that did little to soothe her worries, neither Magnus or Jerall had appeared, and soon, all of them will sail, leaving them alone in the ruined Tower, something that Erza found extremely disgusting; Magnus has save them from a sure death, and Jerall was a friend, she could not allow that to happen.

Finding her determination, Erza run back into the Tower of Heaven, ignoring the callings of her friends and her grandpa, completely focused in finding Jerall and bringing him back to the mainland with her; she would not abandon anyone.

Magnus, on his part, was having a great time.

After his spell has decimated the main forces, it was only a labor of dealing with the small groups, one by one, before they finally see how they are going to be butchered and retreat before suffering more casualties.

What really was making Magnus day, was the fact that none of them were actually running to the hills; in fact, they seems to be complete determined to kill him, and such a devotion was something that Magnus could respect, if he wasn’t actually butchering them like they were nothing but cattle.

As soon as the “Wolves that prey the sky fire” spell, hit the lines of cultist, Magnus call forth a pair of dangerous weapons and jump at the enemy, engaging in close combat and swift dealing with groups, making the wizards hard to actually target him, without reducing the number of meat shields they had to prevent themselves to be killed by Magnus.

Naeging and Nauthr, a pair of runic weapons, that he forged in the Celestial realm, and personally enchanted and attuned to his magic; making the two handed weapons, even more dangerous than they already were.

Two handed sword and battle ax, respectively, those were weapons that only a person with inhumane strength would be able to handle in battle, much less in pair and with the swiftness and skill that Magnus was displaying.

The sword was distinctive, in the sense that it looks like it has been forged with scraps and broken nails, giving it a crude and vast appearance, that hide the fact that it was almost unbreakable and was strong enough to shatter even dragon bones.

The ax on the other hand, was a two headed, short handle battle ax, with glowing runes on each
blade, a weapon that promised nothing, but bloody death.

Training with Taurus did harvest some very nice benefits, the bull Spirit of the Zodiac was one of the best sparring partners that Magnus could even ask for, and when the more battle oriented of the Zodiac came into the scene, the sparring sessions were even better.

*Naegling* split in half another soldier and without finishing the swing; Magnus changed the direction of the attack and buried the; in apparent raw and crude; edge of the weapon, into the shoulder and chest of another, kicking his remains into another and with a brutal swing of *Nauthur* chop them into a bloody heap.

Magnus jumped backwards, dodging a fireball, but even if he get out of the zero point, the blast of the explosion forced him to raise his guard; the weapons could handle such a thing easily, but as he was guarding, another set of spells came his way.

Charging ahead, Magnus moved his weapons in a flurry of strikes, cutting the spells of sending them into the walls, floor and roof, covering the distance between him and the wizards with impressive speed and cutting them into pieces, in a blink.

An arrow graced his flesh, leaving a red line on his powerful biceps and another projectile hit his armored back, making him tumble forward before another missile of lightning came his way, clenching his teeth, the sword slapped the electric ray and Magnus jumped to dodge a rain of arrows.

Landing several meters far, to the side of the attackers, he start to run in zigzag, at such speed that none of the cultist were actually capable of following him, and just start to attack into what they believe will be the next spot he was going to be.

It was a common tactic when you fought something so fast, that mark the shoot was almost impossible, but any projectile that managed to actually threaten him, was soon deflected by the runic weapons.

*Naegling* pierced the chest of one of the wizards, who barely could sense how the irregular blade shred his chest and organs, as with a lazy flick of his wrist, *Nauthr* beheaded another wizard.

The survivors scattered and a couple of them managed to summons a powerful explosion at point blank, something that impressed Magnus a little, and left his right arm; the one carrying the ax; a little numb and bruised.

The explosion has rip the corpse on his sword, leaving a trail of blood and torn flesh on the irregular, nail and serrated edge; with a feral snort, Magnus down both his weapons over one of the responsible of the explosion and before the other could react, headbutted him and;once the man was on the floor with a broken nose and a concussion; stomp his chest, shattering his ribs and sternum, turning his inner organs into a pulp.

There were few cultist left, and after what they had witness, they finally see the light and start running the hell out of there, before that monster deals with them.

The only remaining was a couple of flying beast riders; that has been throwing magical explosions at him, all that time; and a monster tamer that keep a couple of those pink lizard, hounds, whatever they were.

Seeing the fleeing pathetic leftovers of the cultist forces, Magnus turn his attention to the flying riders and the tamer.

The riders send a couple of dark and acid projectiles at him, something that Magnus dodge with
easiness and counterattack, by bulging the muscles of his arms, and in a powerful throw, bury both weapons to the hilts, in the chest of both riders.

Pity, such a stunt left him wide open for the jaws of one of the pink whatever they were beast, and his jaws close like a beartrap over his chest and back; fortunately, both his skin and armor was more than enough to withstand the bite.

A fang managed to wound his cheek and drop a tear of blood; enraging Magnus that grab the beast by the mouth and with a roar, split it in half in a show of strength, sending blood in every direction.

Taking advantage of the astonishment of the tamer, Magnus jumped and used the two halves of the beast to crush his tamer under a ton of bloody meat, cracking the floor by the sudden impact against it.

With the tamer dead or at last out of commission for a while; after how a ton of meat has crash directly on him with strength enough to provoke a little quake; the remaining beast, who was no longer under the control of the tamer, start to run out of there.

Magnus couldn’t allow that; it was not that he would not just leave the poor beast go, it was simply precaution, if the beast found a bunch of slaves in his path, the beast will snap at them, killing a lot of innocents.

Magnus caught the beast before it could scape into the halls of the Tower; easily surpassing the speed of the beast; and give him a mercy kill, crushing his head with a punch, crushing everything to a pulp, form the neck to the jaws; the beast would didn’t even knew that he was death until the darkness reclaimed him.

Waving his finger a little to ease the pressure, after the brutal punch he has used, crushing the head and five centimeters of rock under it; Magnus observe the room, filled to the brim with corpses, and the broken pieces of walls, floor and even the roof of the slave pen.

The battle had take a lot more than he expected, after all, he has handicapped himself, so he could enjoy the battle for longer, otherwise he would have simple used the same “Nauthr” spell, that he used when he landed; still didn’t knew how the hell had that happened; at the welcoming party that had received him.

Well, it was done now, the slaves would nothing to worry about, the ones that had slaved them, had been decimated, seriously crippling whatever man force they could have.

Magnus couldn’t knew it, but between him and Jerall, they had killed almost five hundred persons, as they cleaned the tower and the battle at the slaves pens.

Not that Magnus would care, if someone pointed such numbers at him, he was a Campione long before he landed; in a very painful manner; in Earthland, and for more than seven centuries, he has had more than enough battles; against divine beings and human beings; to not really be impressed by such a number of casualties.

His own sword, *Tyrfing*; back when he was a Campione in Midgard, his own dimension; carried around more than five hundred thousand souls, from the corpses of the massacre that finally freed the weapon for the three catastrophes that it was obliged to witness or cause.

His body started to heal the superficial damages he had suffered, a bit of healing magic, in this case in the form of the Rune *Uruz*; the Rune that granted health and healing; was more than enough to deal with a any of the damages that this low thugs of the wizardry world had been capable of
inflicting on him.

*Naegling* and *Nauðr*, raise from the corpses of his victims and fly into his hands, that grasped the hilts with the familiarity of the one that had unsheathed the weapons and hundred of times, and made them go back into his Re-quip magic.

He has got a lot more faster with it, but only with a few selected, very special weapons; like this two, *Mjölnir*, *Gungnir* a some more, he still take a lot of time to take in and out of his Re-quip, things like armor, utilities and other commodities.

Still, he had a lot more of things to do in the Celestial realm, as he finally found the perfect magic for him, and trained to the bone that said magic, until he had mastered it fully and tweaked it a lot, to suit his own personal preferences.

That and the contracts, Morrigan was going to skin him alive, if he didn’t found a way to get in contact with her soon, fortunately, for the perspective of the Celestial Spirits, it must been a matter of minutes tops; since he had banished under the noses of King and Leo.

Speaking of which, Leo has never let him live this down, if he gets ear of how has he been summoned like a Spirit.

Speaking of that, he knew that Erza carried his feathered cape, a gift that Morrigan and Corvus give to him, when he became his summoner, except he didn’t have the silver key with him now, it was in his little manor in the celestial realm, and he could call for it now...

Raising an eyebrow at the corpse of the pink lizard like beast, Magnus pondered for a few seconds, if it was edible, and if it was, how tasty could it be, if he roasted the meat and seasoned it with some pepper and a fine cover of hot honey and spices...

But that were mussing for peaceful times, now he had another things to do, after all, he did had promised to the little Erza to look out for that Jerall kind, whoever he was, so he will have to get back into the Tower halls and start looking for the boy.

Not the most appealing of the task, but he did promise, and Magnus always was a man of his word.

He kicked the corpse of one of the cultist and toss the corpse of the beast over his shoulder, taking mental note of trying to look out for what in the Nine realms were those things; this Earthland world was full of surprises.

And sometimes, none of them were actually good, the Etherious, was good proof of what he was saying, those things should had never existed in the first place, but Zeref was desperate after his four century alive, and wanted to end it all.

Poor sucker, Campiones lived a similar existence, only seasoned with the occasional fall of an [Heretic God] down to earth, provoking what could be called, natural disasters of all kind; and even sometimes the disappearance of entire countries, vaporized under the wrath of the most dangerous of the gods; Magnus was the defender of Midgard against the incursions of aforementioned deities.

Protecting humankind for those deities, and hunting down any fools that tried to used the power of the deities for his own, or dwell into secrets that no mortal should put his hands on it.

There was gods that should have never been discovered, not even exist in first place; much less worshiped.

Pazuzu was one of those for example, it took Magnus three days to hunt down the accursed demon
god of famine, locust and winds; all for a simple whim of the demon god, that was trying to destroy an amulet that carried a sliver of the essence of his rival/lover; the priest were not very sure about this, depend on the reading and interpretation; Lamashtu.

But those were no longer present in this world; Magnus had already triple check for the presence of deities of any kind, in the Celestial Realm, and come more or less clean, of anything that he feared; although, he was pretty much sure, King and Leo was shutting a lot of secrets, he had no right to pry on them, and only offer his hand for the moment that it could be needed.

Centuries as Campione, has already show him, how No prison, punishment, banishment, cage, whatever; last for eternity, that is a lot more time that even the gods wanted to contemplate.

Magnus look into the hall in front of him, and keep walking, if his senses were right, there was a couple of high magical signatures around; one a couple of floors over him, and the other walking right into the Tower from somewhere at his left.

One of the two was Jerall, so Magnus took the quick route and channeling some magic into one of his hands, he released his “Sköll” spell and blasted a good chunk of the floor, as he jumped into the higher pathways of the destroyed slave pen, reaching the upper floors, quite more quickly than he had walk the stairs.

The Tower was going to be demolished anyways, so he saw no reason to be delicate with the structure of the building, trashing it for good, each time he needed to pass through a wall, the floor and the roofs of the building, looking for said high magical signature.

As he continued his hunt; Ultear had left the place long ago, waiting patiently for the next step in the plan, that it would take some years, after all, Jerall must grow up into a fine wizard and slowly rebuild the place and earn a place on the council.

Jerall and Erza on the other hand, were looking at the ruins of the Tower, she has been lucky; depending of the point of view, now that she had been attack by her friend and wounded her badly; and had found Jerall quickly, but as soon as she reached her friend, Jerall had turn on her, and attack her with a spell that had left her bruised and battered.

“I will create a true Tower of Heaven” Jerall had the face distorted by a wicked smile on his face, as Mad Greer whisper from the back of his mind, turning the other way kind and optimistic child, into a lunatic of the worst kind “ I will revive Zeref and I will correct all that is wrong in this world”.

Erza didn’t really listen to the ramblings of the boy, she just...well, she was confused as hell, pained and crying with her only eye, as one of the person she loved, had become a crazy madman, who was even worst that the same cultist that destroy her home town.

“Jerall...please” she beg, crying on the floor, her body covered by the cape of Magnus, protecting her as much as it could “ please, Simon, Milliana, Wally, they are waiting for us, we can get out of here...”.

“Nonsense” snorted Jerall, with his demon eye glowing in red “ I had a lot of work to do..and speaking of which, I cant allow those slaves to run and flap their gums at the Rune Knights, destroying my Tower”.

Erza paled at the words of Jerall, was he about to kill their friends and Grandpa Rob?, what?, that was impossible!, Jerall was her friend, but, but...

The crazy boy just waved and Erza body, cape included, went flying, aggravating the wounds she
had already, even after the wonderful treatment Magnus Rune done to her sore body; as Jerall walked to the border of the destroyed room on where they stood, Erza body fly in pain to levitate past the border and over a nasty fall of several meters into the wreckage.

“I pity you Erza, I really do” sighed Jerall and Erza shivered under the cape, the voice of Jerall had taken a nasty, odd and rare tone, his eye glowed in red with and odd symbol she had never saw before in him.

“This is my Tower, I will baptized it as the Tower of Paradise, and I would create a wonderful world, where everybody would be happy” the delusions of the body started to get dangerous, but Erza could barely cry ,as she didn’t recognize her friend, in the form of this crazy boy.

“But sacrifices must be made, and you will be the first one; goodbye my friend, my Scarlet” sighed Jerall, and the last name, came in a tone that shock Erza, it was the voice of Jerall.

The face of the kid was distorted, one half; the one with the red eye; was smiling sadistically, but the other, was showing a crying eye and a expression of absolute desperation.

Unknown to her, as she tried to understood what was happening with her friend, Jerall charged a killing spell in his free hand, throwing it at Erza.

The cape hugged the body of the girl, absorbing the worst of the explosion magic, so, instead of blowing into pieces, her bruised and filled with cuts body, fall backwards, lost her consciousness after the brutal impact of the magic.

A blur of black, metal and gold grab the falling girl; recovering his cape; showing some gash and holes for all the damage it has absorbed till now; preventing her to fall into the sharp and irregular wreckage of the Tower under him.

Magnus land over one of the shattered balconies of the Tower; one that allow him to see the port and the already sailing ships of former slaves; crouching and protectively covering the body of Erza with his cape and arm, as he muttered again the incantation for the “Uruz” Rune.

As the rune glow on the chest of the girl, Magnus sighed and look with a frown at the picture of the two face Jerall, he could sense something deeply wrong with the boy, how his face and actions had nothing to do with each other.

He was at war with himself and what is worst, he was losing badly.

Half his face was twisted in an expression of pain and the other had a expression of absolute hate, as if he recognized him, and hated him more than any other thing in this rotten world.

Magnus frown intensified, as he did sense something demonic on the kid but he hadn’t meet that magic before, it was completely new for him; however, he did notice the symbol etched on his tattooed eye, that was the symbol of Zeref.

Cursing Magnus put an “Agliz” barrier between them, protecting the child in his arms from the incoming barrage of demonic explosions; those were not from an spell, it was curse, a curse to death by fire and brim; Curses, the source of power of the Etherious.

“Gungnir” called Magnus his spear, forged to resemble the powerful runic weapon of his blood brother Odin; a weapon that served both the warrior and the wizard.

The spear appeared in his hand, glowing its runes in a soft golden glow, slowly channeling the magical power of Magnus into whatever the spell he could need, in the oncoming battle against the
possessed kid.

If this was the Jerall kid, Erza was talking about, this could get a little messy, as he would have to beat the kid to the ground, before he could tear the demon out of him...

Magnus already knew of the fall of Tartaros, even with the time difference, news run fast in the Celestial Realm, and the fall of those jokes of demons of Zeref; the artificial demons of the Library of Zeref; was quite a good news for Spirits and mortals alike.

However, there was another storm looming in the horizon inside the Celestial Realm, but fortunately, as the time in the mortal realm pass way more slower than in the Celestial Realm, Magnus could take his time to get back into the Celestial Realm or call Morrigan...first of all, he would need a key, he didn’t have one with him; and the Celestial Spirit wizards are a rarity this days.

Magnus twirled the spear in his hand, preparing the weapon, so it can be throw at a second notice, directly at the posses child, not that Magnus did not care about the life of the friend of Erza, but as all demonic possessions he had witness so far, had ended in absolute tragedy, he was not ready to take any risks.

But his priority was now the broken and wounded girl on his arm, the Curse of the demon was like a poison, something that will weaken her, until she died in the process, something Magnus would not allow to happen, fortunately, “Urzu”, was more than enough to counteract the presence of the Curse and heal her wounds, up to a point.

“Juggernaut” whispered Jerall with a double tone in his voice, something that made Magnus frown intensify even more, this was not the common possessions he had witness and fought, this was new “you are the responsible for this, this prison of mortal flesh...I will hunt you Juggernaut...but today, I had better things to do”.

Magnus silently raise an eyebrow at the words of the demonic posses child, and take a look to where the boy was looking at; as soon as he follow his gaze, he snarled and moved, taking advantage of his inhumane speed, reinforced by his magic, into a desperate run, before he demon child could end his Curse and vaporize the ships where the slaves where escaping from the Tower.

Jerall was smiling and crying in desperation at the same time, as his lips moved against his will, forcing Mard Geer his control over the body of the child, in order to get rid of that pest, called the Juggernaut and the girl Jerall hold hear within his heart.

Magnus run like all the demons of hell were after his talons, and in a sense, it was not different from what it was really happening, although he was running, not by fear for his life, but for the life of the rest of the slaves, the people that Erza did care about; she had already lost Jerall, and Magnus will be dammed if he allow more loses; never under his watch.

Curiously, there was still a lot of ships still in the port, as the slaves had been preparing the ships to sail in almost every direction, as there was slaves from a lot of nearby countries, but only two of them had actually sail.

Magnus saw the frightened face of Rob on board, as he was helping a chubby kid to get up into the ship.

Magnus didn’t need to look backwards to understand what had frightened Rob like that, he could feel the curse of the child growing violently on his back, as he was running, thousand of thorns like protuberances had erupted from the floor, ready to impale him; trying to slow him down, so Jerall/Mard could finish his course and destroy all of them in one go.
Magnus jumped in the air and threw his spear to the ground, the spear glow a few seconds, before it exploded in a golden explosion that destroy a lot of the thorns and vines that were after Magnus and Erza, with that respite gained, Magnus land and increase his pace, reaching the port, barely in time to see the ball of Curse and doom, came his way.

Magnus put the body of Erza in the stunned hands of Rob, and grabbing him and the chubby kid, he jumped into the ship, tossing them on the surface of the wooden deck of the ship, Magnus summoned Nauthr, cutting the chain of the anchor of the ship, and leaving the ax buried in the deck, he raise his arms and surrounded the ship with a protective barrier.

The “Agliz” and whatever the curse of Jerall was, collided with a thunderous sound; like the anvil of the devil; trying to surpass each other; one a certain death for all what would be caught under his influence, and the other the supreme magical protection, that blocks any harm that comes the way of those under its golden protection.

As Magnus suspected, the explosion moved the ship with the barrier, as it was not anchored to the port; contrary to the rest of the ships, that soon were destroyed by the ball of doom, and Magnus suspected, all the slaves that were not under cover or far enough from the ships to not being caught in the blast.

Drag by the force of the waves generated by the impact, the ship on where Magnus was, started to sail erratically into the open waters far from the shore of the island where the Tower stood; getting far and far form the hell that has been the slaves lives for years.

Magnus did not dared to lower his protection, as he was sure, that not even him could actually see the broken and wrecked form of the Tower and hiding the ship, into the mist that the collision of magic and curse had formed over the sea waters.

Once he considered it was safe to lower the protection, he dispelled the barrier and take a look at the slaves that he had managed to safe before it all went to hell.

There was a clear fear and hate in their eyes, in part they were grateful to him to save their lives, but at the same time, he had already show that he was a powerful wizard and had let the rest of the slaves die when he could have protected them all.

Magnus did not blame him to grab those hopes; anything was a port, in the middle of a storm; but they were very ignorant about how all this works; first of all, he has been lucky to block the worst of the Curse with such a hurried “Agliz”, he had quickly raise a protection, against a curse; not a spell; a curse, something way more difficult to handle than a spell.

Still, he didn’t give a damn about all of it; what he was lamenting deeply, was his failure to keep his promise, he couldn’t save the boy, actually he was not even sure if the boy could be saved.

Demonic possessions were never a good thing, any exorcism is a very complicated process that could tear apart the souls of both, demon and victim as well, if it was not done carefully.

Magnus sighed and observe the slaves; noticing that none of the friends of Erza were aboard, and that send a cold sensation, running his spine, Yggdrasil protect him, did any of the friends of the girl managed to get out of the Tower?.

Rob waved at him, there was bunch of crying children, all of them battered and bruised; not only for the combat; laying at the side of the left rail of the ship, Erza was one of them, along the chubby kid he had saw Rob help; and a crying tanned and spiky haired kid, nursing a purple winged snake, which had all the scales blackened and burn.
A kind with a long nose and a white haired girl where trying to console him but with no avail so far; Magnus could empathize with the snake boy, he had lost more trusted animal companions along his long life, to knew, how there is times when you loved an animal as much as members of your own family.

Magnus walked over the deck, ignoring the gazes of the rest of the slaves, some with fear, some with gratitude, some with relief; the usual considering the hellish situation they had been through; but in all everyone of them were wise enough, to not get in his way.

“How is the lass?” asked Magnus leaning on the rail of the ship, near the exhausted Rob, who was sat on the deck, protectively surrounding with his arms, the body of the unconscious girl.

“Bad” Rob see no reason to lie, to the man that had saved him and the rest, twice already.

“Even if you managed to heal most of her wounds, she is a little girl, her magic has just awakened and her right eye...” trailed Rob.

“You are not going to sacrifice yourself for her” said Magnus crossing his arms in front of his chain mail, the armor had a lot of nicks and damages, but for the most part it was still useful.

“How?” sighed Rob, who don’t really surprise about how Magnus seems to had seen through his intentions.

“You magic is all over her, and in a lesser grade on them” pointed Magnus to the other children “you are sacrificing your own energy to empowers them, that’s why they had survived the Tower, when any other child would have broken long ago...and possible the awakening of her own magic”

Magnus kneel in front of the one eyed Erza and carefully and tenderly put his hand over her head.

“Aye, there it is, she is going to be one of the greatest no doubt” nodded Magnus.

“Could..could you save Cubellios?” the sobbing and pained voice of the tanned, spiky haired kid called Magnus and Rob attention.

The boy was carrying the coiled body of his pet, with utmost care, as if he feared that the reptile was going to disappear as soon as he looks any other side.

“Nay, lad” shook his head Magnus and the boy shoulder lumped “the old man cant; me on the other hand, perhaps”.

From desperation, to hope, the rest of his friends surrounded the tanned boy, a little surprised.

Magnus took the hands of the boy on his, surrounding the wounded snake with their hands, started to mutter a similar incantation than the one that used on Erza.

“As Idunn granted the Aesir health and strength, I bless you, children of Midgard with the same gift” Magnus hands glow golden for a little, along the hands of the kid, who had a hopeful and tearful expression on his face.

“Uruz”

As the name of the rune was pronounced, and the glow grow bigger for a second, Magnus retired his hands from the hands of the boy, who slowly and almost fearfully opened his own hands, just to found an stunned but far more healthy Cubellios.
The snake move her head around for a couple of times, confused about where she was, but as soon as she detected the smell of her owner, she immediately relaxed and with her forked tongue, saluted her owner, tipping his nose and tears with her tongue.

“Thank you, thank you” cried the boy in happiness, as his friends surrounded him, happy for the saving of their friend pet.

“Think nothing of it, lad” shrugged Magnus without a problem taking a seat at the free side of the unconscious Erza.

No one dared to spoke for a while, as the adrenaline start to wear off, and the slaves founded themselves, navigating without a clear course, into unknown waters, but that were mussing for another moment, as the exhaustion and the events of the day, finally hit them like hammer.

Rob was old, he feel it in his bones, and despite the saving of Magnus, he knew he was on his later days, however, he feared for the future of his children. Erza was not her granddaughter, not by blood at last, but it didn’t matter to him, the girl was a ray of hope in the dark caves of the Tower, and such a smile was worthy of being protected.

Magnus on the other hand, was far more concerned on how was going to explain the girl, that he has faulted to his promise to her, and, on another completely different matter, how Morrigan was going to flay him alive.

On the bright side, he was in the mortal realm; a place that he had almost forgotten, getting far more accustom to the Spirit Realm and the life on that higher plane.

He had good friends there, but he knows that a day in the Celestial Realm, equals around three months in the mortal realm; so it could be considered a long vacation of some sorts...speaking of which, what year would this be?

“One question, lad, well, two actually” ask suddenly Magnus, slowly taking out of his Re-quip magic, a little barrel.

“Uh, yes, of course” said Rob.

“After all this, and I didn’t even ask your name” chuckled Magnus, who take the plug of the barrel before taking a long gulp from the sweet drink inside; as he finished, he offered it to Rob who denied, it was an alcohol of some kind, and Rob liver would protest as a whiny bitch as soon as that enters his system.

For Magnus, nothing beats a good mead after a good battle, and what was best, the little barrel keep cold inside Re-quip, something that has found more than wonderful when he stored food and other perishables like herbs and meats from his hunts.

“Rob” presented himself the old man “form Fairy Tail”.

“Magnus” presented back Magnus with a smile “mercenary wizard from Iceberg”.

Magnus would keep his cover as much as possible, it was not that he did not trust the old man, he was a good man, at any lights, but he would have to see how was the world after so many time, before revealing that he was far more than a single mercenary wizard from Iceberg.

“And my second question is what year is this?” ask Magnus.

Rob blinked a pair of times, trying to find a more comfortable spot on the wooden deck, he didn’t
understood the question, not to mention, as slaves, his time sense was a little of the loop most of the
times, but he did remember earring the date from one of the taskmasters.

“The year is X776” said Rob “ but I have no idea what day, heck not even what month are we in”.

“Not really matters” shrugged Magnus, who already suspected the time difference but...

One hundred years; give or take some days; that was a lot of time from the mortal perspective; he
would have to see with his own eyes, how the world had changed during all this time.

He hoped it had changed for the best, but after landing by some unknown and odd methods into the
Tower of Heaven, he was no longer sure about what the hell had happened when he was not around;
he had lost the end of the war, dammit, he wanted a piece of Zeref and his mocks.

Speaking of which, if the war had ended, would have Zeref finally achieve his dream of death?,
highly improbable, but this world was nuts since the beginning, so he would keep an open mind
about that.

“What are you going to do Magnus?” ask Rob, who had a sudden idea, a crazy idea, one that Guild
Master Maky would be proud of.

“No idea” shrugged Magnus “ I would wander along the lands of whatever the country we shored,
other than that, I need a Spirit Key, asap” chuckled Magnus “ I was at the Celestial Realm you
know?, they must be freak out right now, although for been it must have been not more than a
quarter of an hour or so”.

Rob shook his head, nothing surprised him anymore, when it was related to this tall young man; as
anybody told him that it was impossible for any mortal to stay in the Celestial Realm?. He didnt care
for what it seems.

“What would you be interested in join a Guild?” ask Rob directly “if you already know about Fairy Tail, I
am more than sure, that old Maky would be delighted to have another powerful wizard on the
family”.

Magnus chuckled at the choose of words of Rob; family; right like Mavis wanted to guild to be, it
does seems that the Guild had grow well, and he was about to join them, but then D´mongo mission
come in, and he was drag to the Celestial Realm.

It was a pity, because he was very good friends with Warrod, Yury and Mavis, but during his time in
the Celestial Realm he found the perfect magic for him, one that allow him pay homage to his home
dimension and his Divine family; namely Pandora and Odin.

“Sounds like fun” shrugged Magnus with a smile “ being in a Guild would help me to find a
Celestial Spirit wizard, and will help me to get out of the Rune Knights most wanted” snorted
Magnus “ you don’t have an idea how much of a drag, they can be”.

“You are a wanted criminal?” ask Rob, who would not be surprised if it was, that way, there was a
dozen of powerful wizards that had flip the bird to the Council and the Rune Knights, as they prefer
to be free than under the iron thumb of the Council.

“Nay, I had a permission from the King of Fiore himself to act as mercenary under the borders of
Fiore” denied Magnus remembering those good times “ I was too valuable as asset to let me roam
free or cut in half the Rune knights hunting teams after me”.

“Well, the Rune Knights can be quite insistent” nodded Rob, who knew full well, how stubborn the
police men of the wizardry could be.

“They are nothing but nuisances” growl Magnus, taking another long gulp of his barrel “ I only meet a dozen of them worth their salt; and among those dozen, only four that could stand his ground against a Etherious”.

Magnus reminiscence for a little about Ikaruga Lawson; the woman that commanded and entire division of the Rune Knights; and other that did impress him with their skills and will, in and out of the battlefield.

“They are glorified hounds at best, fortunately, there is very good people among them” leaned Magnus against the wood of the rail of the ship “ and those are the ones that did all the job”.

“A very cynical point of view” chuckled without humor Rob, knowing how right on the money Magnus was.

“Still, and getting back on track, you are not going to toss you life out of the window for her” get Magnus back into the main topic “ such a sacrifice would kill you, and the girl would have nothing but dust to remember you”.

“But your rune can do anymore” sighed Rob “ she is going to be one eyed, and her wounds and the trauma..”.

“I never said I was going to left her like that” cut Magnus short.

“I don’t get it” admitted Rob.

“My left eye is hers” simply said Magnus, like he was speaking about the weather and not about the lost of something that important as a eye.

Any warrior out there, specially distance fighters like archers and snipers, knew perfectly well how important the lose of an eye could be; lose perception was a death warrant to their careers, and Magnus was offering his own eye like it was nothing of value.

“But, you...I mean..are you out of your mind?” simply ask Rob, who really was astonished at the words of the man.

“Nay, I am perfectly sane, thank you” chuckled Magnus “ I know the consequences, I have failed this little one twice, and now I had the chance to offering her something back, an eye is of little consequence in front of that”.

“But..how, how can you sacrifice so much for her sake?, you didn’t even know her” it was irrational, no one would made such sacrifices for a complete stranger, the world didn’t work like that, but Rob couldn’t know that he was dealing with a Campione.

Irrational, defines the very core of their essence, as they had achieved the impossible and slain a deity, to stole the powers that only gods could use.

“She is a fellow redhead” laughed softly Magnus picking a stray of her scarlet mane “ I can see she is destined to greatness, and I pretend to help her achieve such greatness, in addition of that, I had nothing better to do this century” shrug Magnus.

“I...I don’t even know what to say” surrender Rob at the irrationality in front of him, this was nuts, and yet, the tall man, had give him hope, Erza will be complete and he could see her grow for a little more time.
“Say nothing and do it” take another gulp from the barrel Magnus “before the girl awakes and protest against it”.

“She would, wouldn’t she?” smirked Rob, who remembered how had she swallow her tears when they took her eye, and put a brave front at her friends, even if Rob could tell the pain, she was suffering.

“By the way, I know she is called Erza, what is her surname?” ask Magnus.

“Scarlet” replied Rob, remembering how Jerall had baptized the girl with that surname, giving her a name that matched her wonderful red hair.

“Aye, pretty name, for a pretty girl” said Magnus whose golden eyes glowed for a second in the darkness, much like the eyes of a wolf, or another mountain predator “now she will be of my blood, so I will be now called Magnus Scarlet”.

“Wut?” babbled Rob, at the declaration of Magnus, but he had no doubt, he had said it, completely serious, the man was determined to became part of the life of Erza, even to the point of sacrificing an eye for her and take her name, so she would never be alone.

“What?” ask Magnus to Rob who was looking at him like he had grown a second head “I like the name, it does have a nice ring”.

Rob surrender and sighed, putting his left hand over his left eye, and his right hand over her right eye.

“Do not overexert yourself, lad” advised Magnus “your magic is all whats left of you, Erza would be devastated even more if you die now, specially after you are finally free”.

“Don’t worry” a white glow and a couple of magical circles appeared over their eyes “with you being a voluntary sacrifice and providing such amount of magical power, I don’t need to put anything of my own”.

“Good” nodded Magnus.

Five minutes later, Magnus noticed how his left eye was gone, substituted by a blind phantom sensation.

Contrary to what should have happen, Magnus did not notice any lessening in his capabilities, in fact, now his blood echoed, more attuned than ever to his blood brother Odin, who sacrificed his eye for wisdom; now Magnus has sacrificed his eye for family.

He was proud of what he had done, and after all, he sensed the world with more than his eyes, but with his entire body, perceiving the reality at a level that few could understand.

“Its done” said Rob looking at the close left eye of Magnus with a guilty but impressed expression at the same time.

“Aye, I can sense the absence” said Magnus, with his left eye closed.

Like nothing happen, Magnus took another long gulp from his barrel and once it was emptied, he toss the emptied container over the rail, and into the sea.

“I am hungry” announced Magnus, like it was nothing “I am going to look inside for some grub”.
Rob continued to stare at him dumfounded, this was a traumatic operation, and the man seems like he has been just having a walk in the park, just what the hell was him?, and what the hell had happen with the sanity of this world?.

Picking the unconscious Erza in one of his powerful arms, Magnus carried the recently healed girl, like a father would do with his daughter; it has been a while since he had done something similar, he didn't have any children with his late wife, back in Midgard, but during seven hundreds years; more or less; he had married several times and had a lot of children from those same marriages.

Even if he was a bit rusted, those skills and instincts are hard to forget.

“Come on, lad, you need some grub too” chuckled Magnus “let's have a chat shall we?, I want to know all I can, about my new daughter”.

Rob just followed him, incapable of made any sense of the actions of the man, but happy for he knew that Magnus was a good man, and Erza had finally had someone in her life, for the day, he will not be there.

Still; Rob couldn’t but thought, about how he would had liked, that Magnus could be...a little more normal, but there was something that he had no doubt about it.

Magnus was going to suit Fairy Tail just fine.

He was already as crazy as the rest of the Guild.
In retrospective, running the hell outta the way of the Rune Knights might not have been the most clever of the maneuvers, but Magnus had a powerful aversion, for both the Rune knights and the Council; calling them a lot of colorful names, after covering Erzas ears with his hands.

Magnus had been the first one to locate and detect the incoming patrol ship from the Fiore fleet, and he could sense the magical presence of several wizards on the ship; as soon as he saw the banner of the Council on the mast of the ship; he immediately opted for a tactical retreat.

It was not that he feared the knights or the other wizards aboard, it was simply that he wasn’t really on the mood, to be detained, interrogated by the Rune Knights and the Council, and if they determined that he was dangerous, put him in confinement or worst.

After all, he was not a Guild wizard, he was operating out of the law, and that was excuse enough for the Council to chained him to hell and toss him into the deeper cell they could find for him to root, before his dangerous magic spreads around Ishgar.

And Magnus recognized that his magic, was a dangerous one; and he hadn’t even show a sliver of what he could do at full potency, King had already told him more than once that his magic was one of the most lethal things in the universe, as it did not respect any boundaries and rules, it was wild and devastating, much as the original owner and holder of said magic.

It suits Magnus just fine.

Magnus took Erza and Rob and made a scape, transforming all three of them into a flock of ravens that cover the distance to the coast faster than the ship could have never done, and then he pushed them into the forest, ready to left the ship and the Rune Knights behind.

Speaking about those two, Magnus had to admit that Erza..did take better than he expected the news, and accepted him quite quickly, she didn’t call him dad, but it was a work in progress, after all, Magnus knew that Erza had parents back at the Rosemary village, where she was from and trying to substitute them , would be offensive.

The girl would call him dad, when she would be ready, and even if she didn’t do it, it doesn’t matter, they were family now, and that was all that mattered.

When she recovered the conscious aboard the ship, she blinked a pair of times and noticing the change on her sight, she scratched the patch over her lost eye, and for astonishment, she discovered that had it back.

She took the patch off and open her new eye; as soon as the light hit her new eye, a more than welcome piercing sensation hit her sensitive eye, after so many time in the darkness, she was under the sun, and noticing the salty air of the seas.

She was crying, in part of happiness, in part in surprise, in part from her recovered eye...this was too much for the girl, who just sat and hugged her knees, trying to understand what had happen since she
finally found Jerall and he...

She look around, trying to forget the pain, and the betrayal of her friend, the one that give her a name she liked a lot, a new name for her, when she had lost everything; she couldn’t understand, why had betrayed Jerall all of them?, why?, why has he attack her?, that had no sense, that was not the Jerall she knew.

She noticed the arm of grandpa Rob on her, and raising her puffed eyes, she look at him, seriously confused and sad for what had happen in the Tower,and looking around for an explanation, how had they ended in a ship?, why had she two eyes now?, and where were the rest?.

Or at last she tried, her voice was laced with the crying she had been doing until now, tried to form words, but instead she babbled her questions and hugged the skinny form of her Grandpa, trying to get some comfort and sense from him.

“Its okay Erza” softly consoled the old man “ we are safe now” softly caressed her air as she cried her soul out.

“Grandpa...what happened?, where are we?, why Jerall betrayed us?, where is Simon and the rest?” ask Erza between cries.

“We...Magnus; the tall redhead man; free us but...a spell hit the docks hard, and he protect us again, but after then..”explained Rob, who don’t really want to explain the child that she had lost all of their friends on the explosion.

“Magnus?” ask Erza blinking, trying wipe her tears “I remember him catching me in the air, when Jerall attacked me but nothing more...and why I had two eyes now?” ask the girl, still confused about her eye being back to her; when the taskmaster did a very good job on amputating it from her.

“Once again the answer is Magnus” chuckled with dark humor Rob.

“I am the answer of what exactly?” sound the voice of Magnus, eclipsing the two, with a couple of bowls of a stew in both his hands.

“About all the questions of Erza” said Rob, nodding in thanks for the bowl, he was starving, and he would need all the energies he could for the travel.

Magnus give Erza the second bowl, and took seat at her side, despite being an entire night and part of the day with his armor and feathered cape, there was no signal of tiredness in him, just his left eye closed...wait, what?.

“Magnus...” said the girl blinking at the closed eye of the man.

“What, lass?” ask Magnus leaning on the wood, and enjoying the calm sea; the sea was on his blood, all his people were sailor in some measure, and he was not an exception.

“You...” she extended her free hand, but doubted when he was near the left eye of the man, as if she feared that it would not be there; something that she had already deducted; but at the end, she carefully touched the closed eyelid.

Magnus did not say a word, and let the girl sort out her emotions, not much after, both her eyes were teary and ready to cry again.

The tall man, just ruffle her hair; playing with her like the child she was; with a warm smile in his strong features.
“Don’t sweat over the small stuff, little one” said Magnus as Erza, recover her balance, not letting the bowl of stew fall, Rob pick it up before she let it fall, as she was in an emotional roller coaster, something that she was not accustom.

“But...I...you” stuttered Erza not really knowing what to say.

“I own you that at last” said Magnus changing his smile to a sad one “I failed you Erza, I couldn’t save none of your friends”.

Erza feel to her knees, shocked to the core by the news.

“No...Simon, Wally, Milliana, Sho” cried the girl between whispers.

“Jerall used a curse, a very potent one” explained Magnus “I caught you before you fell into the debris of the Tower and then made a run for the docks, I rise a barrier to try to keep the place but...the tsunami resulting of the collision, drags us to open sea”.

“But...there are not death?” ask Erza with the kind of hope, only a little girl could had.

“I don’t know” honestly answered Magnus.

“I would say that if they were on the other ship; the one that sailed first into open waters; then they could be anywhere on Fiore or any other surrounding countries” said Magnus, not really believing it, but Erza need that lie,after all, it could give her, the hope she need to get back on her feet again “but I am not going to lie to you, lass, I don’t know what is their destiny, and for that, I am sorry”.

Erza was...way over her head, she was just...well, there was no emotions, that could describe how she was feeling now, she was...happy to be free, she was sad for the lost of her friends, she was exultant to have her eye back, she was astonished for the sacrifice of Magnus; in resume, she was confused as hell.

The red head just hugged the waist of Magnus, burying her head in his cape and chain mail, and silently cry her soul out, lost and confused.

Rob and Magnus shared a look, it was not really a surprise, but Rob would have prefer Magnus to not be so blunt about it; in fact he would have preferred that Magnus would have lied the girl, still, it was the desires of an old man, who wanted to protect her little granddaughter.

“Its okay, little one” comforted Magnus the girl, hugging her little form with his strong and broad arms “let it all out, let it sweep itself out, such emotions are never a wrong thing”.

Okay, Rob had to admit that it does seems that Magnus knows his stuff about parenthood, at last, on dealing with a little kid; it was a little surprising, how a man with his appearance, seems to be quite softhearted when children are involved.

But judging for what Magnus had tell Rob, despite his younger appearance, Magnus already knew how hard parenthood could it be; several times, and some of them did not end well, as Magnus had to kill his own blood, in three occasions.

One of the hardest moments of his life, to have to raise his weapons and magic against his own blood, when he always wanted a family.

Although Rob had sworn; a magical reinforced oath; do not spoke about what he was about to learn, he still had problems to swallow all the information, not everyday you meet a dimensional traveller, from a place where the Gods are very, very real, and thrice dangerous than even the worst monster of
Ishgar; even Acnologia would have been considered a [Divine beast], all dragons were considered that.

Not after Erza had finally let it all go, she just ate her stew, completely expended, physically and emotionally; after all she had lead a slave revolt, being almost killed twice and performed a magic surgery that give her a new eye; and snuggled back into Rob and Magnus, the only pillars she had left of her world.

As the day passed and the ship was nursed by the waves into the coast of Fiore, Magnus detected the presence of the ship of the Rune Knights and as it had been told before, he run the hell out of them, before they could ask him all kind of questions.

Rob was amused, to see the interaction of Erza and Magnus, they do really look like father and child, their antics and how Magnus loved to rile the girl up, was always amused to watch, although, he loved the face of Magnus when he discovered that he could escape the questions of the Rune Knights, but never in hell, the questions of Erza.

The Scarlet pair, was a funny sight, and a balsam for the heart of Rob, who finally see that no matter what happens in the future; she will not be alone.

As soon as they land, and be back to human state, Erza interrogated Magnus about why had he flee?, was he some kind of criminal?, what magic had he use?...and so goes the list on.

With a patience proper of a saint, Magnus answered all the questions of Erza, and some of Robs, now that they were at it.

Magnus was a Celestial Spirit wizard, but a low level one, without a key, he could not call, the aid of the spirit he had a contract with, Morrigan, the youngest daughter of Corvus; a silver key ranked spirit; but it doesn’t means that you couldn’t emulate up to a point, the magic of the Spirit, as he has done, by tweaking the spell that Morrigan used to transform, into a some sort of transportation.

Erza, Rob and Magnus were a curious trio, walking over the roads of Fiore.

First thing, was to get some clothes for both, Erza and Rob, they could not be all day in those slave rags and Erza broken armor was nothing but scrap now.

Good thing, jewels were mostly the same for the last hundred years, not to mention, exchanging a precious stone into modern jewels was quite easy.

Magnus work as mercenary was quite profitable back in the day, and even with Re-quip, he preferred to have some precious stones; rubies, diamonds and the sort; around, jut for those moments on where the currency of a country worth nothing on the other.

As soon as they reach a village with a jewelry, Magnus exchange a very valuable diamond for some cash, that serve the three of them to actually go shopping and rent a little flat in one of the houses of the village.

Rob and Erza need to rest from the travel and the days of slavery, something that can only be done with a lot of rest and good food; and Magnus wanted to show Erza how good cook he was, even if he preferred by far, meats to fish or vegetables.

But then Erza discovered cakes; more concretely strawberry cakes; and hell broke loose, specially when she discovered that Magnus was capable of baking cakes better than any confectioner; that sealed the deal for her, demanding Magnus to bake a strawberry cake for her, at last once a week.
Magnus spoiled her a little in that sense, he did baked at last one strawberry cake a week for her; and always had some extra sweets at hand when she did well during their trainings.

Even if they were supposedly resting from the ordeal of the Tower of Heaven, Magnus see no reason, not to train Erza into whatever the magic she wanted; as suggestion of Rob, Erza was a natural at TK and Re-quip magic, specially weapons and armors, so the old man take care of her magical education, as Magnus taught her how to fight.

At the beginning Erza protested, she wanted to know all the magics she could, so she could protect everyone she cared from another Tower of Heaven or similar bullshit, but Rob explained her that mastering all the magics of the world was impossible, simply your body and soul is not attuned to it.

Ironically, Magnus and Erza took lesson from the old man together, even if he was powerful as hell wizard, she admitted that he had several blind spots in what theoretical magic was concerned, and learning along Erza would be a good form of pass the time, until he could tor...errr train the girl into combat training.

Rob called category five bullshit at that.

In fact, Magnus could give lesson pretty well, but he understood why he didn’t want, first of all, Magnus was not a teacher; a good trainer, no doubt of that, but never a teacher; he would have a lot of problems trying to explain her the basics, when he had it so ingrained in his body that he had forgotten about how was it done.

It was like a nuclear scientist trying to explain an elementary school student, how does the nuclear fission works.

He could, but it will be difficult for both of them.

In the physical training department, Magnus was more than capable to teach Erza how to fight, specially after she learn Re-quip at a rate that left Magnus astonished and with an easiness that made Magnus a bit jealous.

If he tried to summon from his Re-quip, he usually took a lot more time that it would be safe for combat uses, on the other hand, after a few practice matches, Erza was incredible apt to change between weapons and armors in a second, perfect for combat.

And with a frown, she discovered that her magic, was actually quite expensive; after all, she need to buy the items, before she could store them safely in her Re-quip for when they were needed.

For Magnus amusement, she took a liking for a branch called Heart Kreuz, that not only did clothes but armors too; Erza did show some feminine traits, in the most curious of the ways, but Magnus had no problems with all her quirks; if it made her happy, it was ok in his books.

The trio live for a week in that apartment, as Magnus decided it will do good for Erza to explore Fiore a little before she went into Fairy Tail, after all, she needed to be a wizard to enter, and her Re-quip and Tk magic was still too green to be used in real combat.

The cultist were one thing, nothing but mocks and third rate brawn, none of them were real, trained professionals, but the bottom of the barrel of the wizardry world, if any real, professional wizard would be there, the slaves would have suffered a lot more casualties and loses.

To make his point clear, Magnus recover partially his job as mercenary and carried Erza with him, for a job of bandit extermination, the left over of a fallen Dark Guild had taken refugee in an old fortress from the war against Zeref deep in the forest, and the Rune Knights wanted them death or in
prison.

Carrying the girl around, and never letting her forget about her sword training, Magnus charged along the Rune Knights into the fortress, meanwhile, Erza watched him form the back of the lines of the Rune Knights.

As Magnus expected, it was a massacre...for the Rune Knights.

Among the Dark Guild ex-members was one of their aces, a bastard with Acid magic, that could create waves and pools of acid anywhere, he killed dozen of Rune Knights before Magnus beheaded him with _Naegling_; the crude aspect of the weapon was perfect for his cover of mercenary; and made short work of the rest of the wizards.

Erza run to her room and cried for an hour after they got back in the apartment; she had shed blood and suffer wounds that would have crippled a lesser man, but all of that was under the rush of hate, hope, adrenaline and despair.

Now, she had witness first hand, what a real combat is; there was no damper for the images, the screams and the blood that usually happens when spells and steel meet flesh and bones on the battlefield.

Rob sighed at the image, he really preferred if Magnus could be a little more sensible on the matter, but he could understood what the man was trying to do.

Magnus wanted Erza to understand that one can never underestimate, nor the enemy, nor the situation, as all can go FUBAR at a second notice and there is nothing you can do to prevent it, you will lose friends, comrades and lovers, every time, the steel is unsheathed and the spells chanted, and that is a harsh truth.

The tall man waited patiently at the entrance of the room, his senses were more than capable to ear the crying girl behind the door of her room, he was waiting till the right moment, where she had already pass the shock and deal with the emotion more or less, then he would come in and help her.

Despite all what he could have done, despite all the names the world could have called him; Magnus was a family man, and seeing his adoptive daughter in such state was something that wounded him, deeply than any weapon on earth.

But it was Erzas calling, she had chosen this path, the path of the wizard and the violence, and Magnus will be dammed if he didn’t support her in her decision; even to the bitter consequences that such a decision could have on her.

Rob show the stone expression of the man, but her clenched fist were a very good indicator of his internal conflict and simply sighed, he was a wizard too, once Magnus had told them how the battle was, he simply understood, it was the price of the power.

A lesson that all good wizards out there should have learn as fast as possible; and something that the Council seem to hammer in the worst possible way, to all the wizardry world; for one thing they were doing right, when it comes to the practical application, they did horrible wrong.

An hour later, Erza seems to had calmed enough, so Magnus called for entrance, and after a couple of seconds she opened the door of her room; no matter if she had locked it, a quick rune on the handle and the door opened for him like it has been unlocked at this time.

Walking to the bed of the girl; and noticing how she had not took off her favorite Kreuz armor; Magnus sat on bed and start to comb the red hair of his daughter, whose muffled sobs sound under
the wet pillow.

“Erza” called Magnus to the girl, in a warm but serious voice.

The girl; whose eyes were already swollen for the cries; rise her head from the pillow and look at
Magnus, she was far from the strong girl, that she slowly becoming, now, her emotions had taken the
best of her, and for Magnus, that was a good thing.

Emotions should never the cut short, they are the very things that defines them as living beings,
otherwise, there will be no difference between a cardboard and a human; not definitely an universe
where Magnus wanted to live.

But dealing with emotions, was a hard trick to master; not even Magnus, with seven hundred years
of practice had it under control, not to mention, emotions are sneaky bitches, that came to stab you in
the back when you less expected.

Magnus pick her up, getting her close to his chest; don’t really giving a fuck about the armor;
hugging her and leaning his head over hers, putting her in the space under his jaw, close to his chest.

“Those are enough tears, little one” whispered Magnus using one hand to caress her face and hair,
comforting the sad girl.

“I...I was scared, I froze” confessed Erza “ I...didn’t knew what to do, I saw those people die in such
horrid ways, than I...when I fought in the Tower, I...” she was a complete wreckage, and Magnus
knew it was completely normal.

“Shush, Erza, is okay” soothed Magnus the girl “ the first time, I saw blood and death so close, I too,
froz like you” it was a lie in a sense, after all, the first time Magnus entered in combat, the gift of the
Ódr transformed him into a Berserkr and when the battle frenzy dissipated from his mind, he puked
at the sight of the carnage he had done with his battle ax.

Erza was sniffing trough her nose, and surprisingly, she dispelled her armor and put her favorite
purple pajama on with her Re-quip.

“Damn, she is fast with her magic” thought Magnus, amused and impressed with her, no doubt she
was a natural with the Re-quip magic.

Channeling a bit of magic around his body, Magnus increased her body temperature, so Erza will be
soon hugging a human sized heat pack, after all, she had been all this time with her cold armor
around, a little heat will do her well to prevent sickness.

“I only want to be strong Magnus” said her in a whisper “ I want to be strong for Grandpa, for you,
for Simon, Wally, Milliana, Sho..and Jerall” this last name came in a barely audible tone, a name that
Magnus pick up thanks to his enhanced hearing.

Magnus still had his doubts about the blue haired boy, he feared that he was nothing but a puppet of
something dangerous, something far more lethal than just a crazy boy with delusions of grandeur.

But there was nothing he could done, the place was already wrecked, and the Rune Knights pick up
the slaves, they will deal with the Tower of Heaven, as they did in the past, each time a shit like that
pooped up in their radar.

“Erza, you are strong” said Magnus “so much I am certain”.

“But...” protested her.
“Erza” cut Magnus with a sight but in a warm tone of voice “you are a child, powerful, talented, sure, but a child, and despite the hell you had to live in the Tower of Heaven, you had never been in a battlefield, neither against a professional wizard”.

Erza snuggled closer to him, as the memories of the Tower and the suffering she experimented get back to her; Magnus hug her closer, and glowed golden for a second, her own beacon against the darkness; reminding her, that she was not alone.

“Now, you know how a battlefield is, how dangerous, nasty and cruel could it be” Magnus left hand, combed her hair, caressing her head as he spoke.

“Do not feel any shame, do not doubt about yourself, take that cruel lesson and use it for improving yourself” said Magnus “what did I taught you about combat?”.

“Improvise, adapt, overcome” recited her like a mantra.

“Exactly” laughed Magnus “I am proud of you Erza, never thought otherwise” said Magnus to the girl in his arms “and I am sure, that you only will made me prouder in the future, but this is the present, on where you are still learning, opening your eyes to the world around you and discovering how big it really is”.

Erza was blushing to the color of her hair, she had never call him dad, but there was times, when she almost call him that, he had been there for her, from the day they left the Tower, he had give her all she need, and took care of her and Grandpa rob.

“Thanks...Magnus” said her.

“That was family is for” barked like a laugh in low tone Magnus.

Erza slipped into sleep, surrounded by the powerful arms of Magnus, who just stood there for all the night, smiling at Rob, when the old man come into the room, to see how was Erza, the old wizard chuckled in low voice and bring a tankard of beer to Magnus, saying him goodbye for the night.

After that event, Erza took Magnus lesson to the heart, she was not going to allow such a thing to stop her to became strong, so none will never, ever took Grandpa or Magnus from her; neither will anybody took from her, her friends when she will found them.

Magnus and Rob where happy with the development of the girl, if that was her drive, they saw no reason to say nothing about it, specially when there was that crazy hope that all of her friends did survive to the blast of the Curse of Jerall and the barrier of Magnus.

They left the village, at the third month, when Rob was more than recovered and Erza was capable enough with her weapons and magic; at last in the strict opinion of Magnus; to be safe to travel trough the wilderness and into the mountains and forest of Fiore.

It could been a lot more safer and quicker to actually travel by carriage or even took one of those blasted trains, but Magnus wanted Erza to get acquainted with the life in the wilderness, how to camp, how to recognize the dangers of the forest and mountains, how to hunt, find food and water.

Basic survival skills, something that several wizards should take good note about, specially those who specialize in exploring old ruins and discovering the archeological rests of the older civilizations.

Not to mention, it would do well for her, to face on, some of the monsters that conform the dangerous fauna of the wild Fiore, the beast that were practically, the bread and butter of half of the
guilds jobs; apart from magical investigation and dealing with the underworld of the wizardry world; and one of the best ways for Erza to get accustomed to deal with inhuman opponents and to think out of the box when the situation required it.

Magnus and Rob were mostly as spectators when a monster come out and Erza manifested her favorite swords to deal with it, for a ten years old, she was a very strong child, and Magnus suspected, his eye could have something to do with her increased strength.

She had a liking for the sword that came with the Kreuz armor, using them for everything until she need to take an specific armor and weapon for her arsenal to deal with an specific enemy.

As the travel started, Magnus had already by a lot of weapons and three different set of armors for her to practice, equipping and Re-quipping as fast as she could, along several different clothes that had caught her fancy...and costumes that Magnus had no idea why she had found them cute.

And a secondary benefit, Magnus could join her in her training, and perfecting their teamwork, as both were a pair of wizards that used weapons and liked close combat, contrary to several of wizards that were confident in their skills and had almost none close combat training.

In one of those sessions, Magnus decided to change roles and order Erza to retreat and attack only with her telekinesis, controlling all the swords she could, and using them as projectiles, shields, diversions and whatever she could think about.

The challenge only fired up the girl, who rise a fist with he eyes on fire; something that made Magnus smile widely; and shouted how she was going to hunt even more beast than him.

Between them, they did short work of a dangerous pack of Terradons; an odd beast, not very common in Fiore, that was like a land shark, with four powerful legs and the innate skill; or magic, the biologist are still debating about it; to dive on solid earth like it was water.

They are resilient and nasty hunters, that could eat several times his notable body mass in one go, and still continue hunting, until they had devoured all the preys of a zone, migrating to the next one.

Magnus had been lucky enough to catch up the conversation between the manor and a local of the last town they had been, and offer him and Erza to deal with the problem, at half the Guild rate; not really having nothing to lose, the manor accepted the offer and they quickly moved to hunt the Terradons.

Meanwhile Rob would wrote a letter for Fairy Tail master, telling him, that they were on route to the Guild and he would bring two new members for the Guild, ones that no doubt will suit Fairy Tail craziness like a glove.

Rob was convinced, Maky was going to lose the few hair he could had left after he meet the father and daughter combo.

They did not know what restraint is; in the months they had travel together, Rob almost had several heart attacks when they went a little overboard in their training and end up smashing everything in their paths or accidentally destroy something important.

Magnus was by far, the worst of the two, his thrice be dammed magic was nuts, it was like all his magic had only one purpose, to cause the maximum amount of damage possible, there was no other explanation about how all his spells were absolutely overkill...not really a surprise he used several magical weapons to keep the damage as controlled as he could.

Speaking of the devil, Magnus and Erza were having a great time, hunting down the Terradon packs.
Erza was improving leaps and bounds her control over the floating swords around her, throwing them like a rain of swords into the ground, piercing the hard earth and hunting down any Terradon that tried to scape from their wrath.

Magnus on the other hand, had training his magic, instead of charging into battle, using those golden, vicious wolves of him, to cause massive damages to any Terradon on his path.

“Sköll and Hati” were almost living magic, predatory instincts gave form and power, to hunt and crush the enemies of the wizard that call their power.

The former Campione, had to admit that it did fell good to have magic that resembled so much, what he knew and worshiped when he was nothing but a mortal men among the proud inhabitants of Midgard.

A lot of his spells were based in the myths and lore of his people, as a homage to his brother and sisters, and those gods that he fought and respect during his time as the oldest and most powerful of the Campiones of an era; until the King of the End appeared and killed each other in a fight for the ages.

But that was an old tale, from another dimension, there was nothing he could do right now about it, and he will be dammed if he let it affect the good life he had in this dimension; focusing his mind back into the moment; he released another golden wolf head to a Terradon.

The golden beast tore the side of the Terradon like it was wet paper instead of hard skin, leaving the beast shocked in the floor and profusely bleeding.

In a demonstration of savagery and frenzy, the rest of the four legged brown skinned earth sharks turn against the wounded member of their pack, biting and tearing apart his wounded body, feeding on him, as the blood drive them mad.

Magnus made a signal to Erza, this was a perfect opportunity to took all of them out at once, and to see how good was Erza dealing area damage, her swords and weapons were good to dealing with single objectives, but this time she needed to cause as much harm as possible in all the area she could cover.

Erza jumped into the air, and with a frown of concentration, materialized a dozen of swords, pushing all of them with her mind, as a lethal rain of blades.

Magnus smilled approvingly, and called for his own weapon, to deal with anything that could have space from the sudden death from above.

“Ullr” called Magnus for a weapon of his arsenal, materializing a black wood bow, covered from one extreme to the other in a intricate pattern of golden runes, that echoed softly with the magical power of Magnus.

Taking aim, Magnus extend a string of pure magical power, creating a large and head screwed arrow, focusing his mind and power into one drilling arrow.

“I call for the bless of the hunter” said Magnus releasing the arrow, as soon as the golden projectile left the bow, it separated in four more identical drills and hunt down the survivors of Erzas onslaught, deeply piercing on the flesh and organs of the Terradons effectively killing them.

Erza landed at his side, swords still in hand; and Magnus vanish the bow with a proud smile on his face, Erza blushed for a second, and put her sword back in her Re-quip.
Magnus noted that Erza didn’t go anywhere without her armor; he knew that she loved the Heart Kreuz designs but this was taking the things a little too far, well, he was not one to talk, as he wore his chain mail almost everywhere, along the black feathered cape that Morrigan gifted to him, as prove of the contract.

Speaking of which, in the four towns that they had been so far, none of the magical shops had a Key; not even a silver one, heck not even a Canis minor Key; although they had some interesting magical weapons and armors, that Erza loved to add to her arsenal.

Even the Strawberry armor, Magnus was confused and amused by that one... that armor was... interesting, to say the last; completely useless in his opinion but if she liked it... well, he had to admit that using it for hunting Vulcans was an unexpected side benefit.

Magnus took out from his Re-quip and carving knife and walked to the corpses, he needed a proof of the killing and as a second note, the flesh of the Terradon could be a delicatessen if it was cooked correctly.

 Mostly in soups and some stews, although he wanted to roast it over a soft charcoal oven, but that would be ideas for another moment, right now their apartment did not posses such equipment.

Kneeling near to one of the mangled corpses, Magnus started to show Erza how to pick up the best parts of the hunted beast, so nothing could be wasted.

She was a little green at the beginning, but after the episode with the Rune Knights and the fortress, she had steeled her will and promise herself to endure it like a professional would do, at the same time, she was quite fascinated with Magnus knowledge in almost everything war or survival related.

And she reminded herself that today, was cake day, and she loved dad cakes; she surprised herself a little after that thought cross her mind, but then, she realized that Magnus was like a dad for her, much like Rob was her Grandpa, although had never call the tall, fellow redhead; man, dad; she just couldn’t bring herself to it.

She felt like she would been betraying her original parents, even if they were killed by those cultist that raid her village; it look like a lifetime for her, from the peaceful Rosemary Village, to the Tower of Heaven, to Fiore, traveling with Magnus and Grandpa Rob all over the country.

She awaken for her musing, where Magnus pick up the sack with the proofs and the ingredients he wanted to test, when he could found an adequate oven; the good thing about Re-quip, is that it could keep things relatively fresh and well maintained, not forever, but yes for enough time to made it possible to carry around several ingredients for a long time, with relative assurance that they will not go to waste.

“That would be enough” said Magnus, cleaning his hands and the knife with a towel from his Re-quip; Erza and him had already more than develop the custom to always carry around, all the items needed to keep you tools in shape.

“Can we go home now?” ask Erza looking at the slowly darkening sky “we had to deliver the proofs before the end of the day”.

“Aye, right you are Erza” nodded Magnus raising and slowly storing the sack of the proofs into his Re-quip.

“You are slow Magnus” chimed Erza, happy to actually had something that was better than Magnus.  

“Well, not everybody had your natural talent for this, lass” snorted Magnus, who need a complete
minute to safely store the sack, he knew that Erza barely need seconds to store anything, and her magical reserves and Re-quip space was humongous.

Magnus suspected that his transplant could have something to do with it, but he had marked it as a bonus, if it empowers his daughter, that was a good thing in his book.

Erza straightened, proud of her achievements, she had took that look and stance from one of her books, Magnus was convinced it was some book about the code of Knighthood, however, she had take it...her way, and keep some things and forgot about others.

Well, at last, it was an upstanding code of honor, the one that the knights of this dimension had; if only they knew what the fuckers had done in his own dimension, they would think twice about follow their example.

Any case, Erza was slowly becoming a knight on her own right, with a good code of honor and with a high morals...

Magnus was eager to see the upcoming chaos that Morrigan was going to bring to her life, the daughter of Corvus was a free spirited girl; pun not intended; who do everything their way, and had the power to back up all her claims.

“Come on, I am hungry” pouted Erza and Magnus raised an eyebrow, but then he realized why she was that impatient, after all, today he had promised her a strawberry cake, and she always made him fill his promises.

She had picked up the habit from him, to actually, never, ever, back off of your words; if you are wrong, apologize and correct your ways, but never fault to your own word, you will only regret it afterwards.

Magnus chuckled and ruffled her hair in an affective manner, but with force enough to throw her out of balance and mess with her hair.

Erza grab her head and pouted at him with a murderous glare on her eyes; Magnus could only think about how cute she was when she was flustered and embarrassed, she was an ten or eleven years old girl; for Yggdrasil sakes, she should be more worried about other things, that to learn sword magic.

Actually, none of them were actually sure about her age, as the time in the Tower of Heaven was almost and empty space for Rob and her; so they just consider that she was a ten years old girl, and left it at that.

“Lead the way, little knight” laughed Magnus raising to his six feet and half tall stature.

Much to the disappointment of Erza who was a four feet tall girl in very good shape, just a glance at her features, and anyone could tell how she was going to grow into a breathtaking beauty.

Magnus secretively, loved to tease the little girl with the stature topic, it distract her from other physical features, like the pair of melons on her chest; covered by the armor, thanks Yggdrasil; or how her right eye, changed to a golden color each time she was upset and channel magic into her body.

He knew that he was going to beat the boys off his girl with a long and full or rusted nails stick, but at the same time, sometime nagged in his mind, that Erza was not going to have such a problem, considering her character and how stern she seemed to be...well, it was more probable that she was going to be the one beating with a stick all the hussies that wanted a piece of her dad.
She had grow quite overprotective of Rob and him, any time an attractive woman tries to flirt with Magnus; who was a handsome devil and knew it pretty well; she glared the woman like she was taking the measures of the coffin out of her.

It makes a lot more difficult for Magnus to have a date in conditions, but not that he was interested right now in any kind of relationship; he had a daughter and an old man to take care off now, and unless he found an astonishing woman that could caught his fancy, he would stay off the market, so to speak, until Erza was already established in Fairy Tail.

Rob was eager to get into Magnolia, the home town of the Guild; judging by the letters, he and Makarov; the Third Master of Fairy Tail, and old pal of Rob; exchanged, the old master was happy to have his friend back, and eager to meet the two of them, the so called Scarlet family.

Erza blushed and protested at Rob for the name, but Magnus was smiling at the idea, giving the old man two thumbs up.

It could appear as it was nothing, but a name, was a very important thing, it granted you, not only identity, but at the same time, it could grant you, infamy, fame, fortune, all depends of what and when the name is used.

Magnus the mercenary that fought on the war of Zeref a hundred years ago was death, so no one would ever look for him, in the form of Magnus Scarlet, father of Erza Scarlet, wizards of Fairy Tail.

It was a promising new beginning.

Ah, yeah, Mavis was right, as usual, Eternal adventure, this truly was the Best World Ever.

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