

[Adam C. POV]

As I sat at my desk, contemplating my plan for revenge against Erza, the mischievous grin on my face was a clear indication that I was up to something.

Erza had crossed the line, a SACRED line, by using my open account on the cake factory, resulting in me now having millions of Jewels in debt.

It wasn't like I couldn't pay that, I had more than enough money saved up. And even if I didn't, all I needed to do was take a mission and everything would be settled.

But that wasn't the point! This wasn't about the money, it was about the principle, about respect!

In short, it was payback time!

Just as I was deep in thought, a voice interrupted my delightful scheming.

"Hey there, Oberon! I'm The One and Only! Loke! Also known as the most handsome guy in Fairy Tail!"

I glanced up to see a blond-haired, overly confident fellow standing before me, doing a pose straight out of JoJo.

I deadpanned and looked at him. "That's quite an introduction," I replied in a dry tone, raising an eyebrow.

On that note, how the fuck had he entered my house.

Now that I think about it, his magic power feels... unnaturally weak, almost bordering on dangerous territory, as in, how the fuck is he alive dangerous kind of way.

Loke seemed taken aback by my lackluster response. "Well, it's the truth. After all, the ladies can't resist this face, this body, this hair, this rizz," he said, striking another pose.

I couldn't help but suppress a chuckle. "Cool, cool, cool, good to know, now please answer the following questions in order before I leave you bald. Why are you in my house? Why are you posing? And last but not least, how long do you reckon you have left?" I asked, a knowing smile spreading across my face.

"I came to greet you, seeing you didn't have the pleasure of meeting me yesterday," Loke replied, answering the first question while doing another JoJo pose, this time, taking a step back.

"Next question," I replied, tilting my head ever so slightly.

"Why do I pose you ask? Well," Loke said, taking a dramatic pause. "It's because I owe it to the ladies!"

I blinked. "What ladies, we are the only ones here..."

Loke blinked and looked around, as if just now realizing we were alone. "Ah, fuck. I guess I wasted all that rizz in nothing."

Rizz?! Oh shit, I just realized he was saying that word all along.

Hahahaha!

Who would've thought such an expression would come to existence in this world as well, ah, I love these little bits of familiarity that appear here and there.

I sighed internally, feeling a headache coming on. "Alright, last question. How long do you think you have left?"

"How much time left do I have to be this handsome?" Loke chuckled, striking another pose. "However much I still have ahead of me.

As funny as this was, there was no freaking way he acted this way in front of any woman, because if that was the case, and he still got some, the standards of this world were... concerningly questionable.

"That's not what I mean," I replied, shaking my head.

Loke looked confused at this. "Oh, then what do you mean by that? Wait?! Are you threatening me?! I PROMISE I haven't even looked in Cana's direction, I know the rules!"

"I'm glad you know the rules, good, but no, it's not that," I stifled a laugh. "You know what? Let me get straight to the point, how long do you have before you can't sustain your physical form anymore, little lion?"

Loke's face fell at this as his confusion turned into realization, his eyes widened in a mix of shock and terror. "You... you know I'm a Celestial Spirit?"

"Yes," I nodded, taking a deep breath. "I might be one of the only people in this world capable of noticing with nothing but a glance."

His magic power felt, in essence, pretty much like anyone else's. What made him different from the rest though, was how his soul felt.

His soul felt malleable, but ageless at the time.

No human felt like this.

Not even Zeref.

Not even Acnologia.

Even they retained some of their mortality deep within their souls.

Loke? He didn't have that.

Loke's soul had more in common with the Gods than with the rest of the mortals.

"Don't tell anyone," Loke pleaded, his voice barely above a whisper. "I don't want Lucy or anyone else to know."

Right, he didn't want Lucy to know who he was at first.

"I won't," I replied, placing a hand on his shoulder. "This is not my burden to share. However, if you feel like taking some advice, trust in the guild to have your back."

"You might know what I am," Loke muttered darkly, his eyes downcast. "But you don't know what I've done."

"By all means, feel free to enlighten me," I said, already knowing what he had done.

Loke took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "As a Celestial Spirit, I exist to serve my master, no matter what, no matter the order, I must obey. And I broke that rule! Trying to teach

my master a lesson, I refused her summons, and because of that, I ended up killing her!"

"I know," I replied, walking to the kitchen to grab a soda. "Karen was it? Look, I know you feel bad about that, like you should pay for what you did, and... well, I might not be the best person to give you an opinion, but in my eyes, Karen deserved what she got."

Loke's eyes snapped open at that. "How can you say that?!"

I took a long sip of my soda before turning back to him. "Karen was a terrible person, Loke. If what I heard about her was right, she treated you and the other spirits in her possession like common tools, objects to be used and then discarded."

Loke turned his gaze to the floor. "Perhaps. But still, I was her spirit, it wasn't my call to teach her anything."

"Perhaps," I replied, taking a sip of my soda. "But I stand my point. Just because the rules support her, it doesn't mean she gets to be a bitch with those that work for her, in my opinion what she got was a long time coming."

Loke stared at me for a long moment, before turning around, and leaving my house without a word.

I could tell he wanted to punch me, but had decided against that course of action.

I didn't blame him.

"Don't you think you were a bit harsh with him?" Mavis said, taking a seat above my kitchen counter, her green eyes searching mine as she waited for an answer.

"Well, you can't sugarcoat the truth," I replied, deciding not to intervene any further with this. "Karen was an entitled monster, and he needs to come to terms with that and realize that he's not at fault for her death, she is."

You reap what you sow, as simple as that.

[Loke -The Lion- POV.]

I ran out of Adam's house as fast as I possibly could the moment exited the door.

I don't know for how long I ran, but by the time I stopped, the sun was already starting to set.

As I stood there, watching the sun set, my mind consumed by the conflicting emotions today had stirred within me, I couldn't help but feel a surge of anger at Adam.

How could he think that Karen deserved that?! How could he... approve of my sin?!

I had almost punched him.

Not that it would've done anything.

As I was right now, I think I would probably hurt myself hitting him.

The worst part was that deep down, a part of me that I didn't want to acknowledge was glad that someone, anyone, approved of what I had done.

A bitter chuckle escaped my lips as I contemplated the hypocrisy of my own thoughts.

How messed up was I to find solace in my unforgivable sin thanks to someone else's approval? I, Loke, the celestial spirit who was supposed to embody pride and self-assurance, found myself craving validation from others, despite knowing I deserved this punishment.

It was a cruel irony.

As my thoughts spiraled down a darker path, my self-deprecating whispers grew louder.

I didn't deserve any salvation, I had abandoned my pride, my duty, and everything I should've stood for.

What kind of celestial spirit was I?

Just as I was drowning in the abyss of my own thoughts, a familiar voice broke through the haze.

It was someone talking about Team Natsu as they made their way home, mentioning that they had taken on a new mission, something about taking care of some bandits.

"Lucy..."

The sound of that snapped me out of my headspace, and a faint glimmer of determination ignited within me.

Without wasting another moment, I made up my mind.

I might not deserve a second chance, but with what little I have left, I might make something worthwhile by supporting those who still had a path ahead of them.

My time was running out.

I didn't have much left.

A few days at most, a month if I didn't overexert.

That being said, I would use the last bits of life I had left, every second I had, to support Lucy. That would be my last task as a Celestial Spirit.

My last action as Leo, The Celestial Spirit of the Lion.

I closed my eyes, the warmth of the fading sun still lingering on my skin and with renewed vigor, I took off, heading towards the location of Team Natsu.

And despite my past, and the lies of my present, I felt a sense of purpose that I had not experienced in a very long time.