# [Adam POV]

Leaving the white items on the list for the guild to collect under a contract, and the orders of Makarov, Gildarts, and I broke the remaining items between the two of us to collect.

Ten dangerous items.

Five for each.

The items or ingredients I had to collect were the following.

The Feathers of a Phoenix, at least five.

Two Urns of Apathy.

One Rod of Flesh... I won't even question what that even is...

Five Prosperous Jars.

And last but not least.

Two Gems of Apedemak.

I sighed, that was quite the list. It wasn't so much that I had many items or ingredients to collect, cause I didn't, it was

more that some of them were pretty far away from one another.

On that note, how the hell does Porlyusica know where every single item is?

I mean, she doesn't know the precise location, but she still knows enough to map every item out. That was impressive as fuck.

"What are you doing?" Mavis asked, materializing out of nowhere, her form slowly taking shape as she phased through the floor.

"I thought you were gone," I replied, looking at her.

Mavis pouted. "You are mean."

I was?

"I meant no insult, I just... honestly thought you were gone, I mean, it's the first time in months you leave me for more than a few minutes," I replied, hoping she would take the hint and leave me alone for the time being, as I needed to concentrate.

Wait a moment...

Mavis is a walking talking library...

SHE CAN HELP ME!

My head snapping in her direction, I noticed Mavis' cheeks turn flush, and her eyes were blazing as she crossed her arms over her chest, defiantly declaring, "If I'm not welcome here, then I'm leaving!"

"You are!" I shot back.

Mavis's eyes twinkled as a sly smirk crept onto her lips. "You need me, don't you?" she purred in pure evil.

I could pretend that was not the case.

But time was of the essence.

"I do," I nodded.

The corners of Mavis's mouth tugged upwards, even more, her eyes sparkling with even more mischief than normal. "I could help you, but---"

I already knew what she wanted.

"I will answer all of your questions for twenty-four hours if you help me," I replied, cutting her short.

"Deal!" Mavis exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Good, in that case, ready to go out on an adventure, Mavis?" I asked, with a friendly smile.

Mavis looked up at me with a wistful smile, her eyes twinkling with memories of past adventures. "When have I ever not?" she replied, her voice melodious and soft.

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With the help of Mavis, the First Master of Fairy Tail, as my personal guide, I embarked on my journey following the order Mavis had set for each item on the list.

She had ordered the items in order of success. As in my chances of getting them.

Prosperous Jars. - 92% chance of success.

Urns of Apathy. - 87.5% chance of success.

The Feathers of a Phoenix. - 82.17% chance of success.

Rod of Flesh. - 70.98% chance of success.

Gems of Apedemak. - 0.1% chance of success.

I didn't know what to think of those percentages, especially the last one, that basically stated I had no chance of getting the gems whatsoever.

Seeing this, and trusting her tactical prowess I asked her if it would be prudent to exchange that last item with Gildarts, to which she replied it didn't matter as it would make no difference, seeing we both had the same chances of success, regardless of our difference in strength.

I could only imagine whatever that list item was, had something to do with a God, not only the level of difficulty was leagues above the rest of the items in the list, but the name was pretty telling.

Apedemak.

The name of an ancient Nubian God, whose domain was War, if I'm not mistaken.

It couldn't be a coincidence that the only item on the list that I had no chance of collecting, was the one with the name of a God.

And if Mavis and Zeref being cursed to suffer forever was anything to go by, the Gods of this world were just like the ones depicted in the mythology back on earth, cruel sadistic assholes.

Great.

I wonder if Ank... if Ankhrelram... if Ahkol... if Anhr... I wonder if whatever his name is will take offense to what we are doing, I mean, we are basically doing what Zeref did with Natsu.

Then again, Natsu was already dead when Zeref resurrected him.

Cordelia is still alive, barely, but still.

'Let whatever his name is, take all the offense he wants,' Zanryuzuki said, her voice echoing within my mind. 'It is within your right to deal with souls as you please.'

Even if that's the case, it matters more what the asshole of a God thinks, and not what is my right to do or not.

At least for now.

"Let's go, Mavis."

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Wasting no time, I started my journey. Making my way to the capital to collect three out of the five items I needed, seeing that they were sold in the capital, at ridiculously high prices.

Those being the following.

Prosperous Jars.

Urns of Apathy.

The Feathers of a Phoenix.

Right away, I found the first two ingredients. But after visiting every shop in the capital market, I still hadn't been able to find a vendor that sold Phoenix Feathers.

I even canvassed the alleys and back streets where some of the underground merchants sold their rare wares, only to come up empty-handed.

"Hey kid, I heard ya were looking for some Phoenix Feathers?"

Hmm.

I might be walking into a trap... but meh...

"I am," I slowly turned around and found myself staring into the beady eyes of the most dubious-looking merchant I had

ever seen in my whole life. His skin was sallow, his scruffy beard was unruly and stained with tobacco, and his clothes were rumpled and grease-spattered.

Eww.

The slimy man before me slowly smiled, revealing crooked and yellowed teeth, as he replied, "Well, yer in luck! I have some!" He rocked back and forth on his heels, his eyes twinkling with malicious delight.

I took a step back and squinted. The man standing in front of me had a greasy, disheveled appearance and reeked of a potent combination of sweat, body odor, and cigarettes. "Great. Now, let's make this transaction without... any kind of physical contact," I replied, keeping my distance.

"Good call, I don't have a real nose and I can smell him," Mavis muttered with a shudder.

I believe you, Mavis.

I do.

"Well, come!" The man motioned me to follow him, and I took a step back to avoid the pungent odor that seemed to ooze from him.

Nevertheless, I followed him, several feet behind him needless to say.

The man shuffled towards a shabby house with peeling paint on its exterior walls. He opened the door and a wave of musty air rolled out. The room inside was illuminated by a dim light bulb, and the walls were stained with damp patches.

Stacks of discarded newspapers and broken furniture cluttered the floor.

I'm one to believe the saying that says, don't judge a book by its cover, but shit this man is making it hard for me to do so.

Once inside the house, the sleazy man motioned me closer and took out a chest from within a broken dresser. He clicked open the rusted latch, and the chest creaked open.

Revealing inside, several glimmering phoenix feathers shone, like stars trapped in the darkness.

I looked at Mavis, who simply nodded, confirming they were the real deal.

I'll be damned, the guy wasn't trying to trick me, or attack me.

"So, what ya think?"

"I think I would like to know how much are they?" I asked, holding my breath. For obvious reasons, honest merchant or not, he needed a bath, a few hundred of them.

The musty smell of cigars filled the air as the man leaned forward and said in a gravelly voice, "One million each." I felt my stomach drop and a cold chill crept up my spine.

One million each?! That was well out of my budget, and I mean that by a lot.

I might as well try to make a deal with him if that's the case.

"I will be honest with you, I don't have that kind of money with me right now," I replied, taking a deep breath as I saw the man frown in disapproval.

"But?" The man pressed. "I feel a 'but' coming, so out with it."

"I'm part of the Guild known as Fairy Tail, and if you agree to let me buy the feathers with credit, I promise to pay an additional five percent per feather over the agreed price," I replied, hoping the sleazy merchant would accept.

"Hmm," The man hummed, looking at me up and down. "Ten percent, and we have a deal."

"Six percent," I replied.

"Eight, and I won't go any lower," The man replied, crossing his arms in an ultimatum.

"Then we have a deal," I smiled at him.

The smoky stench of cigars and whiskey wafted off of the greasy-haired man as he snorted at me. "Not so fast, kid, let's go talk to the folks at the Business Bureau and make this deal official."

I...

I suppose that makes sense.

I guess I will see how long I can hold my breath today.

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After two minutes of dealing with the bureaucratic process of making the deal with the merchant official, I left the capital with a warning from the merchant that explained why Porlyusica had marked the items I had bought in the capital as dangerous.

"A piece of advice, brat. Don't trust anyone, the reason why those things are so expensive in the market is because bandits

and dark wizards alike are always after them, willing to do anything to get their hands on them..."

This pretty much explained why Porlyusica had deemed these items dangerous to acquire.

I wasn't worried though.

Be that as it may, I would keep my guard up at all times to avoid anything.

"The last two items are in Alakitasia," Mavis reminded me.

Alakitasia.

The western continent, where the Alvarez Empire resides.

I chuckled, it's like I'm a magnet to overly dangerous situations.

If I wanted to succeed there, I would have to keep a low profile. While I was sure, The Spriggan Twelve of right now couldn't possibly have all their members, as I was older than some of the ones that would join in time to their ranks.

The ones I was sure were already part of the Spriggan Twelve, were more than enough to... kill me as I was now.

Irene Belserion.

August.

Jacob Lessio.

Larcade.

And Bloodman.

If found, I could probably avoid any sort of confrontation with August, seeing that out of all of the names above, he was the most reasonable.

As for the rest?

I would probably be captured or killed on sight if deemed a threat or an intruder.

From this point forward, I can't make any mistakes.

The funny thing was, that even though this was crazy dangerous I found myself enjoying the prospect it offered.

I guess I'm crazier than I thought.