

# FAIRY TAIL: METAL AND THREADS

## Chapter 2: Building a New Life

In a higher dimension, an old man with a long white beard, the same old man who was riding in Truck-Kun's cab, was sitting in his office, sifting through two piles of paperwork. On top of each pile was a name. On the pile to the old man's right the name on top of the pile read, "Alfonzo Marcus." While the pile to his left read, "Elicia Taylor."

"\*Sigh\* This Elicia was nothing but an energetic angel who tended to speak before thinking." The old man said to himself, putting down a page of Elicia's report on his desk. "She didn't have a single bad bone in her body. This was truly a horrible accident. \*Sigh\*"

Then, the old man picked up a document from the other pile.

"And this Alfonzo Marcus, he was nothing short of an arrogant prick for the first sixteen years of his life." The old man said as he read through the summary of Alfonzo's life. "At least he started changing for the better. Too bad

it took an accident like that, though. The sixth sense he manifested after the accident is quite curious as well. And his slightly overboard levels of self-confidence can be a bit worrying. But he was a good kid for the most part."

Placing the document back onto the desk, the old man then picked up another two documents, one from each stack. These two documents mentioned the supernatural-like abilities that Alfonzo and Elicia had.

"Supernatural-like, my ass." The old man said with a frown. "These two clearly had supernatural abilities that were almost on the level of magic. The only thing they were lacking was the creation of the things they could manipulate."

As previously mentioned, Alfonzo had the ability to intuitively see the structure and material make up of metal objects. While Elicia had a supernatural level of dexterity when it came to sewing. However, there was more to both of their abilities than even they knew.

While Alfonzo could use his will to see the structure and material make up of metal objects, with the use of his will, he could even shape those metals slightly when doing repairs. Though, the changes he could make were so minuscule that he never noticed.

Elicia, on the other hand, had not been manipulating the needles while she sewed as one would expect. Instead, she had the ability to manipulate threads. This, in turn, helped make corrections to her needle work.

I can only imagine how far they could have pushed these abilities if they had been born in a world with mana, or some equivalent." The old man wondered aloud. "Maybe I should send them to a world like that."

Once again putting down the documents in his hands, the old man started sifting through the piles again. Then, he found a document that detailed what the deceased lovers liked to do in their spare time. Alfonzo liked to watch sports, exercising, cooking, baking, and, to the old man's surprise, practicing Eskrima.

"Eskrima?" The old man said to himself. "That doesn't really seem like the friendliest martial art for someone with a visual impairment. Well, whatever, more power to him. It seems he reached a pretty high level in it, too. Though he never participated in any competitions or sparring, with good reason."

Then, the old man switched to reading Elicia's list of hobbies. Designing and making clothes, reading manga, watching anime, and dragging Alfonzo along with her to read manga and watch anime.

"Haha, these two take the age old argument of subbed versus dubbed to another level." The old man said with a chuckle. "Of course, Elicia hates dubbed anime, with a passion. Although there are a few she approves of, that is definitely the exception to the rule. Alfonzo on the other hand can only watch dubbed anime, seeing as reading subtitles is nearly impossible with his eyesight."

Continuing to read, the old man eventually decided to send them to an AU world of Fairy Tail, one of the few anime that they both agreed on. It helped that Elicia did not mind the dub of the anime, either.

"So, a Fairy Tail AU with a few crossovers to spice things up." the old man decided. "And I guess I'll make it so the chances of them becoming childhood friends again is almost a forgone conclusion."

With those decisions made, the old man began typing on the keyboard on his desk. Then, after setting up the world Alfonzo and Elicia would be sent to, he got to the final check box.

"Do I let them keep their memories?" The old man asked himself while hovering the mouse over the check box. "If I do, do I let them have them from

birth? Do they get them back after a trigger? After they reach a certain age?  
\*Sigh\* So many options."

In reality, there were not really that many options. There were the two major ones. Allow or do not allow them to retain their memories. If do not allow is chosen, then that is it, no more choices. But if allow is chosen, then you have to choose when they get their memories. However, the old man just did not know what to do. So, he reached into his pocket, and pulled out a coin.

"I'll just flip a coin. Heads, they get their memories from their past life. Tails, they don't. The old man said before flipping the coin. "Heads. They keep their memories."

After that coin toss, the old man immediately clicked the check box. Then, he held up the coin again.

"Well, they won't have their memories from birth." The old man decided. "But will they get them at a certain age or after a trigger event? Well... Heads, trigger event. Tails, after a certain age... Tails it is."

After another coin toss, the old man clicked another check box. Then, he had to figure out how old the kids would be when they got their memories back.

"Okay, I'll flip the coin again." The old man said after some consideration. "AS many times as, I get a different outcome in a row, will be the age that they get their memories back."

Although it may not be too clear from his speech, the old man planned on flipping the coin several times consecutively. Then, as long as the side showing changed, he would continue to flip the coin. Once the same side came up two times in a row, that would end this little game. And the number of times that the side was different would be the age that they get their memories back.

"Tails... Heads... Tails... Heads... Tails... Heads... heads." The old man said aloud as he flipped the coin. "Okay, memories back at six. Good thing they have the same date of birth, so they'll get them back at the same time."

The old man then entered the age they would be getting their memories back and proceeded to put the finishing touches on the reincarnation process.

"Okay, done." The old man said as he stretched in his chair. "Now, I just have to wait for the Worldline Department to approve the world I want them to

reincarnate into. Then, they'll create it and send the paperwork back to me so I can complete the reincarnation."

As the old man spoke to himself, he cleaned up all the paperwork on his desk. Once he did, a nameplate became visible. This nameplate read, "Samsara, The God of Reincarnation."

"\*Sigh\* That was more work than I thought it would be." The old man, Samsara, said as he stood up. "I wonder if Truck-Kun is free to get a drink tonight."

After that, Samsara walked from behind his desk toward the door to his office. Then, just before leaving the room, he flipped the light switch, turning off the lights. Then, he closed the door. From there, he turned left and walked down the hallway. After passing four doors, Samsara turned to his left and knocked on a door with a nameplate that read, "Emmee Truck, The God of Death."

\*Knock!\* \*Knock!\* \*Knock!\*

"Hey, Truck-Kun, let's get a drink." Samsara said with a smile after knocking on the door.

"God damn it!" A low female voice sounded from the other side of the door. A few moments later, the door was swung open with force. "How many fucking times do I have to tell you not to call me that you son of a bitch. Neither you nor I are Japanese, so using the honorifics makes you sound stupid. On top of that I'm a woman. At least use –Chan if you're gonna do it anyway."

Standing in the doorway and yelling at Samsara was a tall, stunningly gorgeous woman with fair skin, cherry red hair, silver eyes, and curves in all the right places.

"Oh don't get mad, I was just calling you what the kids in the lower dimensions call you." Samsara said with a chuckle.

"Fuck you!" Emmee shouted. "This is all my husband's fault! What kind of last fucking name is 'Truck'?"

"Oh yea, because turning into a truck so often had nothing to do with it." Samsara said to himself under his breath.

"What was that!?" Emmee asked in a threatening tone.



"Nothing. Nothing at all." Samsara said while waving dismissively. "Anyway, how about that drink?"

"Not tonight." Emmee said. Then, her expression turned much gentler before she continued. "Today is my wedding anniversary and I'm sure the hubby will have something planned for tonight."

"Oh well, maybe next time." Samsara said with a shrug. Then, he turned and walked away as he continued to speak. "Have a good night."

Shortly after Samsara walked away, Emmee ended her work day as well. Then, she went back home to her husband. Meanwhile, the application Samsara sent to the Worldline department was approved. Then, the members of the Worldline Department pulled an all-nighter so that the reincarnations of Alfonzo and Elicia could be kept on schedule.

The next morning, when Samsara arrived in his office, he sat down at his desk and checked his email, like he does every morning. When he saw the emails stating that the new AU was approved and created, Samsara smiled. Then, after a few minutes spent reviewing Alfonzo and Elicia's reincarnation procedure one more time, he clicked the "Submit" button.

"Elicia Taylor, I hope you continue to be the ray of sunshine that you were in your previous life." Samsara said with a gentle smile. "And Alfonzo Marcus, I hope you continue to improve yourself as a person. I can only pray that having your eyesight back won't lead you down the same path."

Earth land, Ishgar, Kingdom of Fiore, Hargeon.

In the middle of the night, as the clock struck midnight and the date changed from May 7th x771 to May 8th x771, a pair of orphaned children, a boy and a girl, woke from their slumber. It seemed that they both had a nightmare at the same time. Fortunately, or unfortunately, that couldn't be further from the truth.

"Where am I? Didn't I die in a car crash with Elicia/Fonzie?"

After scanning the room, they woke up in, for a few moments, the two children, Alfonzo Marcus and Elicia Taylor, spoke in unison. Since the room was full of sleeping children, it was not hard for the two to hear the similar utterance that came from the next bed over.

Each child looked in the direction they heard the voice from. Then, when they met eyes with the other speaker, they both spoke in unison once again.

"Fonzie?/Elicia?"