

## Fairy Tail 156

Chapter 156: The Iron Dragon Slayer, Gajeel Redfox

Earth Land, Ishgar, Kingdom of Fiore, Magnolia.

August, x784.

"It really feels like she was looking down on us." Jet muttered as he kicked a pebble on the side of the alleyhe and the rest of Team Shadow Gear were using as a short cut to get Levy to Fairy Hills. "Still, I guess I understand where she's coming from. The guild was attacked just last night, after all."

"That's right." Levy replied with a nod. "There's no way of knowing if the attacker is still in Magnolia."

With that, Levy spread her [Magic Power Detection] in a hemisphere with herself as the center. As soon as she did, however, she raised her head in panic.

"Jet, Droy, look out!" Levy shouted as she pulled her light pen, a magical item that allows the user to write letters made of light in the air, out of her small holster on her waist. "[Solid Script Magic: Shield]."

With that, Levy wrote the word "Shield" in the air above her. In the next instant, the letters transformed into the shape of a kite shield.

\*Bang!\*

As soon as the shield finished materializing, the sound of a hard impact echoed through the alley. Although the spell was completed hastily, it was able to get the job done, protecting Levy, Jet, and Droy from suffering a sneak attack.

"Levy, are you okay?" Droy asked in concern while standing protectively in front of Levy.

"I'm fine." Levy replied calmly with her light pen at the ready.

"Hey! Who are you?" Jet shouted at the figure standing on top of the floating kite shield. "Why are you attacking us?"

\*Chomp!\* \*Chew!\* \*Chew!\* \*Chew!\*

Instead of a response, however, all the trio heard was the sound of chewing. On top of that, even though it was dark, they could tell that chunks of the shield were being ripped away, too.

"Is he... eating the shield?" Droy asked.

\*Thud!\*

Before Droy's question could be answered, however, the sound of a pair of boots landing on the alley's floor was the next sound anyone heard. When they looked in the sound's direction, what they saw was a muscular young man standing at roughly 6'1" (1.85 m) with long, slicked back, spiky, black hair, no eyebrows, three studs over each eye taking their place, red, slitted eyes, two pairs of studs on either side of his nose, and another pair of studs on his chin.

Standing in front of the trio with a cruel smile on his face, the young man wore a shabby, black sleeveless tunic with studs lining the edges, a studded belt, beige pants tucked into studded black boots, a pair of brown, studded gloves, a similarly studded pair of wristbands, and a large, wing-like attachment on his right shoulder secured with a large stud.

"That was a pretty fast reaction, little girl." The black haired young man said. "Even more impressive was the fact that you detected me at all. Tell me, how did you do that?"

"Do you really think I'd tell you that?" Levy asked with a frown on her face.

"Not really." The young man replied with a shrug. "But it couldn't hurt to try."

"Enough talk!" Jet shouted impatiently. "You'll pay for attacking us like that. [High Speed Magic: Falcon Heavenward]."

As soon as Jet finished chanting, he vanished in a burst of speed. In the next instant, he was standing in front of the black-haired young man with his foot raised to kick him in the chin. However, just before the kick could connect, it was stopped by the young man's left hand.

"What?" Jet exclaimed in a confused tone.

"I'll admit you're fast." The black-haired young man said with that cruel smile still on his face. "But you're too weak."

"Oh yea? I'll show you just how weak I am." Jet growled angrily.

Then, he leapt off the ground with his free leg and threw a barrage of kicks at the black-haired young man. However, none of the kicks landed as they were dodged with minimal movement.

"Just like I said..." The young man said while catching Jet's other foot. "Weak."

With that, the young man swung Jet by the legs toward a nearby wall.

"[Solid Script Magic: Cushion]." Levy chanted once again while quickly writing in the air.

In the next instant, a cushion appeared between Jet's back and the wall.

\*Bang!\*

Even so, with the force he was swung into it, Levy had very little confidence that Jet would come out of that exchange without a broken rib or two.

"Let go of Jet!" Droy shouted with a pair of plant seeds in his hands. Then, he threw the seeds on the ground in front of him. "[Plant Magic: Chain Plant]."

As soon as his chant ended, vines burst from the seeds Droy threw on the ground. Then they shot toward their attacker and quickly bound him in place.

Looking down, the young man glanced at the vines with disinterest.

"Is this all you got?" the young man asked.

"Not yet." Droy replied, throwing another handful of seeds on the ground. "[Plant Magic: Knuckle Plant]."

Like before, vines burst out of the seeds on the ground. Unlike last time, however, the vines had tips that resembled fists.

"This is getting boring." The young man muttered. "I guess I'll end this. I've got a war to start, after all."

'A war?' Levy wondered. 'Why would he want to start a war?'

Before Levy could think too deeply, the young man ripped apart the vines binding him with raw, physical strength. Then, he punched the incoming [Knuckle Plants], destroying them just as easily.

'Now I see why Alfonzo and Elicia suggested everyone do C-Class quests and below solo.' Levy thought to herself as she watched the young man approach. 'We're definitely behind the rest of the guys in our group in terms of individual strength.'

"[Solid Script Magic: Lightning]." Levy chanted as she wrote in the air once again.

In the next instant, a bolt of lightning shot out of the word towards the young man who was effortlessly dealing with the plant based attacks from Droy.

Sensing the danger from the incoming lightning bolt, the young man's facial expression changed for the first time. Instead of only wearing a cruel smile, he showed a bit of interest as well.

'Did she choose to attack with lightning because of all the metal I'm wearing?' The young man asked himself. 'She's more interesting than I thought. Too bad she's being held back by these weaklings; she might have been fun to fight if she were stronger.'

"[Iron Dragon's Lance]." The young man chanted as his right hand turned into an iron spearhead.

Then, before the lightning could travel too far, the iron spearhead on the young man's arm extended and separated from him, attracting the lightning bolt too it. At the same time, he finally reached Droy.

"[Iron Dragon's Club]." The young man chanted as his right hand once again turned into iron.

Unlike last time, the young man's hand turned into a blunt piece of metal that he swung at Droy with a backhand motion.

\*Crack!\*

"Argh!" Droy screamed.

Reacting quickly, Droy raised his left arm to block the incoming attack. Unfortunately, the sickening sound of bones breaking and Droy's painfilled scream was a clear indicator of how well that went.

Quickly, the young man followed up by throwing a roundhouse kick that sent Droy flying into a wall, taking him out of the battle.

"And then... There was one." The young man said as he turned his red eyes to Levy.

"Actually, There's two." A female voice said as another person dropped down between Levy and the young man.

"Elicia?" Levy asked, immediately recognizing the voice. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, Fonzie asked me to pick up a bottle of whiskey for him." Elicia replied, holding up the bag in her left hand. "Our last quest was pretty messed up. So, he probably wanted something to help him relax. By the way, could you hold this for me?"

With that, Elicia handed the bag to Levy, who accepted it with confusion written all over her face. Then, Elicia focused her attention on the attacker once again.

"So, you're Phantom Lord's Dragon Slayer, right?" Elicia asked. "Gajeel Redfox, if I remember correctly."

"So, the Magic Seamstress knows my name..." The young man, Gajeel Redfox, said in a mocking tone. "I'm honored."

Over the last few years, all the recently promoted S-Class wizards had gained an epitaph. And based on the fact that she uses [Thread Magic] on top of owning the most popular clothing store in Ishgar, Elicia gained the epitaph of the Magic Seamstress.

"Still, I'd rather your little boyfriend were here instead." Gajeel continued. "I'd like to show him who the real Master of Metal is."

"Okay, that was rude." Elicia replied. "First of all, it's fiancé, not boyfriend. And second, if Fonzie showed up, it would be a one sided beating, at best."

Frowning in response, Gajeel dropped into his fighting stance.



"You'll see the truth later." Gajeel said in a solemn tone. "For now, leaving the two of you hospitalized like those weaklings will be enough to accomplish my task."

With that said, Gajeel dashed forward. When he was in range, he threw a right hook that Elicia ducked under with little effort.

"[Iron Dragon's Spiked Club]." Gajeel chanted as his fist sailed over Elicia's head.

In the next instant, Gajeel's fist turned into a club once again. This time, however, sharp iron spikes grew from the club's surface, attempting to skewer Elicia.

Reacting quickly, Elicia tumbled forward, rolling through Gajeel's legs. The, once she was past him, she stood up on her hands and threw a kick at Gajeel's back. Reacting just as quickly, Gajeel turned his left hand into an iron club and blocked Elicia's feet.

Kicking off Gajeel's arm Elicia flipped forward, landing on her feet. In the same motion, she brought her arms over her head and swung them toward the ground. At the same time, Gajeel, who was connected to Elicia's hands by the threads that had been secretly wrapped around his ankles, lost his balance before he was pulled over Elicia's head in an arch.

Realizing that he would be slammed into the ground face first if he didn't do something, Gajeel narrowed his eyes.

"Iron Dragon's Sword]." Gajeel chanted as his right hand turned into a longsword.

Immediately, Gajeel used his sword to cut the threads around his ankles. Then, in an impressive display of agility, he flipped around and landed on his feet.

"You're better than I expected." Gajeel said, finally showing some excitement for a good fight. "Unfortunately, it looks like my time is up."

"Yeah, if you don't get out of here, you'll be fighting half the guild." Elicia said with a smile. "On top of that, from what I can tell, Fonzie's [Railgun] is targeting you, too."

Hearing that, Gajeel shuddered. Although, as an Iron Dragon Slayer, he was impervious to attacks made with metal, the force of impact from a projectile traveling at six times the speed of sound would be dangerous regardless.

'Is he nearby?' Gajeel thought to himself. 'No, if he were, I'd smell him. In fact, his scent is coming from that mansion of theirs. Can he really target me from so far away? Or is she bluffing to get me to retreat. I guess it doesn't matter. We've cast too many spells, the rest of the Fairy Flies definitely had to have noticed by now.'

"Fine, I'll let you go for now." Gajeel said as he released his tension. "But next time, I'll defeat you, Salamander, and that so called Master of Metal."

With that, Gajeel jumped and bounded off the buildings on either side of the alley. Then, he disappeared over the top of one of the buildings.

"\*Sigh\* He's really leaving." Levy said in a relieved tone while watching Gajeel through her [Magic Power Detection]. "That's the same guy that destroyed the guild hall, isn't it?"

"Definitely." Elicia said, approaching Jet. "We can talk about that later, though. We need to get them medical attention. I can create bandages with my threads, but that won't be enough for these two's serious injuries."

"Right." Levy replied with a nod. "Still, they should help a little in setting the bones."

Like that, Elicia and Levy worked to stabilize Jet and Droy's injuries. Then, after a few minutes, several more Fairy Tail wizards, led by Macao and Wakaba, arrived on the scene. Then, the group of wizards carefully transported their injured comrades to Magnolia's hospital. Meanwhile, Reedus, who had also been attracted by the commotion, used his [Picto Magic] to send a message to Makarov about what transpired.