

## Fairy Tail 207

Chapter 207: Battle of Fairy Tail; Part 5

Earth Land, Ishgar, Kingdom of Fiore, Magnolia.

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"After talking so much, he lost so quickly." Jet said disdainfully as he watched Ren tending to Gajeel's injuries.

"Seriously, and he said we would be holding him back." Droy added just as disdainfully. "Now we'll have to win the next two rounds to move on."

'\*Sigh\* These two are impossible.' Levy thought to herself. 'Usually, whenever they spar with Elicia, they lose even faster. With Jet, she just spreads her threads and lets him wrap himself up. And with Droy, she just cuts through all his plants with her threads, or she just weaves through them and beats him up.'

"Anyway, who are we sending up next?" Levy asked, trying to stop the two from bashing their downed teammate. "Personally, I think I should go up next. The two of you work really well together as a team, after all."

"No, you should definitely go up in the team battle." Jet argued. "You have the best strategic mind of the three of us."

"Jet's right." Droy said with a nod. "Neither one of us is good at coming up with a plan."

'Plus, someone would be there to protect you.' Jet and Droy thought simultaneously while making eye contact for a brief period.

'They're probably thinking they can protect me in the team battle.' Levy thought to herself, her annoyance with her childhood friends growing.

"That still doesn't answer my question." Levy replied, deciding to bottle up her frustration.

Once again, Jet and Droy made eye contact. Then, they both spoke at the same time.

"You should go." The longtime friends said at the same time.

The two fell silent after speaking at the same time.

"Both teams, send your next fighters into the ring." Makarov ordered at that moment.

"No, you should go." The boys said simultaneously once again.

"\*Sigh\* I'll go." Levy said, rubbing her temples as she spoke.

"No!" Both Jet and Droy denied simultaneously, once again.

"Then who's going to fight?" Levy asked, her annoyance finally seeping into her tone.

Once again, Jet and Droy made eye contact. Then, Jet finally sighed in frustration.

"Okay, I'll go." Jet said begrudgingly.

By now, Sun was already standing in the ring, watching the ongoing drama with interest. Then, after a few more words, Jet finally hopped onto the ring and stood opposite Sun.

"Fighters are you ready?" Makarov asked as soon as Jet was standing in the ring. Receiving two nods in return, Makarov continued. "Fight."

Once the signal was given, Jet vanished from where he stood in a burst of speed.

Meanwhile, Sun stood in place with her eyes closed, her left hand on the sheath of her shirasaya, and her right hand on its hilt. She then spread out her [Magic Power Detection] to keep track of Jet, who was moving faster than her eyes could follow. Though, she was confident in reacting if she could tell where he was.

And Jet did not make her wait long to prove that fact.

"[High Speed Magic: Falcon Heavenward]." Jet chanted as he appeared in front of Sun.

As soon as Jet slowed down, he transferred all his momentum into his right leg, which he used to kick up at Sun in an attempt to send her air born.

Sun, on the other hand, with her eyes still closed, calmly stepped back with her left foot, dropping into an iaido stance as she did so. Then, at a speed comparable to Jet, she stepped forward with her right foot and drew her blade.

"[Water/Sword Compound Magic: First Form: Water Surface Slash]." Sun chanted as she drew her blade at high speed.

If one could see it, they would notice that as the blade left its sheath, it was covered in a thin, highly compressed layer of water. In fact, if Sun were so inclined, she could release that layer of water to fly forward along the path of the slash.

With Reactions fast enough to match his [High Speed Magic], Jet jumped straight up using his left leg, barely avoiding Sun's slash. Unfortunately, that meant that he was now airborne with no way of dodging any follow up attacks.

From the air, Jet noticed that Sun was taking a deep breath while turning her head in his direction with her eyes now open.

"Shit!" Jet cursed as he knew what was coming next.

"[Voice Magic: Howling Voice]." Sun chanted as she opened her mouth wide in Jet's direction.

In the next instant, Sun released a soundwave at Jet. And so that she did not harm the civilians in the audience, she condensed it into a directional attack. Meaning, to anyone who was outside of the spell's effective reduced range, the only thing they would hear was a normal scream.

"Argh!" Jet shouted in pain.

Unfortunately, Jet was not so lucky. Because he was in the direct line of fire, he was hit by the full force of the shockwave. As a result, he was blown backward with his ears bleeding from the high pitched sound.

Instead of letting up after seeing the state Jet was in currently, however, Sun sprinted forward in the direction Jet flew away. She knew he was not sent flying far enough to fall out of the ring. So, she intended to make sure that her victory was assured.

Eventually, Jet slammed into the ring and rolled a few times before coming to a stop.

\*Clang!\*

And just as Jet stopped, Sun pierced her shirasaya into the ring just inches from his head.

"Jet is unable to battle." Makarov declared once Sun's blade was pierced into the ring. "The winner of the round is Sun Seto. And with a score of two to zero, the winner of the match is Team Steel Threads."

With that, the crowd once again went wild. Yet, Sun did not move away from Jet. Instead, she waited for him to regain his senses.. so to speak.

A few moments later, Jet recovered enough to start looking around his surroundings. And the first thing he noticed was the blade pierced into the ground right next to his head. After that, he noticed that a hand was holding the hilt of that blade. And finally, he noticed that Sun was the owner of the hand holding the hilt. With just that, he could piece together what situation he was in.

"So, I lost, huh?" Jet muttered.

With Jet's utterance, Sun finally pulled her blade out of the ring and sheathed it. Then, she reached out a hand to Jet.

After hesitating for a few moments, Jet finally took Sun's hand and she pulled him up to his feet. Though, he quickly lost his balance, almost falling to the ground once again.

"Take it easy, Jet." Sun said, knowing that Jet would not be able to hear her as she supported him before he fell. "Let's get you to my mom. She's got a lot of experience dealing with injured eardrums."

Like that, Sun somewhat forcefully helped Jet over towards Ren. Meanwhile, the crowd cheered even louder at the show of sportsmanship.

Levy and Droy were quick to follow behind Sun. Meanwhile, Alfonzo, Elicia, and Marin returned to their seating area, leaving the ringside for the next two teams.

"The third match, Thunder God Tribe Vs. Team Seto." Makarov announced. "Both teams, please make your way to the ring."

"We're winning this match before it can go to the third round, understood.?" Laxus asked the rest of his team while they made their way to ringside.

"Of course, if Alfonzo can do it, then we can do it even faster." Bickslow replied.

"Naturally." Evergreen said with a proud smile.

"Then, who will we be sending up?" Fried asked.

"I'll be going first." Laxus replied. "You three can decide among you who will go after that. But you won't have much time to decide."

Understood." Bickslow, Fried, and Evergreen said simultaneously.

Meanwhile, Gozaburo was having a similar conversation with the members of his team.

"I think it's time we show the kids in this guild that they shouldn't look down on us." Gozaburo said, feeling like he might be left behind by his daughter if he does not step his game up.

"Yeah, especially that Laxus." Macao said.

"Right, he's been getting out of hand ever since he became an S-Class." Wakaba said with a nod.

"But how are we gonna play this, Boss?" Masa asked, adjusting his sunglasses.

"Hmm...." Gozaburo hummed in thought. "Masa, I think you should go first. After that, will be me. Then, it will be your turns, Macao and Wakaba. Since you two usually take quests as partners, I think the two on two battle is best for you."

"Sure." Macao replied.



"Makes sense." Wakaba added with a nod. Then, he took a puff from his pipe and continued after exhaling. "Just make sure we get our turn, you two."

"I'll do my best, Boss." Masa answered solemnly.

"Teams, send your first fighters to the ring." Makarov ordered.

With that, Laxus transformed into a bolt of lightning before appearing in the ring less than a second later. Meanwhile, Masa hopped on to the ring shortly afterward.

"You know, now that I think about it, I've never seen Masa fight." Macao said.

"Neither have I." Wakaba replied. Then, he looked at Gozaburo and continued. "What kind of magic does he use?"

"You'll see soon." Gozaburo replied with his arms crossed while watching the ring.

"If both fighters are ready, you may begin." Makarov said, opting to not ask if the fighters were ready after seeing them.

"[Physical Enhancement Magic: Full Body Enhancement]." Masa chanted quietly.

As he finished his chant, Masa tilted his head back to avoid a lightning clad fist from Laxus, who appeared right in front of him in a flash of lightning. Then, he threw a high kick with his left foot at Laxus chin, which the younger wizard slapped away with his right hand before coating his hand with [Lightning Magic] and swinging his back hand at Masa's head.

Using the momentum of his deflected kick, Masa turned his body along with it, ducking Laxus' backhand strike along the way. Then, with the same momentum, he swung his right leg in a roundhouse kick aimed at Laxus' side.

Raising his leg, Laxus was able to block the kick. Then, he charged his leg with lightning. However, before it could be conducted to Masa, his instincts flared, making him push off immediately and create some distance.

A moment later, Laxus' leg was covered in a current of lightning.

"Not bad, old man." Laxus said, clearly impressed with Masa's fighting prowess.

"I aim to please." Masa said while adjusting his tie. "But I think it's time we kicked things up a notch."

As Masa spoke the last sentence, he dropped down into a fighting stance with his arms spread to his sides. Then, from his sleeves, three small throwing knives fell between the fingers of each hand.

"Hmph!" Do you think those toys will do anything to help you?" Laxus asked haughtily.

"I guess we'll just have to see." Masa replied.

"It would be better if you gave up." Laxus said. "[Lightning Magic: Thunder Shock]."

With is chant, Laxus was covered in lightning before it was fired at Masa. All the while, Laxus stood still with is arms crossed.

In response, Masa threw out a knife from each of his hands with the one from his left hand aimed at the ring not far in front of him. The second knife, from his right hand, was aimed at the [Thunder Shock] spell.

As soon as the second knife made contact with the lightning spell, the lightning was directed straight down, into the first knife that was sticking out of the ring directly below it.

Masa then took off running to the side. And while running, he threw the four knives in his hands at Laxus.

"[Knife Magic: Four Corner Cut]." Masa chanted while the knives were mid-flight.

At first, when Laxus saw the knives Masa threw, he looked at them disdainfully. They were completely off target, after all. Two were clearly going to pass by his legs on each side. While the other two would do the same, but pass by his head.

However, when Masa chanted his spell, all four knives immediately changed directions, heading for Laxus torso.

"Impressive." Laxus said with genuine praise.

\*Clang!\*

However, just before the knives could hit, Laxus turned to lightning and flashed away, appearing in front of Masa once again with his lightning clad right hand reeled back to throw a punch.

"[Knife Magic: Knife Substitution]." Masa chanted just before Laxus' punch could land on his face.

A moment later, where Masa once stood floated the last four knives he threw. On top of that, just before he swapped places with his knives, Masa released a large number of knives all around the spot where Laxus now stood.

"[Knife Magic: Iron Maiden Without Walls]." Masa chanted from a distance.

At that moment, all the knives Masa flung out all pointed their tips at Laxus before all flying towards him at high speed.

"As impressive as you are, I've had enough." Laxus said, some annoyance clear in his tone. "[Lightning Magic: Discharge]."

Just before the knives could reach him, Laxus released a large number of lightning bolts in all directions. As a result, all the knives were knocked away, on top of being partially melted due to the high temperature.

Masa, on the other hand, was forced to dodge continuously. While Laxus was not moving from where he stood, The bolts of lightning were flying randomly in all directions. In fact, most of the spectators were impressed that Masa had yet to be hit by any of them.

While Dodging, Masa threw out many more knives, trying to pierce the net of lightning that was surrounding Laxus, to no avail. On top of that, the distance that each bolt of lightning covered was growing as time went by.

Then, after about five minutes, there was nowhere left on the ring for Masa to dodge. Plus, none of his throwing knives were able to reach Laxus. So, he did the only thing he could, he jumped off the ring, resulting in his loss in the first round of the third match.

"Masa is out of the ring." Makarov declared. "The winner of the first round is Laxus Dreyar."

With that, Laxus stopped his [Discharge] and stared at Masa for a while before walking away without a word.