

Fairy Tail 209

Chapter 209: Battle of Fairy Tail; Part 7

Earth Land, Ishgar, Kingdom of Fiore, Magnolia.

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"Whoa!" Marin exclaimed, shooting up from her seat in the bleachers. "She's only, like, half of Elfman's size, but she beat him so fast. That's incredi--- Whoa!"

In excitement, Marin had been bouncing around after seeing the conclusion of the last round. However, in her excitement, her feet got tangled up with Sun's, who was sitting right next to her.

"Oh, crap! Oh, crap! Oh, crap!" Marin shouted in panic as she fell, reaching out for anything she could get her hands on to stop herself from falling.

Reacting quickly, Alfonzo, who was sitting on Marin's other side, reached out to stabilize Marin before she could fall. However, because Marin was moving around frantically, one of his hands landed somewhere... more intimate.

Immediately, Marin's movements came to a complete and utter stop. Then, she looked down at the hands that were now holding her in place. By the size of the hands and the skin tone, she could immediately tell they were Alfonzo's. But that was not what caused her to stop so abruptly.

Instead, it was the placement of Alfonzo's hands. One of his hands, his right hand, was placed on the right side of her waist. The left, on the other hand, was cupping her left breast.

Marin flushed to her ears, immediately with that realization. Then, she felt the strength leave her legs due to the embarrassment. As a result, she fell into Alfonzo's lap. And the realization of where she was sitting made her blush extend down her neck.

"That's quite the lucky pervert moment." Elicia whispered into Alfonzo's ear from his other side. "If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were some kind of harem protagonist, or something."

Rolling his eyes in response to Elicia's teasing, Alfonzo decided to pay attention to Marin instead.

"You okay now?" Alfonzo asked as he casually removed his hand from Marin's breast.

"Uh huh." Marin replied shyly.

"Good." Alfonzo replied. "Just be careful from now on."

In response, Marin simply nodded. Then, to Alfonzo's surprise, she leaned back into his chest.

While Sun only smiled at the exchange, Elicia could not help but start giggling.

'It was only a matter of time ever since that night.' Elicia thought to herself. 'Now, let's see how long it takes for the two of them to reach the next step.'

Meanwhile, Ren, who was used to dragging injured men who were bigger than her around, was moving Elfman to her medical station to tend to his injuries. At the same time, Meredy was walking back to the rest of Team Ultear with a smile on her face.

"I don't think I've ever seen Elfman in so much pain before." Cana said as Meredy approached the rest of the team.

"I doubt he's ever been stabbed in the chest before, either." Laki countered.

"Touché." Cana replied with a nod.

Meanwhile, Meredy arrived by the side of the rest of her team with shining eyes and a smile on her face that basically screamed: "Praise me!"

"Good job, Meredy." Ultear said before patting Meredy on the head again.

"Ultear..." Meredy whined in response.-

Seeing the expression on Meredy's face, Ultear could not help but giggle. Still, she stopped teasing the younger girl and removed her hand from Meredy's head.

"Anyway, I'm up next." Ultear said. "I wanna say something like, you two won't have to fight in this match, but Mira is strong. There's a real chance I could lose."

"Are you sure Mira will be up next?" Cana asked.

"Definitely." Ultear replied. "She's the only one on their team who can face me. So, she'll definitely come up just in case I do. Unless she doesn't mind her tournament run ending here, that is."

After considering Ultear's hypothesis for a moment, Cana, Laki, and Meredy all nodded in agreement.

"Teams, send your next fighters to the ring." Makarov ordered at that moment.

"Well, that's my cue." Ultear said with a smile.

"Good luck, Ultear.!" Meredy said energetically.

Meanwhile, Cana and Laki simply nodded in acknowledgement.

A moment later, both Ultear and Mirajane jumped into the ring from opposite sides.

"The second round of the fourth match, Mirajane Strauss Vs. Ultear Milkovich." Makarov announced.
"Begin!"

As soon as Makarov's signal to start the match sounded, Ultear made the casting gesture for her magic.

"[Ice-Make: ...]." Ultear said, starting her chant.

"[Take Over: Satan Soul: Sitri]." Mirajane chanted at the same time.

"[... Rosen Krone]." Ultear continued, completing her chant.

Just before Ultear finished her chant, Mirajane was covered in the light of her [Take Over Magic]. A moment later, the glow faded, and Mirajane was revealed in her Sitri form. Then, she shot up into the sky at high speed.

A split-second later, several ice roses grew from the spot where Mirajane stood.

Realizing that her roses would not be able to keep up with Mirajane's flight speed, Ultear stopped supplying them with magic power. Then, she once again took her casting posture.

"[Ice-Make: Gatling Gun]." Ultear chanted.

A moment later, a gatling gun made of ice appeared in Ultear's hand, held at her waist. Then, she quickly pointed it upward, aiming at Mirajane in mid-air.

After pulling the trigger, the barrels of the gatling gun began to whirl before a stream of ice projectiles were fired at Mirajane.

Mirajane, on the other hand, flew away from Ultear's line of fire. Showing off impressive aerial acrobatics to avoid all the incoming projectiles.

"Ha!" Mirajane shouted as she lashed her leg in Ultear's direction.

Following the swing of her leg, a blade of fire was sent flying at the stationary Ultear.

Bang!

Dropping the gatling gun, Ultear dove to the side to avoid the flame slash.

Boom!

Impacting the spot where Ultear stood moments ago, the flame slash exploded on impact, destroying the gatling gun in the process.

"[Ice-Make: Lance]." Ultear chanted after picking herself up to one knee.

With the chant, a silver magic circle appeared in front of Ultear's outstretched hands. Then, more than fifty ice spears materialized and grew towards Mirajane.

In response, Mirajane once again lashed her leg in Ultear's direction, a second flame slash sent flying towards the [Lances].

Boom!

On impact, the [Lances] and the flame slash once again exploded, filling the area with a cloud of steam. However, not even a second later, more [Lances] shot through the steam cloud and approached Mirajane.

"[Evil Shower]." Mirajane chanted, collecting a large amount of pink-colored [Darkness Magic] on her right palm before firing it as a beam towards the incoming [Lances].

This time, there was no explosion when the two spells met. Instead, the ice spears were simply destroyed as the beam of [Darkness Magic] continued towards the ring.

"[Ice-Make: Dahlias]." Ultear chanted once again before the [Evil Shower] could reach her.

In the next instant, Ultear slammed her hands on the ground. Then, several giant dahlia flowers made of ice grew from the ground in front of her, intercepting Mirajane's spell.

The dahlia started to crack as soon as they came in contact with the [Evil Shower]. Luckily for Ultear, they lasted long enough for Mirajane's spell to come to an end.

Unfortunately, Mirajane had no intention of ending it like that.

Unbeknownst to Ultear, Mirajane followed her attack towards the flower shield. Then, as soon as the [Evil Shower] exhausted its magic power, she slammed into the cracked ice flowers with her fist.

Shatter!

With the wall of ice flowers shattering in front of her, Ultear showed a shocked expression. As a result, she was too slow to avoid Mirajane's other fist that was aimed at her abdomen.

"Gah!" Ultear grunted as Mirajane's fist enhanced with the power of her [Take Over] slammed into her gut.

'Something doesn't feel right.' Mirajane thought to herself after feeling her fist collide with Ultear.

A moment later, Mirajane's suspicions were proven true. The Ultear she had struck, turned out to be an ice clone of some sort as it began to distort and cover Mirajane's left arm.

Taken aback by the change in situation, Mirajane reacted rather slowly as Ultear, hidden in the steam created by the explosion of fire and ice appeared behind her with ice claws covering her hands.

Not missing the opportunity, Ultear raked her claws across Mirajane's back.

"Argh!" Mirajane screamed in pain.

Still, that did not slow her down by much. Generating another ball of pink colored [Darkness Magic] on her unfrozen palm, she launched it into the sky.

"[Evil Shower]." Mirajane chanted as she swung her right leg back towards Ultear.

Sizzle!

In response, Ultear block the kick with her claws crossed over her chest. However, they did not explode into clouds of steam as her [Lances] had done before. Instead, they began to melt slowly.

Considering she intended to use them in melee combat, Ultear opted to make her ice claws much more dense with a much lower temperature, evidenced by the fact that the gashes she left on Mirajane's back were beginning to ice over.

At that moment, the ball of [Darkness Magic] Mirajane threw up into the sky reached its zenith. Then, it exploded into an uncountable number of smaller balls of [Darkness Magic] that rained down on more than half of the ring.

Recognizing the fact that she would not be able to retreat from the spell's area of effect, Ultear hopped away from Mirajane and fell into a fighting stance. Then, when the [Evil Shower] came close enough, she started smashing apart the incoming balls of [Darkness Magic] with her claws.

Bang! *Bang!* *Bang!*

With every orb of [Darkness Magic] Ultear destroyed, a small explosion would rock her body, leaving small injuries every time they occurred. However, she steadied herself as much as she could and continued to protect herself from the innumerable projectiles that fell upon her.

Unfortunately, Ultear was unable to stop the small burns and bruises that began to cover her body with each new explosion.

Meanwhile, Mirajane used the opportunity to do something about the ice that had covered her arm. Swinging her frozen arm at the incoming balls of [Darkness Magic], Mirajane slowly chipped away at the ice covering it. And because of her [Take Over] she was unaffected by the small explosions that occurred.

About twenty seconds later, when Mirajane's spell died out, both Ultear and Mirajane were standing in the ring. While Ultear was covered in small cuts, burns, and bruises, Mirajane looked to be in, comparatively, better shape.

However, although the ice encasing her arm had been destroyed, the ice left behind by Ultear's sneak attack had spread, covering nearly half of Mirajane's back by now.

Still, Mirajane had no intension of letting that slow her down as she flew towards Ultear.

Then, once she was in range, Mirajane reeled back her right fist and threw a straight aimed at Ultear's nose that Ultear avoided by tilting her head to her right. Then, she reached up with her claws and wrapped her hands around Mirajane's arm, piercing the tips of the claws into Mirajane's arm as she did so.

Muffling another grunt of pain, Mirajane quickly kicked up at Ultear's hands. This time, loading her kick with much more magic power. As a result, the flames on her legs burned much more brightly and at a much higher temperature.

Shatter!

This time, Ultear's claws were unable to stand the force behind Mirajane's kick, shattering and falling to the ring. Mirajane followed up with a left uppercut to the ribs, a left kick to Ultear's left inner thigh, then finished her combo with a right knee to the chin.

"Urgh!" Ultear grunted a trickle of blood leaked from between her lips.

Still, Ultear held onto Mirajane's arm with her bare hands. Then, with determination in her eyes and Mirajane's arm still in her grasp, she swung her legs up, wrapping them around Mirajane's neck.

Using the momentum from her swing, Ultear released her grip on Mirajane's forearm as she flung her upper body towards the ring. A moment later, she braced herself with her hands as she pulled Mirajane off her feet and slammed her head towards the ring.

Bang!

Mirajane slammed head first into the ring. And Ultear released her legs. Then, Ultear rolled forward, gesturing to cast her magic again as she did so.

"[Ice-Make: Geyser]." Ultear chanted once she rolled into a kneeling position.

An instant later, Ice shards exploded from underneath Mirajane, throwing her up into the air.

Meanwhile, Ultear was panting from magic power exhaustion. Although the fight had not been going on for too long, the amount of extra magic power she had to put into her spells to defend from Mirajane's attacks was massive.

Unfortunately, that moment of fatigue came at a bad time.

"[Evil Shower]." Mirajane chanted while still being pelted by chunks of ice while in mid-air.

Hearing that chant, Ultear raised her head, only to see that same, pink-colored beam of [Darkness Magic] bearing down on her. Unfortunately, she was too slow to react to avoid it.

"[Ice-Make: Wall]." Ultear chanted as she hastily cast a spell to defend herself.

Boom!

The beam of [Darkness Magic] exploded on impact. As a result, the ice wall was destroyed and Ultear was thrown out of the ring.

Just as Ultear slammed onto the ground outside of the ring, Mirajane fell from the sky and slammed into the ring, her [Take Over] dispelled and ice covering her entire back.

Seeing this result, the crowd fell silent. None of them knew how to react to an outcome such as this.

Like that, the next few moments passed in silence.

"Ultear is out of the ring, and Mirajane is---" Makarov said, starting to announce the ruling for the match.

Before Makarov could finish, however, both fighters began to stir. Then, at similar speeds, they both stumbled to their feet, clearly disoriented.

"Winner of the second round of the fourth match, Mirajane Strauss." Makarov said, correcting his earlier ruling.

With that, the crowd exploded in cheers. Then, Mirajane, seeming to have reached her limit, collapsed to the ring once again. As a result, the crowds cheers grew in both volume and intensity.

"Damn..." Ultear muttered as she watched Mirajane with a level of admiration. "If I could have stayed in the ring, this match would have been mine."

Then, like Mirajane, Ultear collapsed to the ground, too.