

Fairy Tail 22

Chapter 22: The Chance to Fulfill Their Desires

Earth Land, Ishgar, Land of Isvan, Deep Within a Mountain Forest.

January 18, x774.

The day after he was rescued from the ruins of his destroyed village, the black-haired boy Ur and her disciple, Lyon, found woke up in a bed covered by a warm quilt. Finding the room unfamiliar, the boy cautiously left the bed and began to explore the room.

Looking out the window, he noticed that he was on the second floor of a house. When he looked down the ground, he saw a black-haired woman standing in the snow while she watched a bluish-silver-haired boy, who seemed to be near his age, practicing magic. Something he had only heard about, yet never seen in his eight years of life. To his surprise, however, both the woman and boy were not wearing anything but their underwear.

"Where am I?" The boy asked himself as he looked around the house's unfamiliar surroundings. Then, he returned his gaze to the two people on the ground. "Who are they? And why are they only wearing underwear?"

Feeling a gaze from above, the woman, Ur, looked back at the house. More specifically, she looked back at the second-floor window where the boy was watching her from. Smiling as she saw the boy lower his head below the window seal, Ur signaled Lyon to take a break.

A few moments later, both Ur and Lyon were properly dressed, with Ur wearing light clothing while Lyon was wearing proper winter clothing. Then, the two returned to the house's interior.

Realizing that the woman and the boy had returned to the house, the black-haired boy went on guard. Taking a defensive position in front of the bed he woke up on, the boy held a magic powered lamp as a weapon while he waited for the woman and the boy to come to the bedroom.

About a minute later, the door to the room opened and the black-haired boy tensed.

"So, you're finally awake, huh?" Ur said, smiling at the cautious boy. "I'm glad you seem to be okay. Do you feel any pain?"

Not speaking in response, the black-haired boy started moving his body, checking if he was in any pain. When he finished, he shook his head, signifying that he was in no pain.

"That's good." Ur said happily. "When we found you, you were sticking out of a destroyed building in a destroyed village."

Hearing that, the boy's memories of yesterday's events replayed in his mind. He had been playing in the front yard of his family's house. Then, all of a sudden, he saw the silhouette of a giant monster approaching his village. As soon as he saw it, in fear, he rushed back into his house to tell his parents what he saw. However, as soon as he set a foot inside the house, a flash of light blinded him.

After that, he found himself half buried under the rubble of his house. When he looked around, he could see people running away while the giant monster wreaked havoc in his village. The last thing he could remember after that was the sight of his father being kicked away after shouting the monster's name.

"Damn you, Deliora~~~~~!" The boy's father shouted as he was sent flying by the monster's giant foot.

Then, due to grief and pain, he fainted.

Remembering what happened, the boy's face contorted in rage. Seeing the look in the boy's eyes, Ur could see the thirst for revenge burning in his eyes. Feeling pity for the boy, Ur approached slowly. Then, seeing that the boy had not reacted, she hugged him tenderly.

"I know you may not believe what I'm about to say, right now." Ur said in a gentle, soothing voice. "But things will get better in time."

Trembling in Ur's arms, the boy did not register her words, too consumed with hatred and the thought of revenge. However, after a few minutes, the boy looked up at the gently smiling Ur's face.

"You're a wizard, right?" The boy asked.

"Yes." Ur replied.

"Can you teach me how to use magic?" The boy asked.

Before Ur could respond, Lyon, who had remained silent until now, interjected.

"No, she already has a student." Lyon said in a discontent tone.

Finally looking at the bluish-silver-haired boy, the black-haired boy frowned.

"Lyon, that's not your decision to make." Ur said in a reprimanding tone.

"But why would you need another student?" Lyon asked indignantly. "Having me is enough to replace your daughter, right?"

Releasing the black-haired boy from her embrace, Ur stood and walked directly in front of Lyon. Then...

Smack!

... She slapped him across the face.

"Lyon, I did not accept you as a pupil to take my daughter's place." Ur said sternly. "You're not my daughter. And nothing could replace her."

A few years ago, Ur's daughter contracted a disease that no doctor in any of the nearby villages or cities had been able to cure. So, in desperation, she took her daughter to the nearest branch of the Bureau of Magical Development.

Taking in Ur's daughter, the scientists at the Bureau said that they would do everything they could to save Ur's daughter. Grateful for their assistance, Ur left her daughter in their care. However, the next time she visited the Bureau she received the worst news of her life. News even worse than when her husband abandoned her during her pregnancy.

The scientist she left her daughter with told her that her daughter had died while they were trying to treat her.

Naturally, this news devastated Ur, and she secluded herself deep in the mountain forest she lived in now. A few years later, shortly after she pulled herself out of the pits of depression, Ur ran into Lyon in the village closest to her home.

Hearing Ur's statement, and feeling the stinging pain on his cheek, Lyon looked at Ur with unhappiness. But before he could say anything in response, Ur knelt down and pulled him into an embrace.

"You are you, Lyon." Ur said soothingly. "Just like no one could ever replace my daughter, No one could ever replace you, either."

With that, much of Lyon's resentment disappeared. On top of that, he felt guilty for what he had said before, realizing that it was quite insensitive.

Lyon Vastia, a boy with a strong desire to be recognized as the strongest wizard, began roaming the Land of Isvan at an early age in search of the strongest wizard. His goal? To take that wizard as his master. Then, after learning everything he could from the wizard, he would surpass him or her and be named the strongest wizard.

That goal led him to Ur several months ago. And after a short interaction, Ur accepted Lyon as her pupil.

Releasing Lyon from her embrace with a smile, Ur returned her attention to the black-haired boy who did not know what to make of what he just saw.

"Before I accept or deny your request to become my pupil, how about introducing yourself." Ur said with a smile.

"I'm Gray... Gray Fullbuster." The black hair-boy, Gray, said in a solemn tone.

"Well, it's nice to meet you, Gray." Ur said. "I'm Ur Milkovich., and the magic I use is a type of [Molding Magic] called [Ice-Make Magic]."

"And I'm Lyon Vastia, Ur's first pupil." Lyon said smugly.

Ignoring Lyon, Gray stared into Ur's eyes as he asked his next question.

"Is this... [Ice-Make Magic] strong?" Gray asked.

"There's no such thing as strong or weak magic." Ur replied. "Every magic has its advantages and disadvantages. It's up to the wizard to determine if the magic is strong or not. Depending on how the magic is used, it could be useless or the world's strongest."

Taking a few moments to consider what Ur said, Gray nodded his head with determination. Then, he bowed his head and made his request for the second time.

"Please teach me how to use [Ice-Make Magic]." Gray said in a determined tone.

Although she could still see the massive amount of hatred and thirst for revenge in Gray's eyes, Ur felt that leaving the boy to his own devices would be even worse than teaching him magic so that he could take his revenge on the one who destroyed his village. So, she did the only thing she could do in this situation.

"Very well, I will accept you as my second pupil." Ur said with a smile.

'It won't happen overnight. But over time, living with Lyon and I should diminish some of the hatred in Gray's heart.' Ur thought to herself.

Earth Land, Ishgar, Kingdom of Fiore, Magnolia.

Meanwhile, back at the Fairy Tail guild hall, Alfonzo, Elicia, and the others had just finished their morning training. Shortly after they finished their lunch, Alfonzo separated from the group so that he could continue his lessons with Nell Goldstein.

However, this time, Alfonzo walked toward .45 Caliber Art Warks with some pep in his step. As he had mentioned to Elicia a couple of years ago, he wanted to make a change to the magical vehicle industry in the Kingdom of Fiore. Then, eventually in the whole of Ishgar. And if things went really well, the whole world.

And today would be the first real step Alfonzo would take toward that goal. Last night, he finished his first magical car design using everything he had learned about magical engineering from Nell. Combining that with his in depth understanding of the inner workings of modern cars, he felt pretty good about it.

"I'm sure there will be some issues, since this is my first attempt." Alfonzo said to himself as he walked briskly through the streets of Magnolia. "But with Master Goldstein's help, it should be possible to turn my ideas into reality."

A few minutes later, Alfonzo arrived at Nel's shop. Looking up at the familiar shop sign, he took a deep breath to calm his emotions. Then, he opened the door.

"Good afternoon, Master Goldstein." Alfonzo said cheerfully.

"You're even earlier than usual, Brat." Nell said after exhaling a puff of smoke. "And what's with that silly-looking smile? Did something good happen?"

As Nell said, Alfonzo is usually five or so minutes early for their lessons. However, today, he was almost fifteen minutes early, catching Nell a bit off guard. But what she found most intriguing was the "silly - looking smile" Alfonzo was wearing.

"Yes, something good did happen." Alfonzo said as he approached Nell. Then, he reached into the bag he was carrying and pulled out a rolled up stack of paper. "I drew a blueprint for something I wanted to create. And I was hoping that you could take a look at it to see if it's possible."

Curious to see what the boy she considered a genius had designed, Nell gestured for him to un roll the papers on the shop counter.

Excitedly, Alfonzo unrolled the papers and lined them up in front of Nell. However, as soon as she took a good look at them, Nell began rolling them back up, confusing Alfonzo.

"Go and flip the sign on the door." Nell ordered as she finished rolling up the last blueprint. "Then, meet me in the workshop."

Following Nell's order, Alfonzo walked back to the front door, opened it, flipped the sign from "open" to "Closed", and closed the door again. Then, he made his way back into Nell's workshop. When he arrived in the workshop, he saw that Nell had rolled out all the blueprints on the workbench.

Noticing that Alfonzo had entered the workshop, Nell looked up from the blueprints with a strange expression on her face.

"Master Goldstein? Is something wrong?" Alfonzo asked curiously.

"I'm trying to think of a way I can open up your head without killing you, so I can see what goes on inside that head of yours." Nell said in a serious tone.

Hearing those words and tone, Alfonzo seriously considered running away and never coming back. However, the thought of losing the blueprints he spent several weeks drawing, he stopped himself from moving.

"Take it easy kid." nell said, showing a rare smile. "I'm just kidding. But I would like to know how you came up with designs like these."

Sighing in relief, Alfonzo let the tension flow out of his body.

"Well, I just thought the way that magical vehicles worked was stupid." Alfonzo said honestly. "I mean, using the wizard's magic power is a bad idea. What if they were travelling because of an emergency dispatch. By the time they arrived at their destination, they wouldn't have any magic power left to complete the task."

Nodding in understanding, Nell gestured for Alfonzo to continue.

"So, I used what you taught me about making lacrima powered magic items and applied it to my design." Alfonzo explained. "Then, after several weeks... or was it months? Eh, whatever. I ended up with those blueprints."

'A few weeks or months, he says.' Nell thought to herself while maintaining her usual stoic expression. 'These designs are at least a few decades ahead of current magic technology and he said it only took him several weeks or months. What the hell?'

"So, can you help me make it?" Alfonzo asked hopefully.

"I can." Nell replied.

Immediately, Alfonzo smiled happily. He was ecstatic at the thought of building his own car. Combining that with the fact that he did not get to drive much in his past life, he was over the moon.

In his past life, Alfonzo was sixteen when he lost the majority of his vision. What made it even worse was that he had gotten his driver's license only a month before. So, getting the chance to drive again is ticking off one of the items on his bucket list.

"Don't get too excited, Kid." nell said, pouring a bucket of cold water on Alfonzo's enthusiasm. "When I said I'll help, I meant that I'd do what I could to make this design work."

Hearing that, Alfonzo focused on what Nell had to say.

"In terms of building this thing, you'll be doing that by yourself." Nell added. "With your magic, it shouldn't be too hard to build it. The real issue will be inscribing all the magic and getting the lacrima to power the vehicle correctly."

Although his enthusiasm had indeed been doused with cold water, Alfonzo still nodded with determination.

"Then, when you can produce a working prototype, you can consider that you've graduated from my tutelage."