

Fairy Tail 841

Chapter 841: The Four Generations of Dragon Slayers

In the underground facility below the Caine manor, a group of several people walked through the corridors, heading towards the room Elicia found that was filled with cages and abused women.

"Hahaha! I should have a new batch of playthings coming soon." A tall, burly, middle-aged man with brown hair and a matching beard and mustache wearing a black, short-sleeved bodysuit, a pair of black gloves, a white cloth tied around his waist, and a pair of golden boots said with a boisterous laugh. "Hurry, we need to get rid of the stock nearing its expiration date."

As he spoke, the man, Zash Caine, licked his lips while a perverse glint in his eyes.

Zash had an unsavory habit of treating women as playthings. Using them to vent his more primal desires, whether they be sexual or abusive.

Unfortunately, Zash was completely unaware that someone had found out about the way he treated women. And that person, Elicia, to put it bluntly, had no intention of leaving Zash in a state that would allow him to treat women like he had ever again.

While Zash continued down the corridor as he thought about what he would do to the new batch of women he expected to receive, neither he nor the group of unnatural beings walking behind him detected the invisible figure that was slowly lowering itself from the ceiling right above Zash.

"Sorry~." A female voice said in an ominous tone from right next to Zash's ear. "But you'll never get the chance to destroy another woman's life. But don't worry, I won't kill you. But you will regret everything you've done in Fiore's most secure prison."

"What? Who's--- Ahh~~~~~!" Zash, surprised by the sudden voice, asked in a shocked tone.

Yet, before Zash could even finish his question, he felt himself being bound by an innumerable number of threads as his arms and legs were spread, and he was lifted off the floor.

At the same time, the owner of the voice, Elicia, was revealed to Zash and the unnatural beings, her [Camouflage Magic] dispelling as soon as she attacked Zash.

At the same time, all the unnatural beings turned, ready to attack Elicia with full force.

"[Thread Magic: Loosening Spool]." Elicia chanted as the unnatural beings raised their hands to launch attack spells.

As Elicia chanted her spell, a large number of threads were ejected from all over her body. Those threads then wove themselves into a cocoon that covered both herself and Zash before the whole cocoon began to spin at high speed.

A moment later, the cocoon was bombarded by attack spells.

Boom~~~~~!

"Ahh~~~~~!" Zash's scream, like that of a pig being slaughtered, rang out over the sound of the explosion.

Not long later, the explosion dissipated. Shortly afterwards, the smoke was cleared, as well. And once visibility was returned to the area, a tattered thread cocoon could be seen. And through the damaged threads one could glimpse peaks of Elicia, completely unharmed, and Zash, his face and arms marred with burns.

A moment later, Elicia dispelled the cocoon. When she did, the unnatural beings were able to get a complete picture of the aftereffects of their attacks. And although they did not show any changes in expression, they could tell that their attacks had little effect on eliminating the intruder, as Elicia was completely unharmed.

Zash was another story, though. Currently, his arms and legs were still spread apart by Elicia's threads. On top of that, he was still wailing in pain. And the reason for that was simple.

Currently, Zash's clothes were torn and burned. Clearly, Elicia had allowed some of the attack spells through her [Loosening Spool]. And all of those spells landed on Zash. Yet, had that been it, Zash probably would not be as miserable as he was at the moment.

Instead, the reason for Zash's current state was the patch of red at his crotch that had stained the cloth tied around his waist.

"You bitch! I'll kill you~~~~!" Zash screamed in rage. "No, I won't kill you! I'll make you wish you had never been born! I'll break you completely, even worse than the rest of my toys!"

Hearing that, Elicia's mind was immediately brought to the memory of the women she saw not long ago. And just as quickly, her expression darkened as she poured magic power into her right fist and cocked it back.

Bang!

"Ahh~~~~~!" Zash screamed painfully as Elicia landed a kidney punch.

"I don't think you get it." Elicia said in a menacing tone. "You're not in the position to threaten me right now. Instead, you should be begging me for your life. And if you do a good enough job, I might let you keep it."

["Fonzie probably won't, though."] Scylla added in a dark tone. ["If he ever finds out about this guy's threat, he'll definitely kill him before you can take him back to Fiore."]

In response, Elicia nodded internally. Outwardly, however, she only appeared to get angrier.

Meanwhile, thanks to their protocols, the unnatural beings did not attack again, afraid of doing even more harm to Zash. Yet, Zash, unable to think properly thanks to the pain from Elicia's kidney punch and losing his manhood, had no intention of allowing them to not act.

"What are you worthless automatons doing?" Zash shouted. "I spent so many resources creating you Fourth Generation Dragon Slayers! Capture this bitch immediately!"

Upon receiving Zash's order, the unnatural beings, now identified as Fourth Generation Dragon Slayers, moved to attack in close quarters. Yet, Elicia, despite being outnumbered, showed no signs of panic.

'Fourth Generation Dragon Slayers?' Elicia mused as she slid her left foot back to avoid a punch from an automaton. 'That's new. I know how the first three generations of Dragon Slayers are made. But I didn't even know there was anything after the third.'

["Yeah, First Generation Dragon Slayers are trained by a dragon."] Scylla replied as Elicia's right hand shot up and gripped the attacking automaton's wrist. She then continued as Elicia pivoted on her right foot, swinging the automaton into another, sending both flying. ["Natsu, Wendy, and Gajeel are all first-generation types."]

Bang!

Swish!

Bang! *Bang!* *Bang!*

As soon as Scylla's words ended, the two automatons slammed into the wall behind the second. Following the momentum of her spin, Elicia dropped to the floor and spun on her back and shoulders. With that movement, she spread her legs, tripping two more automatons, causing them to crash to the floor, as well.

'And then there are the Second-Generation Dragon Slayers.' Elicia continued her thoughts as she pushed herself off the floor and into the air with her hands. 'Instead of being trained by dragons, they have a Dragon Lacrima implanted into them and have to learned the spells on their own.'

["Right."] Scylla replied as Elicia flipped herself upright while shooting threads from her fingertips to entangle the downed automatons. ["I only know about two of those. Laxus and that guy from the Oración Seis... What was his name again?"]

Bang!

'Erik.' Elicia said as she jerked her arms, causing the two bound automatons to slam into each other. 'But most people know him as Cobra. He used a big snake to fly.'

["Ah! That's right!"] Scylla exclaimed. ["The snake's name was Cubellios. But she wasn't even a snake."]

'Yeah, she's a really cute girl.' Elicia added as she flicked her wrist to pull Zash, who was still bound in threads, away from an automaton. Then, as she landed, she continued. 'Her real name is Kinana. And although she doesn't say much, she's actually been working at the guild hall as a server in the main hall for the last few years.'

After being reminded by Elicia, the image of a slender woman with a noticeable bust line, neck-length violet hair and green eyes wearing a lime green-colored dress with a darker green neckline, a long white skirt, and a pair of green boots wearing a pleasant smile while carrying a tray filled with drinks and food flashed past Scylla's mind.

["Yeah, she really is cute."] Scylla replied with a nod. ["But I'm pretty sure she's older than you are. So, should you really be calling her a girl?"]

'Eh... Age ain't nothin' but a number?' Elicia replied nonchalantly. 'Well... Unless you're R. Kelly... Then, it's---'

["Let's not get into that."] Scylla said, cutting off Elicia's train of thought. ["For now, just focus on taking down all these things. Even if they aren't that strong, there are a lot of them."]

'Right. And more are coming.' Elicia said as she limboed under a magic power blast.

Just as Elicia said, more and more of the Fourth Generation Dragon Slayer automatons were rushing from every corner of the underground facility towards her current location. However, she also noticed that there were several squads of automatons stopping near a powerful source of magic power, as well.

'Hmm? I'm not sure what that is, but I bet that's what Caine stole when he fled Fiore.' Elicia muttered to herself.

["Yeah, I'd bet all of Cana's alcohol on it."] Scylla added with a nod.

'Too bad Hisui couldn't give us more information about it.' Elicia said. 'Then again, I'm pretty sure that not even Fiore had enough time to figure out what it did before Caine took it.'

["Probably."] Scylla said in agreement. ["Either way, when we confiscate it, we'll just let Fonzie take a look. He'll be able to figure it out."]

'Of course he will, Fonzie's the best!' Elicia exclaimed internally as she began manipulating the threads she spread all over the underground facility. 'Fonzie can do anything.'

["Yes. Yes. Fonzie can do anything."] Scylla said in a placating tone while rolling her eyes fondly. ["For now, just worry about the automatons."]

"[Thread Magic: Vibrating Pincushion]." Elicia chanted as she rolled her own eyes.

In the next instant, the threads Elicia spread throughout the underground facility began to vibrate at high frequency. Then, with her [Magic Power Detection] as a guide, she caused them to surge upwards towards the automatons rushing towards her position. And while there were a few who were able to dodge the threads that suddenly shot up from the floors, walls, and ceilings, a large number of the automatons were skewered and heavily damaged if not outright rendered inoperable.

While many automatons were incapacitated, those that were still active increased their pace, rushing towards Zash Caine to rescue him. On top of that, there were still ten, or so, automatons surrounding Elicia doing their best to eliminate her and free Zash, as well.

Meanwhile, outside of Altair, Alfonzo was walking through the cavern the Phantom Troupe was using as their secondary hideout. Along the way, he flared his [Electromagnetism Magic]. With every flare of magic power, violet arcs of electricity destroyed the traps set along the way.

But the traps were not the only things Alfonzo had to worry about, as Machi, trailing behind him, launched attacks consisting of her needles and [Thread Magic] as often as she could. Yet, thanks to Alfonzo's [Electromagnetism Magic] and [Metal Magic], none of her attacks were able to make a dent in his defenses.

"Hey, cutie." Alfonzo said without even turning in Machi's direction. "Do you know the definition of insanity?"

Machi did not respond to Alfonzo's question. Instead, she continued to attack. Though, her objective was not to stop Alfonzo. Instead, she only intended to slow him down until Chrollo arrived to reinforce her.

'This guy is a monster.' Machi thought to herself as she used her threads to manipulate the last of the needles in her pincushion. 'He counters me perfectly, too. Still, as long as I can hold on until the leader gets here, there's no way he'll be leaving here alive. And I'm sure the leader will be happy to steal his magic before he's killed.'

"*Sigh* No answer, huh?" Alfonzo asked while shaking his head in disappointment. "This is getting a little boring. I mean, at least, say something. Isn't that what you villain-types are into? Every other Dark Wizard I've ever taken down had to talk about how superior they are... All the damn time."

Still, Machi did not respond. She was only focused on dodging Alfonzo's electric discharges and slowing his progress.

"Fine." Alfonzo said, completely losing interest in trying to get Machi to speak. "Then, let's just end this."

Zap!

In the next instant, Alfonzo vanished from where he stood. And when he did, Machi's pupils constricted. Then, she bent her knees to jump away from her current position.

Clap!

Yet, before her feet could even leave the ground, she felt a crushing force around her neck. At the same time, she felt herself being lifted off the ground as she was pulled face to face with the man she had been attacking relentlessly.

Unable to speak with Alfonzo's large hand wrapped around her neck, Machi, finding it harder and harder to breathe, threw kicks and punches with all her might at Alfonzo. Yet, every strike that landed felt as if she were striking an iron pillar. On top of that, every time her threads drew near, a small arc of electricity would jump from Alfonzo's body, dispersing it into motes of magic power.

"Alright, looks like this little game is over." Alfonzo said blandly. "*Sigh* I really don't like killing women. But a job is a job. On top of that, you and your little buddies have done some seriously fucked up shit over the years."

As he spoke, Alfonzo's grip tightened around Machi's neck, causing her attempts to free herself to become more frantic with every second. However, just before Alfonzo exerted enough force to crush the Dark Wizard's windpipe, a charismatic voice sounded from further down the cavernous corridor.

"Now, now, if you're not into killing women, then you shouldn't kill her." Chrollo said as he approached from the depths of the cave. "That way, when you die, you'll go with a clear conscience, no?"

In response, Alfonzo stopped tightening his grip while flicking his gaze towards the voice. And just as he expected, as he noticed Chrollo's approach through [Magic Power Detection], the Head of the Spider was the one at the end of his line of sight.

"Really?" Alfonzo asked with a hint of amusement in his tone. "That's the first time I've heard something like that. Usually, the bad guys ask me to let their subordinates go and we can pretend like nothing happened. But you're telling me I'm gonna die either way?"

"There's no point lying to a dead man." Chrollo replied while shrugging his shoulders. "The only question is if you're going to die painfully or in a slightly less painful way."

"Ha! Hahaha! Ahahahahahaha!" Alfonzo could not help laughing at Chrollo's response.

Hearing Alfonzo's laughter that seemed to be saying: "The audacity of this bitch," Chrollo frowned slightly. He then flared his magic power, readying himself for a fight.

Zap!

Crack!

Clap!

Yet, before he even realized what happened, Alfonzo's and Machi's figures began to blur. A moment later, with a clap of thunder, he felt a hand land on his left shoulder.

"You seem to be vastly overestimating yourself, Chrollo Lucifer." Alfonzo said softly as he leaned down to speak into Chrollo's ear with Machi's lifeless body dangling in his grasp. "I know it didn't spread much, but I was the one who defeated the former number one God of Ishgar, God Serena. So, unless you think you can take on a guy like that, it won't be me who's gonna die here."

Chapter 842: Sun's New Compound Magic

"Alright, haven't you been following us for long enough?" Cana asked after she, Ultear, and Sun reached an uninhabited part of Altair. "We thought you were members of the Phantom Troupe and not some creepy stalkers."

As she finished speaking, Cana turned towards the direction from which the trio came. And just as she expected, three men, Hisoka, Phinks, and

Bonolenov stepped from around the corner of building.

"Oho! So, we were discovered." Hisoka, wearing an unsettling smile, asked rhetorically. "Just out of curiosity, how long have you known we were following you?"

"Since you first started." Ultear replied casually. "To be honest, nothing you could have done would have stopped us from noticing you."

"Yeah, you have way too much magic power to blend in with the rest of the citizens of Altair, ya see?" Sun added in her usually endearingly bubbly tone.

"I see." Hisoka said before licking his lips. "Just as I thought. You're perfectly ripe and ready to be plucked."

Seeing the lewd and unhinged smile that spread across Hisoka's face, Cana, Ultear, and Sun all felt goosebumps rise on their arms. In fact, despite all their experience dealing with Dark Wizards, it took all they had to not take a step away from such a strange man.

"Now I see why so many people are afraid of clowns." Ultear said with disgust.

"Yeah, I really don't wanna fight him, ya see?" Sun added While shaking her head.

Even Phinks and Bonolenov, despite the fact that they had every intention of killing the three women in front of them, gave Cana, Ultear, and Sun somewhat pitying looks. Because as fellow members of the Phantom Troupe, they were well-aware of just how unsettling it could be to have Hisoka's interested gaze on them.

Swish! *Swish!* *Swish!*

Yet, before anyone could comment any further, Hisoka's right arm blurred. At the same time, a volley of what appeared to be playing cards were sent flying towards the three Fairy Tail wizards.

"Hmph!" Cana snorted disdainfully when she saw Hisoka's form of attack. "You actually have the nerve to use cards as weapons in front of me? Don't tell me you don't know who I am."

As she finished speaking, Cana seemed to blur for a moment, as well. However, instead of just one arm, it was her entire body. Then, after only an instant, her form stabilized once again. However, now she held all the playing cards Hisoka threw in her hands.

"Eww... What the hell is this crap?" Cana asked as she noticed a bubblegum like substance attached to the cards. "I knew you had something connected to them. But I never expected it to feel this gross."

Hearing that, the three Spiders all widened their eyes.

"Does it really feel that gross?" Sun asked curiously. "Should I just cut it apart?"

"What exactly does it feel like?" Ultear asked curiously, as well.

"Kinda like chewed bubble gum." Cana replied while trying to shake off the sticky substance from her hands. "It's just so gross."

"Hmm...? Do you think it will get brittle if I freeze it?" Ultear asked.

Meanwhile, as the Fairy Tail wizards discussed how gross Hisoka's magic was and how to get rid of it, Hisoka, Phinks, and Bonolenov stared at them with their eyebrows twitching. Because to them, it

seemed as if they were being ignored. And as members of the Phantom Troupe, that was a first for any of them. Especially after a fight had already started.

"Why are we even wasting time talking to these wenches?" Phinks asked angrily.

Annoyed by the dismissive attitudes, Phinks, the one present with the worst temper, dashed forward, right hand cocked back and ready to throw a devastating punch with his fist saturated with his magic power.

The sheer speed with which Phinks moved was enough to make all three Fairy Tail wizards look at him a bit more seriously. Even so, thanks to [Magic Power Detection], neither of the three were caught off guard. And based on what happened next, they had more than enough time to react to his high-speed movement.

"Water Sword Combination Magic: First Form: Water Surface Slash." Sun chanted as she stepped forward, intercepting Phinks' charge.

In the next instant, Sun drew Kanade from her sheath and slashed horizontally, the blade aimed straight for Phinks' magic power covered fist.

Seeing Sun's counterattack, Phinks' eyes widened in surprise. Though he did not think he was the strongest, as he knew that there were stronger wizards than him, he never expected the short woman in front of him to be one of them.

But that was not entirely Phinks' fault. Standing at 6'1" and weighing nearly 190 lbs., he did not expect that Sun, only standing at 5'5" and weighing less than 100 lbs., to be able to come close to matching him physically.

Yet, when he saw Kanade's blade inching closer to his fist, Phinks knew that if he did not avoid the blade, and the highly compressed [Water Magic] coating it, there was a very good chance that he would lose his hand in this exchange.

Crack!

Swoosh!

Forcefully halting his momentum with a powerful stomp that cracked the street beneath him, Phinks shot himself backwards just before his fist met Sun's blade. Yet, before he could get too far, he noticed that another one of the women was closing in just as rapidly as he had approached.

"[Ice-Make: Ice Claws]." Ultear chanted as she rushed forward with her hands in her casting gesture.

In the next instant, as Ultear separated her hands, they were covered by deep blue ice that took the form of claws. Then, when she closed the distance with Phinks, who was still backing away, she raised both arms and raked her claws down towards his chest.

Bang! *Bang!*

However, before Ultear's claws could reach Phinks, Bonolenov flashed between them and threw a jab-straight combination that blocked her attack.

"Damned bitches." Phinks growled once he was out of harm's way. "I'll kill you all."

As he spoke, Phinks once again drew his right fist back. However, instead of rushing forward to attack again, he began spinning his arm in a clockwise direction. And with each turn of his arm, Cana, Ultear, and Sun could feel that the magic power concentrated in his fist was increasing in power.

"I don't know what you're trying to do, but I won't let you." Sun said as she dashed forward. She then leapt over Ultear and Bonolenov, somersaulting through the air as she chanted. "[Water/Sword Compound Magic: Second Form: Water Wheel]."

"Not so fast." Hisoka said with that unsettling grin on his face. "Although I don't really like those two, I can't let you just cut him down like that. [Transmutation Magic: Bungee Gum]"

With his chant, Hisoka flung his left arm in Sun's direction. With the use of [Magic Power Detection], the three Fairy Tail wizards were able to see that when he did that, Hisoka's magic power extended from his body and took the same form of the sticky substance that was attached to the cards Cana plucked out of the air a moment ago.

"If it didn't work the first time, what makes you think it will work this time?" Cana asked disdainfully. "Card Magic: Random Throwing]."

As she spoke, Cana saturated the cards in her hands with her own magic power. At the same time, that melted Hisoka's magic power that was still attached to them. Then, Cana flung the cards, each arching through the air in sophisticated trajectories, all aimed at the [Bungee Gum] approaching Sun.

"Tch!" x 2

Sun's and Cana's actions caused both Phinks and Hisoka to click their tongues. Though, while Phinks clicked his in irritation, Hisoka's came from a totally different place in his heart, as his unhinged and perverted grin widened while he turned to look at Cana, who just cut through his spell with little effort.

Shing!

In the next instant, Phinks was forced to leap back once again. On top of that, his hasty retreat caused him to stop rotating his arm. A moment later, Sun, while flipping through the air, landed in Phinks' former location, her sword slicing into the street as if it were soft as butter.

"[Water/Sword Compound Magic: Seventh Form: Drop Ripple Thrust]." Sun chanted as she once again kicked off the ground.

"Damn it!" Phinks growled as he regained his footing.

Despite his apparent complaints, Phinks did not retreat any further. Instead, he took a fighting stance while flowing his magic power into his fists. Then, once Sun's blade approached to pierce through his chest, he quickly used his left hand to parry the blade to his left before throwing a right straight at Sun's face.

Reacting quickly, Sun tilted her head to the side, barely avoiding Phinks' punch. She then adjust the grip on her hilt and slashed at the larger man's waist.

"[Water/Sword Compound Magic: First Form: Water Surface Slash]." Sun chanted as her blade was once again coated in dense [Water Magic].

This time, instead of leaping away, Phinks only stepped out of the range of Sun's slash before stepping back in with a left hook. He then followed up with a right uppercut and an overhand left.

Ducking her head to avoid the hook, Sun then pivoted on her right foot to avoid the uppercut before slashing upwards with Kanade to deflect the overhand punch.

Clang!

While Phinks was forced back several steps when his fist met Sun's blade, Sun, thanks to the downward force in Phinks' punch, was forced down to one knee.

"She's stronger than I thought." Phinks muttered while rubbing his fist, which had gone numb from clashing with Sun's blade. "Even so, I'm gonna kill her and her friends in the most painful way possible. [Enhancement Magic: Ripper Cyclotron]."

Phinks began rotating his arm once again. All the while, he kept an eye on Sun, not intending to be caught off guard by her again. Meanwhile, Sun sprang back to her feet and charged forward once again.

Then, just before she reached Phinks, she leapt high into the air and raised Kanade above her head.

"[Water/Sword Compound Magic: Eighth Form: Waterfall Basin]." Sun chanted as she began to fall, a large amount of [Water Magic] gathering around her sword.

"Hmph!" Phinks snorted as he lowered his stance and stopped rotating his arm. "Six Rotations should be enough."

In the next instant, both Sun and Phinks initiated their attack with Sun slashing down with all her might while Phinks' fist shot upwards to meet Sun's blade.

Boom!

Shatter!

The collision caused the magic power in the two attacks to detonate. As a result, the ground under Phinks' feet shattered like a pane of glass. At the same time, all the [Water Magic] Sun gathered on Kanade's blade shot off in all directions like a fragmentation grenade, causing all the others on the battlefield to frantically dodge the lethal flying waterdrops.

Meanwhile, Sun, thanks to the rebound force from the collision, was sent high up into the air. And although she was completely unharmed by the backlash, she was surprised by how powerful Phinks' attack was.

"It looks like I'll have to go all out to finish this quickly." Sun said as her eyes narrowed. "We've already caused too much damage. Alfonzo's not gonna be happy when he sees this."

Sun then, while still ascending, held Kanade in front of her in a middle-stance before flaring her magic power to its limit.

"[Sing, Kanade]." Sun said, calling out her [soul Armament's] release command.

In the next instant, Kanade was covered in the light of Sun's magic power while Sun's aura skyrocketed. Then, once the light faded, instead of holding a shirasaya, Sun held a more traditional katana in her hand. However, instead of a single blade, there were two parallel blades making the sword look like a tuning fork.

"I'm still developing this style." Sun said as she raised Kanade once again while falling from the sky. "But let's see how you handle this! [Voice/Sword Compound Magic: First Form: Roar]!"

Using her [Voice Magic], sun shouted towards Kanade, which absorbed the soundwaves from Sun's shout. She then swung towards Phinks. As she did, the absorbed sound waves were ejected from the two edges of the blades, streaking towards Phinks at the speed of sound.

"What the hell is that?" Phinks asked in an alarmed tone as he frantically rotated his arm to try and contest against Sun's attack. "[Enhancement Magic: Ripper Cyclotron]."

Unfortunately, because of the speed of Sun's attack, Phinks was not even able to rotate his arm as many times as before. Instead, he was only able to make three rotations, which was only half of the previous attempt.

Swish!

Shing!

And because of that disparity, Phinks was not able to put up a decent fight against Sun's spell. As a result, he was forced to watch as the soundwave attack, bolstered and sharpened by sun's [Sword magic], sliced through his fist, down his arm, and through his torso before cutting into the street behind him and leaving two parallel gashes.

"Damn... it..." Phinks groaned as he struggled to lower his head to look at the damage he just took.

Splatter!

Unfortunately, that small movement caused blood to splatter from Phinks' injuries. And the pressure from the blood flow caused his body to fall apart, as well. Also, if one were to take a closer look at the pieces of his body on the ground, they would be able to see that Phinks' internal organs had been liquified by the soundwaves as they passed through his body.

A moment later, Sun, her expression slightly uncomfortable from the gore, landed near Phinks, whose eyes were still wide open, even in death.

["I think you overdid it just~~~ a little bit."] Kanade said, her voice sounding from Sun's inner world.

"Yeah..." Sun replied while scratching the side of her head in slight embarrassment and disgust. "I didn't think it would be that powerful. And I held back, too, ya see?"

["Oh well, what's done is done."] Kanade said in a bubbly tone. {"At least we don't have to worry about going back to help Tear. She's already done, too."}

Hearing that, Sun turned to look at Ultear and Bonolenov's battlefield. And just as Kanade said, Bonolenov was frozen in a block of ice while Ultear's right hand was placed on his chest, her arm buried up to the elbow in the ice block.

Going back a few minutes, just after Sun flipped over Ultear and Bonolenov.

Bang! *Bang!* *Bang!* *Bang!* *Bang!*

The [Ice Claws] and Bonolenov's boxing gloves collided over and over again in rapid succession. At least, that's how things went until Ultear fainted a swipe with her left claw resulting in Bonolenov throwing a right straight, which met nothing but air when Ultear did not commit.

As a result of his missed punch, Bonolenov found his balance thrown off slightly, and Ultear had no intention of missing the opportunity that was presented.

Ducking under Bonolenov's outstretched arm, Ultear lunged forward and raked her claws on her left hand across Bonolenov's chest.

Rip~~~~~!

Along with the bandages being torn, Ultear's claw swipe left five gashes across Bonolenov's chest. However, thanks to the cold of her [Ice Claws], no blood was spilled as the wounds were instantly frozen over.

However, instead of paying attention to the wound she left on his body, Ultear was surprised by the holes all over Bonolenov's body. And the large hole on his abdomen drew the most attention.

"What in the world is up with those holes?" Ultear asked in a tone filled with morbid fascination.

"Well, I guess there's no point hiding it now." Bonolenov said while looking down at his exposed torso. "It's going to be a hassle wrapping myself back up later, though."

With that said, Bonolenov bit down on the laces on his left boxing glove, untying the knot that kept it secure. He then pulled off the boxing glove before untying the laces on his right glove and removing it, as well.

With his gloves removed, the holes on each of Bonolenov's fingers were also revealed. However, before Ultear could get a good look at them, Bonolenov used his hands to tear off the rest of the bandages on

his torso, revealing the Spider Tattoo on his back. He then continued by ripping off the bandages on his legs, revealing that they were also covered in holes.

"Alright, now that those are out of the way, are you ready for round two?" Bonolenov asked as he once again raised his guard.

Chapter 843: No Matter What... And No Matter How Much Time Passes... Fairy Tail Will Always Be Fairy Tail

Standing about twenty-five feet apart from each other, Ultear and Bonolenov stared each other down. Though, that would be slightly inaccurate.

While Bonolenov was glaring at Ultear, Ultear was looking at all the holes all over Bonolenov's body with interest.

"So, what happened to you?" Ultear asked while pointing at the holes on Bonolenov's body, unable to hide her curiosity any longer. "Were you born like that? Are they from experiments? Or are they old injuries that never healed?"

"None of the above, actually." Bonolenov replied, his tone making him sound rather gentlemanly. "Rather it is a tradition of my tribe, the Gyudondond Tribe. Though, I doubt you've ever heard of them. They are a rather small tribe, after all."

"I see." Ultear replied with a nod. "How fascinating."

Boom!

Before the conversation could continue, both Ultear and Bonolenov were forced to move away from where they were having their conversation, as an explosion of magic power caused by Sun and Phinks resulted in the area being belted by flying drops of [Water Magic] that riddle the area with small craters and holes.

"Yeah, I guess this isn't the right place to have an intellectual conversation, huh?" Ultear asked with a shrug. "Oh well, I'll have to do some research on my own after this quest is over. It's too bad I won't be able to get any information from you after this, though."

"Researching about my tribe will be rather difficult when you're dead." Bonolenov replied calmly. "It's quite a pity. Finding someone who was genuinely interested in finding out more about my tribe is quite the rarity."

"We'll see about that." Ultear said as she made her casting gesture. "Anyway, we've talked for long enough. I'll make this quick. [Ice-Make: Lance]."

After chanting the name of her spell, Ultear thrust her hands forward. A moment later, a sheet of ice, nearly seven feet in diameter, formed in front of her. Then, a little more than three dozen ice lances shot out from the sheet.

Seeing this, Bonolenov's expression tightened. The sheer amount of magic power in those lances made Bonolenov take the situation seriously. In the next moment, a song began to resound through the area. And the source of that song, which sounded like tribal music, was the numerous holes all over Bonolenov's body.

"[Conjuration Magic: Battle Cantabile: Prologue]." Bonolenov chanted.

A moment later, the soundwaves, mixed with Bonolenov's magic power, began to materialize around Bonolenov. Then, in the blink of an eye, his attire changed from only wearing boxing trunks to tribal warrior's attire. On top of that, a spear appeared in his right hand, as well.

Then, just as the ice lances entered the range of Bonolenov's spear, he thrust it forward at high-speed.

Shatter! *Shatter!* *Shatter!* *Shatter!* *Shatter!*

Over and over again, Bonolenov thrust his spear, each thrust precisely striking one of Ultear's ice lances. Yet, to his surprise, though he did not take any damage, the force behind each lance forced him to step back. And had it not been for his training, he would have been thrown off balance and skewered by more than a few of the ice lances.

Seeing that her [Lances] were easily dealt with, Ultear did not rush forward to once again engage in close-quarters-combat. Instead, she raised her hands to make her casting gesture again.

"Let's see how you deal with this." Ultear said calmly. "If you can get through this unscathed, I'll really take things seriously. "[Ice-Make: Gatling Gun]."

In the next instant, ice began forming near Ultear's right hip. It then took the form of a six-barreled gatling gun that Ultear grabbed with both hands.

"What is that?" Bonolenov asked cautiously as he took a defensive stance with his spear.

Whirl~~~~~!

However, Ultear had no interest in explaining her construct. Instead, she immediately began operating the [Gatling Gun] as soon as it finished forming, the sound of the barrels spinning making a piercing sound that echoed over the battlefield.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

A second later, small ice bullets were fired from the spinning gun barrels at the rate of nearly 1,100 rounds per minute. Unfortunately, despite his immense speed, only bolstered by his [Battle Cantabile: Prologue], no matter how fast Bonolenov was able to thrust and retract his spear, there was no way he could strike down every ice bullet Ultear fired at him.

So, instead of even trying, Bonolenov wrapped himself in his magic power, increasing his defense. At the same time, using all of his focus, he aimed his spear forward, thrusting it at the ice bullets that he was sure would land on vital spots.

Splatter! *Splatter!* *Splatter!* *Splatter!**Splatter!*

Unfortunately, that meant that more than a few of the ice bullets were able to hit Bonolenov, tearing through his body while splattering his blood all over the street while riddling the street and walls behind him with bullet holes.

Clank!

Pant! *Pant!* *Pant!*

As soon as the barrage ended, Bonolenov, breathing heavily and covered in his own blood, almost collapsed forward. Yet, before he tipped over, he slammed the butt of his spear onto the ground, forcefully steadying himself.

At the same time, Ultear, seeing Bonolenov's state, dissipated the [Gatling Gun] and started walking towards the injured man.

Click! *Click!* *Click!*

Hearing the sound of Ultear's high heels clicking against the street as she approached, Bonolenov struggled to raise his head. With his vision blurry from blood loss, Bonolenov's gaze eventually landed on the approaching Fairy Tail wizard.

And when Ultear looked into Bonolenov's eyes, she could see the unwillingness that shone in their depths. However, she could also see that Bonolenov no longer had the strength to continue the fight.

"It's over." Ultear said softly.

Unfortunately, Bonolenov was unable to respond, his body too weakened from blood loss to speak. The only thing he could do was stare at Ultear viciously.

"Don't look at me like that." Ultear said as she continued to approach while once again making her casting gesture. "You should have known this day would come eventually. Unfortunately for you, the quest to subdue you found its way to Fairy Tail. And that... sealed your fate. [Ice-Make: Dagger]."

As she chanted, Ultear pushed her hands forward. A moment later, a slender, double-edged dagger materialized in front of her hands. Then, just as it started to fall, she gripped the hilt, snatching it out of the air.

Swish!

At the same time, Ultear arrived within arm's reach of Bonolenov. Then, without any hesitation, she swung the ice dagger, slitting Bonolenov's throat with no hint of mercy in her expression.

Bonolenov did not widen his eyes when his throat was split. As Ultear said, he, and all the other members of the Phantom Troupe, expected that they would be killed someday. However, like most strong people, they were arrogant, not thinking that there was anyone strong enough to kill them before they were able to escape.

Most of them even knew about Fairy Tail and its strongest members. Unfortunately, they had no way of assessing just how powerful those members were. If they did, they would have never looked for an opportunity to find out if they were the ones who killed Uvogin or look for chances to ambush them. Instead, they would have packed up and left Stella without even thinking about Zash Caine's commission.

Unfortunately, Bonolenov was in no position to think about what could have been if the Troupe had handled this situation differently. Right now, the only thing he could do was hope that someone could get away as his consciousness faded into darkness.

Thud!

A moment later, Bonolenov's warrior attire and spear dissipated, leaving him in only his boxing trunks, as he fell to the ground lifelessly.

"*Sigh* Well, that was a bit disappointing." Ultear said as she reached into her cleavage and pulled out a storage scroll. She continued while unrolling the scroll. "Kinsi is getting upset that I never use her in real fights anymore. But what can I do? There just hasn't been anyone strong enough to make me fight them all out since the Grand Magic Games."

While mumbling to herself, Ultear [Sealed] Bonolenov's corpse in the scroll before putting it away. She then turned away from the battlefield and started walking towards Cana's location.

"Anyway, Sun just finished up, too." Ultear said. "But it doesn't even seem like Cana has started yet. I wonder what's going on with her. She's usually the least patient one of us. Well, I'll just go check."

Earth Land, Ishgar, Era.

At the same time, in the Magic Council building in Era, a communications officer was frantically running through the hallways. However, instead of a panicked expression, he wore what appeared to be a nostalgic expression.

'It's been years since we've received a report like this.' The communications officer thought to himself as he approached the Council's meeting room. 'I wonder what the other Councilors will think when they hear this report. Well, they probably won't react as strongly as the former Council usually did. I mean, none of the former guild masters seem to hate Fairy Tail as much as the old Council did. Still, I'm looking forward to seeing their reactions for old time's sake.'

Meanwhile, most of the members of the current Magic Council were gathered in the meeting room discussing the Phantom Troupe subjugation. And from the expressions on most of the former guild master's faces, it was clear that Fairy Tail were not the only ones who have tried to complete this quest since it was first posted.

"Jura, does Lamia Scale not intend to pursue the Phantom Troupe?" Gran Doma asked. "With your strength as one of the Ten Wizard Saints, taking them down should not be an issue."

"The Phantom Troupe has too many members." Jura replied in a peaceful tone while shaking his head. "Though Lamia Scale has several outstanding wizards who would definitely be able to contend with the Phantom Troupe's members, we would not be able to eliminate them completely with our numbers."

"Yes, it's abnormal for a guild to have more than a few S-Class wizards in its ranks." Draculos Hyberion, the second-ranked of the Ten Wizard Saints, said with a nod. "Then, perhaps we should organize an alliance for this quest. The same was done when pursuing the Oración Seis, was it not?"

"That's right." Gran Doma replied with a nod of his own. "Back then, Fairy Tail, Blue Pegasus, Lamia Scale, and the now disbanded Cait Shelter handled it brilliantly."

"Well, I suppose I can contact my children and see if they can spare a few wizards for another collaboration." Makarov said while puffing his chest proudly. "But honestly, we have more than enough S-Class kids to deal with this quest ourselves. IN fact, there may be a chance that they've already taken it. I just haven't heard anything from Master Mavis yet. Would you like me to call her and find out if they've done so yet?"

By the time Makarov finished speaking, he was standing on his chair. And when the other Councilors saw this, their eyebrows twitched. The sigh of Makarov standing so proudly while his tone oozed with pride made even Jura, the most peaceful person in the room, want to punch him in the nose.

"Yes... Please..." Doma spat through gritted teeth. "Master Makarov, please call Master Mavis and make a request for Fairy Tail to join the alliance to hunt down the Phantom Troupe."

"Okay~! You only had to ask~. Hehehe." Makarov replied in a cheerful tone before flopping back into his seat.

Makarov then reached into his pants pocket and pulled out his iPhone. Then, he scrolled through his contact list and found Mavis' name. However, just before he could start the call...

Bang!

"Councilors, we just received an urgent report from Stella!" The communications officer who had been running through the halls of the Council Building shouted through ragged breaths. "Apparently, the Capital City, Altair, has taken massive damage!"

Immediately, almost all the eyes in the room shifted to stare at the communications officer sharply. The only exception was Makarov, whose gaze shook as he looked at the communications officer while the hand holding the iPhone began to tremble.

"I've got a bad feeling about this." Makarov whispered in a horrified toen.

"Do we know the reason?" Gran Doma asked sternly.

"*Gulp* Yes." The communications officer replied nervously under the Council Chairman's sharp gaze. He then quickly glanced at Makarov, making the former Fairy Tail guild master break out in a cold sweat, before returning his gaze to Gran Doma. "It's... Fairy Tail... There are six confirmed members in Altair. And from what the reports say, they're fighting other wizards in the city."

The entire room fell silent after the report.

Clatter!

Which made the sound of Makarov's iPhone falling to the floor sound even louder than it should have. And with the sound of the iPhone hitting the ground, all the other members of the Magic Council turned to stare at Makarov, who was now trembling all over while his face was covered in beads of cold sweat.

The silence grew heavy as time passed. And it was clear to everyone in the meeting room that no one had any intention of speaking until Makarov spoke first. So, after realizing that, Makarov did his best to calm down, taking one deep breath after another. Then, when he finally got his emotions under control, he tilted his head back and let out an angry roar.

"Those damn brats~~~~!" Makarov shouted with a tone filled with all the grievances that came along with bragging to the high heavens, just to get slapped in the face by reality.

Chapter 844: It's Hard to Take a Clown Seriously

Like Ultear and Bonolenov, Cana and Hisoka were forced to relocate when Sun's and Phinks' battle triggered an explosion. As a result, they were both standing on rooftops as the two fights continued.

While the fights between Sun and Phinks and Ultear and Bonolenov were going on, Surprisingly, Cana and Hisoka had not started their own fight. Instead, they both just watched the ongoing battles.

Though, they both had different reasons for just sitting back and watching.

While Cana only watched because Hisoka had not made a move, thinking that she would keep him in check if he tried to interfere in the fights that she felt had no suspense, Hisoka only watched because he was intrigued by how strong the members of Fairy Tail were.

And all the while, Hisoka seemed to be wearing a perverted expression on his face. Honestly, Cana found it rather off-putting whenever she saw him lick his lips in anticipation. Still, she never made a move to wipe that look off his face.

But the two battles eventually came to an end. And just as Cana expected, Ultear and Sun came out victorious. She then turned her full attention to Hisoka.

"So, are you still going to fight after seeing that?" Cana asked curiously.

"Who among you three is the strongest?" Hisoka asked without answering Cana's question.

IN response, Cana only raised an eyebrow at Hisoka's question before shrugging her shoulders.

"Though I hate to admit it, Tear is the strongest among us." Cana replied casually. "But there isn't really that big a difference between the three of us."

"I see." Hisoka said with a nod. He then finally raised his head to look at Cana, who was standing on a roof across from the one he stood on. "Then, to answer your question, of course, I do. Why wouldn't I

fight such powerful opponents? Mmm~. A fight to the death where I'm not sure if I'll live, or not? That's what I live for."

"*Sigh* So, you're one of THOSE, huh?" Cana asked in a tone that made it clear she was far too familiar with the fighting maniac type. "The only difference between you and Natsu is that you seem to enjoy the violence rather than just fighting itself."

"That's right... But wrong at the same time." Hisoka replied. "I enjoy killing people who are actually worthy of dying at my hands. I very rarely kill someone who WILL BE worth it. Not until they actually ARE worth it, anyway."

Cana could only shake her head at that. From what she could tell, Hisoka was not as indiscriminate when it came to killing as the other two members of the Phantom Troupe she had met. Still, she also came to the conclusion that the world would probably be a better place without him. And with that conclusion reached, Cana's hesitation when it came to killing was pushed way back into the depths of her mind.

At the same time, Cana took a step to the right, avoiding a shot of Hisoka's invisible [Bungee Gum Magic]. She then looked up to see that Hisoka had leapt from the rooftop he was standing on while the gummy magic stretched from his hand.

'Hmm... He was about thirty, or so, feet away when he threw that sticky stuff.' Cana thought to herself as she watched the [Bungee Gum] retract rapidly, pulling Hisoka towards her at high-speed. 'Does that mean there's some kind of distance limit? Or is he trying to trick me?'

"Just as I thought." Hisoka said once he landed on the roof where Cana was standing. "You really can see it. I wonder how you're doing it. It doesn't feel like you're using [En]. This is quite interesting."

"Yeah, why the hell would I tell you that?" Cana asked as she reached into her tarot card pouch with her right hand.

"Very true." Hisoka said as he stepped forward with three cards held between his fingers. "A magician never tells the secret of his tricks."

Swish!

As soon as Hisoka's words ended, his arm was already swinging, the cards between his fingers were sharpened by the magic power he coated them with, and they were aimed at Cana's throat.

However, Cana reacted very calmly, stepping back by half a step, the cards missing her throat by less than an inch. She then pulled a handful of cards from her pouch and slapped them onto Hisoka's abdomen... Or at least, that was what she intended to do.

"Oh, there's a layer of magic power coating your body." Cana said while raising an eyebrow in surprise. "It's not like the passive magic power defense most wizards have, though. It's actually pretty dense. Never tried using my magic power like this before. Feels like it would make long battles a hassle in resource management."

Despite the fact that she was analyzing Hisoka's technique aloud, Cana quickly pulled her cards back before taking a bit of distance. Also, she never stopped moving, easily avoiding the cards in Hisoka's hands, the ones he threw, and all of Hisoka's attempts to stick his [Bungee Gum] to her.

Bang!

Leaning away from a swipe of Hisoka's cards, Cana threw a powerful low kick at Hisoka's front leg. However, it did not do as much damage as she expected, only causing him to stumble slightly.

"Oh, good defense." Cana said with a smile. "That kick would have been strong enough to break most wizards' legs. But it only caused you to stumble a little."

Hisoka had no doubt about Cana's claim about the force behind that kick. In fact, had his [Ten], the defensive technique he was using to coat his body in magic power, been any weaker, he had no doubt that he would have ended up with fractures, at the very least.

"Anyway, let's test to see just how powerful this technique's defense really is." Cana said as she started flaring her magic power even stronger. "[Card Magic: Icicles]."

As she spoke, Cana once again reached into her tarot card pouch. She then activated the cards she drew. When she did, half a dozen icicles appeared around her and Hisoka before flying towards Hisoka at high speed.

Shatter! *Shatter!* *Shatter!*

Reacting quickly, Hisoka contorted his body at odd angles to dodge as many of the flying icicles as possible. Managing to dodge four of the projectiles, three of which flew off into the distance, he was struck by two, which shattered on his [Ten] while the final icicle, which was fired from above, shattered on the rooftop, creating a frozen spot on the roof.

As for how Hisoka was affected by the two icicles that shattered on this [Ten], while he was not affected by the physical impact, the force was transmitted through his magic power. As a result, two bruises, one on his right shoulder and one on his left thigh, appeared on Hisoka's body.

"So, that wasn't enough to break your defense." Cana mused aloud. "Alright, let's ramp it up a little more. *Sigh* I really just wanna finish this. But Fonzie will probably like it if I collect more information about this technique. Hehe, he might even reward me by letting me pick something from his collection."

Hearing that, Hisoka was finally realizing that things were not going the way he expected them to. Like he expected from the start, Cana was strong. Extremely so. And that was where the problem lay.

Being the battle junkie he was, Hisoka never feared facing a strong opponent. But that was under the condition that he actually had a chance of winning. Yet, with every missed swipe and throwing card, it was becoming clearer and clearer to Hisoka that Cana was completely out of his league.

And when those two icicles landed on his [Ten] and transmitted their force through it to his body, he knew that if he did not somehow escape, he would die here with no chance of taking his opponent's life.

Then, to add insult to injury, Cana was not even trying to defeat him. Instead, she was testing the power of his [Ten] so that she could report it to someone else in hopes of being rewarded. Meaning...

"You're not taking me seriously..." Hisoka said as his ever-present, creepy smile began to fade.

"No, you're wrong about that." Cana replied as she pulled another handful of cards from her tarot card pouch. "I take every opponent seriously. It would be embarrassing to be beaten by someone so much weaker than me, after all. Anyway, let's get back to the test. [Card Magic: Explosion]."

Like that, time passed. And as it did, Cana slowly increased her output as she attacked Hisoka relentlessly. And naturally, because she was not focused on defeating Hisoka outright, her battle took the longest, as Ultear and Sun were currently watching her basically slap Hisoka around in the name of science.

"Alright, if my calculations are correct, this should be the last strike." Cana said with a smile while holding a handful of tarot cards. "Your defensive technique should be able to break if I use my full power when I'm in my base state. That's actually pretty strong, you know?"

"I kinda feel bad for him right now." Sun said as she watched Cana's experiments alongside Ultear. "It feels cruel to keep going at this point."

"I can see where you're coming from." Ultear replied while nodding in understanding. "But she hasn't even actually broken that strange layer of magic power yet. So, she hasn't actually hurt him all that bad."

Despite saying that, Hisoka, after nearly forty-five minutes of being beaten one-sidedly, was covered in cuts, bruises, burns, and blood. Yet, he was not seriously injured. Though, if he stayed in this state for too long, he would probably pass out from blood loss.

"Yeah, I guess." Sun replied in a somewhat uncomfortable tone. "Still, it kinda feels like she's torturing him unnecessarily."

"It might look that way, but she's really not." Ultear replied. "At least, she's not doing it intentionally. She's just trying to figure out that technique he's using. Or... At the very least, she's trying to get enough information about it so that Alfonzo and Lici can reverse engineer it."

Clap!

"Ah! Right, that makes sense." Sun said, her tone doing a complete one-eighty as she clapped her hands excitedly. "And if they can figure it out and teach it to us and the rest of the guild, everyone will be safer and stronger."

"Exactly." Ultear replied with a smile. "So, she's not doing this just to be cruel. Well, not completely. I'm sure part of this is just to make that guy pay for all the lives he's taken, too."

Unfortunately, Cana had no intention of letting Hisoka off that easy. After slapping the cards in her hands on to her exposed abdomen, her legs were coated in [Lightning Magic]. On top of that, her aura increased sharply in all other respects.

"[Card magic: Enhancement Cards: Lightning Dash, Power, Magic Power Density]." Cana chanted a string of spells in one go before she vanished from where she stood.

Boom~~~~~!

In the next instant, Cana reappeared in the spot where Hisoka stood with her right fist extended. At the same time, several buildings were penetrated in a straight line, the sounds of all the impacts sounding as if they happened at the same time.

And at the end of the damaged row of buildings, Hisoka, battered and broken lay in a pile of rubble. And based on the injuries on his body, not only did his [En] collapse, but he was also on the verge of death.

"Hey, Cana..." Sun said as she and Ultear approached Cana, who was returning to her normal state.
"Weren't you testing how powerful his defense was? How are you supposed to tell if you knock him so far away?"

In response, Cana scratched her head sheepishly.

"You forgot about that, didn't you?" Ultear asked in a deadpan tone. "Let me guess, you were thinking about alcohol and forgot to regulate your strength, right?"

This time, Cana just looked away, clearly indicating that Ultear was correct.

"*Sigh* What are we gonna do with you?" Ultear asked while rubbing her forehead in exasperation.

"Hey, it's not my fault!" Cana shouted in an attempt to defend herself. "When I thought about Fonzie rewarding me with something from his private stash then having a drink together. Then, that would lead to this and that, I couldn't help but get excited."

Seeing the way Cana began to lose herself to her fantasies of alcohol and sex, Ultear rolled her eyes in fond exasperation while Sun could not help giggling at Cana being Cana.

Meanwhile, Hisoka, who was still breathing, if only barely, was staring at the ceiling of the building he crashed into with a blank expression on his face.

"From the way I've lived my life, I know I deserve this ending." Hisoka muttered to himself weakly. "But I think I deserve a little more dignity than this, right? Couldn't she at least put me out of my misery instead of just leaving me here to die from my injuries?"

Luckily for Hisoka, he was too far away to hear the conversation Cana was having with Ultear and Sun. Because had he been close enough to hear it, there was a fair chance that he would end up dying from anger while coughing up blood.

Chapter 845: Sounds Like Poetic Justice

{BGM: "Ashita no Narase" – Amy B}

"Hmm...? I wonder who could be calling at this time..." Mavis said as her iPhone began to ring.

"Maybe it's the Phantom Troupe Subjugation Team." Irene, sitting on a couch in Mavis' office while reading a copy of Sorcerer Weekly, replied casually without looking up from the magazine. "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if it's Alfonzo calling to complain about all the destruction that father-daughter pair caused during the quest."

Though it was said in jest, Irene had a premonition that the call she described would be coming sooner or later. And the actual topic of the call made that quite apparent.

"It's Maki." Mavis said after looking at the Caller ID. "I wonder what he wants..."

With that said, Mavis wasted no time answering the call.

"Maki, good afternoon." Mavis said, her tone as cheerful as usual. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

{"Master Mavis... Those brats have done it again."} Makarov replied from the other side of the phone.

"What do you mean?" Mavis asked, a bad feeling growing in her heart as she glanced at Irene.

{"The Council just received a report about members of Fairy Tail fighting and destroying parts of Altair, the capital city of Stella."} Makarov's response came quickly.

A deep sigh was the only response Mavis could give.

Although the wizards of Fairy Tail were not nearly as destructive as they used to be, that was as a whole. Yet, there were still quite a few wizards in the guild who, when they got excited, or any other number of reasons, fell back into the guild's usual practices.

"I understand." Mavis said in a tired tone. "I'll start drafting the reflection letter immediately. Also, the guild will cover all the costs for Altair's reconstruction. *Sigh* Alfonzo's gonna be really mad that his perfect record of not causing any property damage while on quests was finally ended."

{"Huh? Alfonzo is on the quest in Altair?"} Makarov asked in a surprised tone. {"How is this possible? That kid never causes damage like this?"}

"He's the leader of the team." Mavis replied. "He took several of the S-Class wizards to take on the quest to eliminate the Phantom Troupe. Among them are Gildarts and Cana. I'm just glad he did not take Erza and Natsu. Otherwise, the cost to rebuild the city would be astronomical."

Makarov couldn't help shuddering in his seat in the Magic Council Meeting Room when he imagined the destruction those four could cause together.

"Anyway, I'll give you more information once I hear the full report from Alfonzo." Mavis said while shaking her head. "Until then, we can only wait. But there is some good news, though."

{"What good news?"} Makarov asked.

"Thanks to investing in Sixth Sense Holdings, the guild has enough money to rebuild all of Altair three or four times over if it had to." Mavis said, her cheerful tone returning. "So, you can reassure the representatives from Stella that everything will be fine."

Makarov on the other side of the phone call fell completely silent after hearing Mavis' so-called "good news." Then, after a few seconds, he quietly hung up the call without another word.

{*Boop!* *Boop!* *Boop!*}

"Huh? Why did Maki hang up like that?" Mavis asked as she pulled the iPhone away from her ear and looked at the "Call Ended" prompt on the screen. "That was kind of rude, wasn't it? He didn't even say goodbye."

"It's probably because you scared his soul out of him." Irene said, amusement clear in her tone.

"What did I say?" Mavis asked, genuinely confused about what could have been so scary.

"I believe Alfonzo and Lici call it raising a flag." Irene replied while closing the magazine. "You basically foreshadowed that all of Altair might be destroyed during the quest in Altair."

"Huh? Did I?" Mavis asked while tilting her head cutely. "But that's not what I meant. I was just trying to reassure him that the guild has enough money to cover any damages that have or might happen."

Irene only shook her head slowly with an amused smile on her face.

Earth land, Ishgar, Stella, Altair.

Meanwhile, Alfonzo, who held machi's corpse in one hand and Chrollo's shoulder in the other, suddenly raised his head and looked in the direction of the city in the distance.

"Damn it... This is gonna go on my record, isn't it?" Alfonzo muttered to himself. "It looks like some punishments are gonna be in order when all of this is over."

Reaching that point, Alfonzo shook his head. Then, he returned his attention to Chrollo once again.

"Well, at least all the hostile magic power signatures in the city are gone." Alfonzo continued. "Looks like more than half of the Spider's legs have been cut off already."

"What?" Chrollo asked as his eyes widened. "That's impossible."

"Nothing is impossible." Alfonzo replied while casually tossing machi's corpse to the side. "The fact of the matter is you just weren't strong enough to fight Fairy Tail wizards."

Hearing that, Chrollo, who was quite protective of the members of the Phantom Troupe could not help the grief that overcame him. As a result of such grief, his magic power flared to the point that entire cave serving as the Phantom Troupe's secondary hideout began to shake.

"Oh, you're stronger than I thought." Alfonzo said in an impressed tone. Though, his grip on Chrollo's shoulder did not loosen in the slightest. "Well then, I hope you don't disappoint me."

At the same time, Ur was exchanging blows with Nobunaga on the other side of the city. Meanwhile, Gildarts, Levy, Pakunoda, and Shizuku stood on either side of the battlefield and watched the sword and whip cross repeatedly.

"You know, you may be the most skilled swordsman I've ever seen." Ur said while lashing her whip over and over again at high-speed. "Honestly, I'd love to see who would come out on top between you and Erza. Unfortunately, Saeko and Sun aren't quite strong enough to match you yet. But if they were, those would be good matches, as well."

"Shut the hell up!" Nobunaga shouted angrily. "Take this seriously, you damned Ice Witch!"

"Oh, but if I did that, you wouldn't have gotten a chance to show off this much." Ur said with a shrug that did not mess up her attack rhythm. "Because I'm on a completely different level than the three I just mentioned."

"Hmph! Talk big all you want." Nobunaga said through gritted teeth. "But if you can't even hurt me, then how could you possibly look forward to seeing me fight weaker wizards than you?"

Hearing that, Ur's casual expression slowly turned cold. Having her capabilities doubted by someone that she had clearly been just playing with since the battle started was rather aggravating to her.

"You know, there's a difference between not being able to and choosing not to." Ur said, her tone just as cold as her expression.

Rip!

"Ah!" Nobunaga gasped in pain.

In the next instant, Ur flicked her wrist minutely causing her whip to curve past Nobunaga's sword and strike him in the face, tearing the skin on his left cheek.

"You see, it's not that I can't hit you." Ur continued. "it's that I chose not to. It's rare that I come out on quests. And I wanted to make sure that my combat instincts had not gotten rusty."

Rip~~~~~!

This time, with the flick of her wrist, Ur's whip snaked past Nobunaga's sword again before wrapping around his torso. However, instead of trying to bind him, Ur yanked back on the whip's handle, causing the whip to harshly slide across Nobunaga's torso.

"*Hiss*" The pain of having a large amount of skin on his torso torn by friction caused Nobunaga to hiss in pain.

"Honestly, I don't even need my magic to put someone like you down." Ur said as she once again lashed her whip at Nobunaga.

Smack!

This time, instead of trying to deflect the whip, Nobunaga rolled to the side to avoid the attack. Yet, just as he got back to his feet, the tip of the whip, as if it had eyes of its own, struck the fingers of his right hand.

"Damn it." Nobunaga hissed through gritted teeth while tightening the grip on his sword that almost loosened to the point of dropping it from the pain. "I'll kill you. Then, I'll kill that carrot-top bastard for killing Uvogin."

"But not using my magic would be a waste." Ur replied while ignoring Nobunaga's enraged roar as she watched him charge towards her. "Besides, I've been working on a new spell from something that Alfonzo showed me. A manga that his friend from another world showed him. Anyway, now is the perfect time to try it out."

With that, Ur, with her whip still in one hand, made her casting gesture. Then, once Nobunaga was in range, she swung her whip forward in a way that caused it to form a circle on the ground around the charging Spider.

Seeing the way he had been encircled by Ur's whip, Nobunaga's instincts kicked into overdrive. The danger he could feel coming from whatever the woman in front of him was about to do was higher than any life or death situation he had been in in all his years. Because of that, he pushed his speed to its limit, trying to escape from the boundary on the ground.

"[Ice-Make First Dance: White Moon]." Ur chanted as she yanked the whip back, leaving a thin, iced-over circle on the ground where the whip used to be.

Freeze!

In the next instant, everything in the circle, from the ground to the cloud layer was flash-frozen, leaving a tall ice pillar stretching from the ground to high in the sky. And at the center of the enormous ice pillar was Nobunaga, muscles tensed to escape.

But clearly, Nobunaga reacted just a moment too late.

"*Whistle* That new spell is pretty incredible." Gildarts, standing off to the side and watching with Levy, said in a tone filled with admiration.

Meanwhile, the expressions on the faces of Pakunoda and Shizuku did not look too good. All though they were unaware of the fates of the members of the Phantom Troupe who had been dispatched to investigate in the city, this was the second death among their members that they were aware of. And that... made them rather unhappy.

"Damn Guild Wizards." Pakunoda hissed through gritted teeth. "They all deserve to die."

"Yes... They do." Shizuku added as she flared her magic power before a vacuum cleaner formed from her magic power appeared in her hands.

"Oh, it looks like the other two are ready to fight, too." Gildarts said as he looked away from Ur, who was turning to return to his and Levy's side. He then glanced in Levy's direction. "So, do you wanna get some exercise, too? Or should I handle them?"

"I'll handle this." Levy said as she tightened her grip on her Light Pen. "If I don't do anything, I'll feel bad for taking a share of the reward money. And Gajee and I need that money. We're planning to buy a nice house in Magnolia before we get married, after all."

"Sure." Gildarts replied with a shrug and a smile. "Then, go ahead. Ur and I will be here just in case you need us to step in. But to be honest, I doubt you'll need that."

"Right." Levy said as she started walking towards Pakunoda and Shizuku. "Even so, I'll be counting on you to watch my back."

"Don't worry, we don't leave our own to die." Ur said as she crossed paths with Levy. "Just go out there and do your best."

Nodding in response, Levy began flaring her magic power in preparation to fight the two remaining members of the Phantom Troupe. Meanwhile, the murderous auras around Pakunoda and Shizuku were growing with every step Levy took.

At the same time, in the underground facility Zash Caine built, Elicia was standing in the middle of a group of disabled automatons while keeping Zash restrained with her threads. Though, it was clear that on top of fighting the automatons, Zash had been used as a human shield several times, as he was covered in wounds, his hair was frazzled, and his clothing was nearly completely shredded.

"Well, those things were stronger than I expected." Elicia said while wiping a bead of sweat off her forehead. She then turned her attention to Zash,, and when she did, her expression turned extremely cold. "Now, the real question is what I should do with you before dragging your sorry behind back to Fiore to face punishment for your coup attempt."

Usually, Zash would never stay silent if a woman, who he only saw as a plaything, were to speak to him like that. But thanks to all the injuries he suffered while, unwillingly, acting as Elicia's human shield, he was too weak to rage at the disrespect.

["Hey, I have an idea."] Scylla said, her tone making it clear that the next thing she said would not be too pleasant for Zash. ["Since he likes to torture and violate women so much, why don't we see how he likes to be on the receiving end. And as it would happen, there are a lot of tools you can use to find out in that room we saw earlier. Plus, I'm sure those women might be interested in seeing their tormenter getting part of the same treatment they received."]

The tools Scylla was referring to were a number of violent sex toys that were scattered all around the room where Elicia found all the captured women. And using those same tools on Zash as a form of punishment while letting his victims watch would definitely be a form of poetic justice.

However, after thinking about it for a few moments, Elicia eventually shook her head at the suggestion.

"As vindicating as that sounds, I don't wanna put those women through that." Elicia said in a downtrodden tone. "They've been through enough. And I'm sure they aren't ready to see something like that quite yet."

["*Sigh* I know you're right."] Scylla replied, her earlier vindictive tone replaced by something much more helpless. ["I guess the only thing we can do for now is make sure that this piece of trash faces the punishment he deserves while trying our best to get them the help that they need."]

"Exactly." Elicia replied with a nod. She then let Zash fall to the ground before turning on him and kicking him in the ribs as she continued. "Anyway, let's get going. We still need to recover the artifact this guy stole when he left Fiore."

Crack!

"Argh~~~~~!" Zash screamed as the pain of several shattered ribs overwhelmed his senses.

With that, Elicia started walking to the biggest source of magic power she could sense in the facility. All the while, she dragged Zash, who was still bound with her [Thread Magic], through the corridors as he continued to howl from the jostling of his injuries.

Chapter 846: A Counter to Mental Magic

Like Pakunoda and Shizuku, as Levy approached the two remaining members of the Phantom Troupe, she also flared her magic power. At the same time, she channeled her magic power into the Light Pen in her right hand before quickly writing a series of letters in the space in front of her.

"[Solid Script magic: Fireball]." Levy chanted calmly as she finished writing. She then continued to write as she began chanting once again. "[Solid Script magic: Thunderbolt]."

As she chanted her second spell, the first spell was cast as the "Fireball" she wrote in the sky streaked towards Pakunoda and Shizuku.

"Fwoosh!*

Before long, the letters began to spark, embers floating away from the word. Then, the entire word combusted and formed a reddish-orange fireball that was hot enough to distort the air around it as it hurdled towards the two Spiders.

Yet, neither Pakunoda nor Shizuku panicked. In fact, they barely even moved at all. Instead, Shizuku raised the vacuum cleaner in her hand. Then, with a sound familiar to anyone who owned a vacuum cleaner, the machine began to operate.

However, that was where things started to get strange. At least for Levy, they did.

As the vacuum cleaner's motor started, the fireball sped up. And it was clear to see that it was being sucked in by Shizuku's vacuum. Then... There was no then.

Shortly after the fireball was caught in the vacuum cleaner's pull, it was sucked into the vacuum and completely disappeared.

"Hmm... Interesting." Levy said as she tapped her Light Pen against the word "Thunderbolt" she had written in the air. "That could be troublesome if things are the way I think they are."

Zap!

In the next instant, the word, "Thunderbolt," glowed brightly. Then, it streaked forward in a flash of blue light. However, just like before, it was easily sucked into the vacuum cleaner Shizuku held.

"Hmph!" Pakunoda snorted disdainfully. "It's pointless. There's no way your magic will ever be able to touch us with Shizuku here."

"I see." Levy replied with a nod. "Then, it's just as I expected. That vacuum cleaner can consume magic. It probably works on any number of inanimate objects, too."

Reaching that point, Levy took a good look at the vacuum cleaner. And nothing about it looked special at all. Just a cylindrical base sitting on wheels for easy movement. Then, a hose extended from the base leading to a handle that connected to the nozzle that sucked in her two spells.

However, before she could use her [Magic Power Detection] to examine the vacuum cleaner any deeper, Levy was forced to leap to one side after Shizuku pointed the vacuum's nozzle at her.

"[Blinky: Regurgitate]." Shizuku called out.

Zap!

A moment later, a blue thunderbolt slammed into the spot where Levy stood only a moment ago, scorching the ground upon impact.

"So, she can shoot whatever she has the vacuum suck up back out, too." Levy muttered. "That could be a problem if I intend to continue fighting at this range. Then again, there's nothing saying that I have to fight at this range, is there?"

With that said, Levy dashed forward, her magic power saturating her legs and increasing her speed tremendously.

Zing!

At the same time, she shifted the grip on her Light Pen, now holding it like the hilt of a sword. Then, the tip extended into a thin blade made of light.

"This will be the first time I've actually had to use this in combat." Levy said as she glanced down at the pen in her hand. "Seriously, who would have thought that a few adjustments could turn a Light Pen into a melee weapon? And that was after it transformed from a [soul Armament Embryo], too. Alfonzo called it a Light Saber. Although the name fits, it looks more like an estoc than a saber."

Meanwhile, Shizuku, while watching Levy close the distance, adjusted her grip on the handle of her vacuum cleaner, Blinky. Then, she stepped forward with her left foot. Finally, just as Levy was within her range, she twisted her waist and swung her arms.

Swoosh!

Then, with Shizuku's movements, the vacuum cleaner's base was lifted off the ground and sent flying towards Levy like the head of a flail.

Eyes widening in surprise, Levy's combat instincts took over as she watched the vacuum cleaner come flying at her like the deadly weapon it had turned into. Dropping her center of gravity, Levy fell to her knees and slid under the flying object.

Voom!

Then, in one sharp motion, Levy shot up to her feet while swinging the light saber upwards, aiming to cut the vacuum cleaner's hose.

However, before the blade of light could make contact, Shizuku turned the vacuum's handle, aiming the nozzle directly at the light saber's blade.

Immediately, the light making up the blade began to defuse before being sucked into the vacuum's nozzle.

Once again, Levy was surprised. Even so, her movements did not stall in the slightest. Instead, she stepped forward with her free arm pulled back to her waist. Then...

Bang!

Levy's arm shot forward, an open palm colliding violently with Shizuku's sternum.

"Gah!" Shizuku groaned, the air forced out of her lungs.

Even so, Shizuku did not pause either.

Whipping her arms around, Shizuku swung the handle of the vacuum at Levy's head, forcing the blue-haired girl to duck. She then spun once, bringing her arms over her head with the base of the vacuum following her movements. Then, she brought her arms down, the vacuum cleaner's body smashing down much faster than Shizuku's slender arms would suggest possible.

Bang!

The ground cratered from the impact, Levy sliding her feet to just barely avoid being smashed into it. Then, Levy's right leg lashed out, her shin aimed at the nerve cluster on the outside of Shizuku's left thigh.

Bang!(

Raising her leg, Shizuku checked Levy's kick. She then turned her body to avoid a thrust from the recently reignited light saber in Levy's right hand.

From there, the two continued their melee battle. Though, Levy really wanted to use her magic. She was already aware that her spells were basically useless against Shizuku and her conjured vacuum cleaner, Blinky.

Meanwhile, Pakunoda, who started out just watching the fight, had vanished from where she had been standing at some point during the face off. Unfortunately for her, thanks to [Magic Power Detection], she had never left any of the three Fairy Tail wizards' range of detection.

Not knowing that Levy knew exactly where she was, Pakunoda reached into her blazer, nearly exposing her left breast, and unholstered a magic gun, a revolver to be exact. Then, she popped open the cylinder and spun it.

Whizz!

As the revolver's cylinder spun, Pakunoda channeled her magic power into it, creating six bullets from the injected magic power. She then flicked her wrist and clicked the cylinder shut before taking aim at Levy in the distance.

"One shot should be more than enough." Pakunoda said coldly as she looked down the sights of her gun. "We'll kill two and leave the last one for information extraction. Then, we'll know exactly what happened to Uvogin and how many Fairy Tail wizards have come to Stella."

Saying that, Pakunoda continued to watch the close-quarters fight between Levy and Shizuku. Then, when she finally found the opening she was looking for, she calmly squeezed the revolver's trigger.

"[Memory Magic: memory Bomb]." Pakunoda chanted.

Bang!

Yet, the bullet never hit its target. And that left Pakunoda stunned momentarily.

The timing was perfect. The angle, even more so. On top of that, she fired from Levy's blind spot. Yet, just as the bullet entered Levy's range, the blue-haired wizard made a half turn, swung the light saber upwards, and bisected the [Memory Bomb], causing the two halves of the bullet to streak past her, one half almost hitting Shizuku as it did so.

Meanwhile, Gildarts and Ur simply watched the ongoing fight with amused smiles on their faces.

"Wow, that girl has really improved." Gildarts said with an impressed smile on his face. "That run in with Gajeel really lit a fire under her, didn't it?"

Bang!

"Yeah." Ur replied with a nod. "I remember when I first met her, just after you brought me, Tear, and Gray back from Isvan... She was barely passible as a wizard in training. And that didn't really change after she, jet and Droy became official wizards."

Bang!

"Right." Gildarts said with a nod of his own. "Though I hate to say this, those two really were holding her back. But look at her now... She's dealing with two notorious S-Class threats without breaking a sweat."

Bang!

"Well, there's nothing they can do about having less talent." Ur said with a shrug. "Still, they've done well for themselves ever since. Though, Droy could stand to lose a few pounds."

Bang!

"Yeah, stress eating can really be dangerous." Gildarts replied with another nod.

Bang!

Then, Gildarts raised his right hand nonchalantly before catching a bullet formed from magic power. Though, calling it catching the bullet would be a bit inaccurate. Instead, once the bullet came in contact with the magic power Gildarts passively released, it was broken down into motes of magic power before fading into the atmospheric Ethernano.

"Oh, she tried shooting at us since hitting Levy wasn't working, huh?" Gildarts asked as he glanced in Pakunoda's direction.

"Yeah, it's really cute that she thought it would work." Ur said while flicking her own glance in Pakunoda's direction. "That look on her face is priceless, though."

"It really is." Gildarts added.

As for the look on Pakunoda's face Gildarts and Ur were talking about...

Right now, Pakunoda could not look any more surprised if she tried. First, Levy cuts one of her bullets in half without even really looking. Then, she either dodged or cut four more bullets in half. Finally, when Pakunoda tried to attack the two onlookers, they dealt with her bullet even easier than the girl fighting Shizuku.

Deciding now was not the time to think about it, Pakunoda turned her attention back to Levy and Shizuku. Then, she quickly made a decision.

Rushing forward, Pakunoda reinforced her speed by cycling her magic power through her body. She then chose her moment and approached the two combatants.

Voom!

Yet, before she could even throw her fist punch, Levy spun on her heels and lashed out with her light saber, the lade aimed at the center of Pakunoda's chest.

Eyes opened wide in surprise, Pakunoda was just a moment too late to avoid the strike. Luckily, she was not fighting alone, as Shizuku, her desire to keep her companion safe burning in her eyes, lunged forward and used Blinky to inhale the blade extending from Levy's Light Pen.

'This is so annoying.' Levy thought to herself as her eyes narrowed at the sight of Pakunoda, who had just regained her senses, lunging forward to grab her shoulder. 'But what's up with this blonde woman? She's not trying to hit me. Instead, she just seems to be trying to make physical contact. Just what kind of magic does she use?'

["Seems like she uses some kinda of mental magic."] An elderly male voice said from Levy's inner world. ["I noticed the fluctuations when you cut those bullets apart. It seems quite interesting."]

'Now's not the time, Ars Magna.' Levy replied as she twisted away from Pakunoda's outstretched hand. She then threw a back kick that Pakunoda stepped back to avoid as she continued. 'For now, we need to focus on defeating these two. I'd rather not need Gildarts and Ur to have to step in.'

["Actually, I think letting her touch you might be exactly what you need to do just that."] Levy's [Soul Armament Spirit] Ars Magna, replied with a chuckle. ["If you let her in, I'll take care of her for you."]

'Yeah, letting a murderous Dark Wizard into my head sounds like a great idea.' Levy replied as she spun on her heels, slashing her, once again, reignited Light Saber in a full circle that forced both Shizuku and Pakunoda to jump away, while rolling her eyes internally.

["Come on, Levy."] Ars Magna said with a smile. ["Just trust me. When have I ever led you down the wrong path?"]

'Well, there was that one time with Gajee when you told me I should---' Levy began to say while ducking under the base of Shizuku's vacuum cleaner.

["*Cough* *Cough* That was just a mistake."] Ars Magna replied quickly, cutting off Levy before she could finish what she was trying to say. ["When are you ever gonna let that go?"]

Levy's internal giggle let Ars Magna know that she was just messing with him, causing the [Armament Spirit] to chuckle in response.

From there, the fight continued with Levy fending off both Pakunoda and Shizuku while waiting for a moment to allow Pakunoda to make physical contact in a natural way. And before long, that opportunity finally presented itself when she was forced to twist at an odd angle to avoid both Blinky's hose and the base.

And just as Levy expected, Pakunoda did not waste the opportunity, darting in close before Levy could get her balance back with her right hand stretched out and a vicious smile on her face.

Clap!

"[Memory Magic: Psychometry]." Pakunoda chanted as her hand landed on Levy's left shoulder. "Now, let me see exactly what happened and how many of you are---"

Yet, before Pakunoda could finish, her eyes went blank as she stopped moving completely.

Meanwhile, Pakunoda's mental projection found itself standing in a sprawling library. Looking around, there were bookshelves as far as the eye could see. In lines on the floor, against the walls, and lining the walls of a second-floor balcony. There were simply books everywhere.

"What is this?" Pakunoda asked herself as she walked between the bookshelves. "Is this how she organizes her memories? Quite interesting. This should make finding the relevant information easier. I won't have to search through all of her memories to find what I'm looking for."

Reaching that point, Pakunoda let her gaze run along the spines of the books on the nearest bookshelf. A few moments later, she eventually found what she was looking for and reached out to grab the book.

"I wouldn't touch that if I were you." An elderly voice said in warning.

Immediately, Pakunoda went on guard while looking around for the source of the voice.

"Who's there?" Pakunoda asked as her head snapped in the direction the voice came from.

Not receiving a response, Pakunoda hesitated to act. Unsure whether she should take the warning seriously and look for the voice or start scavenging through Levy's memories. But she eventually decided to search for the owner of that voice as she was getting a bad feeling whenever she moved to take a book off the bookshelf.

With the decision made, Pakunoda began walking towards the source of the voice she heard. The only sound in the library coming from the clicking of her high heels against the floor.

At least, the sound of her high heels was the only sound Pakunoda could hear until she got closer to the source of the voice. When she did, she heard the sound of pages turning. Faintly at first, but as she got closer, the sound became clearer.

"Ah, you're finally here." An elderly man with blue-tinted silver hair, a matching mustache and goatee, and a monocle over his left eye wearing a grey, three-piece suit with a black dress shirt and a grey tie

that matched his suit said while sitting in a comfortable recliner while reading a book that lay across his lap. "Would you care for a cup of tea."

"Who are you?" Pakunoda asked while adopting a defensive stance.

"Oh, you're quite the impatient type, aren't you?" The elderly man, Ars Magna said with a chuckle as he slowly closed the book in his lap. "Honestly, you should accept the tea. It will be the last thing you ever enjoy, after all."

"Hmph!" Pakunoda snorted disdainfully. "Idle threats."

However, just as her words ended, Pakunoda's eyes opened wider than what could be considered normal as Ars Magna vanished from where he was sitting and reappeared less than a foot away from her with a Light Pen pressed against her left breast, right over her heart.

"*Sigh* Such a pity." Ars Magna said quietly while shaking his head in disappointment. "Had you accepted, we could have at least had a nice conversation before I send you on your way."

Voom!

Then, before Pakunoda could process what just happened, Ars magna ignited the Light Pen, extending the blade of the light saber modification. As a result, Pakunoda's mental image was pierced through the heart.

"Just... what... are... you?" Pakunoda asked through wheezing breaths.

"I'm afraid that is a secret of the Fairy Tail guild." Ars Magna said softly as he disengaged his weapon. "For now, just rest in peace. I'm sure the rest of your companions will be joining you soon enough."

With that, Pakunoda's mental image began to fade before it dissipated completely, leaving Ars Magna alone in the library that served as Levy's inner world.

"*Sigh* The first visitor other than Levy since I was born and she couldn't even wait long enough to have a cup of tea." Ars Magna said, once again shaking his head in disappointment. "Kids now-a-days are so impatient."

With that, Ars Magna returned to his seat, picked up the book he was reading, and sat down. Then, after opening the book to the page where he stopped, he raised his head and spoke to the air.

"Alright, she's been taken care of, Levy." Ars Magna said calmly. He then lowered his head to begin reading again. "Let's not drag this out any longer. Just call my name and bring this to an end."