

FAIRY TAIL: OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC

CH1: A NEW ADVENTURE

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At face value, the quest that Team Natsu had picked up hadn't been particularly dangerous. They had been tasked with exploring an ancient library that had been unearthed beneath the earth of Fiore with the goal of bringing back any tomes of note to the one paying them. It had been easy enough and was even *easier* when there were no monsters inside nor enemy combatants to repel. Unfortunately, it had been a real *bore* for Natsu though, who practically *lived* for the action.

“All that and all we got was a stinking book!?”

“Well, we were given money too... It wasn't like the work was *hard*.” After returning to Magnolia, Lucy had paid the quest giver a visit to drop off their books and collect the payment. The old lady had given them not only a generous amount of coin but also told her to keep one of the tomes. The Celestial Spirit Mage hadn't asked why at the time, so she couldn't have known that the woman had sensed something *off* about it. She had essentially unloaded a potential problem on the poor Fairy Tail mage.

Having returned to the guild hall with the reward in tow, she'd met Natsu at their usual table. Their entire team was around chatting with others, and there also appeared to be Gajeel, Juvia, and Mirajane? The Exceeds must have been doing something together because she hadn't seen Happy, Carla, or Panther Lily anywhere. While she was looking around, Natsu ended up snatching the tome out of her hands. **“H-Hey, Natsu!”**



“HAH!? A FOREST!?” The past few moments were something of a blur for Natsu, but he had suddenly found himself laying in a bush underneath a high canopy of trees. It took him a second to remember what had just happened, that he had taken the book from Lucy and read a line of text inside. It *must* have been a spell because he’d felt a magic’s power, but it had yanked him through some sort of portal and he’d... *fallen* from the *sky*? It was probably a good thing that he was *very* durable, since the bush hadn’t completely broken his fall.

All it took was a single motion for him to jump out of the shrubbery and begin looking around, though. Not only did the forest *look* unfamiliar, but with his sharpened senses he could tell that it *smelled* differently. Even the birds chirping off in the distance? Those were birds he’d never heard before. **“HAPPY!? LUCY!? GRAY!?”** Wondering if anyone else had come along for the ride, he began to call out familiar names hoping for a response.

But there was no way any of them were there. *He* wasn’t even supposed to be there. Because he was in a different world altogether.

The magic that had sent him there in the first place was equipped to deal with that sticky little problem though. It had been a spell designed to *remove one’s enemies* without having to kill them. A very *unique* magic that sent anyone caught in its radius to another world at random and forced them to fit in; both in *body* and *soul*. Signs of the former had already begun to take shape, but Natsu himself was utterly oblivious to it.

After all, as he walked down a newly discovered forest trail with hopes that he might reunite with one of his friends? The tips of his spiky, pink hair began to look a little less spiky and a little less *pink*. A bright blonde seized it on the color side, seeping closer and closer to his roots – but as that color moved? Those spikes began to soften and droop, eventually matting atop his head as his bangs fluffed down to hide his once exposed forehead, while the hair in the back crept a few inches past his shoulders.

“Where could they... Hah? Who... was I looking for?” His best friends? His longtime companions? People that he should have *clearly* remembered? Had the blonde seeped into his *brain* too? Well... In a

sense you could say it *might* have. His memories were a little fuzzy, which was essentially a mask that concealed that things were gradually being erased and replaced, making it so the young man would not be overwhelmed by those changes. These new memories did *not* include Lucy and the others, evidently.

Natsu looked a little silly with his average sized yet burly body relatively unchanged otherwise yet possessing a head of hair that wouldn't have looked out of place on a young woman. This impression wasn't helped at *all* by the young man's face, which seemed to slowly shift throughout the rest of his transformation. His lips would thicken, and his eyes would not only become round, but his irises would grow wider and find a bright blue dancing within them. His nostrils would actually widen, though his nose was shorter overall... upon a face that became pointed smaller, rounder, and *younger*. Not dramatically so, but he looked closer to his *mid-teens*.

...A *girl* in her mid-teens, anyways.

He continued to follow the path with uncertainty, not noticing that each step that he took was smaller and lighter. **“Or was I going somewhere? There's a path here, so...?”** The boy didn't mention it allowed, but there *was* an itch at the back of his mind that believed the sound of his voice was off somehow. It was very high and bubbly, and it didn't align with *all* of his memories. It *did* match his face, though it didn't strike him at all that he was speaking – and thinking – a different language entirely that probably would have sounded like gibberish to anyone back in Fiore.

The reason that his steps felt lighter was unrelated, but it probably *should* have been extremely obvious to Natsu considering the overall effect it was having on things like his *clothes*. His vest and pants gradually became *much* looser despite them being the things that he always wore. The cause was *blatant*. All of his body bulk was eroding, with swollen muscles not turning to fat but simply disappearing entirely so that his body became exceptionally lean and assumedly nimble.

He undeniable looked smaller and, with the changes to his face and hair, *cuter*. It was becoming much easier to mistake him for a young woman, and as he grew smaller still, this time because his *actual* height was regressing, it was soon almost impossible to see him as anything else. **“Huh? Does the forest feel bigger all of a sudden?”** That clearly wasn't the case, but it made sense that he felt that way. After all, his height slipped until he was only *five feet* tall, a proves that shrunk his hands and feet in kind so that they had become smaller and daintier.

Again, like a *girl*.

It might as well have been a self-fulfilling prophecy, but *she* hardly noticed. Natsu's mind was already long gone; she didn't even address how her pants were *way* too long for her shortened legs. So, why would she react with any substance to a sudden change of genitalia? His masculinity was pulled up into what became her new *femininity*, which in turn prompted her hips to slightly widen out at the sides... and her shoulders to do the polar opposite, thinning a tad along with a pinched waistline.

What swelled wasn't particularly abundant, but her body *was* treated to a dabbling of the weight one would expect from a young lady. Her weakened and now hairless thighs bloated ever so slightly, stretching only a couple of inches while her otherwise flat butt perked up into a slight bubble. While higher up on her body, her chest underwent a similar transformation. A pair of *A-cup* mounds stretched the skin with the slightest of jiggles, accompanied by the ever so slight puffing up of her nipples.

The girl's steps turned into a skip when she *felt* like she'd noticed a familiar landmark in the distance. "**Aha!**" And that skipping became *easier*, because bulky, oversized clothes were lifted from her and replaced in an instant. Big, brown leather boots that reached past her knees stomped across the path as the hem of a vivid brown tunic swayed just above a pair of black spats that she wore above her new panties. A green, hooded cloak hung from her shoulders and sat just above puffy, short white sleeves from that tunic, with most of her arms bare aside from brown leather gloves. Even her hair had been done up, pulled forward into short braids that hung over her shoulders, framing a choker with a blue gem and a large compass now hung from a necklace.

"Uh... I was just going back to the village, right? So... did I take a wrong turn?" The young Hylian girl knew nothing about what had just happened to her. She didn't realize that her body had changed, or that she was speaking in a different language, or that she was wearing a different outfit, because it all felt pretty *normal* to her? Why would *Linkle* believe she'd been a loud, sweaty magic man? That was a fate she couldn't even fathom!

What she *could* fathom was the concept of getting *lost*. **"Did I miss a sign or something? I thought this was the usual path..."** A normal girl from a small village, she had gone out foraging



to bring stuff back for everyone to eat. She'd collected *some* things, which were held in a pouch hanging from her hip, but it wouldn't matter if she couldn't get the food back to her family and friends!

The issue was that Linkle, despite how bubbly and kind she was, was *terrible* with directions! She was a shepherd that helped take care of the Cuccos normally, but wasn't that a lousy fate? After all... **"I'm the chosen hero! Why am I spending all this time doing boring stuff!?"** She wanted to believe she was the reincarnation of Link, the hero of her own story!

...Tragically, the fact was that she had just been *downgraded* from that type of role!