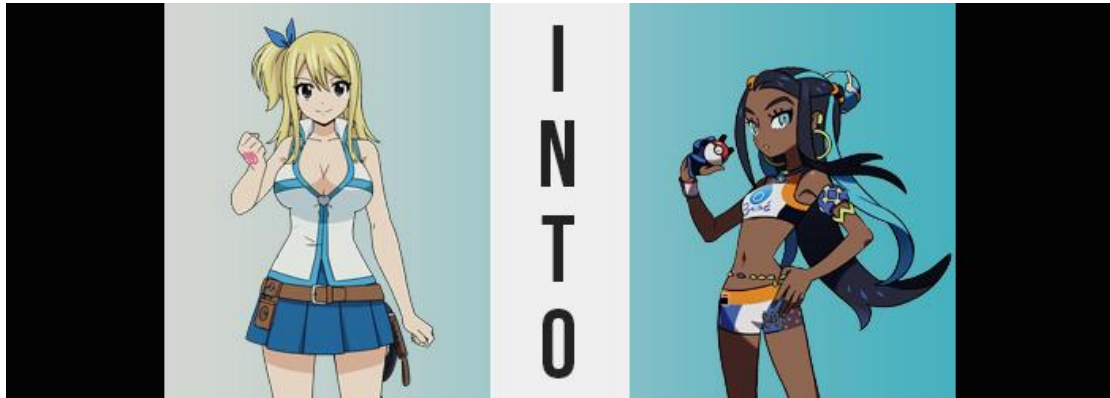


FAIRY TAIL: OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC

CH2: GYM RESPONSIBILITIES

BY CHALDEACHANGE



When Natsu had grabbed the book from her, she had *naturally* been a little upset. She wasn't sure what the value of the book was, and she *had* been a little suspicious about why the lady had given it to her in the first place as a 'bonus', but he wasn't exactly the type of guy to respect readable content like the writer *she* was. On top of that, considering the Dragon Slayer magic that he wielded was *fire*-based, she'd been a little concerned he might accidentally burn it to a crisp.

As it turned out, 'Natsu reading a spell and teleporting her to a completely unfamiliar space' had been a concern she *hadn't* had in mind. Like at *all*. But she soon found herself *falling from the sky*, worried that this was the end for her. She wasn't anywhere near as durable as Natsu, Gray, or Erza – even Wendy could probably get out of a pinch like that with her magic. But Lucy? “**MY KEEEEEEEEEEEEYS!?**” Where had the pouch that contained her Celestial Spirit keys gone!?

SPLASH!

Even if you landed in water, wouldn't falling from such a steep height *still* kill you? Lucy had wondered that when she hit the salty waves of an ocean and sunk, but found herself unscathed and strong enough to not only swim to the surface, but reach the nearby shore. “**Ugh... What just happened? Where even am I!?**” She was practically spitting salty water out of her as she dragged her soaking wet body out and onto a beach that appeared to border a nearby town.



Thankfully, it was around noon, *and* the sun was out, so her body and clothing were drying pretty quickly. “**I need to figure out where I am, but I don’t have my keys...**” *Right.* There was that little problem, wasn’t there? If she was attacked, then she wouldn’t be able to summon a spirit to help her fight. And even then, this all hinged on the assumption that she could *use* magic. “**Come to think of it... Isn’t the mana here pretty thin? Could I even cast a spell if I wanted to?**”

That was a bigger concern the more she thought about it. This place *was* on Fiore, wasn’t it? She couldn’t have been sent much farther than that so suddenly. She’d assumed that maybe it was closer to where Mermaid Heel set up their base of operations? But mana was an ever-present force in her world. She couldn’t connect to it there at *all*. Was it just the beach? Maybe if she moved inward?

Well, it wouldn’t really be an issue for much longer.

There were already signs that something was going awry, but Lucy wasn’t exactly pointing her attention at them just yet. She hadn’t been given any *reason* to, even if she was unknowingly interacting with them at that very moment. Her clothes were still dripping wet, after all. She was trying to wring them out with her hands, but she wasn’t looking down at herself *as* she did the wringing because she was still trying to figure out *where* she was.

“**Either way, this seems pretty bad...**” Lucy mumbled to herself, oblivious to just *how* bad it actually was. The hands she was wringing her clothing with were beginning to differ from their usual appearances. Their skin had developed dark brown splotches that were small enough to be comparable to freckles initially, only to grow and multiply until the pigmentation of them had completely darkened aside from her palms, which were still significantly paler than the rest.

It wasn’t even a phenomenon that was isolated to her hands alone, which made it even more of a twisted miracle that what was happening didn’t occur to her near instantly. Her torso took on the same color, with her nipples darkening even further beneath her now dark brown cleavage. Her thighs, shins, and feet all succumbed similarly, and it gradually darkened her face in kind.

“**Hm? Wait...**” *That* was when it finally struck Lucy. She’d noticed the darkening of her *nose*, namely because it was nestled right between her eyes. But the change of color to her face brought a wave of additional

changes in tandem. She had to go cross-eyed to get a better look at her nose, for example, and in doing so? Her brown gaze brightened to a sky blue while their shapes became more akin to almonds with lengthened eyelashes. Her nose *was* darker, sure, but it also pinched a little closer to her mouth, with her nostrils widening a bit. It gave the impression that her very ethnicity was being altered, and thicker lips contributed to that.

Ultimately? Her face ended up looking more like it belonged to a *very* beautiful, and slightly older *Black* woman. “**What’s wrong with my nose? M-My voice!?**” Had it always been that *deep*? No, of course. She was asking more because her mind felt kind of *fuzzy*. Things were becoming increasingly jumbled. She’d only *just* begun to realize that something was awry, and yet she was already being misled into thinking that wasn’t true.

Of course, her body’s changes *didn’t* come to a stop just because she was left pondering if they were even happening at all. The bright blonde of her hair *really* stood out with her complexion so much darker now, so it made sense that it would darken in kind. Rather than becoming brown like her skin however, her locks darkened primarily to black as it became long and silky. The only real exception to this coloring was a long streak of the exact same blue that her eyes reflected that went straight across her head and down her back on the left side.

Not even her brows nor pubes were spared from the color change. The former grew slightly more pronounced, while the latter ended up shaved.

I swim faster when I’m shaved down there.

Such was her subconscious justification for the lack of hair down there, even though the *real* Lucy would never really think that hard about swimming of all things. She wasn’t exactly built to be a swimming pro! ...Or, at least, she *hadn’t* been built that way *before*. Unfortunately, the parts of her body that would have made it somewhat difficult for her to dart through the water were being targeted now: predominantly any unnecessary buildup of *weight*.

Weight, however? It wasn’t like Lucy was fat. Her belly was thin, and she was actually relatively *fit*. The issue was that if she was swimming, the weight of her tits, thighs, and ass would *definitely* slow her down as the water pushed against them. And *that* was exactly what was being targeted. Her tummy’s muscles became all the more toned, as did the muscles in her ass and thighs. But as her lower body grew more muscular? The fat that had padded that region became lean, melting away so that there was a sizable gap between her hips even as they, too, narrowed. Her skirt almost looked like it was in danger of falling off!

So, that was two of the ‘problem areas’ dealt with, and the third – and perhaps most burdensome – followed not long after. **“Was my chest always this heavy?”** With her tone much more serious than it used to be, the woman actually ended up wondering if her breasts were too *large*, just in time for them to begin to shrink. Considering they were easily F-cups before, it was a fairly monumental task. Nonetheless, the heft of her bosom slowly deflated, her brown skin tightening against them every step of the way so that nothing slipped or sagged. Even her nipples had shrunk by the time they had diminished to *B-cups* at best.

If anything, the problem was that without her big tits to fill them, her open top was just kind of *dangling* there. A problem, but not one that couldn’t be cleaned up. As if on cue, her clothing was replaced entirely with something a little more suited for the *beach*, replacing wet clothes with a dry yet sporty crop top and swim shorts combo. They were white with blue and orange accents, with a teardrop on the front of her breasts.

She had matching sandals with little floaties around her ankles, a glove on her right hand, and both a golden chain hanging around golden hips and a blue accessory beneath her left shoulder. Even her head had been accessorized, namely with big, golden hoop earrings and a new hairstyle that held the blue in a bun with much of her mane pulled back, and an orange hair clip on the right where a length of bangs were permitted to hang loose.

“Okay... Should I go for the usual today? Maybe we should go surfing instead?”

From *Nessa*’s perspective, she had only *just* arrived at the beach. After lunch was her break time, and she liked to spend it by the water on days when she just worked at the gym and didn’t have any modeling gigs. Because while she was only in her twenties, she already had two *very* impressive careers. She was the Gym Leader of the nearby town of Hulberry for starters, a talented Pokémon trainer that excelled in the use of Water-types.

But she was *also* a very popular model. Her free time was often lined with bookings, and you’d struggle to find a magazine in the entire Galar region that didn’t have at least *one* ad with her modeling clothes inside of it. She really didn’t want to think of *any* of that at that particular moment, though. Break time was *her* time, and she could think of no better idea than to spend it in the water with her



Pokémon. Still, there was a vague thought that kept creeping into her subconscious.

“My *keys*? Why do I keep worrying about my *keys*? They’re in my bag.”