

FAIRY TAIL: OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC

CH3: BASICALLY SHIRTLESS

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What the hell? Where am I?” Unlike Natsu or Lucy, Gray Fullbuster really had *no* idea what had just happened to him. He *had* been in the guild hall’s dining area at the time, but he’d been busy chatting with Luvia. He hadn’t expected that Natsu would cast a strange spell without thinking, and the Ice Make Mage hadn’t overheard it, either. There had just been something akin to a *flash*, and the next thing he knew? He was sitting on a *bed* instead of in front of a dining table.

And it *certainly* wasn’t his *own* bed.

It didn’t take a genius to figure *that* much out. He rose quickly, obviously confused. Everything was *foreign* to him, but still familiar enough that he could identify that he must have been in a *girl’s* room. The only room like it that he’d been in before was Wendy’s dorm room, and that was probably an apt description of the space he found himself in. It was uniform, with a simple bed, desk, and closet. There was a device on the desk he didn’t recognize (being a computer), and a hamper by the door full of *presumably* dirty clothing.

His face tinged a bit red, however, when he noticed something notable sticking out of the hamper. He couldn’t identify a *specific* person that they might belong to, but there was a pair of *white panties* dangling over the edge. **“This is a girl’s room. ...I need to leave.”** Not only because he absolutely *was* trespassing in a woman’s space, which looked bad enough, but because if Juvia ever heard about it... she might *actually* kill him.



He still had plenty of questions about the situation. Where in Fiore *was* the dorm? Was it linked to a school? There seemed to be uniform pieces in the hamper when he peaked in while walking past against his better judgment. “*I shouldn’t go out without getting dressed, right? What if we have...*” Wait, *what* was he saying? He had no business being there in the first place, but in that moment, he’d been worried about not going out? In a girl’s uniform of all things? Not to mention the implication that he would have been willing to put *dirty* clothes on to accomplish that.

Well, assuming they actually *were* dirty.

“**I need to figure out what’s going on here... but I can’t do it here. But I shouldn’t leave without getting changed! I can’t go out naked!**” Which was a very weird thing for Gray of all people to say when he was known notoriously for stripping. “**Why do I keep saying stuff like that!?**” And why had it taken longer for him to call it out the second time? Something was wrong with his *mind*. The magic had already wormed its way in. So, naturally, his body would follow suit.

There were *already* signs of that. Signs that probably should have been more obvious than they ended up being. Gray’s mind was far too preoccupied with what was going on mentally, though. Then again, it helped that things were progressing relatively *slowly*... and that the clothes that the man was *actually* wearing were already fairly baggy already. That made it all the more difficult for him to notice that his body was getting *smaller* – and in more ways than one.

It went without saying that his *height* was the more predominant aspect of this loss. He’d been one of the tallest members of Team Natsu, standing around 5’9”. It wasn’t something he was proud of or anything like that. “**...Huh?**” But while he *did* seem to notice vaguely, he didn’t call out the fact that this height was regressing directly. 5’8”... 5’7”... The inches slowly peeled off, affecting the sizes and *shapes* of his hands and feet as well.

Those fingers on his hands became slenderer, the palms thinner, until they were dainty and decorated with lengthier nails that extended about an inch past his fingertips. Gray soon found himself rocking on his heels in boots and socks that felt several sizes too big. Those feet were daintier and yet, somehow, seemed to be more *powerful*. “**I’m not even naked,**

so what's stopping me from going outside!?" 5'6"... 5'5". That was where his height drop ceased, and his pants, shirt, and jacket were now so big that it almost felt more like a *cosplay*. It probably didn't help that his shoulders were narrower now too, or that his waistline had curved in with significance. It helped highlight that his body's musculature had been softening at a similar pace.

"But I'm not wearing what I usually wear! That means I'm basically naked!" It didn't escape his attention that his voice had begun to sound airier, softer, and more *maiden-like*. It also sounded a lot *bubblier*? His attention continued to return to the hamper and the clothes and all despite it all, though. The funny thing was that it didn't really *sound* out of place. His body was small enough now that it could *possibly* have been mistaken for a girl's body with a little bit of help. And that help was already transitioning in.

It was Gray's *face*. The sharp, chiseled features it possessed inverted in the stylistic sense, growing softer and rounder by the second. The lips that he spoke those feminine-sounding words through grew plump and wide, and his nose shortened to take a rounder tip. Perhaps the most obvious change to his face though, and the one that carried the most alarming implications, was what happened to the young man's *eyes*. Not only did their colors dull to a dark blue, but they became *bigger*, with lashes fluttering longer... upon shapes that appeared increasingly *Japanese*.

All together, he also appeared a *little* younger. *Eighteen* at worst. But also, a *girl*.

For all of the resistance he'd put up against those thoughts at first, however? **"Wait... why wouldn't I want to wear my favorite uniform?"** It sounded like some cracks had finally begun to form in his resistance. Was it just a coincidence that his awareness began to slip entirely the moment his hair began to change in color and style? After all, darker strands *did* turn to a platinum blonde that fell well past his butt in the back, and you know what people tend to say about blondes! They have great hair? Well, that's not *really* what they say. **"Was my hair always this... gorgeous!?"** And was *that* the 'problem'?

She didn't dwell on it long, because the **"EEP!?"** that jumped from her lips pulled her attention completely away from thoughts of how pretty her hair was. Her dick and completely smoothed away, allowing a slit to open lower on her pelvis. The opening of her pussy was what had prompted her squeak, because a new orifice connecting to new organs was a little *surprising*, particularly when it came accompanied by the sensual feeling of her new pussy lips forming.

One more shudder was offered in response to this, but it quickly left the young lady's memory. She seemed a little *out of it*, in fact, and her transformation took advantage of that window. It fattened her thighs and parted her hips, though the plumpness of those thighs was also bolstered by *muscle* that had originally lessened as she had shrunk. Each thigh rivaled her pinched in waist before long, and her ass burgeoned until it was the shape of a firm yet bouncy peach.

“EEP!?” Her momentary stupor was soon interrupted by yet *another* squeak. Gray had been taken by surprise by her body suddenly stumbling forward *despite* standing up straight. The front of her jacket surged forth because of what happened within it, because her chest ballooned out with the tissue needed to form a thirty seven inch bust – a size comparable to her *own* head! She managed to stand up straight again, but didn't she feel *lighter* somehow?

Well, her clothes *were* gone. Had they disappeared!? ...She didn't seem to believe they'd even been there in the first place.

“Huh? I really *do* need to get dressed, though!” *Katsuragi's* big, blue eyes blinked several times in quick succession. She was no more confused than she had been a few moments ago, but that confusion appeared to be directed elsewhere. Like why had she been fighting the concept of getting changed so hard? She was *naked* after all, so she would *totally* get yelled if she walked out without her pussy and nipples covered. **“Good thing I just finished my laundry!”**



The blonde ninja girl was one heck of a chaotic force, one that wasn't particularly neat nor organized. The clothing in the nearby hamper *was* clean; she just hadn't bothered to fold *or* put it away. She didn't show much additional care when she pulled out the white, button-up shirt and threw it over her huge breasts without wearing a bra or doing up a single button. It would just sit there with her tits hanging out.

She wore panties underneath her blue-plaid skirt after all and haphazardly tossed on a matching tie. Puffy, white socks were worn underneath black and gold boots, and she tied blue ribbon into her hair on both sides. It was cute yet tomboyish, but *incredibly* risqué since with her breasts free to flop about, her tummy bare, and her thick thighs exposed. **“Perfect!”**

Considering Katsuragi simply *ran out the door* like that, she clearly was okay with that though.