

FAIRY TAIL: OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC

CH4: A DIFFERENT MAGIC

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Erza Scarlet's landing might have been a little more graceful than the others, not only because she was more coordinated but because she had landed on something that was naturally soft: *snow*. A big pile of it had broken her fall, which was all the more curious when she examined her surroundings. There was a light dusting of ice and powder scattered about, but the climate appeared to be relatively warm otherwise. **"I landed safely, but what even...?"**

Of course, that safety only presented her with more questions. She had *just* been in the Fairy Tail guild hall's cafeteria speaking with Wendy at one of the tables, only to suddenly dropped far above a lush forest in the early morning. She had seen what looked like a town in the *far* distance, as well as what appeared to be a castle somewhat closer. None of those landmarks were familiar to her, which meant she was clearly out of her element.

"Is this location in Fiore, or is it a different continent altogether?" Erza felt like wherever she was, it must have been her own world instead of something like Edolas. The air *felt* similar, and there was the presence of magic in the air. It *was* odd though. Perhaps because of the teleportation spell, she couldn't seem to use her Requip magic like normal. If she'd been able to, then she could have broken her fall on her own.

Well, she *was* freakishly durable. She would have been fine even if she'd hit the ground directly.

The red-haired woman finally pulled herself out of the snow pile and dusted herself off. Unbruised but a little chilly thanks to the snow landing, she dusted the little powder that remained off of her skirt and stepped away from it. **“Still... Was it just a coincidence that this pile of snow was *directly* below where I landed? I suppose it isn’t *impossible*, but...”** It didn’t exactly feel *likely* either. She couldn’t sense the presence of anyone else nearby.

And yet, there were faint traces of magic.



Had it been *Gray*? No. His Ice Make magic wasn’t quite that gentle, and if Gray had been nearby then he *definitely* would have taken it upon himself to greet her. Still, Erza wasn’t convinced. **“Hello? Someone’s here. Show yourself.”** It *could* have been simple paranoia, and if it had been then the only person that she looked like a fool to was herself. But if her hunch just so happened to be *correct*, then... *Movement*. She’d definitely heard something rustling in one of the nearby trees. **“Hello?”**

There wasn’t a response to be heard, but she felt like she could *still* feel a pair of eyes on her back. Was she being observed out of caution? Erza’s experience as a warrior meant that she was pretty good at sensing killing intent, and she couldn’t *feel* any. Then again, perhaps the woman’s senses in *general* had become duller than she had realized – else she might have noticed that the world itself had begun to have its way with her, slowly transitioning her into one of its denizens.

It was the woman’s *hair* where this was made strikingly evident. Streaks of a silvery white had brightened amidst her mane of long, dark red. While they were few at first, that color change evidently jumped from one hair to the next, eventually painting her entire head in that shade while the eyes below brightened to a light purple. The fact that her eyes had changed color ended up being far more evident because of her bangs – and by extension the style of her hair overall.

This hair lengthened in the back until it reached the bottom of her buttocks, while her bangs shortened and were styled flat, so they hung just above both eyes without covering them. **“How strange... Maybe *Puck* isn’t there after all?”** Had the mage not understood what she had just said? ‘Puck’ wasn’t the name of anyone that *Erza* knew, but it had felt like such a natural name to utter, like she had said it a million times in the past.

If she hadn't noticed *that* much, then it at least made some degree of sense that she hadn't taken notice of what was happening to her *figure*. Then again, her standard armor did a good job of concealing everything that was changing anyways. Take the woman's *breasts*, for example. She sported an impressive pair of F-cups beneath the armored chest piece that she wore, or at least she *should* have had an impressive pair of F-cups. Hidden by the steel, their shapes *lessened* out of plain sight, retaining their perkiness but dipping down to a pair of *DD-cups* that were still large, just not *as* large.

The mass beneath her *skirt* suffered a similar fate in time, too. Erza's full, heart-shaped ass was perhaps dealt a heavier blow than her tits had been. It remained bubbled, but it was average enough for a young woman that her hips had to narrow to even make it so that they would appear bubbled at all. Her thighs got off easier though, only losing about an inch of their swell. "**Mm... Something's wrong, isn't it?**" Was it the *sound of her voice* that she was thinking of?

It probably *should* have been, seeing as it sounded *much* softer now, but she didn't really appear to be capable of getting a sense of what was happening to her at *all*. You could have given the woman a pass for not noticing what had happened thus far if you were being *very* charitable, but it was hard to explain how she couldn't have possibly noticed her height slipping from 5'8" to 5'5". Her clothes fit even more loosely as a result, but at the same time? Her breasts and butt *felt* larger now that they were on a shorter body.

"Maybe it's nothing...?" Another word that probably could have been used to describe the changes to her voice was *youthful*. It wasn't like Erza herself had been very old, she was in her early 20s, but somehow it sounded more like a *teenager's* voice? That felt accurate, particularly when you looked at her *face*. Its features had softened *and* narrowed, withdrawing the thickness of her lips yet blessing it was an enhanced pout. Her purple eyes grew rounder, her nose smaller, until she looked like a pretty girl around the age of *eighteen*. But that wasn't her new *chronological* age.

Because as the pointed ears that grew from the sides of her heads demonstrated, she was *not* a human. There was *elven* blood in her veins.

The girl didn't even stop to wonder why she felt *lighter* all of a sudden, but it was because her attire had been swapped out for something new. Rather than armor over a shirt and a skirt, she was wrapped in a white dress top with an impress look at her cleavage, along with a matching pleated skirt, thigh highs, and boots. It was all accentuated with a purple similar to the purple of her eyes, and she was wearing lace panties under

the skirt. Detached sleeves left her shoulders bare, and not even her hair escaped the new feet. She was giving a braided crown across the top, held together by a purple ribbon and white flower on the right side.

“Geez! Really, Puck? Why are you hiding? It was you who broke my fall, wasn’t it?”

Did *Emilia* remember falling out of the sky? Based on the silver-haired half-elf’s words, it was definitely possible to draw that conclusion. But while the young woman *could* remember falling, it wasn’t from that great of a height. She had been climbing a tree to pick some apples to bring back to Rem and Ram at the manor when she had suddenly slipped from the top branch, and a pile of snow had appeared to break her fall.



The one that had summoned that snow could only have been *Puck*, the artificial spirit that she was contracted with. Such a feat would have been simple for him to do, especially since it was after 9am when his contract allowed him to help her.

“Geez, Lia! I was just going to go take a nap!

If you’re going to go falling out of trees, I’m never going to be able to take a nap?” Ultimately, the childish voice of the spirit sounded as he manifested in front of her, small, cute, and fuzzy as could be. Emilia *immediately* smiled.

“Nap? Weren’t you asleep all night? But thank you, Puck! I’m sure Ram would have scolded me if I’d come home all bruised up.” And Rem would have fretted over her a ridiculous amount too. **“Are you hungry? Do you want one of the apples that I picked?”** Honestly, Emilia was just trying to kill time before she had to go into the city. Unknowing that the trip would alter the trajectory of her life forever.

Thanks to someone who would *also* be isekai’d into that world.