

# FAIRY TAIL: OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC

## CH5: THINGS GO BOOM

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**“Maybe this is a bad room to have an enhanced sense of smell in...”**

Wendy Marvell had been caught up in the spell that Natsu had read along with the others, of course. She'd been sitting with Erza, and Erza herself had *already* met her new fate. The young Dragon Slayer's own had been a little *different*, though. She had woken up laying on the floor of an unfamiliar bedroom, surrounded by unfamiliar sights, sounds, and *smells*. She had no recollection of how she'd ended up there, but her body *ached*.

Had she not fallen from the sky like the others had? No, she *had*. That was the source of the aching. She'd crashed right through the ceiling of a building, and that impact had knocked her out. The spell had just used the energy that would typically change the victim right away to repair the ceiling before she'd awoken first. It would *get* to the girl, but it had to leave things as untouched as possible.

**“Unwashed clothes... Stale food...? What kind of person was living here?”** If she was to take a guess? It was probably someone who stayed inside a lot. There was a big screen on nearby, and a desk with a smaller screen on top of it. A bed was behind her, unmade and messy, with unwashed clothes scattered about. They clearly belonged to a woman, but *definitely* one that was much bigger than her in *differing* ways. Then there were the food wrappers and the untouched garbage.

There was a small part of her that wanted to tidy up to the benefit of the one living there, but she also probably had to figure out *where* she was, first. She couldn't really sense any *magic*, and she couldn't conjure it either. **"Is this not in Fiore? But I guess..."** Looking around again, everything in the room looked so unfamiliar that she probably could



have been in a different world altogether! Wendy didn't *seriously* think that.

Even though it was 100% correct.

**"Is there a door...?"** That was the one thing she *hadn't* seen. The screens were the only things lighting up the room and were both blank, so that was part of her issue. The other was that the door didn't look at *all* how she expected. She eventually noticed an imprint in the far, metallic wall with a small device beside it. There wasn't a doorknob or anything like that, because it took a card key. The world she was from didn't *really* have those. **"But how do I get it open!?"**

Wendy found herself distracted before she could pursue that thought further. She was idly tugging at the base of her button up shirt, not thinking about it too much at first. But before long, the white blouse underneath it was pulled *out* from within her skirt, finally pushing her to look down. **"What's—? Um..."** Her stomach was bare? No, it wasn't *just* that, was it? It was difficult to move her arms within her tops, her skirt was resting higher, and her thigh highs were more like *knee* highs with toes curling over the fronts of her sandals. **"Am I taller!?"**

It *wasn't* a miracle that she hadn't noticed sooner. Like the others, the young Dragon Slayer's mind was transitioning along with her body to minimize the chances of her freaking out. She'd been around 4'9" before, but had grown to roughly 5'3" – a change that left her outfit completely dishevelled, and her hands and feet larger to match. **"N-No... That couldn't be true, right? I've always been this size? *If I was any shorter, that'd really limit where I could install BOOM!*"** Install... what?

Wendy hadn't even known what 'install' meant, at least not in the context that she had just used it.

Either way, the question about her height ended up fading away as Wendy accepted that yes, she had *always* been that height. Even though she absolutely *hadn't* been. Her shoulders ended up widening further, finally tearing her sleeves so that her arms had more freedom. It was a freedom that she used to rub at her bare tummy idly. It certainly wasn't a habit that the girl had possessed *before*, but...

Even *as* she stroked that belly, the skin she was touching changed. It softened, and her fingers began to sink *into* it. Whatever muscle mass the mage had possessed melted, turning into a soft fat that was then amplified so that her belly bulged and her skin stretched around it. Her gut ultimately protruded a few inches over her skirt with the faintest of stretch marks etched into its base. Wendy ended up pinching some of that weight and giving it a little jiggle. It was oddly... *therapeutic*.

The girl was suddenly reminded of something. “**OH, right! I was going to leave, wasn’t I?**” There was a playful silliness to the tone of her voice, coinciding with a smile that stretched into an almost cat-like shape upon a pair of lips that grew thicker and thicker... making her face look more mature. “**Wait, where’d I put my keycard again?**” Her keycard? That seemingly implied that she viewed the room she was standing in as her *own* by this point.

She looked around with a hum. At first, you could make out how her eyes were inheriting a bright purple color while widening in shape. The girl’s lashes lengthened, and her nose grew upon a face that was soon shaped rounder and, as you could probably already guess, *more mature*. It looked more like the face of a young woman in her *early twenties*, but it became a little harder to see what her *eyes* were doing.

Could *Wendy* even see what she was looking for? It was a valid question if you considered her *hair*. The woman’s blue bangs grew longer and longer, like a veil that eventually covered her eyes completely. Evidently though, the power changing her wasn’t content with simply toying with the lengths of her bangs. Her twin tails came undone and were *wound back*, shortening until her hair was only a short and choppy bob that was no longer than her chin basically *anywhere*. The strands of this new hairdo lightened to a platinum blonde as the hair that framed her face was slightly lifted beneath an *ahoge* to resemble ‘vents’ in a sense, revealing some of the hair underneath to be dyed a bright yellow.

“**Hm... I probably just threw it somewhere, right?**” But her room was such a mess, that meant that it probably could have been *anywhere*. Was finding the keycard *that* important? Of course not. It was just something she was forced to fixate on to distract her from what was happening to her *body*. Else she might have *overreacted* to the top *five* buttons of her blouse, *and* the red jacket overtop of it popping off thanks to her breasts *ballooning*. They practically *bounced* into view as they escaped their prison, burgeoning into *H-cups* that slapped against her tummy – causing *it* to jiggle too.

This weight was burdensome, but it felt *natural* to her. Wendy didn’t even bat an eyelash at her panties slipping down and digging into her

ass. Her hips widened and the thighs and ass connected to them all *swelled*, bloating until her ass was a full heart shape, and her thighs almost *three* times thicker... while still not touching in between her legs with how wide her thighs had become. Her skirt was lifted up so high that you could basically make out *everything*.

Well, at least for a moment.

There was a brief moment where the woman felt a chill against her loins, only for things to feel as snug as she remembered they *should*. The ill-fitted outfit that she had torn and burst through had been replaced, and she was now wearing a pair of *very* tight, gray shorts over a black thong. Her legs and thighs were practically bare, as was her rounder tummy. But her *huge tits*? They were wrapped in a black bra underneath a white, cropped jacket that just sort of rested *over* them. Orange suspender straps that connected to her shorts had to wrap around the sides of her tits. The *sleeves* of the jacket with puffy, with their colors split between white and yellow, and the jacket also had a popped collar. Her feet were even shrouded in small, white and yellow shoes that matched her new black and yellow gloves.

**“Uh... Wait. Why was I even trying to leave? I’m trying out new BOOM mods with the girls tonight!”** Elegg had almost reached into the pouch at her hip to pull out her keycard but stopped with her gloved fingers resting on top of it where she began to question her actions. She wasn’t as much of a shut-in as Trony was and didn’t necessarily have any issues with going out. After all, she could find new devices to install her favorite game, *BOOM*, on!



But if she didn’t *have* to go out? Then some days she’d prefer just to stay in the comfort of her own room and play games herself. **“I wonder if I should clean up a bit in here and crack open a window? It’s getting pretty stuff, and I should do laundry...”** These ideas *sounded* responsible, but she’d uttered them the day before too. The Nikke kept putting them off because she’d *really* rather just play video games.

Instead? Elegg ended up rustling around in a pile of junk just to pull out a bag of opened potato chips that she shoved a hand into so that she could start munching. She ended up scratching her at her soft, exposed tummy with that same hand just seconds later, smearing some chip dust

on it. **“I should probably make sure the other two are online so we can start...”**

She had a long day of gaming planned!