

# FAIRY TAIL: OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC

## CH6: SHARP TEETH INTACT

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It was fortunate for Gajeel Redfox that he'd been made of heartier stuff than Wendy.

He'd *also* crashed directly into a building, but as the user of Iron Dragon Slayer magic, he might have had the strongest endurance out of *anyone* in Fairy Tail. If anything, it had just been a *mild inconvenience* to ping-pong off of that building's roof and land on a circular platform lifted above the water nearby. **"Ugh... What the hell just happened?"** He groaned as he stood himself back up again. His impact had left a cracked indentation in the floor of the platform, but he'd soon forget about those markings, and they'd repair themselves as if by *magic*.

The Dragon Slayer wasn't really concerned about the damage, but that was basically a Fairy Tail special with how often they had to pay for repairs. He was more concerned about *how* he had ended up there in the first place. He'd *just* been in the cafeteria at the guild hall, and then he'd fallen into a city that was *strange* to say the least. There were buildings towering above the skyline above him, and it was the dead of night so he could see how not only the many windows within were illuminated, but also glowing signs that's pictures sometimes changed.

It was all very *foreign*; so very unlike the world that he was familiar with. But at the same time, Gajeel wasn't the sharpest tool in the shade – even if he made up for it with his ability to *create* sharp tools with his magic. Speaking of— **"Hah!? Why the hell can't I cast anything? It's like**

**my magic just ain't workin'!"** He'd tried *several* times. It wasn't just a matter of mustering his magic, either. He felt a little *weak*?



Of course, that was because the mage was about to suffer the same fate that all of the others had. Gajeel didn't see it coming – how *could* he have? His frustrations were essentially aimed at the inconvenience of it all as someone who had *fallen out of the sky* and could have broken something from the landing. **“Come to think of it, it's dark but it ain't *that* late. Where is everyone?”** It felt strangely quiet for such a fancy looking place.

But that was a precaution of the magic affecting him. Because he'd landed in a public space, the people nearby had been temporarily vacated so that there were no witnesses. Everyone would be restored to their rightful places when it was finished and the person that he would ultimately become had been properly assimilated into the setting. Something that wouldn't be *long* now.

The question of 'when' was actually very inconsequential, as it turned out. There were *already* immediate signs, but a combination of the dim nighttime lighting and a lack of knowledge on the man's part made it so that nothing really stood out *to him*. Still, that didn't change that the vaguely darker color of his complexion was steadily *lightening* to a pales pink shade, this change seemingly erasing the Fairy Tail guild mark off of his left shoulder in the process. This skin ultimately became softer to the touch, with any iron piercings embedded into it somehow turning to dust, leaving his skin free of any blemishes whatsoever.

Considering Gajeel's 'eyebrows' had consisted of these piercings; you might have expected his face to look *very* strange in that moment. Fortunately, that *wasn't* the case, but the reasoning for it was unusual in a *different* way. *Hair began to sprout* above a pair of eyes that were rounding in their shapes, but this hair differed in color from the hair on top of his head (for now). It was a very soft pink that was soon replicated in the colors of his eyes... made more obvious by his irises expanding, almost seemingly forcing the *shapes* of his eyes themselves to become rounder and softer.

**“Wonder if I should start *looking*!?”** *That* was a little weird? He had such a gruff voice, and he'd long passed the age where his voice would randomly crack. Gajeel quirked an eyebrow without realizing that he even had one as the rest of his face corrected itself to better match his cuter, rounder eyes – rather than the other way around. His chin was

pressed closer to his nose and his paled cheeks filled in. Any and all of his facial features that could have been described as ‘sharp’ melted away entirely, nose included. With only *one* set of exceptions: his incredibly jagged and sharp teeth. They retained their points within his mouth, but the mouth behind his vaguely puffer lips was smaller so that *did* need to shrink a little bit in length.

And they were *hardly* the last part of the mage’s body that would shrink.

“*Whoa!?*” It would have probably been more shocking if he *didn’t* cry out in surprise considering what followed. He was a pretty tall guy... or at least he *had* been, but his cry signaled some understanding that his height had just diminished. Outside or not, losing essential an *entire foot* of height over the span of just a few seconds was still *extremely* noticeable, especially when the clothes he was wearing ultimately ended up being so much larger. So *much* so that it was difficult for him to even move. They even felt *heavier*, but it was really no surprise as to why.

He hadn’t *just* shrunk vertically. All of his body’s bulk, which was predominantly muscle, had thinned until it was incredibly lean without much musculature in general short of some tone to his tummy. Even then? His body narrowed so that his pants finally slipped off (not that his sleeveless top couldn’t function at a dress by this point anyways), but his *waist* narrowed more than his shoulders *or* his hips. It dipped inward so that his body had some natural curvature to it, implying the same thing that everything else was.

From his shortened height to his cuter face, to his daintier build, to how small and delicate his hands and feet had become: he looked more and more like a young *woman*. “*YEOWZERS!? What the heck was that!?*” It all came to a head – or lack *of* head in a sense – when what *had* been hanging between her legs ceased to hang there at all. It had been a strange *feeling*, but one she moved past fairly quickly, namely because she couldn’t make sense of it. “*Maybe it was nothing! I’ve gotta... get ready, right?*”

*Get ready?* Was that what Gajeel had been doing before? She felt like that wasn’t *quite* right, but then again? A bunch of stuff felt *weird* but didn’t. She wasn’t supposed to be so small... or was she? She wasn’t getting *smaller* fortunately, and there were parts of her body that were now *growing* beneath her oversized robes. They didn’t grow *substantially*, and it certainly didn’t see the return of her muscles. Instead? Her thin thighs grew pudgier, and her butt perked up into a bubbled shape, all while a pair of *B-cup* breasts jiggled to life higher up on her torso.

It made sense considering she *was* a woman, and while her hair *had* already been longer? It wasn't shielded from additional changes. It became fluffier and more voluminous within seconds, splitting into a pair of soft twintails without any spiky edges whatsoever. The dark colors of his hair lightened but was split between two shades: light blue on the right and light pink on the left, with even bangs that were choppy and styled into a bow on the right side ultimately colored the same. It wasn't decorated much, with most of it styled and tied by the hair itself, but...

A pair of matching, pink and blue eyeballs with little magnets on them did appear alongside her head as part of a broader outfit change. One That replaced her robes with a puffy, black and yellow jacket with a collar so wide that you could see she was wearing a glittering, sleeveless blue leotard underneath that ran down her right leg but not the left one. She was left wearing matching, silver shoes with yellow bolts sticking out of the sides, but otherwise? There wasn't *much* else.

And pink and blue *eyeball* decorations? *Those are Magnemites, duh!*

**“Why am I... Oh yeah, right!”** There was suddenly a crowd of adoring fans watching her on the outskirts of the battle stadium set up outside of the Levincia Gym. They were cheering her name! Cheering for *Iono*! She was the Gym Leader of course, so she was the least surprising person to find there. **“Ladies aaand gentlemens! It's time for the Iono Zone!”** The Rotom Phone that had appeared in the pocket of her new jacket flew out and began to film everything.



There was a kid on the other side of the stadium. Her challenger, of course! Another young one from the looks of things, but Paldea let people of all ages participate in their League! Iono continued on with her streamer introduction. **“Hey!! Hey!! HEEEEY!!! Your eyeballs are MINE – caught in my Electroweb! Whosawhatsit!? Iono! I’m the Gym Leader here!”**

She posed playfully with her arms to maximize her charm. How many times had she done this now? How many battles had she streamed? Tens? Hundreds? Maybe even one thousand now, and she still *loved* to put on her little show! She couldn't imagine doing anything else in the whole wide world! Still, there was a weird thought in the back of her mind.

*A mage? Magic isn't even real! Well, not that humans can use at least!*