

FAIRY TAIL: OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC

CH7: MAKING MOVES

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“Gray-sama? Gray-samaaaaa!?”

Juvia Lockser was a *little* confused. But then again, she was also still a little stunned from *falling out of the sky*! It was a death that she had only managed to avoid by turning her body into water right before impact. And even then? Her magic had undone itself seconds later without her *meaning* to. That wasn't normal, but in the grand scheme of things? It was hardly a concern to the Water-Make Mage compared to the *real* issue.

That she couldn't find her dear Gray-sama anywhere!

The woman's relationship with Gray was... complicated. In a way, he had saved her years ago when she had been a member of a Dark Guild. She'd become committed to him from that moment on and had wanted nothing more than to be by his side forever. Ever since the defeat of Zeref, though? That dream of hers had been becoming closer and closer. It actually felt to her like the two of them were on the cusp of becoming honest-to-goodness boyfriend and girlfriend!?

...Not that it mattered when he was nowhere to be found! She'd landed outside of what appeared to be some sort of *dojo* or something in the early morning after being whisked away from Fairy Tail's guild hall? The architecture reminded her of the buildings in and around the Mermaid Heel guild hall – *Japanese* by the standards of planet Earth... which incidentally was where she *had* ended up.

In Juvia's mind, the fates *never* would have separated her from her dear Gray-sama so easily! He must have ended up somewhere nearby, and the most suspicious place was within the nearby building itself! And so? She had snuck in... not that she had *needed* to. As it turned out, there didn't really seem to be anyone home at *all*. It was a pretty interesting



building, too. There were common areas, a kitchen, and then a big room that was clearly designed for practicing combat of some sort. There were straw dummies set up and everything!

That's where the mage was lingering when she came to the most obvious conclusion possible.

"Maybe Gray-sama isn't here after all?"

There wasn't a single trace of him, and even though she'd called his name after confirming no one was home, he *still* hadn't turned up!

Well, at least she could use her magic to slip out and— **"Hm?"** Use her *magic*? What magic?

Did she know a technique that could technically be considered 'magic'?

Ninjutsu was her specialty, after all!

But that distinction ultimately went right over her head. She didn't think anything else of it, and began to move towards the other side of the training hall without much of a destination in mind. Was she searching for the exit? *No*, actually. Even though that would have made the most sense when she had already decided Gray wasn't there, she felt more motivated to *remain*? *He won't be here until a little later, so...!* He? Was she thinking about Gray? Not even.

It was *strange*, though. As Juvia walked across the wooden floorboards, her frame seemed to *dip* slightly. She had *been* 5'7", giving her a height that was just slightly taller than most women her age, and yet? The next time she stood up straight, she wouldn't have been any taller than 5'5". It was so obvious of a shift that she had immediately noticed. In fact, this was the beginning of a trend of a *long chain* of notable things going unnoticed altogether.

Then again, her guildmates that had been sent to other world altogether had been bestowed with a similar level of ignorance. It was certainly to the Water-Make mage's benefit that her dress had a slit on the left side. **"What should I...?"** Because it provided space for any additional *width* to push out freely – that width being her *hips*. Each step saw them swing wider, escaping out the slit on the left side of the skirt while it pushed the right side away.

And there was what had *seemed* like a side effect at first, but had actually being a vaguely unrelated change. The cheeks of her ass appeared to change in shape *and* size, pushing out the back of that skirt while some of her left cheek slipped through the slit as well. This huge, perky, heart-shaped ass was connected to a pair of thighs that bulged not only with fat, but an *abundance* of strong muscle that hadn't been there before.

Juvia had never been *out* of shape, but she hadn't been fit enough to have muscles like *those*. Nor the muscles that began to swell across the rest of her body. Her arms *did* remain lean, but her tummy and pecs? They *definitely* hardened beneath her gown, which actually provided an interesting contrast. With her thighs? Well, they *did* look soft, but they were still plenty strong underneath that softness. It was more like they provided an interesting contrast... to her *breasts*.

The woman stopped walking all of a sudden and pointed her chin downward. “**Hm?**” Was her voice deeper? It was! But the mage – if she could even be called that still by this juncture – didn't seem to notice it, just as she hadn't noticed anything else. That trend practically became *comedic*, because she was staring *directly* at what might as well have been the most dramatic change, drawn by the tightening fit of the dress around her chest.

To say that Juvia's breasts were *growing* was a pretty crazy thing *to* say. Her boobs definitely *hadn't* been small – they had been *F-cups* as is – and she prided herself in their size, but as it turned out? They *could* be bigger! She had been drawn to the sight of them becoming fatter and rounder, with her dress straining against them until it threatened to tear, and they gained a few added *inches* of size overall. They had to be *H-cups* at bare minimum, and they *weren't* comfortable being smothered like that. If she'd been the type to wear a bra, then she would have been in some *real* trouble.

“**Huh. That's weird! What... the heck am I wearing!?**” *That* had been her takeaway after watching her tits swell? Well, that *did* check out considering her overall indifference thus far. At the very least, the shape of her face had begun to match the changes to her voice? The woman gradually looked a little older. Fuller lips, a longer nose, thinner cheeks upon raised bones... these traits all worked together to make her appear closer to *twenty-four*. But her eyes... Their blues slowly dulled to a brown that eventually complimented the changing color of her hair. Yet their shapes pinched in so that they looked Asian. *Japanese*.

But why would that be unusual? She was *in* Japan at that very moment, and she knew as much. Even though she hadn't known at *all* just a few minutes prior.

When it came to Juvia's hair, the chestnut color it had taken was eventually restyled. Her bangs were pushed to the sides so that her forehead was basically bare, and everything in the back was pulled up into a ponytail with a white ribbon. *That* was actually part of a broader attire change that seemed to address her earlier complaint about her clothes. Her blue dress melted away into a loose fitting, red and white kunoichi robe that left her cleavage, hips, *and* thighs all on *generous* display. It was sleeveless, but she had fingerless, red hand guards with red and black tabi around her feet. An obi also hugged her waist, bringing together this blatantly Japanese ensemble.

“Hm... Andy said he'd be picking me up for our date around 8am, right? That means I still have an hour to train!” For *Mai Shiranui*, there were only two things in that moment that were *extremely* important to her. The first was keeping her skills as a kunoichi sharp. After all, the next King of Fighters tournament was probably *right* around the corner. But the other thing? Perhaps no different from the life she had led before, it was a *boy*. Or her boyfriend, Andy Bogard.



The buxom ninja's hips as swayed, and tits jiggled with every step she took as she paced through the training hall. She certainly wasn't ignorant to how much of an *asset* her figure was, and she definitely didn't have any issues with flaunting it. At the end of the day? It just boiled down to possessing the confidence to show off *despite* being in a relationship. *Andy* certainly didn't seem to mind.

But none of that mattered for the time being, nor did her past life. It couldn't really matter if Mai couldn't *remember*, right?

“Alright! How many sets can I work in before he gets here...?”