

# FAIRY TAIL: OTHERWORLDLY MAGIC

## CH8: EMBRACING DEMONS

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Oh dear. Where even *am* I?”**

Much like had been the case with Wendy, Mirajane Strauss’s fate had been to crash through the ceiling of a *very* large structure after suddenly being sent to another world. At the time it had all happened, the woman had been working in Fairy Tail’s guild hall without much complaint. She helped with cooking, cleaning, server, and even with listing and removing things from the job board. She’d been *about* to file away the job that Natsu had just completed when things ultimately took the turn that they had.

The impact had been enough to knock Mira out cold for a while, but the more that she thought about it after waking up? It occurred to her that it probably hadn’t been the *first* impact that had knocked her out. She had crashed through multiple layers, and she wasn’t even sure if a person falling from the sky had that much raw piercing power, enhanced and durable body or not. **“There’s no damage to the ceiling...”** That was *another* thing. There were no signs that anyone had found her, but there also wasn’t a hole above her, either.

Once she had ascertained her own status – and was she really not wounded? – the Take Over mage finally pushed herself up and off the floor so that she could get a better look at the room she had landed in. It was dimly lit with only the light of the candles on the wall, and on the chandelier above, to illuminate things. But these light sources also

provided just enough glow that she could clearly make out her surroundings.

It was a very *cold* and *gothic* space. A room crafted meticulously for someone with a very dark sense of style. As a mage that channeled the power of demons, that was the best correlation that she could draw. **“I’m in a bedroom, that much is clear...”** There was an *expansive* canopy bed just a few feet from where she had woken up, one with black curtains and lavish sheets within. All of the furniture had a rustic medieval look to it, also all painted black, and the floor, walls, and ceiling were *all* made from cold stone.



Had Mirajane not been adaptable, she might have found the space eerie. But for reasons she had yet to consider, she found that space very homely instead. Because her assimilation had *already* begun.

In ways, what began initially was on the subtler side anyways. Could the woman *really* have been expected to notice that her height had crept subtly higher without any awareness that her appearance had been compromised in the first place? Probably *not*. If anything, as she crept up from 5’5” to 5’7”, the most she could really register was that the skirt of her black dress had lifted slightly higher, or that her heels were a touch tighter around her feet because her foot size had increased as well. Then again, the woman’s fingers became slenderer, and even the nails upon them grew sharper.

**“This room... It’s certainly... *appealing*.”** If Mira hadn’t been under the world’s influence, she probably would have used a *different* word. Like ‘strange’ or ‘dark’, perhaps? But she found her own decorative sensibilities forcibly aligned with her surroundings. Her opinion of it became keener as her preferences changed and it began to feel more like *home*. And yet? The more like home it felt like, the tighter her *dress* became; two factors that felt like that shouldn’t have been related at all.

And yet they *were*. The mage already possessed a rather impressive figure. Considering how many bombshell beauties there had been among the women of Fairy Tail, perhaps she hadn’t stood out *as* much. But, in a vacuum, there was no denying that her figure had been impressive. It was just that, now with her increased height, it was becoming even *more* impressive.

The low neckline of her dress that presented an ample look at her E-cup cleavage as is deepened, not because the design of the dress was *changing* but instead because it was being *stretched*. Her breasts grew several sizes within their confines, bloating to a heavier pair of *G-cups* that were dyed a milkier white than they had been before – a phenomenon shared with the rest of her skin. Before long, you could make out the tips of her areola poking out over the neckline not only because the dress was too small, but because her nipples had basically doubled in size themselves.

Almost as if it wasn't content with being left out of the 'party', Mira's *lower* body soon swelled beneath the long skirt of her dress as well. Her hips were wedges higher, offered no compromise by a pair of thighs that swelled with such gravitas that they otherwise dug into each other beneath her pelvis. And her *ass* certainly didn't do them any favors by swelling into a full and jiggly heart shape. "*Mmm...*" Uncharacteristically? She moaned.

She *also* bit her lower lip, feeling *stimulated* and oddly *voracious*. Mirajane was a woman that wasn't immune to feelings like *arousal*, but she also wasn't the type to suffer from them so intensely, much less so *randomly*. Her skin felt *incredibly* sensitive. Her tits felt so *full*. Her loins became *needier* as her pussy lips swelled and the hair above them not only grew in bushiness but darkened in color. Images of a man flashed across her mind. But... *was* he a man? He was strangely *skeletal*.

That didn't stop the woman from fawning, though. Her paled cheeks were stained with a crimson need – even despite the fact that their shapes were being altered in real time. Mirajane's facial features were stretched slightly longer, with her chin becoming sharper beneath a pair of lips that swelled into a puffy and pouty perfection. There was something almost pornstar-esque about them, but then again that could be said about her body as an *entirety* by this point.

"**Hahaha... Lord Ains!**" *Who?* Mira cried out with a voice that was deeper and raspier than her own just as her eyes narrowed and her irises began to glow gold around a pair of pupils that were stretched into demonic slits. The black that had stained her pubes tackled her eyebrows and the hair atop her head next, seeing that darkened length spilled out to her *ankles* as the bangs that had been tied up above her forehead came undone to cross between her eyes.

She wanted to touch herself so bad, and while she didn't *actually* climax? The increasingly demonic-looking woman *did* make a face and sounded that suggested she had... just as a pair of slick, white horns curved out from the sides of her head, curling around and in towards each other in front of her forehead. If she looked the part of a demon before, then she

*certainly* did now. Her physical corruption hadn't even *completed*, but there was still one minor adjustment that needed to be made before the last aspect could grow in.

Her *dress*. It lightened to white with gold accents, stretching into a long yet tight gown with hip cutouts and a neckline that was just as low as it had been before. Its 'sleeves' rested on her upper arms so that her shoulders were bare, and there was a golden, spiderweb necklace hanging against her chest beneath a detached collar. The skirt of the gown was narrow, with layered ruffled concealing the heels that she wore. Otherwise? White gloves rested all the way up to just before her elbows.

As it turned out, the slits around her hips served a secondary purpose beyond showing off the woman's skin, though. Bones pushed out from the very backs of them, and black feathers wrapped around those bones. Before long they formed a pair of black *wings* that possessed a wingspan greater than her height if she had left them wide, and yet they folded inwards to frame her lower body. Their growth naturally upset her balance, but ultimately she felt much groggier overall *anyways* now that the high of her arousal had passed.

**“Mmn? Did I just wake up? What... time is it?”** It was almost fitting that a wielder of a magic that allowed you to channel the powers of demons had ultimately become one herself. Because the woman who's black, feathered wings stretched out behind her was a *succubus*. But *Albedo* was much more than that. She was a demon that served as the Overseer of the Guardians of the Great Tomb of Nazarick. An organization led by the Lich, Ains – the man to which her heart belonged.



Even if he didn't reciprocate.

Albedo was by no means 'pure', nor could she be considered 'good'. She had slaughtered *plenty* of humans, monsters, and everything in between in the Ains's name in the past, and she held no hesitation towards doing it in the present, either. She was a *succubus*, after all. She couldn't be expected to *do* good. But what she could be expected to do was— **“Oh, Lord Ains! I certainly hope I'm not late!”** Be romantically *obsessed* with Ains. He was her romantic conquest, and there was nothing she wouldn't do to win his heart.

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Little did any of them know, not that any of them could *remember* where they had come from at that point, but the effects of the spellbook that Natsu had read from had ultimately been *much* more widespread than any of them could have possibly imagined. Everyone not just in the guild hall, nor all of Magnolia, but the *entire continent of Fiore* had just up and vanished in that instant. All doomed to live new lives in other worlds. For some it was a curse, and others it was a blessing. But either way?

No one would ever know the truth of the matter regardless.