

# FAIRY-TYPE TAIL

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**“I think they really liked their gifts! Oh. Right, Happy isn’t here.”**

Natsu Dragneel might have looked a little crazy, talking to himself in the small hut on the outskirts of Magnolia that he called his home. It was a space he shared with Happy, the blue, flying cat that could always be found at his side, but Happy was busy with a prior engagement. Well, Natsu was pretty sure that the cat was following Carla around. But it didn’t really matter! It wasn’t like they *always* had to be together *all* the time. Even best buddies needed some time apart! “**...Now I’m bored.**”

The young man fell onto his back on his rundown bed with his arms and legs spread. He’d practically run across the entire city in just under an hour, and yet his body wasn’t tired or sore in the least. Considering his physical fitness and power as a mage, that probably wasn’t all *that* surprising though. The question then remained: *why* had he run all over town? Well, he’d been handing out *gifts*!

It was early evening now, but in the afternoon, he had visited Magnolia’s market. Natsu was the type of guy to buy much, really. Most of his coin was spent on food, food, and *more* food! But that day had been different! Maybe he’d been feeling a little sentimental now that the city had finally been rebuilt after Acnologia’s defeat. He’d been thinking about just how far he’d come with everyone in the guild, and how much he appreciated them. So, he had decided to purchase them gifts!

...The issue was that when it came to his money, he wasn’t really all that savvy. He couldn’t tell the true value of things, and was something of an impulse buyer. So, when someone offered him ‘six magical orbs’ for a

‘great deal’? He’d bought them without a second thought! **“Oh, right. I have *that!*”** The young man reached a hand into his pants pocket to pull out the orb he’d saved for himself. It had a red top and a white bottom, with a band running across the center towards a button that, when pressed? Made it expand! It was that novelty that had won him over.

**“Come to think of it, I never asked what was magical about them...”** Nor had he communicated the fact that they were supposedly ‘magical’ to the rest of his friends. He tossed it up and down in the air while laying down, fidgeting with the button to see if it could do anything else. **“Eh?”** As it turned out? It could! The button suddenly released a beam of red light... that turned *him* red!?

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**“HAH!? WHERE AM I!?”** It had all happened in an instant. His body had glowed red, and it felt like he’d been pulled *into* the ball! But where he was now didn’t really *feel* like the inside of a ball? Well, maybe the low ceiling was a little orb-shaped, but it was like a little kitchen inside! How could you fit a kitchen inside of a ball? **“Huh... It smells kinda good, though.”**

Was there *actual* food in the kitchen? It smelled like freshly baked cookies and cake, but he couldn’t *actual* see anything edible. The truth was that it was the space within a *Pokéball* – an item meant to house a creature from another world known as a *Pokémon*. The interior of a Pokéball always catered to the needs of whatever monster it contained, but it didn’t take a genius to realize... Natsu was *not* a Pokémon.

*Yet.*

**“So, how do I get out?”** All things considered, it was a good question. Could he just break through it? **“But would that mean I’d be *tiny!*?”** If he had already been shrunk down to fit into that little ball, then would he still be little if he got out? **“I don’t want to— HEY!?! I meant if I got out!”** If Natsu was *already* small, then was he getting *smaller!*? He’d noticed that his clothes felt a little large all of a sudden, and as it turned out? It was because he was getting *smaller*.

**“That’s it! Fire Dragon’s—!?! ...Huh?”** The young man had *tried* to cast a spell so that he could burst through the ball. It should have

summoned fire to his shrinking fist, and yet? There was an explosion of something thick and sweet. “**Wh-Whipped cream!?**” He only realized what it was because the tiny cream explosion hadn’t been controlled, and not only did it splatter against his body but his mouth as well. It was *incredibly* sweet, and it covered his fist. “**What the *cremie!*?**” He tried shake what had splatter on his fist *off*, but it wouldn’t *come* off? Not to mention his forearm looked *just* as white somehow.

The fact that he was shrinking was becoming a *real* problem. He must have lost about a foot of height already and his vest and pants were beginning to slip off. Natsu was tunnel visioned on his weird *cream explosion* ‘spell’, so much so that he didn’t notice how his muscles were softening – in some places more-so than others. Take the man’s pectoral muscles for example. They softened, but then a pair of *mounds* erupted from them... before they turned the same creamy white that his arms were and melted away.

For a brief moment, had it not seemed like he was, in fact, *not* a man? “**Fire *cremie*’s— WAH!?! S-Strawberries!?**” An attempt was made to use a *different* spell, but it once again backfired. Not only did *more* cream erupt from a fist where flames should have been flickering, but what looked like a pair of bright red *strawberries* were conjured. They launched into the air and landed on the sides of his *head*? “**H-Hey! *Al off of cremie!***”

The mage reached up with *both* of his hands to try and pull them off, though both of those hands were now a creamy shade of white? His fingers had begun to stick together aside from his thumbs, leaving them more resembling tiny mitts that were made of whipped cream... even though they were his *actual* hands. He didn’t seem to notice, or perhaps he didn’t really *care*? These hands were still firm enough to grasp the strawberries, but *she* couldn’t even make them budge. In fact, it felt like she was pulling on pieces of her own body?

Though... *her*? By this point, had she not been in the ball then she would have been shorter than two feet. Her clothes had long fallen off and disappeared without her noticing, but her lack *of* them was hardly a problem. So much of her body had adopted the texture *and* color of whipped cream, and that had leg to her torso and legs sagging. Her lower limbs easily merged together, feet consumed by the creamy mass that ultimately looked more akin to a puffy skirt than anything. But that skirt *was* her body, and her dick had been swallowed by it.

How could it possibly be known that she was a girl then? Well, she now had the capacity to *lay eggs*.

“**Alcremie?** Al... **cremie?**” Did Natsu even understand that something was wrong with her body at this point? It was hard to tell since she could no longer even speak the human language. Her height had drooped to a mere *thirty centimeters*, making her miniature even compared to the tiny kitchen. At some point the taste of vanilla whipped cream had entirely filled her mouth, with teeth and even her tongue melting away into a head that was rounder, cuter, and creamier. Her nose had disappeared, and her eyes widened into beady, strawberry-red ovals that made her absolutely adorable.

Not even her hair had been spared from a sweet fate, with spikes having melted into a series of whipped cream dollops that resembled hanging hair at the sides, raised buns, and an even higher lick that made her look like she'd just been dispensed from a can. The strawberries sat in the whipped cream buns, their red standing out against her tiny, white body as well as her eyes did.

“**Cremie?** **Alcremie?**” The small, creamy creature looked around the interior of *her* Pokéball with a puzzled expression. The **Alcremie** was confused because she felt like her ball had just jerked violently – far more violently than whenever her trainer handled it. But had she always had a trainer? If she was in a ball, then that had to be the case? Her memories of the person that took care of her *were* vague, but they were becoming clearer. A young lady who loved Fairy-types and took good care of them.



Thinking of this trainer made the Cream Pokémon chirp and wave her tiny arms around happily! She couldn't wait for her trainer to stop traveling for the night so that she could come out of her ball and help with dinner like she always did! Plus, she wanted to see the others! All of the Pokémon on the team were such good friends, and she was especially close to one of the *pinkier* ones!

“**Alcremie!**”

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“**...Natsu...!**” There was only one person to blame for what had just happened to her, or at least that was how Lucy Heartfilia felt. He had dropped by her apartment around dinnertime to give her a gift. It wasn't out of character for him or anything, but it was a little unexpected. Especially when he'd dropped off a ball that looked like a *toy* with no explanation about what it was or how it worked. In all likelihood, she assumed that he hadn't even known.

But *because* of that? She now found herself in what looked to be a *workshop*? It smelled of steel, and there were all the tools you might



expect to find at a blacksmith's shop. If anything was odd, it was how *round* and *cramped* the space was. Standing up straight, her head could almost touch the top. **“There’s no way I’m *inside* the ball, right?”** That explanation *did* make some kind of sense, though.

After all, it definitely felt like she’d been sucked into something when the red light had hit her!

**“And what’s with all that scrap? This place isn’t exactly comfortable for someone like me.”** *Even though I really want to hit that scrap!* **“...Huh?”** Even though she wanted to do *what*? Why in the world would she do *that*? Sure, she was a little annoyed, but she definitely wasn’t so annoyed that she wanted to take it out by hitting something. **“I seriously need to figure out a way out... of... here?”** Lucy trailed off because she noticed it. Something was *weird*. Like, with her *body*? She felt kind of *heavy*? And her shirt felt a little *tight*? Why could that— **“EH!?”**

The Celestial Spirit Mage couldn’t explain *what* she was looking at. Well, she *could*, but through her shock she couldn’t find the words. The base of her shirt had been pushed forward and *continued* to do so, almost like she was... *gaining weight*? But there was no way *that* was possible, right? So, she sent her hands down to explore – leading to a chill running down her spine seconds later when her fingers pressed against tender, jiggling *flesh*. **“WHAT!?”**

Lucy was very careful about watching her weight! And yet, her tummy had bulged into a sizable bump that hung over her skirt in a matter of seconds? She must have been affected by some kind of spell – or perhaps the ball had been enchanted in some way? Either way, it seemed to be worse than merely gaining a pudgy belly that’s rotund underside you could now see peeking out from beneath the lifted shirt (which unknown to the woman, no longer had a bellybutton).

**“Wait, wait, wait!”** While the base of her shirt had pushed and lifted, the upper section of it was doing the *opposite*? **“Why are *tinka*’s boobs getting smaller!?”** They didn’t *just* get smaller but flattened entirely so that the cups of her bra had nothing to lift. Not even her nipples were spared, leaving skin behind without so much as a bump that smoothly transitioned into her belly. Her shirt still did a good job of hiding it, but that wasn’t *all* that was happening to the skin underneath. A *very* colorful pink had emerged across her skin in splotches that were rapidly swelling and merging together.

Ultimately? Her torso didn't appear very *human*, even if she technically *was* humanoid. It wasn't until she found herself unable to lift her arms like she wanted to that it occurred to her that things were somehow even *worse* than she had feared. "**Tinka's tons!?**" *My hands!?* The fact that the things she was saying didn't concern her was proof enough that her mind was slowly transitioning to match her destined form.

But when it came to her hands? There was a very *clear* reason that they were hard to lift up. It didn't take a genius to see that they were *swollen*. Like *very* swollen. Her fingers had nearly tripled in size and had adopted a pale pink color, yet they were shorter and stubbier, and her thumbs were the same bright pink that she *hadn't* noticed her torso had become. Those hands eventually merged with swollen wrists, which then merged with swollen arms. She eventually found the strength to lift them again, but only *once* her body had adjusted.

Alarming as it all was to see her body changing, she couldn't stop thinking about the *scrap pile!* She wanted to go grab stuff from it *so* bad! She wanted to hit it *so* bad! The stronger these desires became, the pinked her body did. The bright pink had already begun to sneak into her face and legs, and its presence had completely different effects in both regions. Her head began to round and thicken, for example, as her nostrils were erased and her eyes became beady and violet. Her teeth, as it turned out, ended up merging with her lips with two on top and one on the bottom so that they locked together when that mouth closed. Her head didn't really *look* human at all.

It made her look more like a *gremlin* than anything.

Lucy's beautiful, blonde hair hardened and merged, predominantly paling to the same light pink as her arms and hands, though stripes of a brighter pink ended up zigzagging across bangs that ended up shaped like a W before slipping into what grew out to be a pair of puffy twin tails. Two tufts also sprouted from the top of her head! "**I... Tinka... Tinkaton? Tinka!?**" 'I' would be the last human word she said, and while it definitely seemed like she'd been shocked by her own words just seconds later? That *wasn't* what she was reacting to.

She was falling! Well... She was *shrinking*. Her feet were still grounded, but the hot pink had fully dyed them as that their toes had shrunk in and they were more akin to the 'feet' of an elephant than anything. Her height was dropping not *only* because her legs were shortening – and *substantially* so – but because her overall size was collapsing otherwise. Her *entire* body was becoming miniaturized, and while it didn't quite become *as* small as an Alcremie?

By the time she was wading in a pile of clothes that soon disappeared, and a trio of steel plates emerged from her hips like fins, she stood at only *two feet* tall.

If there was even a trace of Lucy left in the *Tinkaton*'s mind, then it surely would have been powerless to fight against the simplistic nature of her new personality. There was no doubt in her mind as to where she was, and despite how messy the ball's interior was? She *liked* it. "**Tink! Tink! Tinkaton!**" The pink gremlin wobbled over to some pieces of scrap metal that were nestled in the ball's corner and picked them up, before bringing them over to the big hammer that took up much of the ball's interior now.



"**Tinka...**" Ever step she took with her short and stubby legs led to her round belly jiggling. Not that it bothered her anymore. She didn't care *how* she looked so long as she got to hit metal with, and build upon, her hammer. Plus, her trainer and Alcremie really loved her! In fact, she was *really* close with Alcremie! "**Tinkaton!**" Just thinking about her creamy companion made her excited to get out of the ball, but for now...

...She had to figure out how to smack her hammer against the scrap metal in that tiny space. She had no idea that the tiny, golden keys in that pile were her old *Celestial Spirit* keys, but oh well! They'd look great in her hammer!



"**A field of flowers... It's beautiful, but... Um...**" How had Wendy Marvell ended up there, exactly? It wasn't even hard to tell that the space was artificial, seeing as the 'sky' was clearly just a tiny dome above her head. The girl was confused because she hadn't actually activated the gift that Natsu had brought her. She'd simply accepted it, brought it into her dorm room, and then placed it up on one of her higher shelves! "**...Oh.**"

Thinking it through, she realized. Because it was a *ball*, it must have rolled off the shelf and landed on her head! She *did* vaguely recall getting bonked, and then there'd been a red light? And now she was in the world's smallest flower field! "**B-But doesn't that mean I'm inside of the ball? Did I shrink!?**" She lived in a world

of magic, mind you. That wasn't outside of the realm of possibility with mages like Brandish about. **"But who could be—?"**

*POOF!*

**"EEP!?"** The sweet smell of fragrant flowers filled the girl's nostrils as a sudden itchiness around her neck *exploded* into a sea of red of predominantly *red* flower that sprouted around her neck like a mane. **"Wh-What!?"** She pulled on them in a panic, but that only made her aware that they seemed to be attached to her neck? Were they growing *from* her? They extended a few inches past her chin in the front, but in the *back*? Her twintails were lifted up and seemingly absorbed *into* the red flowers that extended about eight inches behind her, with any excess becoming violet flowers that also hung from the sides of the floral growths as well.

Her hands continued to touch at the flowers, none the wiser to the fact that her arms, upper torso, *and* her face were all paling to a porcelain white. This even extended to her *scalp*, which became more and more visible as the hair that remained detached to become one with her floral scarf. She had become *bald*, but this revealed that Wendy's head was developing an *unusual* shape. **"I don't get what's happening to *flor*..."** The girl's head pinched in at the sides, becoming more of a *ball* shape – or at least it would have seemed that way if not for her nose pulling forward.

Wendy's nostrils became so small that they were nigh invisible upon a growth that almost resembled an upturned snout more than a human face. It arched *into* her mouth, which incidentally lost its lips while the ball shape of her head led to her eyes slightly moving to the sides. They became larger, and her eyelids darkened to a forest green, each one extending up and away about eight inches from either eye as a pair of new extensions while absorbing her human eyelashes. Her irises even lost their browns, becoming black while her pupils inverted into white.

Her head *wasn't* a human one, and that was emphasized by her white ears pulling long and drooping into a pair a long teardrop shapes. **"*Flor*...!?! *Flor's face*!?! *Flor's hands*!?"** The sight of her longer nose had prompted Wendy to reach past her flower décor to touch it, but that only revealed that her hands – and the arms attached to them – were also beginning to appear alarmingly different. Their colors aside? Her fingers were all shortening, with her thumbs and pinkies mere nubs that were eventually absorbed so that she only had three digits per hand.

Her arms in general appeared to be growing longer too, making them appear stringier than they had been before. Paired with her face, it almost made her look like a little *alien*. A *flower* alien? The floral aspect

of it was actually becoming more pronounced than even Wendy had realized though, namely because her clothing concealed what was happening under them. Like? The lower half of her torso had darkened to the very same green that her ‘eyelashes’ had become, erasing not only her bellybutton and nipples, but also sealing her butt crack and otherwise feminine aspects.

Her tummy bulged slightly as her hips inched in until they were practically non-existent, and she slouched forward naturally in a way that made her cry out. “**Florges!?**” She couldn’t straighten herself, and she was having difficulties even *walking* for some reason. It was like her legs were stuck together? That was something that *shouldn’t* have been the, and yet she squeaked again when her thigh highs... *tore?* “**Flor!?**”

With her posture contorted like it was, it was difficult to see her legs at first. She couldn’t see that her thighs, now green, had mended together into a singular segment. It wasn’t until it reached her knees, and those knees *disappeared*, that she could see her socks peeling off to reveal green skin that... Well, was it actually *wrong?* *Is that not my stem?* It wasn’t something she had thought in a human language, but it was a conscious explanation she had given herself either way.

Ultimately, she was forced up onto her tiptoes my feet that *flattened* vertically so that they looked more like a pair of leaves. Ever since her lower body had begun to change, her overall size had slowly been shrinking. What had once been a girl who was a little below average in height for her age had shrunk even more, and her clothing had disappeared by the time she stopped shrinking at *three feet* tall. Black diamonds were revealed to have appeared to cover her chest, and the tiny point on her legs that had once been her ankles?

A pair of huge leaves extended out to the sides, each one plausibly as long as she was tall if not for the fact that they pointed up and out to the sides.

“**Flor?**” The *Florges* had noticed her ball jolt, which had actually been the process of her ball *teleporting* into the world it had come from, into the bag of the trainer now that she now believed she had been a small Flabébé. The Garden Pokémon was quick to hand wave it. Her trainer likely had tripped or something like that, although she *did* hope the young lady wasn’t in danger.



Ironically, Wendy had been the youngest of Team Natsu’s members, but out of the first three to transform, she had

actually become the most *mature* Pokémon. Florges was a calm and elegant creature that enjoyed living among and tending to flowers. That was why her ball's interior had taken the form it had. It paled in comparison to a *real* garden, but her trainer tried to let her out every time she found one. "**Florges!**" Thoughts of such happy memories made her cry out with an innocent elation.

She was really excited for dinner with everyone! ...Even if they all treated her like a responsible big sister.