

# WHIRLPOOL OF LOVE

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**“Juvia is going to make Gray fall hopelessly in love with her~!”**

It wasn't all *that* strange to find Juvia Lockser, the Water Mage of Fairy Tail frolicking about the city of Magnolia murmuring such things to herself. It felt like long, long ago now that she had met Gray Fullbuster. It had been a lifechanging experience for her that had opened her eyes to the power of love – particularly when she directed it at *him*.

Now what did she like about the Ice Make Mage, exactly? It would have been faster to get an answer about what she *didn't* like, presumably. Not only was he incredibly handsome, but he was strong, kind, and he never stopped showering her with things that made her think it was mutual! ...It *wasn't*. Not yet anyways. Some progress had to be made between the two before Gray would start *actually* reciprocating her feelings, and what she was perceiving *as* this reciprocation? It was all fantasy on Juvia's part.

Still, even though she believed on some part that he *actually* had feelings for her, Juvia wanted to make *sure* that this was the case. That was why she had been elated to find a parchment in her mail that detailed a love spell. Apparently it could be used *regardless* of the type of magic one wielded, which was important in a world where everyone could only really master one specific type.

Honestly? She was a little skeptical about whether or not it actually would work. But what she *hadn't* questioned was who had put said spell in her mail, and for what purpose? There wasn't technically a way to wield magic types that were not unique to oneself. So whatever this love

spell was rooted in? It likely wasn't the type of magic that a Water Mage like herself was capable of wielding.

*Not that it would stop her from trying.*

**“I just need to wait for Gray to be alone...”** To those ends she had been stalking him for much of the day. She was fortunate Team Natsu was in between quests right now, because if he had been out in the world for a while as he often was, she probably wouldn't have gotten the opportunity that she was looking for. The problem? Said opportunity wasn't coming quickly enough!

She'd gone to the trouble of memorizing the technique for using the spell. She'd gone to the trouble of following him around, and yet why was he always visiting people!? First he'd gone to visit Lucy, then Natsu, then Erza and Wendy had shown up! They all overlapped too, so there wasn't even a moment where Juvia could find him alone! It was important, because she didn't know what the spell's range was. If someone else got caught in it and they *also* fell in love with her? Well that could be troublesome.



After what seemed to be the longest day ever, however? As the sun had begun to set, she had finally found her chance! Gray had finally been heading home, and not only that? But he had also taken a detour down a vacant alleyway. That meant no potential additional targets, and no witnesses. Maybe Juvia should have asked herself *‘if I'm worried about witnesses, is what I'm doing something I should actually be doing?’*. But she hadn't. Not once.

And so, still concealing herself around a nearby corner, she prepared the spell as the instruction had told her to. It involved invoking one's strong feelings for another and unleashing them in magic form – or at least that was how it had been explained to her. What had *actually* happened was just a little bit different, though. The spell had mingled with her own Water

Magic and, well...

*Gray had been swallowed up by a momentary whirlpool.*

**“What the!?”** While it had been brief, the fact that he had just been submerged with water from head to toe was enough to make the man

cry out with confusion. “**Juvia!?**” His mind also *immediately* wandered to a single culprit, but the woman in question remained hidden around the corner. So what if her spell had created a whirlpool!?! That didn’t mean that it hadn’t worked, right? Maybe he was just saying her name because of how insanely, madly in love he’d suddenly become with her!

Although... Despite being soaked, didn’t her precious Gray look a little *strange*? Was his hair always that color? It always been a very, very dark navy blue, borderline black. But from what Juvia could observe? It was lightening to a watery blue that wasn’t all that different from her own hair? Did that mean that her plan had worked? If they shared a hair color, then did that mean that her precious Gray had fallen for her? She tossed this possibility around in her mind, but as things continued to unfold, her enthusiasm would very quickly change to horror.

From Gray’s perspective, however? He hadn’t noticed the very strange lightening of his hair. Instead he was scanning her surroundings for one particular Water Mage, the one hiding herself around a nearby corner. “**What is she up to now?**” It wasn’t at all unlike Juvia to engage in some type of unusual scheme, particularly as far as he was concerned. It wasn’t like the man hadn’t acknowledged her feelings, but... Returning them? Giving his heart to someone? They just weren’t things that the Ice Make Mage was prepared to do just yet. After all.

*As a young girl, I’m inexperienced.*

Wait, was that *right*? “**A young girl? I’m not...**” There was no denying that this most certainly *wasn’t* what he was. Both of those descriptors were incorrect, because he was both a man and, well? Depending on your interpretation, he supposed he *could* be considered young. He wasn’t a kid though, which was what the ‘girl’ part implied! “...**Why did I just think that?**” If someone had said it aloud, then that would have at least made *some* sense. But he had literally thought it with his own mind.

In a turn of events that perhaps was not good for Gray, but was good for the thought that had crossed his mind just moments before, at least one of the descriptors he had used to think of himself suddenly became real. Because all at once? The man’s hulking frame began to spiral downwards – not merely in height, but in every foreseeable way imaginable. “**The hell!?**”

It was so sudden that he had momentarily felt like he was falling, with arms stretched out to the sides to keep his balance as the world around him expanded. Not literally, of course, but it certainly felt that way from his own point of view. Height peeled right off of him, and as it did so?

The bulging muscles that defined his figure softened until his limbs were slender and his torso was just the slightest bit pudgy.

Not that it really mattered as far as his height was concerned. By the time his limbs had collapsed appropriately, he looked closer to the age of thirteen or so. A far cry from the late teens he'd been at physically before. With a height of just under five feet, he hardly looked much older than Wendy – and his face certainly portrayed that better than anything. There was a gentle, youthful look that saw his features to become rounder than they had been before. And in a way, for some reason, they even looked to be quite androgynous.

Beneath his shirt, his Fairy Tail mark had even disappeared.

More androgynous than he'd actually been at that age, in fact. **“Wh-What’s going on!? Did I just g-get smaller!?”** Gray was the type of guy that would normally lash out when something like this happened, and in fact this wasn't the first time he'd been regressed back to a younger age. And yet? The voice he voiced his shock with was unnaturally... *uncertain*. The boy's unyielding confidence had deteriorated somewhat, and as a result there was a stutter to his words, and a softness to his tone.

Not only did Gray sound more unsure, but he actually *was* unsure. He had just shrunk, there was really no point in objectively denying that. Yet something deep down was telling him that ‘this height is normal!’ rather than continuing to question the oddity of his shrinkage. His button-up shirt was sitting on him like a big blanket and his pants and boxers had fallen to the ground, and yet that voice deep down *still* insisted that there was a semblance of normalcy in the height.

Though, the height was also quickly becoming the least of his worries. Or would it be better to say *her* worried? The younger individual let loose a shudder as something in her body irreversibly changed. Sheepishly, hands reached down to grip the front of her shirt – the portion of it dangling over her crotch – only to find it gripping nothing. **“O-Oh no!”**, she chirped with a voice that most certainly sounded a lot more maiden-like by this point in time. **“My thingy!”**

Her... thingy? Had she always called it that? But what else would you call it? It was a thingy between her legs! ...Between her legs? The more Gray thought about this and the skepticism grew upon her face, the more certain she became that something absolutely *should not* have been between her legs. Being a fair maiden, a boy's genitalia had never once dangled from her pelvis! Although she did have a thin trimming of hair growing just above her new pelvic arrangement.

That said, this wasn't the only thing happening on the hair side of things. The girl's hair had already changed to blue – that had been the first thing to happen after all – but its general length and style had remained largely the same even after shrinking and getting young. Gray had always kept her hair the same way, after all. But because things were dramatically changing, that meant her hairstyle had to change along with them.

Little by little her locks grew longer, soon reaching the base of her neck as her natural spikes flattened against the top of her head. The length and style of it all didn't quite stop there though, and as it continued to spill down her back, a natural waviness plagued its overall style as increased volume saw her bangs tumble between her eyes.

“*Um... Hm...*” What was wrong? Standing there, her huge shirt soaked through, she didn't really know anymore. Her eyes blinked, and after doing so they appeared bigger, rounder, and fuller – all while inheriting a blue that was only a shade or two lighter than her new hair. All in all, this was just a small part of what made her face look more girlish. Her lips were just a little swollen, her nose a little smaller, and her cheeks a lot rounder. Her complexion had become effeminate and adorable.

Just as the rest of her shrunken figure was. For a girl of her age, there wasn't all *that* much that could be made in terms of adjustments, mind you. The sides of her tummy sloped in a little to present her with a more girlish gait, and hips extended just an inch wider than normal. But it was the fat that thickened her thighs and butt just slightly that made it clear she was a girl. Just as the subtle plumpness that beset her chest as nipples became just a little more pronounced.

Of course, none of this was really visible even *with* her clothes so wet. The shirt was so oversized that it obscured everything, and it certainly wasn't an outfit befitting of a girl of her age... considering *all* it was, was a wet men's button-up tee. Fortunately, the girl was graced by a feeling of dryness as the shirt not only was dried out, but it changed into a simple, white dress with a frilly skirt. A green raincoat appeared around her arms and shoulder, possessing a bunny-eared hood that complimented the green rainboots that now encompassed her feet.

Strangely enough, though? A bunny sock puppet appeared on her left hand. One with an eye patch. But that was okay. From the girl's perspective, it felt like it had *always* been there. And did it have a will of its own? Something like that, more or less.

Clad now in clothing that fit her much more comfortably, the young *Yoshino* blinked as the rabbit puppet on her left hand slowly scanned the surrounding area. A Spirit of Water, the moisture that had

accumulated on her body from Juvia's previous dousing had more or less dried off, and even the dress and raincoat she was now adorned in was completely dry. If anything, the girl was a little confused about how she had gotten there. Much less where *here* was. "**Umm...**"

Because she was confused, she was quiet. Skittish and anxious, her new personality type was much different from Gray's, and was actually closer to that of Wendy. Although if Yoshino was confused, you could only imagine how Juvia was feeling. At the behest of her own spell, she had just watched the man she dearly loved regress into the form of a small, teenaged girl that didn't even seem to be acting the way her precious Gray typically acted.



**"GRAAAAAAY!? I'm so soooooorry!"**

She was no longer able to contain herself, in fact, and with tears streaming from her eyes she bolted from behind the alley corner and grabbed Yoshino into a hug. The Spirit was naturally startled, but there was something about this woman. She was *soothing*, somehow. If you asked the younger girl to put that feeling into words though, she wouldn't easily be able to find them. "**I didn't mean to turn you into a girl! I just wanted you to love me!**"

Of course, regardless of *who* it was, the fact that she was being held so tightly left Yoshino uncomfortable. "**Um... I... Um... I'm not really sure who you are, miss, but it's okay. You're, um... really pretty?**" Why had she paid *that* compliment? It had felt rather hard to help herself. Was this what one called an 'attraction'? Perhaps Juvia's spell had transformed Gray, but its primary function had actually succeeded. Yoshino found herself attracted to this woman. So much so that, while embarrassed, she returned Juvia's hug. "**Umm... Can you help me? I think I'm lost...**"

Lost, and she wanted an excuse to spend time with this person. She could tell the woman was attuned to water as well. Was that where this 'attraction' came from? Or was it something greater than that? Yoshino wasn't really sure, but at least on Juvia's part? There was a lot of coping to be had in the days that would follow, particularly once she learned that there was no simple way to turn Gray back, if there was even one at all.

But hey! In five years? Yoshino and Juvia would get married. So all's well that end's well, right? Probably! Maybe. Possibly.