

FAIRY IN BEING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Well it’s a pretty on the nose job for us, isn’t it?”

“LUCYYYYY! I’M HUNGRY!”

“NOW ISN’T THE TIME NATSU!”

Fairy Tail was a guild stationed in the city of Magnolia on the nation of Fiore. It was the job of these guilds, populated by mages, to essentially take care of the requests put forward by Fiore’s people. Whether it was something mundane like item collection or dealing with terrifying monsters, there were no requirements for how complicated or simple those quests could be so long as the guild and those members that completed it were properly compensated.

And they were presently out *on* one such quest. Or at least a small group of them were. Fairy Tail was a fairly sizable guild by this point in time, and while some situations called for them *all* to be mobilized that wasn’t exactly the norm. Smaller teams operated inside of the group, such as this team that was commonly known as *Team Natsu*.

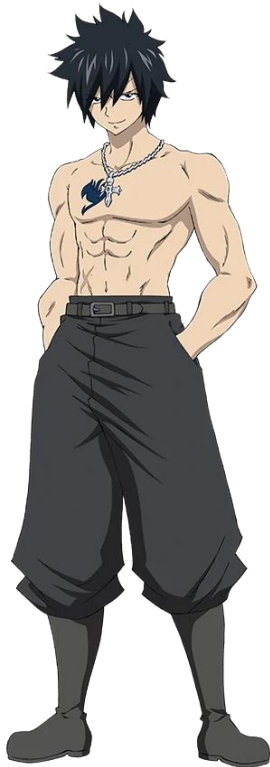
They might as well have been the most famous team at this point after all they had been through. Consisting of the Fire Dragon Slayer Natsu Dragneel, the Celestial Spirit Mage Lucy Heartfilia, the Ice Make Mage Gray Fullbuster, the S-Class Mage Erza Scarlet, and the Sky Dragon Slayer Wendy Marvell – their group was a powerful jack of all trades team that had gone up against some of the biggest baddies that their world had ever known.

“Would you guys *pay attention*? I’m pretty sure we’ve past this tree before.” The group was strong but noisy; a mix of personalities that could largely be chaotic, especially as far as the two men were concerned. But for once it was Gray who was trying to take charge after considering the situation. They had been tasked to retrieve a treasure from this forest, which was apparently known by locals as the ‘Forest of the Fae’.

But after hours of wandering around it became clear that the treasure wouldn’t be easy to find. There was something about the forest that made it simple to walk in circles even while making a conscious effort to avoid doing so. Natsu was yelling about being hungry because of this, while Lucy was trying to calm him down and Wendy and Erza watched quietly from the sidelines.

Erza did eventually speak up. **“Calm down, Gray. Getting panicked won’t...? Hm? Gray? Wasn’t he here just a moment ago?”** Looking to where she’d heard the Ice Make Mage speak just seconds prior there wasn’t anyone there at all.

Almost like he had disappeared into thin air.



“*Huh?*” Moments after berating his friends for being too noisy and not focusing on their problems at hand, Gray found himself treated to an all too unfamiliar silence. An unusual mist had rolled in, or at least that was how *he* had perceived things – but the truth was different than he had assumed. The mist hadn’t rolled in. He’d been teleported to another location in the forest without realizing, separated entirely from his friends. **“Where the hell did everyone else go? Guys!?”**

Was there a reason for his sudden dislocation? Well, while no one had seemingly ever seen a fairy despite his guild being named ‘Fairy Tail’, the fairies of this forest had been closely observing Gray and his friends ever since they had first stepped foot in the woods. They were curious creatures that preferred to remain hidden, but more than anything? They loved to have fun.

When they were introduced to humans that *also* seemed fun? Well they liked to play with them in roundabout ways. Pranking them, moving them around, *changing them*. Those that caught their interest the most keenly were even bestowed the greatest

honor imaginable – and they saw Team Natsu as the perfect recipients of this honor. **“That’s weird, I was standing with ‘em a moment ago...”**

Gray rubbed at the back of his head. He wasn’t panicked or anything like that but it was pretty inconvenient to be separated from everyone else. Worst case he could just use his Ice Make Magic to lift himself above the canopy of trees to find the exit. Or at least that was what he imagined he could do, not realizing that his understanding of the magic he had been studying his whole life had diminished. In fact this was something that had happened with all of the Team Natsu members that had come into the forest – part of its strange effects on the minds of those that entered.

Or, well, it was more of a failsafe of the fairies that lived inside. They didn’t want magic wielding humans, say, *burning the forest down* and so while the humans could recall wielding magic, if they decided to use it within the forest’s borders they wouldn’t be able to use it practically. **“Guys!?! Natsu!?! Lucy!?”** Not that the shirtless man had realized. He was still calling out for his friends, hoping that they were somewhere nearby.

The mist made it difficult to navigate. If everything had looked the same before then this had taken it to the next level. **“I wonder if I could mark where I’ve been...”** They *had* been using candies earlier, but after circling once Natsu had started eating them. Which naturally did *not* help. Considering he was only wearing pants with nothing in his pockets though, Gray had to abandon that idea.

Not that he would need to worry about navigating the forest for much longer.

The Fairy Tail tattoo on his right breast looked a little *different*. The tail that jutted out from the bottom had eroded in its entirety as if to say *‘fairies don’t have tails, you idiot’* but Gray hadn’t exactly noticed this. He was still focused on his surroundings and how he could possibly escape them, not considering at all the possibility that the spell that had teleported him was the only spell he had been affected by in the moment.

“I guess the worst case scenario is that one of the guilds’ enemies is here. Hope the others didn’t get separated too in that case.” Being a member of Fairy Tail meant that enemies would sometimes spring up when you least expected them to. It was something that they had come to accept over the years but it didn’t make it any less annoying when it happened. So that was certainly an option, *but...*

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

An expression of annoyance was present on Gray's face, fingers getting to work scratching his scalp. He didn't think much of it at first – having an itchy scalp from time to time wasn't exactly unheard of or anything like that. “**Huh?**” That expression ultimately changed to one of confusion though. Typically, when he scratched his head his hairstyle remained upright. His spikey hairdo was as durable as his magic should have been, and yet? He could feel those spikes flattening. No... Were they also a little *shaggier*? “**The hell?**”

He glanced up at his bangs to try and make sense of it. They spike shapes they had? Well they had fanned out. No... It almost looked like his bangs were being restyled in their entirety? They were longer in some places and shorter in others, framing his eyes and face neatly as opposed to messily dangling down. That wasn't right, but neither was how long that mane was becoming in the back. It had already dangled past his shoulders and was *continuing* to grow.

It was around this time that Gray subconsciously noted an odd case of the chills but he was so focused on the state of his hair that it didn't immediately click with him *why* he was suffering them. Considering he was shirtless though? The case was fairly obvious just looking at him. The color of his skin had been slowly paling and that was naturally notable, but it was his *build* that had taken the heaviest hit. Or *lightest* hit in another sense.

The man's sculpted, muscular body was, well... *It had seen better days*. Bulky arms were thinning in real time, their muscle mass thinning but not softening into nothing as some tone was retained. This might not have seemed *that* egregious if not for what could be observed upon his paled torso. Pectoral and abdominal muscles both dried up, skin smoothing away while only the bare minimum show of strength persisted in the long run. But while this changed the man's appearance so that it was notably thinner inherently, well...

His waistline wasn't supposed to dip in *that* much, was it?

“**What the hell is going on with my *hair!*?**” Rather than note how thin and weak he'd become, or how his hips looked oddly wide as a result, or even the feminine crack in his voice that had sounded when he had called out? Gray was still at odds with his hair. It had been growing long as he grabbed at it; not just past his shoulders, but it was already down to his *ankles*. “**Geh!? *The heck!*?**” He hadn't been sure at first, but the color of his locks had lightened, hadn't they? Dark silver, to regular silver, to a silver that had a violet undertone.

“And why doeth my— H-Huh!?” A higher and softer ring to the man’s voice aside, his lips were also smacking uncomfortably against each other so that it seemed like he had a lisp, albeit a brief one. A hand was removed from his long, silver hair to touch at his lips – a movement done so suddenly that he didn’t really *examine* the hand in question to note that it was not only smaller, but daintier with longer, painted nails. Both of his hands were in this condition and when it came to his feet? Having shrunken just the same, they barely fit within his boots.

But going back to Gray’s *mouth*, his words had fumbled because, as he soon realized, his lips were thicker than they had been prior. Thicker, glossier, softer... *feminine*. **“I sound like a girl...”** Which wasn’t even impossible since this *was* a world of magic. He didn’t realize just how dire things were in that regard though. His lips were fuller, yes, but that was just a small part of what had been happening to his face overall.

Cheekbones had slowly been growing thinner as had his jawline, no masculine bulk to it whatsoever by the time it had properly thinned. Plump and kissable lips were of course present, but their glossy forms were nestled between a small button nose that rested between a pair of eyes that were bigger, brighter, and sported lengthy effeminate lashes. Not even the mage’s irises were safe, ultimately coming awash with a bright, greenish blue that seemed to match his fairer complexion well.

And this was without commenting on how his ears had pulled out into long, six inch points. Like an elf... or a *fairy*.

“No way! Why the heck am I becoming a woman!?” Gray had finally taken notice of his thin, waif-like figure. His muscles were all gone but he didn’t *feel* weaker? And why had he been saying ‘heck’ instead of ‘hell’ like he normally did? Not to mention his guild tattoo... **“Wait! Don’t disappear!”** It must have been eroding for quite some time because he only caught sight of the final bit of ink fading away into his pale, fair skin. And the very second any trace of it had disappeared... **“NGH!?! MMN!?!”**

The sounds *she* made hadn’t really been *appropriate* but one could hardly blame her all things considered. It had almost felt like she had just cum with how intense the feeling had been, buckling her knees, but hands gripped the front of her pants to find the true culprit. An absence of what she would have expected to cum through. A completely flat pelvis. **“My...? Do I have a pussy!?”** The woman cringed at her own use of that term. Wasn’t it a little too improper for a knight to shout out? *A knight? Am I a knight? But...*

Gray’s memories felt... off. She hadn’t forgotten who she was supposed to be, but being a Fairy Tail mage? Being a man? These memories felt

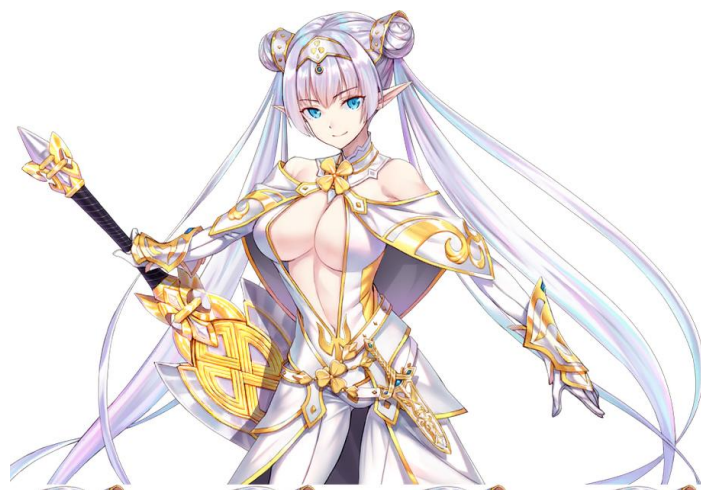
wrong even though she knew they were correct. All the while her body had begun to finalize its changes since her sex had finally been altered. This was made beyond apparent by her pants... or how they struggled to contain the shape of her lower body. They had been baggy before but were struggling to not overly grip swollen thighs and widened hips. Not to mention an out of this world ass that was pushing the back of her pants out several additional inches behind her.

The woman's cheeks were tinged pink at the realization that she had a big booty and a woman's general lower half, but what she blurted out wasn't the concern you would have expected. "**Wh-Why am I dressed so lewdly!?**" She could just picture other fairies staring at her big butt, and what if someone saw her without a shirt!? ...Which was all very much the opposite of Gray's usual nonchalant opinion of his relative nudity.

To be fair she at least soon had reasons to worry about her lack of her shirt. There was a slight jiggle to the flesh of her chest beneath her nipples primarily, but over a matter of seconds that jiggle exploded into a fully fledged bounce... and another bounce... and another. Weight was being pumped into her swelling bosom, forcing the fleshy containers to jiggle and dance – which only prompted her to blush harder. "**S-Stop it!**" Before long each breast was just as large as her head.

But thankfully an explosion of light at least alleviated her clothing concerns – granting her a white and gold body suit, pieces of armor, and tying her excessive abundance of hair into two tails while jewelry decorated her head. Somehow she just felt relieved that she was technically still wearing pants of a sort!

"**Phew!**" All things considered, the sigh of relief that escaped the buxom woman's lips now that she was properly clothed was the calmest she had sounded since this entire ordeal had begun. Her breasts were still largely exposed thanks to the open nature of her top, but compared to completely showing off her big tits? Well, *Britomart* would take it! "**This doesn't fix anything though! Why in the world did this happen to me!?**"



Well the question of ‘do fairies have tails?’ now had an obvious answer. She *didn’t* have a tail, so in all likelihood those legends weren’t true.

Her feelings were just as complicated as her present sense of identity was. She could remember *being* Gray and she could definitely recall her guild and friends, but try as she might she could remember her old name? While each movement of her body no matter how slight saw her thick curves jiggle too, she felt accustomed to it. Almost as if she’d spent her entire life in this form – the form of a beautiful fairy knight.

But Britomart was lacking crucial context. She could recognize what had happened to her, that she had become a fairy, but she still didn’t know *why*. Her personality was different and her memories vaguely suited that personality in a more sensible way, but she had no memories about why this had just happened to her! She’d been separated from the others just to be transformed into a fairy woman? What was the point of that? **“Wait!”**

It hit her suddenly. Memories of the fae folk that she was now a member of, or at least their nature. While she was a diligent and proper, hard-working knight? Midst the fae hierarchy she was one of the calmer and more sensible types. The others loved to play pranks and induce humans into their ranks. It was only a matter of time before she too would be counted entirely among them, gradually forgetting about her human life over days, weeks, and months. But if she’d been transformed... Then they probably weren’t eyeing her alone!

“Oh no, the others are in danger too!”