(A disclaimer because I know I’ll have to repeat it a lot: Wendy is **19 years old** already in this continuity. Things happened differently than in the series. And as usual, **WARNING**: This story contains female muscle, male muscle, and graphic sexual content)

Wendy had been staring at the lacrima for a while.

It had been a ‘gift’ from Cana and… the story that came with it was honestly unreal.

Erza achieving some sort of Dragon Slayer Magic? Outlandish but… not outside the realm of possibility, knowing who her mother was, how she had been growing in a dragon’s womb for *centuries*.

But the fact this new dragon magic had changed Erza so much, pumping her body with so much energy it forced it to… evolve, for lack of a better world. To become draconian in trait, swell taller and larger with enormous muscles. And the fact she possessed so much abundant energy that it forced her to spend it into multiple lacrimas, that these lacrimas could *grant people Dragon Slayer power*.

If not for Cana displaying the effects of the lacrima in front of her, growing to tremendous size and showing such a marvelous physique, she would have called such a thing into question.

But it was *real*. The power was *real*. The strength that came with such a body…

Wendy had been too stunned at the revelation that Cana intended to give these lacrimas she stole to a *bunch* of girls. Oh gods she didn’t even want to imagine what Erza would do when she found out.

Wendy should have gone to Erza, told her she knew the situation, and explained what Cana had planned. But… she hadn’t.

She kept sitting in her room, staring at the orb in her hands. A very intrusive thought repeating itself over and over in her mind.

What would this lacrima do to a Dragon Slayer like her?

Would she become as big as Cana? Would she turn out… bigger?

Wendy sighed, setting the lacrima on her bed, and went to the bathroom. She splashed some water on her face and stared at her reflection. She knew she should be proud of her looks, she was a lovely young woman. Even if her breasts weren’t the size she wanted, being surrounded by so many busty beauties sure left you with some self-image issues…

She grew up while everyone else was locked out of time on the island, she had to mature to keep the Guild afloat and help her friends. She was forced to do all this, mourning her family for so long… and then they came back, and it was the best day of her life.

Throughout it all they faced so many challenges and adventures. The Magic Games, Tartaros, the Alvarez War, Acnologia. She had proved herself so many times.

Yet she still felt like Wendy, ‘everyone’s little sister’. Everyone was always protecting her. Everyone kept looking at her like she was still that same little girl.

She hated it.

She wished Carla were here, she could talk to her about this. But she was busy visiting the Exceed village for the time being…

She returned to her bedroom, and *shrieked*.

“Hey, Wendy!”

Natsu was lying on her bed, idly holding the lacrima in one hand. Gods, was his home invasion of Lucy’s place not enough, did he have to do the same with *her* house?!

She squashed the side of her that was *thrilled* at the prospect of having him in her bed. Wendy had a… well to call it a crush would imply a romantic component, she supposed she could be crude enough to admit she was *very* attracted to Natsu in a *very* physical way.

And of course, she had made no progress regarding that. Saying; ‘Hey I know you still see me as that kid, but I think you’re really hot and I was hoping we could bang’.

Neither Porylusca nor Cana were good influences…

Then she realized that *oh gods he was holding the super lacrima!*

…What would happen if *he* used it?

Wendy pushed that thought out of her mind with all her strength. “N-Natsu, what brings you here? At this hour…?” She turned to look at her clock, it was barely 8 PM.

“Oh, Cana said you had something you wanted to show me”

Cana you tricky bitch!

“Is it this thing?” He sat on her bed, looking quizzically at the lacrima. “It feels… weird. Smells super familiar too. Like a dragon” He gave her a look, “Wendy is this a dragon lacrima?”

“It’s… not wrong to say that,” She carefully said, wondering how much she should reveal. “It’s a long story, and I’m not sure I should say anything”

“Aren’t we friends? We can tell each other anything”

Gods she loved how earnest he always sounded. *You don’t know how much more I want to be…*

“Is this what Cana meant?” He tilted his head. “That you’ve been wanting to tell me something for a good while”

*Why are you putting me on the spot, Cana?!*

…Fuck it, what did she have to lose?

She took a deep breath, “Natsu… how do you feel about me?”

“Eh? You’re Wendy!” He said as though that explained everything. “You’re my friend!”

“I know, and I’m happy to be” She took a step closer, “But, am the Wendy you see now or… the Wendy you remember?”

Natsu frowned confused, “I… don’t follow”

She got closer, with the spherical lacrima being the only thing between them that kept space. “Am I a woman to you, Natsu? Am I…” She blushed, pursing her lips, “beautiful, to you?”

“Oh course you are!” He said unabashedly. “You grew up really nice!”

Now, for the leap of faith.

“So… if I do this”

She leaned forward and kissed him.

He let out a shocked muffled sound as his eyes widened.

The kiss barely lasted a few seconds, and when she parted, Wendy took *several* steps back. Her face was burning, she couldn’t believe she had done that! She dreamt about it for so long…

“…How do you feel about me, then?”

Poor Natsu looked like his brain had fried, and Wendy feared she had made a mistake.

“I-I-I-I-I” He sounded like a broken record. “I… Wendy, I mean, I don’t… Y-You’re you, and I’m… *Fuck*. I don’t even know what I’m saying!” He hissed in frustration, the grip on the lacrima unconsciously tightening.

“Natsu, I’ve felt very attracted to you for a long time” Wendy finally confessed, and it felt as liberating as it was horrifying. “And I… I need to know if ‘us’ can happen in some form. If not… we just move on with our lives, and pretend this never happened”

Natsu looked like a deer caught on headlights, the way he tensed with the confession, and the kiss from before.

“Wendy I… I don’t know what to do, or to even say. You’re… I still remember when we first met, you were-“

“I know,” She tried not to cry, and she was failing miserably. “It’s all everyone can see of me”

Natsu looked wretched, “And now I made you cry. *Fuck!* I’m so sorry, I don’t want to hurt you-!

It had all been too much for the Fire Dragon Slayer, he failed to notice the cracks on the lacrima from his tightened grasp. How the spider-web of jagged lines spread from his fingertips and palms. They were both too engrossed in this drama to notice.

It was only when the lacrima crumbled in Natsu’s hand that the two realized.

For a moment, they froze.

Then, *pandemonium*.

The magic escaped from the lacrima’s remnants in streams of energy, seeking the nearest host that resonated the most with them. Dragon magic sought to become one with a fellow wielder, and with Natsu being the closest… it all went to him, every last drop. He let out choked gasps as the magic dug through his skin and into his muscles, with large portions of it being swallowed by his mouth as though he was eating flames.

Before Wendy’s eyes, he grew *so fast*.

Natsu’s body was lean and muscular, a trait she found so attractive about him. He was no Laxus or Elfman, but there was an appeal to his smaller frame.

His visible sleeveless arm showed the first changes, with his toned biceps swelling rapidly and his forearms widening in circumference as the deltoids exploded with flesh. The definition in each muscle group deepened so deeply it was astonishing. Scale-like marks formed at the sides of his arm, red in color, they slowly crawled all the way to his neck.

His sleeve finally shredded as the cramped muscles were too much to contain, letting torn strips of fabric fall to the floor. Natsu was panting, growling like a beast as he took off his scarf, perhaps a part of him still in control so as not to damage his father’s treasures keepsake. It barely hit the floor when another spasm shook his body, and his *boulder-like* pecs snapped his overcoat on the front. Wendy bit her lip, quivering with arousal at the sight of those magnificent, *shredded*, and rippling muscles. So wide, so strong…

His legs bloomed into fleshy tree trunks of unparalleled tone and hardness, shredding the cuffs of his pants as the inflating quads changed the remains into a very tight pair of trunks that kept tearing the more the rippling thighs grew… along with the bulge that was being stuffed inside. It made her knees weak just by looking at it…

It was then Wendy noticed how much *taller* he was getting as well, reminding her of the days she used to look up at him. His height as well as *width* dwarfed her, giving her a nice view of his pectorals directly at eye level. She heard the overcoat split down the middle, his mountainous back shredding the last vestiges of his torso. Yet something new covered his dorsal muscles now, a cascade of messy pink hair that extended well over his shoulder blades as long locks grew in length and density, creating a wild mane around the Fire Dragon Slayer’s head.

Natsu looked so wild, rugged, *powerful*. The way those muscles rippled with girth and vigor, the strength she could *smell* emerging from him in droves. Natsu growled with pleasure as he brought down his arms into a savage most muscular, flexing his upper body and forcing it to pump even larger with its unreal definition and massive size.

The erection throbbing under the remains of his pants was the final proof of his sheer virility. Wendy rubbed her legs uncomfortably as the must coming from his frame overwhelmed her…

“What… happened?” He panted, his voice raspy, growly, and dry.

“*Something amazing*” The Sky Dragon Slayer muttered with barely restrained arousal, launching herself at him before either realized what she had done. One moment she was standing in front of this *titan*, and the next she was trying to smother herself by planting her face into his pecs.

Natsu grunted, shivering when he felt her lips kiss his muscular flesh. They nibble and suckle, and her tongue darts out to prod the striated lines of *deep* definition, running a wet trail over the bumps and crevices of his massive and thick musculature. A part of him feels it’s wrong, that this is *Wendy*. That they shouldn’t be doing this.

But a stronger, fierce, and *growling* part of him *feels* her. He smells her draconic scent as a fellow Slayer, much more strongly than ever. And it causes the fires in his soul to ignite with the intensity of the sun. His cock *throbs* so painfully hard in the tatters of his shorts, the softball-stuffed look morphing to a pointed peak that strains the remnants of the fabric more and more.

Wendy can’t resist, she doesn’t want to. “Flex, *please*” She begs him, and he instinctively caves at the request, rising magnificent python-like arms that ripple with striated flesh. The veins pulsate, they throb and grow larger with the flex, spreading more and more in chaotic patterns from his forearm, enveloping the split speak of his bicep, and traversing all the way to his shoulder and pecs. Wendy sighed in adoration, kissing and licking everywhere she could find, her hands fondling the muscles with eagerness, each brush with the swells of flesh making her sex moisten up all the more.

“I wanted this for so long, Natsu…” The Sky Slayer mutters, eyes half-closed, drunken with desire. “I need you, all of you. To make me feel,” She shivers when her legs intertwine over a wide thigh, brushing the seat of her shorts against the beef and lightly grinding her folds. While a knee touches the underside of his sack. “*Feel like a woman*”

Natsu growls, throwing his head back as the neck muscles bulk up so widely, a thick vein running at the side of his throat. The declaration snaps one of the few remaining threads that hold him back. A with a loud *riiiiip!* He is completely naked, the remains of his pants utterly destroyed as his erection forces its way free.

He can’t think straight, his mind is bombarded by images of Wendy. She no longer looks like the girl he used to know. She’s a woman now, a mature *dragon*. And his body involuntarily thrusts at the impulses. The way Wendy looks at him, at his enormous body she can barely put her arms around, at the *imposing* manhood that wobbles free, only makes things worse.

He doesn’t think with logic, he can’t apply it to any of his actions as his mind is ablaze. He can only think of relieving the tension so he doesn’t unleash it *with* Wendy. So he turns to the side and grabs the mighty tool in both hands and *pumps*. He pumps like a man possessed, desperately seeking release.

But he ends up giving Wendy a *glorious* show. With the way his arm muscles flex as he works himself, how his eight bags of abdominal muscles pop in and out reflexively, his chest constricting and flexing all the more powerfully, the *lengthy* muscles of his wide back spreading even more.

And of course, how his cock twitches, the now-revealed head dripping with a few drops of pre-cum.

Natsu growls savagely, throwing his head back and making the wild mane of pink hair sway, as he shoots his load in the air. One, two, three spurts of thick white seed escape him as he lets out ragged breaths of pure relief.

Wendy’s knees tremble, she pants as her nipples harden to painful knobs, her wet folds paradoxically feel on *fire*. The dragon in her is beyond captivated by this display of maximum virility.

That should have been the end of things, Natsu believed he should be done, that now relieved he posed no threat to *craving* Wendy. How sorely mistaken he was, for his balls still ache, filling again with his empowered vigor. He still smelled her, and he cursed himself for finding it so *irresistible*.

His keen ears hear Wendy drop to her knees, and when he looks down his eyes widen to find her in front of him, her eyes… her *mouth* leveled with his dripping erection.

Wendy’s heart beats loudly in her ears, she struggles to accept what she’s about to do. What she *craves* to do. She is a mage, a warrior, she has faced death so many times… to do this was to embrace finally being the woman she knows she is.

Wendy opens her mouth and takes Natsu’s cock inside.

The Fire Slayer gasps, pleasure instantly flooding from his core to his body. His meat no longer feels the cold air, just the warm shelter of Wendy’s tongue, the wet confines of her cheeks and tongue.

Wendy read so many books and received so much info from Cana. She puts that knowledge to the test now in this first-ever experience. She suckles, she licks, and bobs her head back and forth as one hand caresses the tree-trunk thigh, while the other plays *underneath*. She closes her eyes to truly *savor him.* Wendy smelled the mask, tasted the salty drops still falling from the head, and she was *enjoying* it, all of it. She relishes Natsu’s moans, his grunts and growls, and how his hips slightly move back and forth with her… it lets her know she’s doing a *marvelous* job.

A hand pushes on the back of her head, and Wendy’s eyes widen when Natsu lets out another fierce grunt, “W-Wendy!” The way he called out her name left her *drenched*. And then her tongue tastes a deluge splattering inside her mouth.

Wendy doesn’t even think, she just cleans it all completely, lapping for all her worth at his dick. And when there is not a drop left, she drinks it all with one solemn gulp.

Natsu watched as she swallowed his cum with a drunken smile. The last remnants of his control were blown away with her blowing his member. Right now they were two dragons in heat… and their needs had to be sated.

“*Take m*e”

He obliges her, lifting her up and kissing her so intensely she is moaning loudly into her mouth. She shivers when he rips the clothes off her with a simple tug. Letting Natsu take a look at her…

“Beautiful…” He says with a raspy growl. And Wendy nearly swoons delighted that he sees her as a woman at last.

She is smiling when he takes her to her bed, laying flat on her back for him. Natsu looms over her, and she shivers at the sight of his *humongous* muscles and powerful member still hard and throbbing. He kneels on the floor next to her bed, grabbing a hold of her hips as she spreads her legs for him.

“*Go*”

And he does, with a clean thrust he entered here. He could scarcely believe what was happening. He was *inside* Wendy. He was *fucking* her. He was filling her for all he’s worth with repeated thrusts brimming with vigor. And he was loving every *fucking second of it*.

Wendy moans, *overjoyed* at the feeling of such powerful manhood stretching her inner walls, pushing deeper into her with wild thrusts. Her breasts jostle as he keeps going back and forth, grunting with animal-like sounds as this man, this *dragon*, brings her to high heaven.

This is what she wanted all along, her fantasies powered a thousandfold by this *hunk,* this dragon of a man rippling with herculean muscles. The most perfect lover, Natsu, the man she desired more than anything.

Wendy’s laugh of joy is mixed with her moans as she arcs her back, clenching her walls tightly around him as she unravels, coating her in her release. Natsu’s upper body *flexes* mightily, pumping with girth and veins as he lets out a dragon-like roar, with a final thrust he empties himself inside Wendy, shooting load after load into her entrance.

For a moment, the two catch their breaths, their bodies heaving heavily in the afterglow.

Wendy hums in pleasure as Natsu climbs on top of her, roughly pawning at her breasts as his body covers her completely. “Eager for more, *oh flaming dragon*?”

“You won’t fly away from me, *dragon*” He growls in arousal with a wicked smile. “This slayer is going to *hunt you*~”

Wendy licks her lips and pulls him down for a passionate kiss.

X~X~X~X~X