(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle and graphic sexual content)

Whenever Mirajane would look around the guild, she’d feel a sense of peace and completeness. Natsu and Gray getting into another fight, Elfman’s shouting about being a man much to Evergreen’s annoyed admonishments (and loving gazes), Lucy and Levy talking about books at the corner of the counter, and one or other fight breaking out throughout the guild. This rowdy bunch of loudmouths and their antics made her feel like everything was alright in the world, that things made sense, that everything was… normal.

It was hard to feel normal these days.

With all the close brushes with death, all the battles and villains and monsters who sought to end their lives, one would think she’d have gotten used to putting her life on the line. That coming out on top, alive, meant that you won and things would just be back to the way they were. But she knew the truth, truthfully Mirajane suspected everyone knew better, but they all just preferred to keep those thoughts to themselves, it was no use bringing up the past. Fairy Tail was all about moving forward after all.

A war changes people after all.

The scars remained. The war with Alvarez, Acnologia, the near end of the world…

Had it only been half a year? Sometimes it felt like it was a lifetime ago.

Mirajane sighed, pushing those thoughts away and serving the apple juice to her favorite Dragon Slayer. “Here you go, Wendy!”

“Um…” The blue-haired girl muttered, looking down at her drink. “That’s not my cider, Mirajane”

The eldest Strauss looked at her scandalized, “Wendy, you’re too young for that!”

“…Not really” It was then that Mirajane took notice that Wendy’s voice wasn’t the soft high-pitched tone she remembered. It hadn’t been for a decade.

The nostalgia goggles were lifted from her eyes and she was forced to *really* look at the twenty-one-year-old young woman, who looked at her with confusion and a very small hint of annoyance. Gods, so many things they missed in seven years, including watching Wendy grow up…

“…Oh” Mirajane muttered apologetically, taking the glass away and giving the girl… the woman the drink she had ordered. “Sorry, I guess I still see you as that little girl sometimes”

Wendy sighed, grabbing her glass and looking sadly into it. “Everyone does…” She muttered.

Mirajane didn’t need dragon senses to hear that. Wendy was still going through stuff after the war, her own feelings of inadequacy and having to support the guild while everyone else was gone for years wore on her. Mirajane missed that awkward little girl… but perhaps that was the problem, perhaps everyone was still treating her as their little sister. She decided the best way to avoid upsetting her further was to go the other way and keep herself busy.

She quickly prepared the next order with a skill born from experience. The right mixture of liquor and fruit juice for Lucy and Levy’s drinks, along with a bag of chips she pulled from under the counter.

“Thanks Mira,” The two said almost in unison. Heh, always in sync those two. Before they got back to talking. “So yeah, just got her last letter. She says she’s doing fine, not to worry, but feels she’ll be away longer because she’s hit a wall”

“Didn’t the last one say that too?” Levy muttered worriedly.

“Yeah,” Lucy sighed, taking a sip of her drink.

And there was the *other* issue that kept Mirajane feeling restless. Erza… or rather, her absence.

Two months ago, the Scarlet had left on a training journey. Claiming she needed to come to terms with some things and improve on her own. She was adamant that she’d be alone for the time being, and… well, considering the circumstances, nobody was going to argue against her wishes.

Not after they learned about Irene.

Her team felt her absence the most, but really, everyone in the Guild missed her. Erza was always a cornerstone of their little family, a rock to rely on, a pillar to support them. And damn it, Mirajane missed her friend dearly…

But no, she had to go on her own for this, not even telling them what type of training she was doing, or what her goal was.

“You’d think by now she’d have learned to open up…” Mirajane muttered, feeling a small amount of anger towards the Titania. She realized too late she said it out loud.

“You know how she is, Mira,” Lucy said, her gaze conflicted. “Look I want her here too, or at least I’d have liked for her to let us help train, or… told us what’s bothering her”

“I think we all know what’s bothering her,” Levy said distantly.

“…Yeah” Lucy merely replied, clearly very knowledgeable on what *it* was.

“She shouldn’t deal with this alone,” Mirajane replied. “She’s the first to tell people that, and yet she does this. That thick-headed… Ung!” The white-haired young woman chose to swallow her mounting anger.

“Well we didn’t really fight her on it,” Lucy pointed out.

“She needed space,” Levy countered, “And we gave it to her”

“I think it’s enough space for now,” Mirajane said, resting her hands on the counter. “Someone needs to go there and check on her. *Talk to her*”

Lucy took a deep breath, “You’re right. I think it’s time we get the team to check on her”

“There’s been that influx of jobs though,” Levy pointed out much to their chagrin, and she clearly wasn’t happy with it either. “Master said it’ll be all hands on deck for the next few weeks”

Recovering economically after a war was difficult. Doubly so for a country. *Everyone* needed help with something. Monsters and bandits ran rampant these days…

Mirajane bit her cheek, “…I could go check on her” She said, much to the others’ surprise. “You know my work here is to ‘hold the fort’ more often than not, I think the Master could spare me”

“You’d do that?” Lucy asked, looking hopeful.

“Of course!” Mirajane nodded, smiling brightly. “Trust me, I’ve known her longer than you, I know how to get through that thick head of hers”

She hoped…

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Thankfully Master Makarov was understanding and granted her leave to go look for their favorite redhead. With a sufficiently filled backpack, she bid her goodbyes to the guild as everyone would soon be very busy, hugging her siblings and her closest friends tightly, promising to come back with Erza in tow.

Erza was quite a way from Magnolia, but thankfully she had given them the general location of her current stay in her letters. Creek Renatus was a quiet place up near the mountains in the Fiore countryside, a relatively peaceful area surrounded by forests around the titular creek, with its crystal-clear waters gently coursing through the terrain.

If Mirajane knew Erza (and she prided herself in knowing the Scarlet far better than she knew herself), then she’d most likely be staying by the river as it’d provide a good source of clean water. But to find her in the middle of all these woods she’d had to get a bird’s eye view of the whole place.

Thankfully her magic came in handy, as she summoned a pair of bat-like wings from her back and took to the skies, placing herself high enough for the most optimal vantage point. She flew following the river’s path, looking for any signs of the Titania. Perhaps smoke from a campfire or a signature of Erza’s magic.

Fortunately, Mirajane spotted a small clearing near the riverbank, and there caught sight of a smudge of red. Excitement and joy bloomed in her heart and quickly dove towards the ground.

As she drew near, she began making out the details more clearly. Erza was sitting cross-legged on the ground in a meditative position, wearing her Clear Heart, and looking very at peace with herself and her surroundings… from a distance, the closer she got the more notable to Mirajane was the stern frown on her face. Though admittedly that wasn’t an unusual gesture for Erza.

The moment the sound of her wings beating reached the redhead, Erza reacted with surprise, dropping her meditation and looking straight at the eldest Strauss. “Mirajane?” She muttered, clearly she hadn’t expected to see her.

Mirajane landed nearby with a wide smile, her wings disappearing into motes of magic. “Been a while, Erza”

The knight merely stared at her moment, her shocked expression slowly morphing into joy. “It’s so good to see you”

“If that’s the case,” Mirajane held out her arms, “Where is my hug?” She asked, tilting her head cutely to the side.

Erza chuckled to herself, rising from her position to embrace her best friend. The two shared a heartful hug, happy to see each other after all this time. After a moment or two, they split up, but Erza still held her hands over Mirajane’s shoulders. “I wasn’t expecting to see you,” Or anyone, Mirajane figured that was left unsaid.

“Well, somebody had to check up on you eventually,” Mirajane said, trying not to sound too judgmental. “It’s been months, Erza. We were starting to get worried”

Erza let go of her shoulders, “I was sending letters, wasn’t I?”

“It’s not the same as actually seeing you ourselves,” Mirajane said, this time being a *little bit more* judgmental, using her best big sister glare to get the point across. “We barely even know what you were doing”

Erza opened her mouth, but her argument degraded into a sigh, “I suppose I should have been more open but… I wasn’t comfortable sharing it then”

Mirajane’s glare disappeared, replaced by a sympathetic gaze. “If you’re still not comfortable...”

“No, I… I mean, I don’t think I am. But maybe talking about it would do me better, think I’ve carried this on my own long enough” She turned around, motioning for Mirajane to follow her. “Come on, let’s talk somewhere more comfortable”

Mirajane followed suit, and after a short walk, she deadpanned at the sight of this ‘comfortable’ place Erza mentioned. “It’s a cave,”

“Home sweet home”

“Erza you’ve been living in a cave?”

“It’s roomy, and hey I made sure to make it homey while training here”

Mirajane just sighed and entered the cave with her friend. To Erza’s credit the place was roomy, a large natural earthen formation with almost no humidity, and despite being, you know, made of dirt and rocks it didn’t look *unclean*. The further they went in the more Mirajane could see those ‘roomy’ aspects. Namely, a bed made out of a large futon and fur covers, a basin with clean water, a portable electric stove, and several pans and plates tucked away in a container to be kept clean.

The detail that made Mirajane smile was the various pictures Erza kept around of the guild.

“Well, you sure packed more than essential” She noted, putting her backpack down and sitting on a foldable chair.

“To be perfectly honest, I don’t really pack. Ever” Erza pointed out, “I just… summon what I need from my storage” She explained as she sat on another chair opposite of Mirajane.

“Huh, never really thought you stored more than weapons and armor with your magic,”

“It’s very useful. I even have a mobile bathroom” The redhead said rather proudly.

“Wait you do? Erza where do you get the money for all that?”

“Missions of course,”

“You and your team have to pay for everything you break when you go out. I think the Master is still alive just so he can keep screaming at you”

“Unlike Natsu and Gray, I do know how to save”

“Fair enough,” Well, Mirajane deemed that was enough banter, “Now… Erza, will you tell me what you’ve been doing here”

Erza’s lips pursed in hesitation, she opened and closed her mouth a few times, trying to formulate the words. Mirajane did not push her, she gave her all the time she needed.

“I suppose… it has to do with my… with Irene”

Mirajane’s eyes widened, her back straightening at the mention of *that* woman. Gods even today the memory of that *sheer power* was haunting, the way she had personally brought her down with such ease…

“Something changed after that day,” Erza said slowly, gripping her hands together and rubbing a thumb over the other. “In me,”

“Erza?”

“I don’t know if it was her presence so close to me, being bombarded by her magic, or her being my blood relative, or maybe some of her blood got into me-“ Erza cut herself, placing a palm over her face. “I’m rambling”

“Take your time,” Mirajane said understandingly.

Erza took a deep breath and slowly exhaled it, “…Mirajane” She looked at her friend in the eye, “I feel a power surging inside me, this… this sphere coalescing into raw magic in my chest.” She tapped her sternum repeatedly, “And it feels so frighteningly familiar. It feels like Natsu, like Wendy, like Gajeel… like Irene”

Realization slowly dawned upon the Strauss, whose eyes widened so much her eyelids might as well have disappeared. “Erza… are you…?”

A severe frown marred the Scarlet’s face. “I think I might have Dragon Magic”

The silence that settled between the two was almost deafening.

Mirajane continued to stare at her old friend, her mouth opening and closing repeatedly trying to formulate the right words. Erza meanwhile just kept looking down, once more joining her hands.

Finally, did Mirajane speak; “Why didn’t you tell us? N-Natsu and the others could have helped you!”

“I know” Erza moaned, remorse evident in her voice. “I know. But I felt so strange needing to ask this of them, I didn’t ask for this power. And I certainly am not comfortable knowing where it came from!” Her voice descended into a growl by the end, she stood up and paced around, bringing her hands to her head. “Irene almost killed me, she almost killed *you!*” She hissed the words out. “Tried to take over my body, then went for Wendy’s! And when she finally had the chance to get what she wanted she…!”

Erza stopped talking, almost freezing in the spot at the memory of her mother’s last act.

Mirajane quickly stood up, closing the distance to put a comforting hand on her shoulder. The physical contact quickly made Erza relax if only slightly. She sighed and let her arms fall.

“I… I didn’t like this ‘gift’ she left me,” The redhead muttered. “But it’s here, and I can’t run away from it. So I-“

“You came here to train with it” Mirajane muttered as things were finally falling into place.

“…Yes”

“But,” She shook her head in confusion. “If you hate it so much then why?”

Erza turned around to look at her directly, her eyes were almost haunted. “The war. Acnologia. We’ve been close to death so many times before, but we almost didn’t make it through the war. We were *this close*” She held up two fingers, the distance between them almost negligible; “to losing. The world almost ended that day”

“But we didn’t, Erza” Mirajane replied. “We *won*. The greatest battle we ever fought, and we *won*. Like we’ve won every time the lives of our family have been on the line”

“Yes, and it never stops, Mirajane. That’s what I realized. It never *ends*” Erza stressed the last word through clenched teeth. “There is always another villain, another monster, another evil we have to face, always stronger than the last. What are we going to do when something stronger than Acnologia comes our way?”

“You really think that’s going to happen?”

“Can you promise me it won’t?”

Mirajane’s silence was her answer.

“Yeah,” Erza grimly nodded. “So, I came in seclusion to train with this power. To awaken it, to master it so I can be stronger to protect our Guild. To have another weapon, one *much* more powerful than any blade in my arsenal. One I can use to keep our family safe”

“…Erza,” The white-haired woman looked at her friend with concern. “You know what it did to Irene”

Erza’s lips pursed. “I know. Which is why I came here. Natsu and the others had their parents slowly adapting their bodies so Dragon Slayer Magic wouldn’t mutate them like it did Acnologia and Irene… I’m in the same boat as those two, there is that risk of it turning me into a dragon. So I wanted to practice it away from the others, for their safety”

Mirajane stared at Erza in silence for the longest moment. A myriad of emotions ran through her mind as she processed what Erza had told her.

She finally settled into pure unadulterated *rage*.

The Strauss placed both hands on Erza’s shoulders this time and did something she hadn’t done since they were children.

She headbutted her. Hard.

Erza hissed in pain as Mirajane kept their foreheads together.

“You self-sacrificing sanctimonious *idiot*” Mirajane’s voice carried every single iota of anger she had felt in his life, multiplied by a *hundred*. “Is your martyr complex as large as your ego? Do you really think of your choices and how it affects others at all? Have you learned *nothing* after all we’ve been through?”

“Mira…”

“You *know* the guild has your back no matter what. You *know* you could have asked any of us for help. And you *know* everyone would have done everything in their power to help you. Your mother is an incredibly sore spot for you, trust me, I *get it*” The Take-Over Mage spoke passionately as she unloaded on her friend. “But doing this alone to ‘keep us safe’ is as stupid as you can get. Gods you really have the densest head”

Erza did not reply.

“We’re always facing our problems together as a family, aren’t we? So this shouldn’t be anything different. If it’s a villain or monster, we beat it *together*. And most importantly, we don’t let anyone from our Guild have to bear a burden like this alone”

Erza never forgot that… but in her fears she had pushed it aside, feeling the spirit of Irene hanging over her when she understood what was happening to her.

“So, this is what we’re gonna do,” Her voice softened ever so slightly. “I’m going to stay here, and I’m going to help you master this magic. And *you* are not going to complain, got it?”

Erza’s lips parted slightly. “Mirajane,”

“You’re my best friend,” Mirajane’s hands left her shoulders to embrace her, pulling her into a tight hug. “So at least I want you to respect my choice here, and understand that I love you too much to leave you to go through this alone”

“…M’okay” Erza muttered into her shoulder, her hands slowly coming up to return Mirajane’s embrace, the two rocking their bodies slightly from side to side.

Mirajane smiled with tears gathering in her eyes. “Good… sorry about the headbutt”

“Guess I needed it,” Erza replied with a soft laugh in her voice.

“Heh, just like when we were kids. You were always asking for a whooping”

Erza nuzzled her head against her hair. “I always won,” *Thank you*, went the underlying message.

“You tell yourself that,” *I’m always here for you*.

For now, things were fine. And that was enough.

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Even if some hesitation lingered, Mirajane was one of the best people Erza could have asked for help when it came to mastering this dormant power inside her. She was a very insightful and knowledgeable mage after, not just a mere pretty face who posed on the covers of magazines.

They stood near the river, with Erza wearing a type of sports bra and shorts, as Mirajane placed a hand over the redhead’s chest. “Yeah, I can feel it right here” She muttered softly. “It’s a huge mass of magic, but it’s… restricted, I guess?” She locked eyes with Erza. “Can you describe how it feels to you?”

“Like there this this pool inside my being,” She replied. “If magic courses through my body and spirit like a river, then this pool isolated from the rest, it has not made contact with the flowing stream and yet I’ve felt it grown over time”

“It’s… like a lacrima” Mirajane theorized, “But you haven’t been successful in drawing it out?”

“I’ve tried everything,” Erza said with a tired sigh. “Physical training, meditation. Even forcefully drawing it out but it’s like trying to grab a scolding hot stove”

“Hmm,” Mirajane hummed, crossing one arm under her bust and keeping her other hand over her lips. “Almost like…” She trailed off.

Erza tilted her head. “Like what?”

Mirajane answered her with another question, “How familiar are you with Take-Over Magic?”

The knight blinked at the sudden question but answered it all the same. “By ‘taking over’ the properties and powers of other beings. You infuse yourself with their power and nature”

“That’s the broad strokes, but you’re right,” Mirajane nodded. “But it’s not just that, various types of Take-Over Magic, like Lisanna’s, Elfman’s, and mine, involve taking over the souls of other beings. And it can be a struggle at times…”

Erza remembered it quite well, the time Elfman lost control and everyone thought he had accidentally killed their younger sister.

“So we learn to wrestle control of those wild and dangerous souls inside us, we tame it. My Satan Soul in particular requires the user to have demonic genes for me to master the souls of demons I’ve consumed”

“So… you’re saying I need to wrestle this dragon power inside me for control?”

“It’s the best option I can think of right now,” Mirajane shrugged. “This certainly doesn’t sound like anything the others went through to learn Dragon Slayer Magic. So I’m just approaching it the best way I understand it” She smiled encouragingly at Erza. “But hey, the logic makes sense, doesn’t it? You just need to dominate the dragon power in you much like I dominated the demon souls inside me!”

Erza stared at Mirajane with a humorous gaze, smiling fondly at her.

Mirajane returned the gesture, “What?”

“Nothing just… I guess I never gave it much thought that you literally *ate* demon souls and dominated them”

“Hey, what can I say?” Mirajane gave her a coy smile, twisting her body to the side and spawning a devil tail right over her rear. “I’m a hellion~”

“Oh, I’m well aware~”

…Dare Mirajane’s eyes take her to some faraway realm of fantasy or was that *attraction* in Erza’s eyes.

Holy shit did the two just flirt? Had she flirted with her right now?!

Was the mutual thought that ran through their heads as their cheeks blushed, they swiftly tore their gazes from each other as they tried to comprehend *what the hell just happened*.

“Y-Yeah, anyway!” Like a drowning woman in desperate search for salvation, Mirajane quickly latched onto their original point as to keep this awkward moment far away. “Think you can endure touching the stove even if it burns you”

All awkwardness soon vanished from Erza’s face, showing that determination Mirajane was so fond of. “Pain is nothing,” She said. And Erza would know, she had endured worse.

The Scarlet took a few steps back to make some distance between her and her friend, before joining her hands together and taking a deep breath, her chest rising and falling as she concentrated…

Deep inside her was a burning core, far hotter than a lump of coal in the middle of a fire, hotter than molten steel. It was power at its rawest and most primal, a fierce entity that had nestled into her body and soul. The closer she reached towards it the hotter it burned, the more the beast roared in defiance.

Erza grunted, her brows furrowing as sweat trailed down the sides of her face. Her pain tolerance was *legendary*, built after having survived horrors nobody should go through, much less a child, and endured the most rigorous training so it may never happen again. To her, or the people she loved.

So, when even this heat was difficult for even *her* to handle… that said something.

But she would not be deterred. In her mind’s eye she reached towards the orb, the untapped power, the potential in her, and held it tight even as it scolded her hand, even as the power began flooding her.

Mirajane watched with wide eyes as a powerful aura surrounded the Scarlet, her magic levels rising at an astonishing rate.

Erza groaned, her teeth visible as she clenched them tightly. Her limbs felt heavy, her skin painfully tight. Her muscles rippled as though there was something underneath them *writhing*. Something inside her was struggling to get out.

She saw a raging dragon, roaring at her, seeking to consume her.

The power shrouded Erza in a mantle of raw magic. Too much for her human frame to handle… and so the magic mutated her, changed her so her body would become a proper vessel, attributing it power beyond the likes she has ever wielded before.

Her biceps inflated, lithe, and toned limbs expanded until they were shredded pythons of supremely hard muscles that coiled tightly. Shoulder pounced outwards as they took on the look of rigged pumpkins, and just as large.

Erza’s trembling legs *bloomed* with mass, heart-shaped calves expanding outwards while her legs experienced a radical transformation, their girth increasing exponentially as deep lines of definition formed in each muscle group, her hamstrings popped and rippled, and her glutes inflated into a tantalizing hardened frame, causing her shorts to hike up further and further until they looked like a swimsuit.

Gods the pain, the pain was excruciating! …but in the middle of it all, there was this undeniable *pleasure*. This power felt intoxicating, marvelous!

Mirajane watched in amazement as it all happened, finding her gaze needed to crane up by the moment as even Erza’s height increased.

Her hands ungrasped, revealing the shredded row of abdominals decorating her midsection, perfect cobblestone of the most precious definition as rows of obliques paved the way for widening lats, her entire thorax flared out in a marvelous display of size and definition without bringing down her sensual female beauty.

Erza’s back widened massively, deep ravines of the most fibrous flesh formed, dotting the incredibly striated landscape of flesh and straining the sports braw to its limits. “UNGH!” Her chest was not forgotten, as incredibly dense pectorals rose to the surface, inches-thick slabs of granite supporting ever-expanding breasts.

Ohhh yes, more, more, she needed *more*. But the more she craved, the more she felt the dragon inside overpowering her, seeking to supplant her mind with its primal desires and instincts.

Erza’s pride would not let it. The invisible hand in her mental gaze grabbed the beast by the throat and commanded through clenched teeth. ‘*You are mine, and I am you… I am Erza, and the dragon is me!*’

Criss-crossed markings appeared on the skin of her arms and legs, becoming faint scale-like marks that reached all the way to her neck.

The power exploded from within, and Erza threw her head back and howled in ecstasy as her top exploded into tatters, the remnants vaporizing as they flew up the power’s stream.

Mirajane gasped, holding her arms up to shield her face as the wind picked up and the magic threatened to blind her.

Then, it began to subdue, the aura of magic that surrounded Erza dimmed like a dying flame before it fizzled out completely, leaving the Scarlet panting, her enormous chest rising and falling with each breath.

She was *huge*, with muscles that would give Laxus a run for his money. Every part of her was built to the prime with the most perfect tone and mass, not to mention her new height easily put her a head taller than Mirajane, who could only gape at the sight of such a sensuous half-naked amazon.

Erza’s erratic breath slowly eased, she looked at her massive arms, her bulging legs, her magnificently-sized musculature, and felt the currents of dragon power coursing freely through her. No longer locked from her, but a part of her in full.

“…I did it,” Erza muttered, bringing her arms up. Her fists clenched and the muscles *jumped* at her command.

Mirajane approached, a smile threatening to split her face. “You did it”

Erza stared at her for a moment and laughed, “I did it!”

Mirajane cheered, jumping into her arms. Erza caught her and spun her around, pressing her tightly against her larger frame. The two laughed and cheered in jubilation at this victory and what it represented, exaltation as well as relief feeling their beings.

Then they kissed. A deep, passionate gesture that seemed to carry on for a few seconds before they realized what they were doing.

They stared at each other with shocked expressions and parted, cheeks blushing with a fierce shade of red almost as deep as Erza’s own hair.

She set Mirajane down and cleared her throat, “S-Sorry, I got a little carried away…”

Mirajane smoothed her dress, trying not to think about how wonderful Erza’s body felt against hers. “Y-Yes, it was just… the heat of the moment”

Neither said anything for a few seconds. The only reason Erza didn’t see fit to cover her breasts was because the two were already familiar with each other’s forms with how often they bathed together in the communal dorm bath. And yet she couldn’t help but feel a little self-conscious right now for some reason.

“My um…” Erza stammered, “My body seems to have changed,” She said, putting a hand over a hardened pec, marveling at its density.

“Yes, you have… scaly-marks” Mirajane tried to relieve the tension unsuccessfully.

“Natsu and the others change when using Dragon Slayer Magic,” Erza mused.

“But that only happens when it’s Dragon Force” Mirajane pointed out, “Erza, do you think you… skipped straight into that state?”

“It’s a possibility,” The Scarlet nodded, “Perhaps this is temporary. I should test my limits”

“Should I come with?” Mirajane asked, a touch too eagerly.

“I…” Erza paused, “You’ve already helped me so much, please, I need to do this myself” It was an incredibly poor excuse, but Erza… didn’t trust herself around Mirajane right now”

Mirajane looked at her for a moment, “Alright,” She said, unbeknownst to Erza for similar purposes. “I’ll um… make myself comfortable in the cave, see you later!” And walked away, a touch too quickly.

Erza waited until she was alone, her hearing was now far sharper than before, letting her know when Mirajane would be completely out of earshot.

Then she let herself panic.

Why had she done that? Why had she done that?!

She had been overcome by this wave of… of impulsivity! In a stroke of fancy she had kissed Mirajane’s lips and only through her own self-control did she keep herself from going further.

Because she *did* want to go further.

She wanted Mirajane to fondle her muscle, to admire her, to praise her…

And she wanted to do things to Mirajane, lewd acts that should not be performed between friends.

Acts that were haunting her mind, images of passion repeated in a loop as she imagined the sweet sounds of Mirajane’s voice moaning in pleasure.

She let out a shuddering breath… and then began to fondle herself.

Erza moaned, palming her large breasts and tweaking her quickly hardening nipples, she still could feel Mirajane’s body pressing against her, her bountiful bosom against hers, her delightful curves molding perfectly over her arm muscles. Gods, she felt so strong, so powerful, and Mirajane felt it too, why else would she have kissed her?

The Scarlet placed two fingers against her lips in a poor remembrance of Mirajane’s lips. She grunted, and then let out a sharp moan as those same fingers penetrated her lower entrance. “Mira…” She panted, “Mira…!”

When Mirajane arrived at the cave, she pretty much dove for the bed, inhaling the covers deeply for a whiff of Erza’s scent, a smidge of her warmth. The feeling of those enormous sweaty muscles bulging against her was the most amazing experience of her life, and found a desperate need for more.

She didn’t know why she did, why she chose to risk their friendship with such an act.

Perhaps those feelings had always been there, an undeniable sense of attraction for her best friend and rival. Everyone must have felt something or other for Erza at one point… And Mirajane realized those feelings never went away. They had resurfaced with a vengeance, and worse still, were now plagued by incomparable lust.

That power, that *body*, such majestic sight, such unparalleled hardness. Sensuous might in every pore, in every rippling muscle that flexed imperiously…

Mirajane roughly pulled her dress up, exposing her underwear as one hand fondled a breath over the fabric, “Erza…” She moaned, “Erza…!” Her fingers buried inside her.

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Eventually, nighttime came. Mirajane was lying on the makeshift bed wearing a simple nightgown, Erza had yet to return. She tried to keep her mind clear of those lewd thoughts involving her friend, she needed to show some self-control, and Erza didn’t need this right now. Regardless of how Mirajane felt about it…

Her friend, her *best friend*… gods why had she gone and messed things up like that? Whatever feelings she might have for Erza were not worth jeopardizing their friendship.

And there she went admitted she *did* feel something for her.

The sounds of echoing footsteps in the cave reached her ears, and illuminated by a simple lamp, Mirajane saw Erza’s mighty figure come into view, as large and imposing as it had been early.

And still exposed given her ample breasts were bare.

“I don’t think I’m returning to normal,” Erza said.

Oh no, what a terrible shame…

“No bras to fit you now huh?” Mirajane joked, trying to mask the desire she was feeling.

“Would just rip them all anyway,” Erza droned, walking closer to lay down on the bed. Thankfully it was still ample enough that the two fit even with Erza’s larger girth. “Well it’s not like we haven’t seen each other naked before”

They’ve bathed together many times, but none of those times involved feelings like this.

“Try to get some shuteye,” Mirajana said, turning to her side to avoid looking at Erza and lower the risk of her doing something dumb.

Erza remained silent for a moment, and Mirajane thought that maybe she had fallen asleep. Her next words stunned her cold.

“I wanted to keep going, earlier today”

Every muscle in Mirajane’s body *seized*.

“When I was using this power, I wanted to continue”

Oh…

“It felt so good, so… so intoxicating” Erza smiled, “Like I was reconnecting with a part of me I didn’t know was missing. That this dragon inside me was something so vital, so *important*, and having it awaken made me feel… whole”

Her smile soon waned. “And then I remembered Acnologia… and my mother” Her voice grew somber. “This power drove them mad. Acnologia became a monster hellbent on destruction, my mother lost her ability to feel”

She sighed, dragging a hand over her face. “And I was afraid, afraid that if I kept going, that if I indulged in that desire for more power, I would have become like him… that I would have lost myself”

Mirajane turned around, her eyes looking at her gently. “You could never become like *him*, Erza”

The amazonian Scarlet stared back at Mirajane, “Maybe not, but I don’t know what kind of person he was before he became that monster… I take pride in having endured so much pain and never become like those who just want to inflict that pain back on others, but what if this is something I can’t handle? What if… feeling this *hunger* turns me into something I won’t like?”

“Even if you change,” Mirajane muttered. “You will always be Erza to the core. *My* Erza. The guild’s champion, the one everyone relies on, the one who’d move heaven and earth to help us and we would do the same in turn” She smiled, “Even if you get scaly”

At her declaration of devotion, Erza could only stare before a smile settled on her lips. “I’m so blessed to have you in my life”

Mirajane gently blushed, the expression on her face made Erza’s chest warm. “Mira… what happened today-”

“We don’t have to talk about it today”

“We do,” Erza insisted. “You’re my best friend, I’m sorry if I crossed a line. I just… felt this impulse to hold you, to kiss you. I guess a part of me was so happy I could still feel things I wanted to experience them with you”

For the longest moment, Mirajane remained quiet, much to Erza’s concern.

“What sort of things?” Mirajane finally asked, her voice lowering an octave.

Erza gulped, “Things like… more than kissing”

“And why me?”

“You are… more important to me than I thought possible,” She left it ambiguous, but the message was all too clear to them.

Mirajane kept staring at her with a blank expression. “You said you were afraid of not feeling anymore,” She sat up on the bed, looking down at Erza. “While I’m here, I’ll make sure to remind you that you can feel all you want and more, and still be you”

She placed a tender hand on Erza’s cheek. “Can you feel this?”

Erza hummed pleasantly, leaning into her warm touch. “Yes”

Her hand slowly trailed down to her neck, “What about this?” And slowly settled on her chest, on those mighty pectorals of hers.

Erza licked her lips, “Yeah”

Mirajane grinned, feeling the rapid ‘thump’ under her palm. “You’re excited”

“Having a beautiful woman touch me like this? I’d say that’s natural”

Her smile was positively *devastating* to Mirajane.

“Gods, what you make me feel…” She said with a guttural voice.

Her hand trailed right and settled upon the redhead’s breast, bringing out a deep moan from the knight as she began kneading and squeezing, feeling a nipple harden in her palm.

Erza’s lips trembled with a shuddering breath. “There, I can see the demon…” She smirked at Mirajane.

“I’m a hellion, remember~?”

“I think I know how to turn you into a little imp~” Erza moved to sit up, enjoying the height advantage she still had over Mirajane, and *flexed*. Her arms coiled into rippling pythons as she brought them down in full display of the Strauss, marveling her with a display of striated pectorals and thick triceps.

Mirajane gave her a crooked smile, “My gods…” And quickly traced her dainty hands over the sheer muscular density, enraptured by the hardness and girth. Her own nipples became hard as rocks.

“You know what feels better than these muscles?” Erza rhetorically asked, “Having you touch them~”

Mirajane stared a her, and once more a hint of the devil inside shined through her eyes.

She grabbed the hem of her nightgown and pulled it up, quickly tossing it aside and baring herself to Erza. The two women sat half-naked before the other, Mirajane’s pale-creamy skin and bountiful breasts on full display, contrasting to Erza’s outstandingly toned and shredded visage.

Mirajane leaned forward, putting her arms around Erza’s large shoulders and making sure their breasts would squeeze against each other. “I can think of something even better” She muttered in a voice that was *dripping* with sexual allure. “Won’t this dragon seek the treasure I offer~?”

Erza growled at the invitation, and their lips slammed together in a passionate dance as their bodies fell upon the futon.

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Erza had made up its mind, she would reach the limits of her draconic power. There was still so much untapped potential, heights that would put her at a greater level whenever the next threat popped out, and she’d then be strong enough to face it head-on without fearing for her friends’ lives.

After a day’s training, testing out her colossal might, the Scarlet decided she was ready. She stood in front of Mirajane completely naked, clothes would only get in the way now, with a confident grin on her lips.

“Ready?” Mirajane asked, eager to see her grow.

“Almost,” Erza coyly said, placing her hands on Mirajane’s hips and lifting her to eye level. “Kiss good luck?”

Mirajane chuckled and planted a tender yet quick kiss on Erza’s lips. “Just that one” She purred, “Any more and we’d get *distracted~*”

Erza growled in hunger but knew she was right. She set Mirajane down and walked away a few paces, giving her enough room just in case. Erza closed her eyes and concentrated, finding the process to be easier than last time, a deep breath and she was already exhaling very hot air, the furnace of her soul igniting with dragon fire.

Gods, it felt even more pleasurable than before. Every pore in her body tingled, the fibrous flesh underneath the skin rippled and tightened even further. Already prodigious muscles and thick libs started expanding with even greater mass, surpassing even the most muscular people they knew.

Mirajane watched with her hands balled into fists in front of her chest, biting her lip as she all but hopped in place. The sight of Erza growing more and more muscular was so exhilarating, it was like watching a demigoddess being born…

Erza slowly flexed an arm, watching with a hungry grin as the bicep exploded with increased mass. Its girth was a marvelous spectacle, splitting at the top and forming a shredded mound of flesh, ever-thickening veins coursing through its ridged surface like mighty rivers. Her legs *blasted* outwards with superior musculature, becoming *far* larger than even a man’s torso. Her shoulders inflated vigorously as her back kept expanding, increasing her width until it was twice the size of Mira’s.

Erza’s eyes closed as the aura of magic shined around her like a bonfire. “Yes…” She muttered gutturally with pleasure. “Gods yes. Have to… keep going”

And so she did, moment by moment did her body continue to increase in mass and height, becoming a truly massive thing that rivaled Elfman.

“I love this so much…” Mirajane muttered, feeling her lower regions drenching in arousal.

“I know,” Erza grinned, “I can smell it~”

Mirajane noted the sharp fangs that had replaced her incisors.

In fact, as her power kept rising, Mirajane noted the faint scale-like markings on the outer side of Erza’s arms deepened, the skin actually adopting that texture while also becoming pinker in color. Which slowly progressed to a deeper red…

“Erza…” Mirajane called out, her worry mounting as the same texture and color appeared in the outer parts of Erza’s legs, spreading until they met in the middle at the sides of her core, and kept rising all the way to her cheekbones. “Erza you’re changing!”

“Yeeeees!” Erza hissed in pleasure, “I am…!”

Her nails elongated and became sharper.

“You’re dragonifying!” Mirajane shouted.

That snapped Erza out of her reverie, and she looked down at herself to notice the new physical changes on her body. The scales, the sharp nails… Erza was reminded of Irene.

Panic quickly settled, she tried to shove the power away but it was too late, the floodgates had been opened, and her panic did not help matters.

Erza spasmed, holding her stomach and doubling over as if in pain, or in a vain attempt to stifle the growth. “URGH!” The sudden expansion of her back and shoulders showed it was no use. Erza kept growing, her body demanding it be fed dragon power. It was like her own body was betraying her, shifting beyond her control.

“C-Can’t…!” Erza grunted, her height increasing by a few inches more, and it was not stopping. “Can’t let it happen!” Her neck bulked up tremendously, coiling under the scale-like texture. “Can’t become… like her!”

Mirajane watched in a mixture of horror and fascination as Erza just kept growing, needing to crane her head to keep up with her increased height. “Oh my gods…”

Erza felt overwhelmed, like this raging fire inside her was about to consume her. Eat away at her humanity and leave nothing but a husk. Nothing but a mindless dragon…

…She wouldn’t let it.

Erza clenched her teeth, mustering every last bit of willpower inside her. She *owned* this power. She *was* this power. She would not lose herself, not in front of someone so precious and beloved to her. She would not put her at risk, she would not let her see her mind be swallowed by the dragon.

She *was* the dragon. She was in command. This magic was *hers*. She was the master of her own soul.

The flame-like magic coalesced into a half-solid state, spreading like fiery wings over her back.

Erza stopped on the ground, creating a large spiderweb of cracks and jagged earth. Her body pulsating with one last growth spurt, becoming truly monumental in size. Poor Mirajane could only look up at the titan whose belly button she was at eye level with.

Erza threw her head back, arching backward and spreading her arms.

She *roared*. And a steam of powerful magic shot out from her mouth to the heavens in a pillar of red light. Pure, raw, wild magic washed off her in violent waves.

Mirajane stared as Erza *unleashed* her power into that primal roar. Her voice was deep and guttural, awakening an instinctive attraction in the Strauss, making her step closer even as Erza’s Roar continued.

Eventually, the energy began thinning before finally fizzling out, leaving only the sounds of Erza’s screams in its place. Those two finally ended, and Erza panted but not in exhaustion, just overcome by the *fantastic* sensations of her body having *ascended*.

She was… enormous, taller than ever before. Far more muscular than Elfman, Laxus, or anybody. With arms as thick as tree trunks and legs that could reduce boulders to pebbles. Mirajane was *tiny* compared to her, the devilish thought of how she barely had to bend over to reach her wet sex with her mouth was all too tempting to Erza.

Mirajane stood in front of this goddess, looking at her with unbridled awe and desired. “Erza…” The magnificent creature with flaming wings was *three* times her own width.

Erza looked down and smiled, a mixture of lust and love in perfect blend. “I thought this was a curse, Mirajane”

Her arms *flexed*, the flesh almost booming with the act as her fiery wings began beating.

“Turns out… it is a *blessing*”