

## *Curiosity*

### **Fairy Tail Guild Hall**

Taking orders and giving smiles, Mirajane was as much an S-Class Waitress as she was a Mage. Able to deliver her dishes to all her tables and make it through the constant brawling with no trouble whatsoever, the barmaid started scoping out the whole of the guild with the eyes of a hawk.

Such eyes are what let her take notice of something quite peculiar. Starting last month, Erza and Elfman became more friendly and talkative with each other. Sometimes Erza would come up to Elfman and chat for a bit before they left the hall, but neither had any quests logged. Just what were they doing when they left together? What made this new and strange interaction start? The gossip potential was something that made The Demon of Fairy Tail brim with excitement.

And she had just the idea to find out what exactly was going on. Erza had taken an emergency quest that was broadcasted out just moments before the guild closed last night; meaning the only people who knew she'd be gone for the next few days were Mira and anyone else left around, but given Cana and Makarov had gotten so drunk that they blacked out, that left only the barmaid with that knowledge.

She giggled at the thought of her plan. All she needed was a break in business and she'd be able to strike.

The guild hall had emptied out in a few hours, the lunch rush closing up and stuffed wizards made their way to the request board to find some quick cash to refill their wallets. Watching her younger brother do the same, Mirajane told Kinana that she was clocking out for the day before stepping away from the bar, leaving through the kitchen. "Alright then. Time for some answers."

Transformation Magic was one of the lesser techniques in Mirajane's arsenal of spells but it was always handy when she needed it. Making her way to a storage room, the white-haired woman made sure that nobody was around to spot her entering before she put her plan in motion.

One puff of smoke later and the image of The Demon had been replaced by the stunning face of Erza Scarlet. "Okay, that takes care of that," said the Mage using Erza's voice. Looking at an old mirror that had been left here, Mira was a perfect copy. Her luscious red lockes, ruffled white blouse, short blue skirt, the lack of armor was something sporadic, but still wouldn't make anyone think something was off. Pointing at the redhead's reflection in a very dominating pose, she got into character. "Stop having fun!" she said before frowning. "No, that's not mean enough. Ahem!"

Stomping her foot, Mirajane put on Erza's fiercest scowl before trying again. "Natsu! Gray! How dare you both try to have fun in the guild hall! Under Master Makarov's new rules, there is to be no more revelry so long as the Guild Master isn't present!" Satisfied, Mira put her hands on her hips and smiled. "Perfect. Hmm... I had forgotten how much fun it was to tease Erza, maybe I should try doing that again." The smile on her face dropped just as quickly, she had to be a perfect copy of Erza! Turning away, she left the room and headed out of the guild, passing by Cana as she walked by, her drunken friend asleep with five empty barrels of booze lying beside her.

"Now, Elfman, let's see what you and Erza had been getting up to..."

Walking over to the board, Mira couldn't deny that she enjoyed the people flinching out of her way and straightening like a board when they say 'Erza' look their way. It was why being The Demon was so much fun. Though it was always easier to attract flies with honey instead of vinegar. Gossip just gave her so much of a rush without even needing to get her hands dirty in a brawl.

Standing behind her brother, Mira tapped his shoulder. At the sight of 'Erza' before him, Elfman's manly performance faltered. "E-Erza, uh- Hi?"

"Hello Elfman, I wanted to ask you about something." Putting one hand beneath her breasts and tucking her hair behind her ears with the other, she continued. "Would you like to..."

Mira had attempted to find out what happened through eavesdropping and taking their orders, but whenever someone got close to them, they would clam up. Her money was on something embarrassing happening on the mission and the barbarous Erza was trying to keep her adorable little brother from spilling the beans. Whatever they did could be anything, maybe even some secret training. But without any leads, she needed to be as vague as possible.

"... do *something* together?" She put an emphasis on the word to get the point across.

Stumbling over his words, Elfman dumbly nodded. "Uh, yeah, I'd be interested in that. Um, so, do you have any preference where?"

So they were doing something in secret, but that was about as big of a revelation as Natsu liking fire. "What about the closest place we can go to?"

"We've never done it at the guild before."

Still nothing, everything Magnolia had, Fairy Tail had something like it in the guild. Shooting range, massages, gyms, training grounds. Just what was 'it'? "I don't think that'd be too difficult here."

"I-I guess, yeah."

“Then let’s go.”

The two Strauss siblings through the empty guild hall, passing by the still passed out Cana, whose drunken slumber had progressed from the table to the floor now. “So, are you... excited to do ‘it’, Elfman,” asked his sister, still in the guise of Erza.

“Well...yeah but are you sure it’s okay to do it here?” asked Elfman, looking back at Cana like he was afraid she’d might wake up any second.

The Mage said nothing, simply walking beside Elfman and watching him look around and jump at every sound. “This place should be good, Mira told me this was a storage closet nobody touches.” He opened the door for ‘Erza’, and she found herself back inside where she first transformed.

Mirajane had no idea what ‘it’ was or how they could do ‘it’ in this room...but she started getting a few ideas when she turned around and saw her own brother taking his clothes off.

“W-what are you doing?!” gasped Mirajane, her face turning as red as her fake hair before Elman’s huge hands grabbed her shoulders. The woman was in such shock that she gave little resistance when the large man forced her to her knees, making Mirajane come face to face with her brother’s erection. “Why...why did you-”

“Oh, sorry,” Elfman said, scratching the back of his head. “I forgot you always enjoyed taking my clothes off yourself.”

*‘Erza! What the fuck have you been doing with my brother?!’* Too little, too late did Mirajane realize the relationship between Elfman and Erza. With her brother’s massive hands still holding her down, Elfman unceremoniously shoved his cock into her gaping mouth. “Mmmgh!”

The Mage’s hands went to her brother’s strong, muscular thighs while he used her mouth as his own pleasure toy. Mirajane was at a loss of what to do. Her first instinct was to drop the illusion and scream at her brother for what he was doing with Erza and for hiding such a thing from her all this time. But on the other hand if she did drop the illusion and she revealed herself and let Elfman knowing he was fucking his sister’s face, she didn’t know if either of them would be able to survive the shame.

Elfman, still believing he was making Erza suck his cock, continued to slide his manhood in and out of his sister’s mouth with a smile on his face. Mirajane had no idea just how big her younger brother’s cock really was. She knew that Elfman was a big guy but she’d no idea that her brother was sporting a third leg.

“Gcllkk!” Elfman’s tip hit the back of Mirajane’s throat and kept going. Mirajane was able to relax her throat to not gag on his length but even then she found it getting hard to breathe. She could feel her jaw being stretched to its limit, saliva running down her chin and staining the blouse she wore. *‘He’s too big! My jaw feels like it’s gonna pop off! Did Erza really do this with my brother?’*

“You’re way better than last time, Erza,” noted Elfman, looking down at ‘Erza’ with a curious look. “I couldn’t get my cock down your throat the last time we did this.”

While Mirajane always reveled at being better than Erza, her being better at throating her little brother’s massive cock was not something she wanted to be proud of. Her eyes looked up at her brother but it only made her look even hotter to the Strauss male as he saw her pleading gaze while his cock slammed in and out of her tight mouth.

As much as he loved the sight of the scarlet woman begging with her eyes, he knew what she loved more. Roughness. Moving one hand off her head, the muscular man leaned forward and dug it into her thigh. Showing just how strong he was, Elfman picked ‘Erza’ up and spun her, putting them into a standing 69, one hand digging heavily into the redhead’s exposed ass with her skirt falling up her body, and the other still pumping her head.

Trying to keep herself from falling over, Mirajane pressed her thighs against Elfman’s shoulders, her mortifying experience only growing worse.

Now that she was steady, Elfman’s arm glowed with a simple power, a taloned grasp. Just a quick and easy slip of his finger, he cut off the plain white panties she had, quickly moving down to cut open the blouse and bra in one swoop, before placing his once again Human hand back on her bare ass.

Her undergarments falling to the floor, Mira now could feel her brother’s breath against her cunt, and her tits falling over his cock and against her face.

“Oh, you shaved.” Elfman idly commented. While Mira just groaned at hearing such a statement, only to get a wad of pre-cum to shoot into her mouth.

His tongue digging into her cunt, The Demon couldn’t stop herself from moaning at his shocking amount of talent. He had so much practice with the real Erza that it was leaving ‘Erza’ reeling. One hand dug itself deep into her ass and started turning her pale white bottom into an endless number of red outlines on her pristine skin, while the other dug deep into her hair that pooled against the floor and used it to help fuck her face with more control. The Take-Over Mage unknowingly using his S-Class sister like an onahole.

Gripping her hands on his legs, Mira was swarmed with too many thoughts and sensations. The way his dick speared her throat, forced her to swallow every last inch, the way his mouth worked her core to leave her in shambles- if this were any other man, Mirajane would

have been loving the experience and letting her world be rocked. But with her brother doing this to her, she found her body and mind at entirely opposite ends. The rational part of her brain was flooded by humiliation and shame of what was going on, but the baser and sordid part could barely keep it together beneath such ministrations.

She started smacking his hips to signal him to stop. The look in her eyes begged for this humiliation to stop; but a dark part of her couldn't help but get turned on by the thought of what she was doing.

Her slaps to Elfman's thighs did little to deter the Strauss brother. "Fuck! Erza! That face is making me come!" he groaned, loving the look in 'Erza's' eyes before he busted a nut in her mouth.

"Glckk!" The taste of her brother's seed was heavy on Mirajane's tongue. That dark, dirty feeling only grew inside of the woman, close to suffering an orgasm just from choking on her own brother's seed and his cock.

Before Mirajane could suffer the indignity of being choked unconscious on her own brother's cock, his thick spunk making her vision grow darker and darker, she was able to gasp and cough. He pulled out that third leg from her throat while his hard cock still pressed against her heaving tits. As gently as he could, Elfman lowered his cum-dazed lover onto the wooden floor, watching as she gasped for air and completely unaware that 'Erza' had only been seconds away from the illusion she'd placed over herself would have broken.

Elfman looked down at 'Erza' and saw the dazed expression on her face while she coughed up cum, his seed dripping from her lips. "You okay, Erza? You're usually not so quick to tap out."

Wiping her lips with her arm, Mirajane swallowed her little brother's hot seed, feeling it pool in her stomach and making her body tingle with unwanted delight. "I'm fine, Elfman. Just...I can't believe we did this at the guild, that's all. Master Makarov will kill us if he found out we did this under his roof."

"But a few nights ago we did it *on* the roof like you suggested," pointed out Elfman matter-of-factly.

*'Erza, what the fuck?!'*

The younger Strauss sibling put his clothes back on while Mirajane remained where she was on the floor. "You gonna be okay, Erza?"

"I'll be fine. I just...need a minute. I'll see you later, Elfman."

Mirajane watched as her brother left the room and headed out of the guild. As soon as the door shut behind him, the transformation holding the illusion broke and Erza's guise went up in a poof of smoke. In her place was a cum-covered Mirajane, sitting on the floor in her ruined clothes.

"That...is the last time...I transform to get gossip...ever again..." she groaned. Using her ragged attire to wipe off her little brother's cum off her burning body. She'd need to find some way to get home without being seen and utterly humiliated. The closet had magical tools to clean spills and minor tears, but her dress was demolished when Elfman cut through 'Erza's' clothing. After long enough, Mirajane forced herself onto her feet and attempted to sneak back home. The entire time she was moving, Mirajane continued to say the same sentence over and over again.

"I'm ...never...doing that...again."

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"Mmmmmh!"

Elfman held Erza in his strong arms, watching her bite her lower lip while he fondled her magnificent body. His right hand squeezed her breast while his left squeezed her ass, slipping underneath her skirt and panties. Erza panted hard into her lover's face while her hand reached down to cup his manhood, rubbing him through his trousers.

Neither said a word as they fondled each other. Unable to help herself, Erza reached for the back of Elfman's head to pull him into a sloppy kiss. Their tongues tied together and she pressed herself against him, grinding her sexy body against his.

Their ears picked up the sounds below. Yet hearing their friends in the guild hall below them only made what they were doing feel all the hotter. The pair were on the guild's second floor. Erza had grabbed a sign saying that the floor was closed off for need of repairs; it was an acceptable excuse considering how much damage was often inflicted to the building when Natsu and the others got into a fight. It made the perfect spot for them to have a little alone time.

Erza pulled away, her face flushed with arousal. Elfman pushed her further by dipping his right hand under her skirt to palm her wet pussy. "You're getting bolder and bolder. I can't believe you suggested this."

"Shut up and kiss me, Elfman!" Erza demanded, pulling the white-haired man into another deep kiss. Her long, slender arms wrapped around Elfman's thick neck and she started to grind her body against his, feeling his clothed cock rub against her thigh. Erza wanted this. She wanted Elfman to rip off her clothes, press her against the wall and-

**SMASH!**

Before the pair could cut loose, the sound of the guild exploding into a free-for-all down below came to their attention. The two stopped fondling each other when the top floor came under fire from wildly shot fireballs, ice spears and tarot cards. "Hrrmmm..." Elfman grimaced in annoyance. "Every time with those guys. You wanna go calm them down, Erza?"

"Hmm...I think you should go try to get them to stop for once. I can't always be around to keep everyone in order," said Erza, her face showing just as much frustration as Elfman's.

"Good point. I'll be back soon." Elfman reluctantly pulled away from Erza's warm embrace, heading downstairs to try and put an end to the brawl that Natsu and the others were having.

No sooner did she hear Elfman make it to the bottom floor and join the fray that Erza slumped against the wall, her legs shaking and her chest heaving as she panted for breath. Her image disappeared in a puff of smoke and there sat Mirajane, her body begging for more.

Mirajane knew it was wrong. She was well aware of how shameful it was to lust after her own brother. But the events of what had happened in the guild's storage closet refused to leave her mind long after it was over. For the past several days she dreamt of what she and her brother had done. Even though he hadn't made her climax, her body felt like it was on the verge of falling to pieces, the sinful memory pervading every moment of her life. Soon the urges started to build inside of her until she could take it no more. She'd masturbated to try and put the urges to rest but fingers wouldn't give her the release she needed. Mirajane had even gone so far as to use toys but nothing was as big or as mind numbing as her brother's cock.

The Demon craved for the bliss that her brother had almost given her. Unable to bear it anymore, she donned Erza's disguise once again to let him have his way with her body. Yet still she'd been unable to find that freedom. It had been days now with her double life, leaving her edging closer and closer to getting what her dark heart desired. But each time she could close in and finally get his cock once more, something happened and Mirajane chickened out. Just like now, she'd use it as an excuse to stop, despite her body and soul screaming for release.

So now here she was, gasping for breath with her heart pounding against her chest with a trail dripping down her legs. The only thing hiding her true self being such a horrid slut was the bubbly personality she could flip on like a light switch, and the puffy red dress she always wore keeping her hardened nipples and slickened thighs from sight.

After several minutes of listening to the ruckus down below, Mirajane finally calmed down and struggled to her feet. "Okay, I guess I'd better go down there and see how bad it is..." she said after she collected herself and made sure that nothing looked out of the ordinary.

Mirajane headed for the stairs, but before she could get to the first step, a figure made her way up onto the second floor. "Oh, Mira. Here you are."

“Erza!” gasped the white-haired girl before she regained composure. “I-uh, I didn’t know you were here. I can still hear the brawl happening down stairs...”

The redhead simply shrugged. “I was gonna stop them but Elfman suddenly showed up and said he was going to take care of it. That was rather nice of him,” she offhandedly added before turning back to Mirajane. “Anyway, I wanted to let you know that I’m going on an S-Class Quest-”

“Oh, that sounds nice.” Mira was already concocting schemes and ideas of how she could get closer to her brother.

“-And Elfman will be accompanying me.”

“...What?!” She stared at her friend with an expression of both anger and confusion.

“I didn’t think you’d get upset,” said Erza, putting up her hands defensively. She’d no idea she’d get this sort of reaction from the normally cheery girl.

“Sorry, it’s just...he’s not...” Mirajane struggled to come up with an excuse that wouldn’t reveal her true intentions. “Elfman isn’t ready to take on S-Class quests. After all, he’s not been one since the one where Lisanna...” She turned away, forcing herself to look like she didn’t want her brother to go out of genuine concern and not because of her dark lust for him.

Erza walked forward and put an encouraging hand on Mirajane’s shoulder. “Don’t worry. Elfman has come a long way since then. He actually helped me on an S-Class quest not too long ago.”

And suddenly Mirajane could start putting the pieces together of how this all started. “Wait, you mean when you went to go and put down those dangerous beasts? I was wondering where Elfman was. I thought he was helping repair the train tracks from damage it got due to monsters.”

“Well he did that too. We found ourselves in the same place while I was on my mission. I helped him repair those train tracks and in gratitude your brother helped me out.”

Erza continued to talk but her words fell on deaf ears. Mirajane tuned out what the redhead was telling her, her feelings of unbridled jealousy and rage beginning to take hold of her. In her head popped the image of Elfman fucking Erza like a mad animal. The thought made Mirajane’s blood boil yet she kept up the calm, friendly facade in front of the woman. Her smile never dropped from her face, even as she imagined throttling Erza for corrupting her sweet little brother.

“Wait, if the both of you were working together, shouldn’t you have been able to dispatch those monsters quicker than you could have done on your own. Whatever were you doing for two whole weeks?” Mirajane asked with an innocent smile.

Unlike Mirajane, Erza couldn’t hold a good poker face. Her cheeks turned as red as Natsu’s flames while she struggled to come up with an excuse once Mirajane seemed to get closer to the heart of her relationship with Elfman. “Oh, I was just...well, the town was really grateful for us wiping out all the monsters so they threw us a celebration. And you know how Elfman gets when there’s a party.”

*‘A party, eh? You sure it was for slaying the monsters and not laying with one?’* Mirajane continued to smile innocently at her blushing friend, not giving away that she already knew Erza’s little secret. “Well that makes sense. Put a few barrels of beer in front of Elfman and he’ll turn into Cana if given the chance.”

“Right! Exactly!” Erza was relieved her excuse seemingly worked. “Elfman got super drunk and he was laid out for days. I had to stay with him to make sure he didn’t do anything crazy.”

“Oh. I see. Well I’m glad that my brother had you watching over him. How lucky of him.”

The conversation was interrupted when heavy footsteps thundered up the stairs. From the doorway entered Elfman, looking a little worse for wear after joining the brawl down below. “Okay, Master Makarov got Natsu and Gray back under control. You wanna get back to-Mirajane?” The younger Strauss blinked when he saw his sister talking with Erza.

“Oh, hello Elfman. I was just talking with Erza here. She was telling me that you’re going on an S-Class quest with her.”

“Ah, Erza dropped that on you? Hahaha.” Elfman looked mortified while Erza glared at him for leaving the reveal on her. “I-uh, I was gonna get around to telling you myself, but I haven’t seen you around the guild recently.”

“So how long do you two think you’ll be gone?”

This time Elfman looked to Erza for an answer. “It should be roughly three to four weeks. We’ll be sailing to a-”

Once again not listening to the harlot who seduced her brother, Mira was silently spiraling at that answer. She had been tormented enough each and every night, but her secret attempts with Elfman barely made it passable, even if she was both wanting and dreading more. But not being able to do that for an entire month? Mira went on auto pilot at that point and wasn’t directly aware of the world around her as she waved the two goodbye and went back to the kitchen downstairs.

Looking back at this moment, Mira would sheepishly say that this is when she snapped.

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Elfman walked into the empty guild hall. Night had fallen and everyone was either on a job or had returned home for the night. Looking around the bar he saw no sign of his sister in sight. He came to find the redhead who called him out here, and he found her mop of scarlet locks leaning at the side of the bar.

“Why’d you want to meet me here instead of the train station?” asked the large man as he neared Erza.

“I figured here’s as good a place to meet up as any.” Turning her body to face him, Elfman was left with his jaw dropped at the way Erza looked. Yes, she wore her white blouse and blue skirt, but never before was her shirt so tight and thin that he could see the buttons straining to hold back her massive tits and her nipples pressing against them that he could nearly make them out in detail. That skirt as well was just a few inches in length that only just covered her crotch, and stopped then and there, a single breeze would show off anything she had underneath. And with those thigh high black leggings she had on, there was no way people weren’t ogling those mile long legs too. “I just wanted to get one final... *moment* together before we left tonight.” Her smile was practically devilish.

Still too stunned to say anything, Erza’s giggling echoed in the barren hall. “Well, I guess if you’re not up for it, we could get going to the station.” Turning away from Elfman, Erza bent over to pick up her bag from the floor, and knew exactly what she was doing to the poor lug.

Seeing her bend over in that smallest skirt, Elfman got more than he expected when he saw Erza’s pussy, completely bare and with no panties hiding its beauty.

His reaction was more powerful than she had expected, his two powerful arms moving down to sink deeply into her breasts while he pulled her up against his expansive chest, his rock hard cock pressing against her ass and so tantalizingly close to her core. Only one line came past his panting lips. “Your place or mine?”

Erza led Elfman out of the guild hall, clinging tightly to his arm as she guided the large man towards her house. Elfman noticed just how giddy the redhead seemed to be as they walked up to her front porch. To his surprise, Erza simply mumbled a simple spell to unlock the door rather than use a key. “It’s easier,” she simply said when she caught his questioning expression.

No sooner was Elfman through the door did Erza slam it shut. Grabbing his large wrist with a grip that demanded no resistance, the redhead pulled him into her bedroom. As soon as the huge king-sized bed was in sight, she was upon him.

Her arms wrapped around his tree trunk neck before she greedily stole the first kiss of the night. Elfman embraced her, finding himself harder than ever with how she teased him at the guild. His hand slipped underneath her skirt to grab her plump cheeks. His fingers brushed against her bare womanhood, finding that she was dripping wet.

Elfman broke the kiss, needing a good lungful of air. As he stared into Erza's eyes, he could only describe her expression as pure lust. "Fuck me," pleaded the woman as if this was all she could think about for days. Her hands gripped his shirt as she stared at him intently. "Fuck me as hard as you can. I wanna break this bed with you, Elfman!"

The lustful Erza's hands tore at the man's shirt, tearing it to shreds to reveal his huge, masculine physique. Seeing his bulging muscles, Erza licked her lips before she ripped off his belt and tugged his pants and underwear to the floor.

As soon as he stepped out of his pants, Elfman picked up the horny Erza, tossing her onto the bed before climbing on top of her. His hands caressed her curvy body while locking lips with her again. The tip of his cock brushed against her entrance, Erza's breath hitched and she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Not wasting any time with any more foreplay, Elfman pressed the tip of his manhood against her wet folds and gave a sharp thrust. "FUCK!" Erza gasped loudly when her womanhood was finally filled with his monster cock. She reached above her to grab the headboard of the bed and almost crushed the wood with her tight grip. Elfman was just as guilty, his fingers gripping the sheets tight enough to tear them while watching her tits tantalizingly quake just beneath him.

"Oh fuck! I've wanted this for so long!" moaned Erza as she reveled in feeling her walls being stretched to the limit by this white haired Adonis. Her hips started to buck, trying to stuff even more of his cock into her wet pussy.

Elfman was confused by her words. *'So long? We just did it a few hours ago.'* He also couldn't help but notice just how tight Erza was as he started to move, her greedy hole trying to suck him back in as he pulled out of her before slamming back in. *'Doing that stuff at the guild must've really worked her up today if she's been this tight the whole time.'*

The bed shook like an earthquake was happening in the house. Erza became nothing but a moaning mess of a woman as she was fucked silly. Her breasts jiggled and bounced in her shirt until the thin top could take no more. Elfman watched in amusement as her blouse buttons bursted off, exposing more of her flawless skin to him.

As soon as her beautiful breasts finally were freed, Elfman's hands moved instantly. Wrapping his thick digits around her thicker curves, he held one teat and squeezed the other. Moving his head lower to suck on her pink peak, to Erza it felt like he was trying to milk her. His

teeth grazing and teasing her sensitive nipples alongside his tongue as he moved between both to make sure neither was left out of the fun.

Elfman grunted like a beast possessed, his hips moving with a mind of their own. The tightness of Erza's cunt every time he bottomed out her pussy was too much for the horny man to bear for very long. "Fuck! I'm gonna blow!" he grunted, sweat rolling down his face while he looked down at his lover.

"Inside! I want your cum inside me!" Erza threw her head back and moaned while her pussy surged with sensation. Her legs wrapped around Elfman's waist, refusing to let go while digging her heels into his back.

His balls tightening, Elfman pushed as deep as he could go, making Erza feel like he was going to crush her womb before a hot wetness filled her up. "Ohhhhhhh!" Erza's expression twisted into a mask of pure sluttiness while her lover creampie'd her, experiencing another orgasm of her own just from feeling her womb fill to the brim with the huge man's hot seed.

The insane earthquake rocking the bed stopped as Elfman brought his hips to a slow stop. He leaned back and wiped his sweaty forehead with his huge arm, breathing a sigh of relief. *'Okay, quickie's done. Now we should get to the train station for our mis-'*

Elfman wasn't able to finish that thought before Erza's eyes refocused and her greedy hands reached for his shoulders. The huge Strauss brother yelped as Erza flipped them over, his back hitting the bed with his cock still embedded in Erza's soft cunt while she looked down at him with an unhinged gleam in her eyes. He didn't know why Erza was acting this wild but he wasn't complaining. He was all for it.

Putting her hands on Elfman's muscular chest, Erza rolled her hips, feeling his huge cock grind against all of her sensitive spots. "Yeah...right there..." she slurred, her ass jiggling as she lifted herself up and down on his cock. She could feel Elfman hit her G-spot and it was making her mind go numb from ecstasy. The bed started shaking harder than ever with Erza taking the reins. Had Erza not reinforced the bed after their first coupling, it would have broken over ten times this night alone. Her submissive tendencies let Elfman take control, but after this first creampie, she couldn't stop until her legs finally gave out.

Reaching up with his large hand, Elfman grabbed the back of Erza's neck and pulled the woman down until her lips crashed into his, the two lewdly making out while he gently held her body in his arms even as she continued to violently slam her pussy down on his cock again and again. They couldn't get enough of each other's bodies while they fucked like animals.

Elfman's right hand sneaked up until it grabbed Erza's plump ass. The horny redhead was spurred to move her hips even harder when she felt one of his large digits poke her sensitive asshole. "Fuuuuck!" she groaned, throwing her head back. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me! I love your cock!"

With Erza's breasts dangling in front of him when she arched her back, Elfman eagerly buried his face in them and started to suckle her tits again. The pleasure inside of Erza magnified tenfold once her lover started to match her bouncing with his own thrusts, her lower half melting with pleasure.

"I'm gonna come!" Erza's hands pulled Elfman deeper between her tits. "You're fucking me so hard, Elfman. Don't stop!" Her eyes rolled into the back of her head while the pleasure inside her built up to a crescendo.

The middle Strauss child couldn't say anything as he was swallowed by her bosom, he simply pumped his hips as hard as he could to ravish her. His hands touching and holding any part of her he could reach.

"Fuck! Elfman! Elfman! FUCK!!" Erza didn't hold back as she let the pleasure wash over her body. Pulling Elfman's face back up so she could kiss him as his hot essence flooded her cunt all over again.

Following her lead, Elfman deeply kissed his lover. Her pussy squeezing to milk every last drop of cum he had. The two sharing their intimate and sordid climax with as much passion as they could muster. This one moment in time being etched into their minds as something they'd never forget.

When they finally pulled apart, Elfman was a heaving mess. Gasping for as much air as he could get and still dying for more. This only showed just how far of a gap he still had from the S-Class mage.

Erza seemed to be winded, sweat on her brow, but her hands still were working on Elfman's third leg. Stroking the member that was covered in their shared fluids.

Picking herself up, she sat beside his obelisk and gave it a tongue filled kiss, nearly making him blow another load after coming so hard and fast in the past half hour.

"So, Elf, ready for round two?" Her voice sent shivers down his spine and made his cock twitch in her grip.

They weren't done, not by a long shot.

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The room was a complete mess. There hadn't been a single place in Erza's bedroom where they hadn't fucked like crazy. The walls, the floor, the dresser and the chair next to the dresser had all been used before they'd taken things back to the bed.

Elfman lay on his back while Erza straddled him, the former having given the latter one last creampie before finally passing out. Erza put a hand over her inflated womb, cooing from

the hot seed inside of her. As soon as she saw that Elfman was out like a light, the last remaining thread of control she had over the illusion was cut. Her image unraveling to reveal a naked Mirajane, her belly and her womb full of incestuous cum. Her magic barely able to function at the moment as the fake form fell apart like pixels.

“Fuck...that was...” Mirajane was lost for words to describe how she felt. This was beyond wrong but it felt so good that she didn’t care. Looking down at her brother’s sleeping face, the white-haired Wizard caressed Elfman’s cheek and smiled down at him. “...Divine...”

Then she heard the door open.

The blood in Mirajane’s body froze like ice when she turned her head to see Erza, the real Erza, walk through the door. The redhead’s eyes went wide when she saw the scene in front of her. Her room had become a disaster, dirty stains on the carpet and the walls with her lover on the bed being topped by his own sister!

“Mira...what the fuck is going on?”

*To be continued...*