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

There were many words Mirajane could use, and had used, to describe Erza. Brave, mighty, compassionate, spirited, passionate. Among those many descriptors, a few more words joined them when she first saw the Scarlet access the dragon power locked in her being; Such as muscular, rippling, tall, imposing, built, shredded. All the words one could use to capture the sheer physical presence of an amazon.

For that was what Erza had become, more than a night, she was now an amazonian figure of statuesque stature and unbridled power wrapped in tight skin around impressively coiling and rippling muscles of immense size. Along with lines of dark red coloration that formed scales at the sides of her arms and legs, trailing all the way up her neck and the base of her jawline.

Her body inflated and deflated with each breath, making the muscles tighten and relax in tandem. Her thumping biceps were easily over the size of her head, the way they flexed made it possible to eclipse her visage behind the rising mounds of flesh. Mirajane reckoned her head barely reached eye level with Erza’s nipples now, *that* was how big the redhead had gotten.

Mirajane stood before a dragon in human flesh, much like her Slayer guildmates. And yet Erza blew them all out of the water with this… raw physical allure, this jaw-dropping body of hers…

Mirajane had unknowingly taken a step toward her beloved Scarlet, “Erza…”

And was snatched from the group with the pull of an enormous arm.

Mirajane yelped, then huffed at the collision of two enormous breasts squishing against her own, a hand found itself settling on a breast, just over the nipple, for support, while the arm on her waist kept her feet from touching the ground. Before she knew it, her lips were captured by the dragon lady. Erza’s kiss was passionate, ravenous, she prodded the depths of Mira’s tongue with wanton abandon, stopping momentarily for quick gasps of air. “I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to feel you,” Another kiss, “To taste you,” And another, “But I can… I feel everything~”

The look in her eyes almost made Mirajane climax.

“And I feel *incredible*” She flexed a mighty arm, and Mirajane’s attention was upon it in an instant. “Feel it!”

Mirajane did so, and could barely wrap both her hands around the shredded sphere of muscle. Without prompt, she descended upon it with slobbering kisses and trails of her tongue, making Erza growl in pleasure. “Yes…” The newly minted Dragon Slayer grunted, “That’s it, that’s a good girl”

Mirajane’s reply was an incomprehensible mumble, one of her hands squeezed an ample breast and tweaked Erza’s hard nipple, which made the redhead shudder, those fiery wings fluttering in response.

Erza’s teeth were gnashed together in a hungry grin. “Ohhh gods, the power of the dragon, the fire in my heart, in my body! It’s… It’s…!”

Her grin faltered, feeling something go very wrong.

“It’s…”

Mirajane yelped when she was dropped to the ground, she stumbled but did not fall on her butt. “E-Erza? What’s wrong?”

She stared up at her beloved, seeing her expression morph into one of shock and dreaded anticipation.

“I’m…!”

Then her body *pulsated.*

Magic power erupted around her once more, igniting the air in a torrent of red ethereal flames. Erza moaned and groaned, shaking as her already large frame began growing again. The seven feet of amazonian beef were soon left in the dust over the onslaught of her muscles, they grew further and further to truly *godlike* proportions no human had. Mirajane took a step back when the bulking legs began cracking the ground under the Scarlet’s weight, they were colossal, so much so they made Mirajane’s *entire* body look like a thin toothpick next to them. And her arms, oh gods her arms… they were monstrous. Forget her head, Mirajane’s *torso* was smaller than those titanic biceps, with veins half as thick as *her* own arms.

“UNHG!” Erza let out a guttural growl as unconsciously flexed her arms, making her enormous traps rise and her pecs ripple, the hardened muscle places grinding like rocks over the line between each pectoral, while her breasts swelled even further, becoming worthy of a goddess of beauty. “C-Can’t stop… growing!” Her eyes were wide, and a sudden spasm brought her arms down to her crotch, her hands covered her naked and soaping womanhood, an act which sent even greater waves of pleasure down her spine. “Can’t stop…!” She let out a strangled sound as her hand began moving back and forth in rapid succession. Mirajane’s lips dried up at the sight of Erza furiously masturbating.

The seven feet soon gained half a foot more, then another half, it was when Erza reached exactly 8’6 she fell to her knees with a loud rumble. She fell forward, steadying herself with her left arm while the other kept stroking her folds, “N-Need to stop it… Mirajane!” Erza howled, the position made her traps and shoulder muscles frame her face so that it looked surrounded by a mountain of flesh. Even her head had to be at least twice the size of the Strauss’, Mirajane looked at that ample mouth realizing she could never fully capture those lips in a kiss, they were far too large for her to do anything more than peck at them. But gods how badly she wanted to try…

The whine that escaped Erza’s thick throat made Mira snap out of it, witnessing another surge of growth, “H-Help me!” The fiery wings were beating wildly on her back.

Much as she wanted to marvel at the ascension of this giantess, this titan, Mirajane was not about to let her beloved succumb to this affliction and lose herself. “W-What do I do?!”

Erza fell on her back, her legs bent and spread. “R-Release me!”

Mirajane didn’t need to ask what she meant by that. She ran around the Scarlet, hurrying over to the titanic dragon woman’s crotch. Erza was moaning, massaging her breasts and pinching her nipples as she did so, “P-Please!”

Mirajane positioned herself, holding onto Erza’s legs, and dove it. Her tongue and mouth quickly began to work.

Erza’s eyes rolled back as she loudly moaned, she roughly pawned at her breasts, twisting and tweaking her nipples to stimulate herself as much as possible. Mirajane’s ministrations were what she needed to occupy her hands with other matters.

Every single thing about her body brought her pleasure, every pore was a sensible nerve. A mere touch sent explosive shockwaves of ecstasy. At one point she grabbed a hold of her breasts and closed the distance between her lips and nipple. She moaned, mumbling around the rock-hard knob as she suckled it with delight.

Erza’s overwhelming size did not deter Mirajane from her task. She put all of her skill and energy into her mouth’s ministrations, she licked, sucked, and darted her tongue through the wet folds as much as she could. But if she truly wanted to achieve Erza’s desperate need for release, something more was needed.

Mirajane switched into her Satan Soul, among the many souls she had absorbed there was one up to the task. One that had tormented Erza remorseless, but now her power would be put to good use. Potent *stimulating* magic coursed through Mirajane’s hand as she touched Erza’s sex.

It was like a chain reaction, nerves had been overloaded to the brink with sensitivity, making all pleasurable stimulation be amplified by a factor of ten. It spread so fast through her entire giant frame, faster than a bolt of lightning or an explosion.

Erza saw white.

Her jaw opened, and out she screamed her orgasm for the world to see, the energy pooled inside her body and overflowed her entire being escaped alongside it… in the gape of a great beam of pure raw power that pierced the heavens.

Mirajane covered her eyes before such intensity, feeling the heat splash across her face, along with Erza’s violent release.

Finally, eventually, the energy died down. And when Mirajane dared to look again, she found Erza had shrunken down to her previous state. No longer that 8’6 giantess, but still a 7’0 amazon of undeniable girth and musculature.

“Erza?”

The rise and fall of her chest showed she was still breathing, but the snore indicated she was not conscious at the moment.

Mirajane stood up, walking over to look at the Scarlet’s face, and saw a large satisfied smile on her lips.

The Strauss sighed, both in relief and exasperation. “What am I going to do with you…?”

Well, right now she needed to get Erza inside. Wouldn’t do to leave her naked in the woods.

Shifting to her main devil form, and using her flight and increased strength, Mirajane picked Erza up and flew her straight to the cave.

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Erza woke up feeling lightless, just relaxed in every single way possible. Even her and Mirajane’s night of passion the other night had not made her feel as rested and satisfied as she was feeling now.

The biggest of smiles threatened to split her lips memories of the day before came forward. They were vague and scattered, but what she remembered the most was the *ungodly* levels of pleasure that had utterly annihilated any previous experience, leaving them in the dust before the onslaught of pure ecstasy.

Mirajane *truly* was a hellion.

Then she remembered what happened *before*. The enormous build-up of power, the way her body kept *growing*, feeling the dragon she had wrestled for control lashed out against its bonds and sought to devour.

No… the truth was that *she* almost lost control. *She* almost became the dragon.

Erza feared she had almost gone down the path of her mother.

And somehow, against all odds, Mirajane saved her.

Erza let out a long sigh, sitting up on the futon as she ran a hand over her face, brushing upward through her red locks. She looked at her surroundings, noting she was in the cave. Right, she had completely blacked out following the mind-breaking orgasm. As the blanket fell, Erza took notice of her enormous orbs, contemplating how large her breasts had gotten. She palmed the underside, squeezing the soft flesh and filling it slip between her fingers with a shudder. Hmm, they were sensitive, she could already feel her nipples hardening.

No. Careful. Show some restraint, Erza. This is what got you in that mess…

So instead, she decided to look at the rest of her figure by removing the rest of the blanket from her body and unveiling her legs. Interestingly, the long lines of scales at the side of her limbs were gone, having completely faded. Yet she had not shrunk in the least from that other transformation before she lost control. A quick twitch of her thighs and the muscle groups jumped at her call, brimming with power as muscles seemed to compete for room against each other. She trailed her hands over the immense quads, delighting herself in their hardness.

It's a shame she couldn’t see her abs, but her fingers let her know those *cobblestones* were here to stay. Her gaze soon shifted to her arms, and she expected the girthy python of sinewy ripped flesh with excitement, a clench of her fist and the muscles began dancing in a rhythmic dance.

Her self-inspection ended when her senses (far sharper than they used to be) picked up Mirajane’s scent, followed by the Strauss’ footsteps as she entered the cave, carrying with her a basket of freshly caught fish. She perked up, blushing and smiling at the Scarlet. “You’re awake!” She quickly set the fish into the mini-fridge, before jogging over to the musclebound amazon. Even when sitting on the ground, with only a large futon cushioning her, Erza’s head was at Mirajane’s chest level. “You’ve been out all night, how are you feeling?”

Erza let out a long pleased sigh, “Just perfect” And moved to stand up. A decision she instantly regretted once her head collided with the cave’s ceiling. She hissed in pain, rubbing the sore spot.

“Careful!” Mirajane grabbed her hand, voice tinged with both worry and humor. “You’re kinda big to be walking around here”

“So I see…” She groaned, dropping onto the futon once more with a huff. “This is going to take some getting used to” Mirajane drew closer, putting a dainty hand on her massive shoulder, and giving her a concerned look, one that did not go unnoticed by Erza. “Is… everything okay?”

“You almost lost yourself there,” She muttered in a saddened tone. “I almost lost you”

“Mira…”

“Promise me you’ll be more careful now,” Said the Strauss firmly, leaning closer to Erza’s face. “I won’t have you turning into a dragon. If this continues, I want you to promise me we’ll find a wind to do something with all the excess power. I’d rather not have to do a repeat of yesterday.” Her lips pursed in shame. “I used *her* power to fill you with pleasure, that you let go of all that energy in one blast was only a reaction”

…Ah.

Erza felt a myriad of mixed feelings at that revelation. Along with the embarrassment and shame that came with having put Mirajane in that position, not to mention almost losing herself to the growing power. All that overwhelming pleasure reduced her to such a base state where instinct and a need to satisfy herself took her over.

“I promise,” She swore wholeheartedly.

That seemed to satisfy Mirajane, who sighed in relief. “Thank you…” And leaned in to plant a gentle kiss on her lips.

Erza leaned into it, placing her hands on Mirajane’s hips and making her come closer, all while the white-haired beauty placed her hands on Erza’s cheeks to deepen the kiss. She giggled as the amazon made her straddle her lap. Erza smirked against Mirajane’s lips as her enormous arms cradled her, pulling her closer to her massive frame. Breasts over twice the size of Mirajane’s own head smushed up against the Strauss’, making her own endowed bosom look tiny by comparison.

They parted, panting for breath. “You know…” Mirajane coyly trailed a finger over the lines separating the pectoral muscles. “I don’t mind this look on you in the least…”

Erza made a growl-like sound, unhooking one arm from Mirajane’s back and flexing it with all her strength, making veins throb all over its surface, much to Mira’s delight. “You’ve made your feelings about my muscles quite clear”

Mirajane gave her a teasing grin, “You just like showing off,”

“I think it’s a win-win here”

She giggled, “Fair enough,” And leaned to give the enormous ball of shredded flesh a deep passionate kiss.

Erza smiled crookedly at the sight of Mirajane worshipping her muscle, indulging in a feast as she tasted and savored the striated skin. Her lips smacked against the bicep audibly as her dainty hand caressed and fondled everything from the bumps in her arms to the bulging deltoids. Mirajane moaned with each kiss, at points making it look like she was taking a ‘bite’ out of the enormous muscles with how wide she opened her mouth to get a good taste from as much of that sweaty salty surface as she could get.

Erza bit her lip in arousal and decided Mirajane was wearing too much clothing. She ushered Mirajane back slightly, helping her remove her dress and underwear. As she knelt completely naked before the equally bared Scarlet, Erza grinned at her and brought up her arms to the ceiling, slowly bringing them down. Her fists clenched in their descent, shoulders, biceps, and forearms rippled and exploded with girth, a network of hose-like veins dotted the landscape of her upper body as her shredded pecs flexed in tandem. Erza unleashed a devastating most muscular that caused Mira’s nether regions to flood.

For a last touch, she held on to the pose while twitching her pecs, making her voluminous breasts bounce up and down as she gave a saucy smirk at the Blanchette.

Mirajane moaned and *lunged* for those bountiful breasts, trailing a kiss of slobbery kisses on the great slabs of meat that were her chest muscles, before holding one of those soft orbs in her hand, plunging an erect nipple into her mouth.

Erza clenched her teeth, shivering. “M-Mira!”

The Strauss continued her ministrations, sucking, licking, and lightly biting at the hard knob, savoring every inch of the amazon.

The fire in Erza’s chest burned all the hotter, her loins clamored for release. She grabbed a tight hold of Mirajane and flipped her on the futon, looming over her like the musclebound knight she was, making her know there was no escape from her. And by the eagerness in her lips, Mirajane was all for it.

Erza knelt before her, grabbing her legs and spreading them, taking a tight hold of Mirajane’s hips… before lining their sexes together.

Erza let out a shuddering breath, beginning to gyrate her hips over and over, sending waves of pleasure through both their bodies as their folds ground together.

“Um!” Mirajane moaned in delight, her head trashing as her hands grabbed onto the sheets. “Erza…!”

Mira calling out her name was all the incentive she needed to convert the moments of her hips into thrusts. Over and over she slammed against the Strauss with furious intensity, the sound of meat smacking filling the cave with their grunts and moans into a feral cacophony.

Mirajane’s back arched, gasping as the pleasure filled her. “Erza!” She cried out, one hand reaching to her breasts to squeeze it, pinching a hard nipple. “Erza!”

Erza growled, clenching her teeth as her eyes were tightly squeezed in concentration, feeling the build of pleasure advance in her core as she repeatedly thrust her hips into Mirajane.

It did not take long for the white-haired beauty to come undone, moaning out her name one last time while Erza growled in ecstasy, her own pleasure rising as she spilled herself against Mirajane’s sex.

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“When did you know you liked me?”

“Hmm? That’s a bit of a sudden question”

The two lay on the futon with at least two sheets covering their forms (seeing as one was barely enough for Erza, let alone the two of them) staring up at the cave’s ceiling. Mirajane rested her head in the intersection of Erza’s shoulder and chest, the redhead had an arm around the size of Mirajane’s torso locked around the smaller woman, her hand resting on Mira’s stomach while his one gently interlocked their fingers together.

“Considering how… *suddenly* our relationship changed,” Erza said with humor in her voice. “I felt it was a pertinent question”

“Hmm,” She spotted a smile at the corners of Mirajane’s mouth when looking at her. “Don’t laugh but… I think it’s when we were kids”

“Really?” Erza let out an amused and curious smile at the thought, remembering all the scuffles and fights they got into as children. “I honestly would have never guessed. We fought like cats and dogs”

“Well, you know how boys make fun of girls and pull their hair because that’s the only they know how to express themselves?” Mirajane faintly blushed. “I think my way was constantly picking a fight with you”

“You were always a hellion,” Erza threw Mirajane’s previous words back at her.

Mirajane twisted her head to look up at the Scarlet. “What about you? When did you know you liked me?”

“Oh dear. That’s… a hard answer” Erza let out a long breath. “I guess a part of me was always fond of you. You were my best friend, the person I felt I could trust with anything… Something I haven’t really followed through lately” She mumbled the last part with regret. But a squeeze from Mirajane’s hand let her know it was okay. “You’ve always been there for me, even now you’re here for me… I guess this made me realize I wanted you with me through everything”

Mirajane fell oddly silent. Erza watched her shift her position, prompting herself on her elbows while a hand rested on Erza’s stomach. The look on her face was one filled with insecurity, something Erza hardly ever saw in her.

“And… Jellal?”

Ah.

Erza’s mouth opened and closed repeatedly, trying to find the right words. “It was complicated,” She muttered. “We spent so much time doing our best *not* to be together that… in the end we didn’t know how to do anything else. If it wasn’t his penance, it was his work. If it wasn’t my missions, it was my own weird hangups. In the end we… we decided it was better to just end things instead of pointlessly dancing around each other. It was never going to happen, and we had to accept that.”

“I see…” Mirajane’s gaze grew downcast.

Erza quickly reached with her hand to lift her chin, “Hey” She gently cupped her lover’s cheek. “I did not settle for you, you hear me?” She smiled lovingly at Mirajane. “I *choose* you. My best friend. Mira… I am *yours*”

Her words eased Mirajane’s worries, letting her smile with heartfelt thankfulness. She climbed a bit over the Scarlet’s body, straddling her waist, and drew their faces closer. “I love you,”

“I love you too,”

Their declaration was sealed with a gentle kiss.

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The next few days they settled into something of a comfortable routine. Mirajane helped Erza train with her newfound draconic might, testing the limits of what that glorious muscular frame could achieve. Already Erza was someone who possessed greater strength than the average human, but her muscles and the dragon magic flowing through her veins took her to a whole different level.

She remembered the time Erza brought home the horn of a giant monster easily five times her own size. Now the boulders she lifted made Mirajane look like a small dot next to them. Trees were easily pulled out from the grounds and crushed under the pressure of her titanic arms, much to her and Erza’s delight.

There was a… bit of a downturn when Erza realized she was too big for *any* of her beloved armors. It was a bit of a silly sight, to see the giant woman curled up in a ball with comical tears falling down her face like waterfalls, with Mirajane sheepishly patting her shoulders and trying to comfort her.

“My armors, by beautiful armors, gone forever…”

“I mean you still have them,”

“They’re just decoration now!”

Mirajane sighed and kept patting her shoulder. “There there…”

Thankfully she coaxed Erza out of her funk… eventually. Then it was back to training, this time Mirajane taking on a more active role, changing into her Satan Soul and sparring against the new Dragon Slayer with a smirk on her face. Their blows created small shockwaves as their fists collided, the excitement of fighting against Mirajane once more made Erza’s warrior blood boil, channeling the dragon power once more.

Her scales returned, coating the sides of her arms and legs, empowering her while the fiery aura of magic made her spread flaming wings. Then Mirajane had fun instructing Erza into something she was well acquainted with; Flying.

Oh, Erza had already flown with some of her armors before, but this wasn’t a tool activated through magic. This was an extension of her power itself, as much part instinct as it was practice. But Erza once more proved herself that prodigious mage Mirajane admired so much, taking to flight like it was second nature to her. And she was *beautiful*. The way she smiled so peacefully as she tasted the clouds with her own magic as an extension of herself, Mirajane couldn’t help but accompany her, the two flying around each other in a sort of ‘dance’ that made the two laugh without a care in the world.

When Erza’s great arms caught her, pulling her close, the two enjoyed one of the most passionate and romantic kisses, worthy of novels, amidst the clouds colored by the twilight.

Honestly, the two felt this might be what domestic bliss was like. It was like living in a dream.

But sometimes dreams get… turbulent.

“Mira…” Erza called out from the cave entrance, one hand holding onto the rock formation while her other arm held her stomach. She closed one eye as her face grimaced in discomfort. “I’m growing again…!”

Mirajane ran out of the cave so fast she was a blur, just in time to see Erza slowly enlarge into that quasi-giantess form from the other night. She had to crane up her head even more as Erza’s figure kept adding inches by the second. Her muscles were once more inflating to that colossal size that turned Mirajane into a stick figure as she stood next to such enormity.

“W-What do I do?!” She quickly asked her girlfriend in a fit of panic.

“It’s… not as strong as before,” Erza grunted. The sounds of pain and pleasure didn’t exactly put Mirajane at ease. “L-Let me… do this!” She gasped, her upper body expanding under the surge of growth. “I got this!”

Mirajane gulped, watching as her beloved rose to staggering heights, reaching eight and a half feet in height, stopping just shy of nine. The Strauss felt overwhelmed by Erza’s titanic presence. Here stood a dragon in humanoid form, while she was but a human. Indeed, she’d have to bring her strongest demonic transformations to even begin to measure up to Erza’s draconic power, and even then, she’d fall short.

Erza panted, feeling the power cease its advance along with her growth. She looked at herself, astonished by her enormous height and girth now that her mind was clearer to appreciate it this time. “Good gods…”

“Good gods is right,” Mirajane muttered, trying very hard not to drool at the sight. Holy fuck, Erza was *enormous*. She was almost at eye level with the knight’s crotch, all Erza had to do was slightly push the back of her head and Mirajane would feast. “I feel like I should be kneeling in prayer right now…”

Erza growled in pleasure at the thought and reached down to pick the woman who was half her size now, her bicep was far larger than Mira’s torso, a fact that made her lower lips moist. “Don’t tempt this dragon, my hellion” Erza huskily said as she drew her much larger her to Mirajane’s, capturing those smaller lips with nothing but a peck.

Mirajane clung to Erza’s titanic form, her arms spread wide to grasp as much as she could. Erza poured all her love and lust into the kiss while Mirajane clamored for more. *More*, Erza thought, *give her more, give her everything*.

Mirajane’s eyes widened when she felt *burning* magic enter her mouth and go down her throat. A part of her feared this foreign power, thinking she should fight against it. But another much louder side of her soul screamed how delicious this magic tasted, it reminded her of demonic power, the euphoria she felt after she consumed all those demon souls…

*More*, her demon-tainted soul cried out, *give me more,* *more!*

*More*, Erza’s dragon-self proclaimed. *Give her more, all our love…*

Erza slowly shrunk as she fed Mirajane the primal energies, channeling them from the depths of her magical core to the Strauss’ lips. She drank the fiery nectar greedily, swallowing gulp after gulp of draconic might. Sharing in Erza’s blessing… Mirajane grew.

Slowly Erza realized what was happening as the blazing magic in her dimmed slightly, and Mirajane wasn’t so doll-sized in her arms anymore. The grip on Mira’s hands became tighter, it was actually able to put pressure on her flesh and dent the muscle.

Mirajane gasped, throwing her head back as they broke the kiss, a trail of saliva and red magic still connecting their lips. “I feel it…!” She cried out, pupils shrinking while flesh expanded.

Erza quickly set her down, noting she had returned to her pre-titanic size, still imposingly muscular but not gigantic anymore. She looked at Mirajane with widening eyes, a single thought popping in her mind as she did so ‘*So this is what it was like*’. She gained a whole new perspective on her situation by watching Mirajane ascend.

The Take-Over Mage had a euphoric smile on her lips, she held up her half-flexed arms as her entire body pulsated. Each time it did her body expanded a bit more, veins slowly throbbed to the surface, snaking their wave over her bare arms like roads on a map. Her biceps quivered, rippling and bulging with power as the deltoids expanded with tone and mass.

“Hah…” Mirajane barked out a laugh, the sound was quickly followed by a continuous rumbling of pure elation. “Haha-hahaha-HAHAHAH!”

Power exploded out of her, a torrent of dark purple and bright mixing into a potent aura. Magic fueled her every pore, making sinew and bone grow larger by the second. Her bulging buttocks and legs burst through her skirt, only tassels remained hanging from her waist as her core jut out blocks of fleshy stone, grinding against each other as the abs locked down in a flex.

Mighty pectorals surged, and her bountiful bosom expanded to a visage worthy of a goddess. They reduced the front of her dress to tatters, jumping up and down with a simple command, while her back became a mountain range that shredded the other side of her pink dress almost instantly.

Her hair began to float, the tips of her ears sharpened into points, dark veins and jagged lines coursed through her skin in scale-like patterns. Mirajane’s laughter descended into moans and grunts, struggling as the bat-like wings emerged from her back. This didn’t look exactly like her Satan Soul, yet there were enough similarities for Erza to see hints of it leaking through.

Mirajane began floating, thrusting her chest out as her hands balled into fists at the sides of her muscular body. “I’m coming… so *fucking hard!*” Mirajane growled out in a deeper voice, the power burned the remains of her dress, letting Erza see her wet sex that flowed with juices.

Erza’s own core *burned*, she watched with utmost fascination and adoration how Mirajane ascended into a sort of demonic amazon, brimming with muscle and vascularity in every inch of her new amazonian frame… Just like her.

Mirajane smiled with the wickedness of a demon… and threw herself at Erza.

The tackle carried such force and velocity the two were soon sent flying through the air, into the clouds, where Mirajane wasted no time in slamming their lips together.

Erza reacted in the only way her body allowed, by kissing Mirajane back as their arms locked around each other. Their legs wrapped around one another, and their hips soon began pounding so hard with their mystical might that they could shatter even a boulder standing between them and their need for satisfaction.