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

Wendy had been staring at the lacrima for a while.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She hated it.

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

She returned to her bedroom, and *shrieked*.

“Hey, Wendy!”

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

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

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

Neither Porylusca nor Cana were good influences…

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

…What would happen if *he* used it?

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

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

Cana you tricky bitch!

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

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

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

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

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

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

…Fuck it, what did she have to lose?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now, for the leap of faith.

“So… if I do this”

She leaned forward and kissed him.

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

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

“…How do you feel about me, then?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For a moment, they froze.

Then, *pandemonium*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“*Take m*e”

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

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

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

“*Go*”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

X~X~X~X~X

Wendy finished recanting her tale, laying back on her bed with a satisfied smile. She remembered every single detail of that night to absolute perfection, and when she focused, she could still feel his hands upon her body, the taste of his flesh in her mouth, the throbbing girth of his manhood inside her.

It made her warm down there just thinking about it, but it paled compared to her audience’s reaction to her story. The Lamia Scale mage with pink hair so dark it might as well be red, sat at the other side of her room, face flushing fiercely at what she had heard.

Sherria, her dear friend from another guild, same age as her, stared with wide-eyed shock. Her mouth lightly ajar as she took in ragged breaths, two pinpricks of pain forming on her breasts while her legs rubbed together to stifle the uncomfortable heat emerging from the depths of her core.

“Oh my gods, Wendy…”

“I know”

“Y-You were so graphic!”

“I know~”

Sherrie panted, half-mortified half-*thrilled* by the tale of debauchery her friend had regaled her with. It had been the most erotic thing she ever heard in her life, with details so vivid it felt like she had been *there* to witness it all, with her imagination filling in the gaps and at times placing *her* in Wendy’s place.

“S-So,” Sherria tried to play it cool, even if Wendy saw right through her. “Where is N-Natsu by the way?”

“Visiting Lisanna. Or Lucy. Or both at the same time~” The Sky Dragon Slayer let out a suggestive giggle.

Sherria deadpanned at her, “Since when did you turn lewd? What happened to the pure and tidy Wendy?”

“She got the wildest night of her life~”

The red-pink-haired girl cleared her throat, “So um, those lacrimas are something else huh?” She quickly changed the subject.

“Oh yes!” Wendy jumped up, sitting at the edge of her bed with a wide smile. “Like you wouldn’t believe. The sheer boost in power and strength Natsu got, it’s like he’s constantly using Dragon Force! Oh, I so want to see how Erza and Mirajane handle it with their respective magics~”

It was a very invigorating thought, Sherria had to admit. The two were nothing less than some of the most outstanding women she’s ever known, and to see them as enormous amazons… Sherria couldn’t imagine admiring them even more.

“And,” Wendy’s smile was full of promise. “I think it can help you” At Sherria’s questioning glace, the dragon slayer clarified, “Restore your magic that is”

Sherria’s eyes widened at the prospect. It had been such a great personal loss to sacrifice her magic, a part of her *being*, during the war in hopes of defeating DiMaria and her God Soul magic. She felt hope when traces of it seemed to return over time, but… at the rate it was going it’d take years before her power returned fully. She wanted to go on missions again, to help her guild and friends. It made her feel so helpless at the thought of her guildmates needing her and she just… was unable to do a thing.

“The lacrima?” Sherria muttered. “B-But Wendy, wouldn’t you want to use it?”

Wendy waved it off. “Oh, Cana gave me a few. Besides,” Her smile became more… predatory. “I don’t need it~”

Wendy stood up, and Sherria instantly noticed a change…

Wendy looked taller than she had just a moment ago, and the white sundress seemed tighter…

Her incisors were sharp, “Because when Natsu and I *fucked*” She said the word so confidently as she took one step forward, and Sherria saw the calves *widen*, “when I had him inside me. His flesh, his *cum*” Another step, and the explosion of muscle expanded to her thighs, splitting into multiple groups, “it’s like my own magic got *boosted*”

The dress cuffed tightly around her waist as it hiked up, unable to contain the powerful quads. The fabric stuck close to her stomach, showcasing popping bags of muscle. Threads strained audibly as her torso widened, lats spreading like wings…

Her hair slowly turned pink.

Her shoulders *exploded* with massive amounts of meat, the swelling spread down her arms as her biceps ballooned immensely and her forearms widened, a labyrinth of lines and veins spreading all over.

She bared her teeth in a savage smile as she growled with pleasure. Wendy’s traps rose high with hardened flesh, snapping the straps of her dress. Her body was so large it caused the rest of the attire to hang on, almost painted on her great musculature as multiple tears popped into existence.

With each step she took towards Sherrie, the bigger she grew.

The God Slayer stared up from her seat with wide eyes, watching with *great fascination* as Wendy underwent such a marvelous transformation. Her last name was so fitting, for what other word could be used to describe her?

Well, many. Enormous, powerful, divine, gorgeous, perfect, astonishing, *amazonian*. But it’d take Sherria all day to say everything that came to her mind.

*Marvel*, was the word she settled on, to try and encompass it all.

Wendy’s ever so modest breasts *bloomed*, hardened nipples poking on their center as they stretched the dress to its absolute limit…

“HNG!” Wendy pulled a fierce lat-spread pose, and her dress tore to shreds, reduced to mere strips falling to the floor and revealing her naked glory. Her stomach rippled, her quads pulsated, her biceps swelled, and her pectorals thickened with unrivaled striation.

“Oh gods…” Sherria muttered in disbelief and mounting arousal.

Wendy slowly coiled an arm into an elegant flex. “Not bad huh? I reckon I can get even bigger if I set my mind to it~” She clenched her fist and made the bicep split with a shredded peak. “Hmm, you have no idea how good this feels” Wendy licked her lips as she stared at her muscle enamored before looking at her friend. “But you could…”

She stepped away, going over a chest and bending over, making sure to prostrate her muscular glutes and rippling hamstrings to Sherria, she retrieved the contents and presented to her a large lacrima.

“Is… Is that-?”

“One of Erza’s, yes. The one that turned Cana, Lucy, and Natsu into *beasts*” She held the item in front of the Lamia Scale mage like a forbidden fruit, calling to her… “Take it, Sherria, and become a mage again. Take it… and become like me”

Sherria didn’t know when the lacrima had gotten into her hands, she had snatched it from Wendy’s before she even realized.

And with desperation, she *breathed deeply* from the magic. She didn’t just absorb it through her hands, she pulled in the energy into her mouth as though she was eating air like every slayer did for their magic.

It tasted wonderful, like liquid fire and tangible love. Her eyes widened as her pupils shrank, throbbing veins popping in her neck and spreading through her chest as the energy washed down, pooling in her stomach and spreading through every fiber of her body.

Wendy smirked as the ball fell from her friend’s hand, empty.

Sherria trembled, and the effect was nigh instantaneous. She hunched over, holding her stomach as a painful pulse erupted, shakingly standing up from her chair she mumbled and let out a low whine, “B-Burns, burns so much…!”

The Dragon Slayer licked her lips, “And it’s *amazing*, isn’t it?”

A twisted smile formed on Sherria’s lips, “Y-Yes!” She shuddered, and her body began to expand. “F-Fuck!”

Her back widened enormously, creating fissures of striated flesh and labyrinthian lines of definition. Her dress slowly ripped apart in the middle with jagged tears, snapped threads standing out half curled as they violently tore. Her deltoids became cannonballs, pumpkin-like ridges adorning them as the muscles competed for space. Her detached sleeves and gloves strained under the overpowering growth of her arms, with her biceps painfully pushing the armbands that held the sleeve in place, until they finally snapped, pushed out by the mounting muscles. The fabric tore, reduced to tatters as the continuous growth of beef changed her small lithe arms into thick shredded trucks.

Her shoes were painfully tight, and her toes burst from the front. Her calves widened beyond her shins and tore at the stockings, with her quadriceps joining the effort as every last part of her leggings fell to the floor. Her muscular thighs were so wide they rubbed together, stocking the fire between them.

Sherria threw her head back, her hair grew rapidly and thick it undid her band and ribbons, creating a mane of spiky pink-red, the long locks framed her lovely face and bulking neck while it cascaded down her massive back. She let out a fierce growl as her chest thrust forward, the expansion of great mammaries undid the upper parts of her dress, unveiling enormous pectorals supporting them. Her hands clenched over the fabric around her stomach, and with a swift pull, ripped it away, revealing the armored plate of her shredded eight-pack. Sherrie gave a displeased look at the skirt that was riding so high it showed the button of her panties, and too ripped it off her with a simple tug.

Wendy watched enthralled at her friend, “So look perfect…”

Sherria looked at herself, letting out a drunken smile. A twist of her fingers and her panties were gone as well. “Now I do~”

She slowly raised a hand, gazing at the arm muscles like they were the most wonderful sight. She frowned in concentration, and gales of black wind slowly gathered around her limb, merging into her hand.

She could feel, it was there once again. Alive, breathing, beating like wings on the free winds. Her magic…

Her friend looked at her overjoyed, “Sherria, it’s back, it’s back! It worked!”

“It worked…” Sherried cried out in joy. “It worked!”

The two cheered, launching themselves into each other’s arms and hugging tightly, caressing their muscular frames lovingly as they spun around in celebration. Though they realized it wasn’t their feet that twisted them around, it was gentle gales of wind that were making them float.

In mid-air, the two looked at each other lovingly, sweet smiles of adoration accompanied by sensual touches and gentle caresses that sparked waves of electricity in their spine and desire in their loins.

Wendy’s and Sherria’s lips drew close until they finally touched in a heartfelt kiss. The prologue to what would become a day of loving tenderness and frenzied passion as god and dragons, mighty and proud creatures both, shared in their union.