(**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.

X~X~X~X~X

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.