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

“Okay, now condense it, lock it at the corner of your soul, bar it from your mind…”

“Easier…” The knightess’ hoarse voice was strained with effort, “said than done!”

When the two finally put an end to their frenzied lovemaking (which took a *while* considering how their lust-addled minds were, and the power sending their bodies into overdrive for each other’s amazonian frames), the two decided it was best to keep this between the two until they got a better handle on it. The last thing they needed was to go on a power trip with the entire guild…

Mirajane was an expert in transformation, her Satan Soul had made learning such magic a necessity. Or perhaps it was more fitting to say learning to control her shape was a side product of such magic, as was often the case with many other Take Over magi. The Strauss had given Erza her lessons on how to tap into her draconic power, now she was teaching her to dismiss it when not called upon, find a way to return her body to normal.

It was… a challenge, for multiple reasons.

Mirajane managed to dispel her own pool of draconic magic Erza granted her, locking it away like any other demon soul she had inside her being. But even with the power reduced to the barest minimum, her body had been irrevocably changed. Even if she wasn’t the nigh nine feet tall hulk of engorged muscle, her body still looked *pretty* toned. With well-rounded shoulders and toned biceps, any pink dress she might wear would look pretty fit around her athletic figure. They’d have to explain this as her training hard with Erza, if they’d even buy that…

Erza, however, had yet to demonstrate the ability to shrink down, and at this rate, Mirajane was starting to believe it was impossible. The seven-foot-tall amazon was squeezing her eyes hard in concentration, lips purses as her body palpitated, the scale-like red markings over her body slowly receded, her muscles deflated moment by moment as her height too was losing inches by the second.

By all accounts, it looked like she was succeeding, but they’ve been at this enough to know otherwise.

Erza’s eyes snapped open, and a silent choke escaped from her lips as her muscles *exploded*. The size of her flesh doubled in an instant with a loud burst. It was like Erza’s body had responded to the attempt of her shrinking it down by fighting back *hard*. Resulting in 8’8 feet of gigantic redhead beef with arms that made a full man’s body look like a toothpick and legs that could snap tree trunks with ease.

Erza gasped, panting as her cheeks flushed from the sudden pleasure that hit her.

Mirajane was half tempted to worship Erza’s enormous frame, but they didn’t need any distraction right now. She merely sighed and rubbed her temple, “Okay, let’s see. There may be an angle we’re not seeing”

Erza didn’t reply, she didn’t say anything. Her face was locked in numb shock, making the hairs on Mirajane’s neck stand on end. “Erza…?”

“HNGH!” Erza groaned and *grew* *again*. Her muscles pulsated larger by a few inches more, and her already monumental height added *two feet more*.

Mirajane stared up in a mixture of shock, arousal, and exasperation. “You got bigger”

“I got bigger…” Erza looked down in shame, guilty pleasure flowing between her legs.

Erza was now around ten feet tall, and her muscles, well, the only people who’d possibly have bigger frames than here would be the actual giants, and those guys were the size of tall buildings.

Erza just let herself fall to the ground with a loud crash, the force making Mirajane comically bounce in place. “Nothing is working!” She growled in frustration, “Not only I can’t put the power away, and it keeps building over and over and over without end!”

To say they were concerned did not capture the sheer magnitude of this problem. What if Erza never stopped growing? Would she become the size of a real dragon? Would her body even handle it? Would it transform her into a dragon without her consent? Fall to the same madness that plagued her mother?

Mirajane tiredly sighed and went to sit at her side, leaning her head on Erza’s mountainous quad. The Scarlet only needed to put her hand on Mirajane’s body to cover her torso.

“…You could give me more”

“Mira…” Erza said warningly.

“I’m serious. You giving me power in the first place got you to shrink down. You just need to share more and you’ll shrink again”

“At the cost of making you even bigger”

“That’s not a negative, I can actually shrink myself”

“To a point!” She said, referring to Mirajane’s toned muscles. “What happens when I have to give you more and more! Meanwhile, my own power keeps building up! We achieve nothing and eventually instead of only me, the two of us will become giants!”

Tempting as that was, it was not a solution…

“If only we had a way to spend the magic more safely,” Mirajane mused. “Find more people to spread it to?”

“Like the guild?” Erza raised a brow, “Much as I love and trust our family, I don’t want word to spread. Eventually, it’d be known I can impart *dragon power* to people, as though I were a walking lacrima dispenser…” Her words slowly trailed off, and Erza fell silent.

“Erza?” Mirajane stared up at her curiously.

“Lacrima,” She finally said, her features slowly forming shifting into excitement. “That’s it, Mira!” At Mirajane’s confusion, she further clarified. “Dragon Lacrimas!”

When the words fully registered, Mirajane gasped, standing up and looking at Erza with joy, “Of course!” She exclaimed triumphantly. Dragon lacrimas are made with dragon power! The exact know-how wasn’t public knowledge with how rare Dragon Lacrimas were, but lacrimas were essentially solidified magic in a stable state, in theory, any mage could create a lacrima with the know-how and materials. It’s how simple lacrima could do things like power up electronics and large machines. “I-It’s not a solution, but it’s the perfect way to keep you from growing too much!”

“Ohhh I’m gonna need a lot of empty lacrima vessels,” Erza said with eagerness, her mind swirling with the possibilities.

“I-I-I’m gonna go to the nearest town!” Mirajane clumsily skipped, keeping her gaze on the enormous knight. “I’ll be back soon, I love you! Try not to grow more while I’m away!”

Erza waved an enormous arm as she watched her girlfriend go. “I’ll try!” She chuckled, the sound became miserable and desperate the further Mirajane went. “Gods know I’ll try…”

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Contrary to popular belief, Cana was not a drunkard who spent half her time inebriated and the other half passed out. She was observant, she had an eye for things most people either brushed off or didn’t notice at all. After all, she was a mage, of holder magic perhaps but using a tool required a certain level of finesse and intelligence. She did use her tarot to achieve a limited degree of fortune-telling, something she did often when it came to the wellbeing of her guild. It wasn’t a precise art, tarot could only give her vague hints of the future which she had to unravel herself. It had taught Cana to be insightful, she could tell when someone was happy or upset. For example, Wendy, the resident ‘little-sister’ of the Guild.

Well, little sister no more. Wendy had failed to meet the proper requirements back during the S-Rank trials that time, and was spared the seven-year absence. When the guild returned, they were met with a young woman who had been tirelessly working to keep the guild afloat, missing the chance to see her grow up.

Yet still, many in the guild could only see her as that adorable young girl, the remnant of the time lost. Wendy always dealt with confidence issues, and while she had made great strides to be a self-assured and powerful mage (being part of the group that defeated Acnologia, plus the whole fighting in a war thing, did help), Wendy still dealt with concerns regarding her own maturity, being forced to grow up taking care of the guild when many of its strongest members were absent. Everyone left had been so busy helping her, that she needed the presence of strong role models to know her place and value as a young woman.

Especially regarding certain ‘adult’ matters, like the pining she had for that God Slayer of Lamia Scale who was about her age. Oh, the two had hit it off *amazingly* and she could tell Wendy had a crush she didn’t want to act on. And Cana was *more* than happy to properly educate Wendy in such matters who happily accepted her help.

Though there were other issues that Wendy did not tell her about, it was clear the girl also had another sort of interest. Something less romantic and more ‘base’.

Okay, who was she being tactful for? Wendy wanted *sex*. She wanted to lose her virginity and wanted certain people involved if her looks were anything to go by.

Perhaps Wendy would tell her when she felt ready, till then, Cana kept her duty of observing, looking after the guild in her own way, find out if there was anything she should investigate further.

Like whatever it is Erza and Mirajane were hiding…

Oh, there was much rejoicing when the redhead returned to the guild, as the Take Over mage had promised. The two returned looking *pretty*, with Mirajane explaining she had joined in Erza’s intense training regime.

And boy had it been a surprise when the two arrived holding hands, announcing they were together now. Many in the Guild (if your name wasn’t Natsu) had seen it coming a mile away. Cana was happy for them *and* for the jewels in her pocket courtesy of Laxus who grumbled at the lost bet.

The two looked so happy. Erza in particular looked far more at peace than she had before, ever since the war ended and that *horrible* affair with her mother happened. And the joy radiating from Mirajane’s face was almost blinding.

But they were not fooling Cana for a second, the two were hiding something…

Erza getting some admittedly nice level of muscle in two months? Okay sure, Erza hardly ever bulked up before, but maybe this time she truly went all out?

Mirajane getting toned like that in just a couple of *weeks*? Something was going on…

The cards said so as well. They were hiding a secret they wanted to keep hidden from the whole guild. Which… raised a few alarms in Cana’s head.

She thought of confronting them about it, but the two were thick-headed enough alone, together it’d be impossible to get an answer out of them.

Besides, Cana grinned, what’d be the fun in them just telling her?