

PRECIOUS KEY

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“Huh? That’s weird. That key I bought from the merchant downtown with Natsu is gone...” Alone in her apartment (for once), Lucy Heartfilia was sorting through the items she’d purchased during her all-day shopping session with Natsu Dragneel, a fellow member of the mage guild Fairy Tail and her dearest friend.

Lucy herself was a Celestial Spirit Mage, a magic-user that summoned being from the Spirit World using special keys that she carried on her person. While exploring the markets today she’d stumbled upon a very special key related to her craft, or at the very least the man selling it had told her as much. But... why wasn’t it here?

Meanwhile, Natsu Dragneel had settled into his own home on the city of Magnolia’s outskirts. His loyal cat Happy off trying to flirt with Wendy’s cat Carla, he was all alone with the small pouch of food he’d bought when he’d been out with Lucy earlier in the day. Oh well, Happy’s loss!

Without even checking the contents he’d opened his maw wide and allowed the baked goods to pour in. The boy was a little wild and didn’t really have much understanding of manners at times, but since he was all by himself he really didn’t care about what others might expect of him.

He was content as could be. At least until a loud and painful *CRUNCH* interrupted his gluttony. **“OW!?”** Even with his impossibly strong teeth it still *hurt*. He spit out whatever it was he’d chomped down on, and found the fragments of an item he’d seen earlier that day in his palm mixed with little bits of food. Pieces of pale blue metal that had

undoubtedly come from that key Lucy had purchased. “**Uh oh...**” She was going to be *pissed*. He could almost imagine her reaction now...

“Huh? That’s weird. Didn’t really taste like metal though.”

Natsu couldn’t really call himself an expert on the taste of metal though. That was more Gajeel’s thing. **“Did Lucy get duped!? Why I oughta!”** One thing he absolutely wouldn’t tolerate was people taking advantage of his friends under any circumstance. It certainly didn’t taste like metal, but like cake... kind of? Stale cake. The taste wasn’t necessarily a *good* one. In fact the tiny fragments left? He wanted to spit them out.

PFFT! PFFT! PFFFFFFT!

As whatever the hell that cake was made of began to shoot out of his mouth, the vibration of the young man’s lips hit a road block. They didn’t sputter about as much as they normally did, almost like the gap was smaller? Or like his lips were heavier, which was actually the truth. Normally thin and chapped, they’d inflated and taken on a volume that gave them a more feminine sheen beneath the dim light of his room’s oil lamp. But it wasn’t merely external. Teeth grew softer (or at least soft while compared to a Dragon Slayer’s) and smaller, fitting neatly and with better health within a mouth that he’d yet to notice was shrinking further and further.

“Did I get ‘em all?” He stuck his tongue out comically, unaware of the fact that the muscle was not only smaller but a lighter shade of pink. It was his own voice that had given Natsu pause in the end. **“What the--? Lucy!? LUCY ARE YOU HERE!?”** He could have sworn he’d heard her while not realizing that the source of the voice was his own echoing back in the tiny space. Yes, the pitch and tone of his voice had completely shifted, pairing with the absence of an Adam’s apple that was obscured by his usual scarf.

His nose wrinkled from side to side as it felt like he was about to sneeze for just a moment, but he managed to hold it in at the very last moment... at a cost. That nose was much smaller and smoother now, and he’d yet to realize his superhuman sense of smell had been lost as his hearing suffered a similar natural nerf as lobes rounded.

He blinked, finding it weird his eyelids felt weightier than normal in the process. His eyes had actual grown wider, their sharp angles smoothed as dark browns claimed the color. Lids were heavier because his eyelashes had essentially doubled in size and fluttered whenever he blinked, the eyebrows above thinning and lightening to better match his now girlish facial features.

If Natsu kept a mirror (*he didn't*) it might have been easy to him to identify the similarities between his own reflection and one other person he knew. Because his face looked exactly like Lucy's. It was just plastered on the body of a young man instead. Of course his spiky pink hair kind of ruined the illusion, but longer strands of blonde had begun to stick up among the rose-tinted strands and would eventually flatten back and downward.

“That’s weird. Thought I heard Lucy?” The Dragon Slayer mage really wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed. He was still dwelling on his own echo, although with his hearing now weaker he wasn't exactly picking up on said echo anymore. He was actually feeling kind of... warm? That was a difficult feeling for him to nail down. The young man was always warm considering his magic was fire-based, but there was a subtle difference between how he normally felt and this feeling. It was almost an itchy heat... a *needy* heat? Natsu didn't really have much of a sex drive or anything, he just thought lady parts were funny.

It was getting difficult to keep his hands off himself, or more like one part of him in particular. His chest. It didn't help that it was getting itchy, but it was also really accessible since the only thing he wore on his upper body was his usual vest. To scratch it was as easy as reaching under the fabric and giving a quick itch. And another. And another. It was an experience that was becoming more and more pleasurable, and being the over-the-top kind of guy he was he began to scratch faster and faster.

“YAAAAA WHY DOES THIS FEEL SO WEIIIIIRD!?” Yelling came to a very abrupt halt once the itch was accompanied by a new resistance though. Something that had gotten in the way of his fingers and prevented them from running across their predestined path. Bumps? His nipples? Well, yes and no. Of course his nipples were there and they were definitely hard, but it was more like his ripped chest had developed lumps? Lumps that weren't necessarily muscle -- in fact, the muscles of his bare arms were showing more and more signs of becoming more diminutive as their shapes receded.

While Natsu's frame generally became thinner, the lumps beneath his nipples that his fingers had been grazing saw no such quarter. They'd grown exponentially in just a matter of a few moments, and fingers had gone from scratching to massaging as they inflated as if they were dry sponges introduced to a bucket of water. They grew more and more tender with each and every moment, involuntary gasps of pleasure ultimately escaping his lips in Lucy's voice as he collapsed onto his rear.

But that landing? It was a little *softer* than normal. His ass had definitely gotten larger, flesh squishing and pooling over the edges

between his behind and the wooden floor within pants that had managed to hang on. Once he stood though? They'd certainly fall because not only had his waist crunched painful inward but his hips had flared to match his creamy behind's burgeoned form.

Even after falling though he didn't take his hands off his chest. It was pretty in character for him to squeeze the growing tits like a child, but somewhere along the way, when they were roughly a little smaller than his head each, the squeezing had become more guided. More intentional. It was like the body was telling him how to best pleasure it, but in reality the culprit was Lucy's own memories beginning to muddy the waters of his own actions and personality.

“Haah... Haah...” His breath was hot not from the flame kindling within him anymore but because of how aroused he was, everything blurred out by pleasure. Even as the fingers groping himself became slender and well manicured, moan after moan escaped those feminine lips of his. But fingers didn't creep down to his dick -- in part because something was telling him that would be too far. Wasn't this too far? Fondling himself in Natsu's house like some kind of maniac?

Or... **“Wha? I'm Natsu, aren't I?”** The misthought name finally gave him pause and lashed fluttered open again. Eyes danced from side to side as he took in the sights of this home. It was all familiar of course, because in the end it was ~~his~~ Natsu's and he ~~lived here~~ visited fairly often. **“What am I...?”** He immediately pulled his hands from his chest, ripe bosom bouncing from the sudden pull away while ending up concealed by the vest in the hands' absence. It felt a little lose but the garment seemed to cover his nipples perfectly.

Palms pressed against the floor, which creaked as the mage pushed himself up and onto his feet. He wasn't able to catch the belt of his pants in time though and they did fall around his ankles along with his boxers, leaving his dick exposed. Or presumably anyways. He couldn't see past the size of his massive badonkadonks! The thought to check had been there, but it faded when he thought *‘why would I have that?’*. It was a good question because she didn't have that; not anymore. There was just a moist pussy from the stimulus with a blonde keyhole of hair cut carefully above it.

She pulled her feet from both Natsu's boots and pants, toes small and manicured like her fingers were before she set them down on the wood. **“Why was I wearing Natsu's clothes? WAIT! I'M NAKED WITHOUT THEM!?”** Well, *yeah*. But 'Lucy' wasn't sure. Should she put them back on? Look for her own clothing? How had she even gotten here!? It didn't help of course that her own arousal hadn't subsided. She really wanted to climax!

But when would Natsu get home? It wouldn't be soon, right? So maybe just a little...

“OI! LUCY! WAIT, HUH!?! WHY ARE THERE TWO LUCYS!?” A high pitched voice stirred the blonde from her slumber some time later. Her long blonde hair a mess, it obscured her vision as she looked up to find... *herself*? With Happy flying behind her sporting a puzzled expression. The clone of herself, though, had a much more antagonistic look on her face, hands planted firmly on her hips.

“Good question! Just who are you and why do you look like me!?! And why are you passed out naked in Natsu’s house? And WHERE is Natsu!?”

The Lucy on the floor was just as confused, but this obvious fake of her barking in her face like she was real just made her madder. She shot to her feet, tits bouncing aggressively. **“Who am I!?! Who are YOU!?! I’m Lucy Heartfilia of course, you’re just some impostor!”**

It was going to be a while before they figured this out.