(**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?

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Cana’s card magic may not be the strongest around, but they were one of the most versatile ones. She flipped her cards with a grin, and picked up the right combination to make her pretty much undetectable, masking her scent, making all her movements completely silent, and turning her invisible to the naked eye. She slipped into Erza’s room while she was away, and deadpanned dryly at how the woman used up so much space with her armors. If she had that kind of money she’d be using it on more useful things… like booze. She always ran out of booze.

Though there was something else in Erza’s room now, tucked in the corner. The sight of it made Cana pause and raise a brow. A bunch of lacrima, golden-red in color, were stacked on a pile. There had to be a couple dozen of them. What were they for? And why did Erza need so many of them?

The sound of the doorknob clicking and turning made her heart jump into her throat, she only calmed down slightly by remembering she was undetectable to all senses, but still kept on alert.

Erza entered the room with Mirajane in tow, “I don’t think they’d be raising any questions”

“You sure you covered all your bases?” Mirajane asked as she closed the door. “Natsu and the others won’t ‘smell you’?”

“They’ve never smelt another Dragon Slayer before,” Erza shrugged. “Besides, they didn’t react to me”

…What?

“That’s good I guess,” Mirajane said relieved as she and Erza walked over to the pile of lacrima, she crossed her arms with a thoughtful look. “All these from all the power you spent… How long do you think it’ll be before you need to make another batch?”

“Enough that we’ll have thought of a solution, or a way to control myself” Erza sighed, “Hopefully I can keep these safe here. I don’t want anyone getting infected with my power”

What was she talking about? Erza was a *Dragon Slayer* now?!

Mirajane grins, “Oh, so you ‘infected’ me?”

Erza chuckles and the two walk down the long hall of armors towards her bed. “You know what I mean,” She looks wistfully at her assorted gear. “I’m happy I’ll still be able to use them all, but… I do enjoy being *big* too, you know?”

“Oh, believe me, *I know~,*” Mirajane said with a purring voice. “I keep imagining how the others would react to us looking like that”

“Gotta keep secret,” Erza said, “For now at least”

“Fine…!” Mira rolled her eyes dramatically before impishly smirking. “Though we’re alone now”

Erza raised a brow, adopting a playful look. “That we are…”

And then, before Cana’s widening eyes, the two *grew*.

They tore through their clothes as they became large bodybuilders, now even larger than that. They could give *Elfman* a run for his money with that bulk!

They looked so powerful, so amazingly built, so *erotically* beautiful…

Cana gulped when she looked at the two amazons' sudden kiss and make out, rubbing each other’s muscles with great desire and arousal.

Her mind slowly connected the dots, looking back between the two and Erza’s cache of lacrimas.

Erza had achieved something, and she didn’t want the guild to know. She had changed and had changed *Mirajane* along with her.

Why couldn’t she trust them with this?

The lacrimas looked so tempting…

She… She could just take a few. For research. Get the answers Erza was keeping to herself. Yeah, just for that. Just… research…

Cana took advantage of the two women moaning and jumping into bed, using a storage card to tuck some of the lacrima away in a dimensional storage. Not enough that Erza would take notice, but a good number to properly conduct studies.

She’d need help with it, and she knew the right person to go to.

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Lucy should have known better than to go along with Cana’s schemes, but the heavy drinker was *insistent*, and honestly, it spared her the headache to just nod and go along with it. Something she learned long ago when it came to the maniacs in Fairy Tail.

Boy did she spell a yarn. Erza being a sort of Dragon Slayer, she and Mirajane becoming muscular amazons thanks to the former’s power. Which was so great and unrelenting that she had to split it into multiple lacrimas.

Lucy honestly would have doubted her because it was outlandish. But… they knew who Erza’s mother was, they knew it was a touchy subject none of them should ever bring up. Was it that outlandish to believe that Erza had inherited her mother’s powers?

The lacrima in Cana’s hands sure felt real, the power inside radiated like a blazing torch. It was… mesmerizing to look at the spherical crystal colored with red and gold.

Lucy stared worryingly as Cana kept fiddling with the thing. She had insisted they should study it properly, maybe bring it to Levy, but Cana didn’t have the patience for that. She wanted to *test it.*

Sure, test the lacrima full of dragon slayer magic so potent it had apparently physically changed their friends. *What could go wrong?!*

‘*Oh it’s fine!*’ Cana waved it off, ‘*We’re doing this in a quarry. If anything breaks, the master won’t get any bills get mad over!’*

Lucy felt that was the *least* of their concerns. The quarry they were currently standing over was long since abandoned, there were not precious minerals or useful building materials, just a bunch of bricks and rocks left around. Nobody had been in this place for years, so Cana thought it’d be the best place to test the lacrima.

She would have preferred a proper research room with the right tools and safety measures, but there was no convincing Cana…

“So, what are you planning to do?” Lucy worryingly asked. “Are you gonna store the magic in your cards?”

“I *could*” Cana mused with a hum as she held the basketball-sized lacrima in both hands, the growing smirk on her lips gave Lucy a bad feeling…

“Cana,” Lucy called out with a warning tone. “What are you planning?”

“You didn’t see Erza and Mira,” Her voice sounded wistful, her brown eyes seemed to shine with ambition and desire. “They looked so strong, and the *power* that was coming out of them. Imagine it Lucy, a way for everyone in the guild to become strong, to never be unprepared when we fight monsters like Acnologia or Zeref’s empire again…”

Lucy almost balked at the intensity of Cana’s words.

“And besides…” She grinned, showing her teeth. “They looked hot as fuck”

Without warning, Cana activated the lacrima.

Lucy gasped at the sight of streams of magic washing over Cana’s limbs. The long brown-haired beauty let out a shocked sound, akin to a choked pant, as the magic swirled around her as a potent wave. “O-Oh gods, this is…!” The magic seeped into her skin, pushing through and burying deep inside her soul. “A-Ahhh!”

“Cana!” Lucy watched as the energy intensified, “Cana, are you okay?!”

“Hmm, feels like-like…” Cana bit her lips, stifling a moan. “Like I’m getting drunk!”

“What?!”

The lacrima began to lose its shine, as the last traces of its power went into Cana’s body. Cracks formed over its surface, and Lucy noticed how much her arms were tensing, pressing harder and harder against the lacrima. When the magic finally faded, Lucy’s attention was drawn to the rhombus-like marking going from the upper area of her forearms to the lower ends of her biceps.

The lacrima shattered into a hundred pieces,

The card mage panted, adopting a euphoric look in her eyes as her smile widened, showing all her teeth… and letting Lucy see how her incisors sharpened.

Cana *grew* right before her eyes. Her height increased with each passing second while her muscle mass expanded while deepening its tone. The scantily clad nature of her attire allowed Lucy to see the changes in her upper body easily, from the rows of abdominals popping into view to the slabs of pectoral beef that supported her inflating breasts without the need for that bikini top. Shoulders swelled to the size of basketballs as she rose a shaky arm to the side, grimacing in discomfort as the golden armbands dug into skin and flesh around the bicep, while her bracelets tightened on her widening forearms, “Ngh!” Cana clenched her teeth with the close of her fist, making the arm muscles *jump*, causing the bracelets to come undone, and her armband to *split* soundly at the onslaught of her flexed bicep. “Yeah, that’s it!” She growled in pleasure as she repeated the process with the other arm.

Her sandals snapped under the growing feet, her shawl pushed to the side by the presence of her bulging thighs as these ones unraveled her brown pants, loudly tearing the fabric to pieces and unveiling the massive quads which split into multiple muscle groups with the lightest flex. “MMMN!” Cana let out a guttural moan as she fondled herself, her eyes rolling back as she roughly pawned at her breast while her other arm came down in a fierce flex.

When the growth reached its climax, so did she, she howled with laughter and roars as she tore the flimsy remnants off her clothing. From her trained bikini, to the pants and shawls, taking her panties along with it.

Cana stood at least taller than Lucy, making her even *larger* breasts stand directly in front of her face. She *brimmed* with power, not just in those veiny rippling muscles, but the sheer aura of magic emanating from her.

“C-Cana,” Lucy gulped, “Are you okay?”

“…Wonderful~” She hungrily said before walking over to one of the large boulders, the nude amazonian mage bent over, making her hamstrings ripple fiercely and presenting rock-hard glutes to Lucy, before *hefting the boulder over her head*. “Hah… haha!” She panted and laughed at the same time, overjoyed with this development. “Fuck, all this strength, so much power inside me, feels like I’m going to burst!”

She let one arm go, letting a single meaty limb do all the work. She was lifting something at least twice her size and undoubtedly *many* times her weight.

“My muscles, my body…” Sharp fangs glistened in her grin. “*My magic*”

Golden light shined from Cana’s hand, and in a burst that spread from inside the boulder, she made it explode into tiny pebbles.

Lucy gawked. So powerful…

Cana slowly brought down her arm until her first was at the same level as her head, the magic still coating her palm as it trickled over her limb like liquid flames, oozing wisps of power and errant swaths of flame-like light. Cana slowly clenched her fist, marveling at how her bicep rippled and split into a peaked mound of shredded visage, veins throbbing to the surface as blood boiling like magma ran through them.

“Fuck, my magic and body feel like they’re *one*. It’s like…” She sounded so enthusiastic, “It’s like just raising my magic power makes my muscles *even stronger*, and a my own energy ripples with me just flexing!” She growled as she brought down her arms in a powerful most muscular, making her body inflated all the more. “UGH! You gotta feel this, Lucy!”

“F-Feel?!”

Then Cana had all but pounced upon her. She didn’t know how exactly it had happened, or when, but Cana moved superhumanly fast and cornered her against a rock taller than the amazon. Her fingers dug into the stone and cracked it, trapping Lucy between the boulder and the sweaty hardness of Cana’s body.

“Yes…” Cana’s sharp teeth seemed to gleam, and Lucy shivered under the dangerous and… exhilarating aura that seemed to emanate from her.

Cana twitched her pectorals, and half of Lucy’s face was covered in those enormous breasts. She let out a muffled sound, feeling shaken by this sudden ordeal, like she should feel mortified but… the soft flesh felt so good, she could just imagine the muscles feeling even better.

Cana was always a beautiful woman, and now she looked so much-

Why was she thinking like this?! What was happening to her?!

Lucy yelped, feeling something press against her crotch, *lifting her*. Cana’s enormous quad got between her legs, lifting the skirt and brushing against her panties. Cana’s leg lifted her higher and higher until her feet were dangling.

“C-Cana!” Lucy stifled a moan, gods that felt so good.

“Hmm, I love it when you moan~” She muttered huskily, taking a deep whiff of her scent. “You smell so good…”

And then she licked her neck, making Lucy moan again. Cana was kissing, licking and nibling the vulnerable limb, nuzzling her while letting out guttural sounds.

Then her thigh flex, right against Lucy’s sex. Lucy’s hips, her legs trashing helplessly, “T-That’s my-!” She squirmed and moaned, feeling the heat intensify with each stroke, her nipples got painfully hard.

“Moan some more~” Cana groaned with a savage grin, “I want to hear you *beg~*”

She pressed her body tightly against Lucy, even with the clothing in the way she still felt the heat and sweat of Cana’s muscular build, breast squeezing against breast, Lucy’s arms locking around Cana’s for safety, feeling their hardness. And her leg, oh fuck her leg…

It just kept flexing, rippling, grinding against her covered womanhood, which kept getting hotter and wetter by the moment. The fabric might as well be paper thin with how easily she was… stimulating her.

“C-Cana!” Lucy let out a high-pitched moan, “P-Please, I can’t-!”

Cana seized Lucy’s jaw, and slammed a deep powerful kiss upon her lips.

And with a final flex of her leg, Lucy came, soaking her panties, some of the fluids seeping through and coating the hard ridges of Cana’s quad.

Lucy panted, holding onto Cana for dear life, her pupils quivering as the orgasm wrecked through her body.

Cana chuckled, “Good girl…” And kissed Lucy on the forehead, a slow gesture that was as wholesome as it was loving.

Then she froze and slowly leaned back as if she was just looking at Lucy for the first time, as though Cana had suddenly come to her senses after going blackout drunk.

Lucy kept a flushed panting expression as she stared at the beefy card mage.

“…Shit” Cana hissed, “I’m… I’m so sorry”

“S-Sorry?!” Lucy gasped, “Y-You just, what was that Cana?! You-You…!”

“I… I really don’t know,” The amazonian brunette sheepishly said, “I lost control, it was like this overpowered me, this… weird feeling, all this magic, a-and my body transforming like that, I got… I dunno, a bit horny?”

“A *bit?!*” Lucy blushed even more if that was even possible. “You just *fucked me!*”

“I mean I pleasured you, that would imply I-“

“*I don’t care about the semantics, Cana!*”

“Hey why are you even mad?! You were into it!”

“…That’s beside the point!”