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.*