(A disclaimer because I know I’ll have to repeat it a lot: Wendy is **19 years old** already in this continuity. Things happened differently than in the series. And as usual, **WARNING**: This story contains female muscle, male muscle, and graphic sexual content)

Wendy had been staring at the lacrima for a while.

It had been a ‘gift’ from Cana and… the story that came with it was honestly unreal.

Erza achieving some sort of Dragon Slayer Magic? Outlandish but… not outside the realm of possibility, knowing who her mother was, how she had been growing in a dragon’s womb for *centuries*.

But the fact this new dragon magic had changed Erza so much, pumping her body with so much energy it forced it to… evolve, for lack of a better world. To become draconian in trait, swell taller and larger with enormous muscles. And the fact she possessed so much abundant energy that it forced her to spend it into multiple lacrimas, that these lacrimas could *grant people Dragon Slayer power*.

If not for Cana displaying the effects of the lacrima in front of her, growing to tremendous size and showing such a marvelous physique, she would have called such a thing into question.

But it was *real*. The power was *real*. The strength that came with such a body…

Wendy had been too stunned at the revelation that Cana intended to give these lacrimas she stole to a *bunch* of girls. Oh gods she didn’t even want to imagine what Erza would do when she found out.

Wendy should have gone to Erza, told her she knew the situation, and explained what Cana had planned. But… she hadn’t.

She kept sitting in her room, staring at the orb in her hands. A very intrusive thought repeating itself over and over in her mind.

What would this lacrima do to a Dragon Slayer like her?

Would she become as big as Cana? Would she turn out… bigger?

Wendy sighed, setting the lacrima on her bed, and went to the bathroom. She splashed some water on her face and stared at her reflection. She knew she should be proud of her looks, she was a lovely young woman. Even if her breasts weren’t the size she wanted, being surrounded by so many busty beauties sure left you with some self-image issues…

She grew up while everyone else was locked out of time on the island, she had to mature to keep the Guild afloat and help her friends. She was forced to do all this, mourning her family for so long… and then they came back, and it was the best day of her life.

Throughout it all they faced so many challenges and adventures. The Magic Games, Tartaros, the Alvarez War, Acnologia. She had proved herself so many times.

Yet she still felt like Wendy, ‘everyone’s little sister’. Everyone was always protecting her. Everyone kept looking at her like she was still that same little girl.

She hated it.

She wished Carla were here, she could talk to her about this. But she was busy visiting the Exceed village for the time being…

She returned to her bedroom, and *shrieked*.

“Hey, Wendy!”

Natsu was lying on her bed, idly holding the lacrima in one hand. Gods, was his home invasion of Lucy’s place not enough, did he have to do the same with *her* house?!

She squashed the side of her that was *thrilled* at the prospect of having him in her bed. Wendy had a… well to call it a crush would imply a romantic component, she supposed she could be crude enough to admit she was *very* attracted to Natsu in a *very* physical way.

And of course, she had made no progress regarding that. Saying; ‘Hey I know you still see me as that kid, but I think you’re really hot and I was hoping we could bang’.

Neither Porylusca nor Cana were good influences…

Then she realized that *oh gods he was holding the super lacrima!*

…What would happen if *he* used it?

Wendy pushed that thought out of her mind with all her strength. “N-Natsu, what brings you here? At this hour…?” She turned to look at her clock, it was barely 8 PM.

“Oh, Cana said you had something you wanted to show me”

Cana you tricky bitch!

“Is it this thing?” He sat on her bed, looking quizzically at the lacrima. “It feels… weird. Smells super familiar too. Like a dragon” He gave her a look, “Wendy is this a dragon lacrima?”

“It’s… not wrong to say that,” She carefully said, wondering how much she should reveal. “It’s a long story, and I’m not sure I should say anything”

“Aren’t we friends? We can tell each other anything”

Gods she loved how earnest he always sounded. *You don’t know how much more I want to be…*

“Is this what Cana meant?” He tilted his head. “That you’ve been wanting to tell me something for a good while”

*Why are you putting me on the spot, Cana?!*

…Fuck it, what did she have to lose?

She took a deep breath, “Natsu… how do you feel about me?”

“Eh? You’re Wendy!” He said as though that explained everything. “You’re my friend!”

“I know, and I’m happy to be” She took a step closer, “But, am the Wendy you see now or… the Wendy you remember?”

Natsu frowned confused, “I… don’t follow”

She got closer, with the spherical lacrima being the only thing between them that kept space. “Am I a woman to you, Natsu? Am I…” She blushed, pursing her lips, “beautiful, to you?”

“Oh course you are!” He said unabashedly. “You grew up really nice!”

Now, for the leap of faith.

“So… if I do this”

She leaned forward and kissed him.

He let out a shocked muffled sound as his eyes widened.

The kiss barely lasted a few seconds, and when she parted, Wendy took *several* steps back. Her face was burning, she couldn’t believe she had done that! She dreamt about it for so long…

“…How do you feel about me, then?”

Poor Natsu looked like his brain had fried, and Wendy feared she had made a mistake.

“I-I-I-I-I” He sounded like a broken record. “I… Wendy, I mean, I don’t… Y-You’re you, and I’m… *Fuck*. I don’t even know what I’m saying!” He hissed in frustration, the grip on the lacrima unconsciously tightening.

“Natsu, I’ve felt very attracted to you for a long time” Wendy finally confessed, and it felt as liberating as it was horrifying. “And I… I need to know if ‘us’ can happen in some form. If not… we just move on with our lives, and pretend this never happened”

Natsu looked like a deer caught on headlights, the way he tensed with the confession, and the kiss from before.

“Wendy I… I don’t know what to do, or to even say. You’re… I still remember when we first met, you were-“

“I know,” She tried not to cry, and she was failing miserably. “It’s all everyone can see of me”

Natsu looked wretched, “And now I made you cry. *Fuck!* I’m so sorry, I don’t want to hurt you-!

It had all been too much for the Fire Dragon Slayer, he failed to notice the cracks on the lacrima from his tightened grasp. How the spider-web of jagged lines spread from his fingertips and palms. They were both too engrossed in this drama to notice.

It was only when the lacrima crumbled in Natsu’s hand that the two realized.