Compensation

Kingdom of Fiore

Minerva Orland stood tall and proud inside the Sabertooth guild hall. Her expression of strength was one she had honed throughout the years in service to this Guild, as taught to her by her father and former leader of Sabertooth, Jiemma. They stood for one thing and one thing only: strength, believing that those who were weak to defend themselves could never change anything. It was a brutal discipline, one that her father had taught for years before he disappeared. Now Minerva was one of the five strongest in the Guild, but facing someone she might actually be outmatched by.

Natsu Dragneel, a young man with bright lavender hair that was only half as loud as his brash personality, stood beside her, in a guild hall that was damaged from one of his earlier attacks. He was a few inches taller than Minerva, which wasn't surprising given her tall stature and even taller boots, elegant pieces of leather that seemed molded for her body, ending at the knee and disappearing beneath the bottom of her dark blue cheongsam. The tight garment was more than just snug on Minerva's body, it was nearly painted on, with a slit up one side that showed off her lithe legs, and a few pins on the top that exposed just a flash of skin align her upper side, also hinting at the sheer tremendous amount of cleavage she had stuffed into her outfit.

At the moment, Minerva was considering Natsu the way a wolf might face down another predator: with outward stoicism, and a calculating glint in her eye. In a one on one fight, Natsu's fire magic, along with his incredible resolve, would likely prove more than a match for Minerva's own spatial manipulation based magic, called Territory. In the long run, at least. For now she had one more trick up her hand.

Well, one more trick that she was willing to share, that was...

Natsu moved with all the strength and speed Minerva had come to expect from him, along with the same lack of caution. The bare-chested man, wearing only a scarf, a vest and knee-length pants, threw one of his arms out, unleashing a great gout of magical fire at Minerva. She thrust one hand out in response, her fingers splayed out in her blue princess gloves. In a flash, the blast of magic Natsu had aimed at her vanished, as a swirl of wave-like energy flashed from Minerva's hand. Like a great shield, it blocked and dissipated Natsu's attack, leaving Minerva none the worse for wear, aside from a few strands of hair delicately out of place.

She blew one such strand away, her voice as rich and cultured as one would expect from her somewhat archaic dress sense.

"Young boys like you, Natsu, are always full of fire and eagerness. But that fire can burn itself out quite quickly, if you aren't careful." She let out a low chuckle, placing one finger in front of her plump lips, painted an alluring purple color.

Natsu smirked in response, wiping some stray bit of dust or dirt (he had already caused quite a ruckus in the Sabertooth Guild house, this Dragon Slayer. Minerva supposed she shouldn't have been surprised, Fairy Tail almost lived up to their impressive reputation. But it was time they learned that their days of being the number one Guild was over, and Sabertooth's time had come. Minerva supposed it was only fitting Natsu Dragneel be the one to carry that message, at least if her plan worked. For now she had to keep herself safe first and foremost.

Natsu didn't seem fazed by his attack fizzling away against Minerva's defense. Instead, he was probably just thinking of ways around the situation, focusing on overwhelming her defenses.

"Don't worry about me, little miss princess. I've got plenty more where that came from."

Minerva was sure that was true, and didn't exactly want to find out the hard way. She needed to take the initiative and strike while she still had the upper hand. Fortunately, Natsu's attachment to a certain annoying animal friend provided the busty mage with the exact opportunity she needed.

Before he could strike, Minerva snapped her fingers, concentrating on bringing her magic forth. There was a familiar warping effect in the space in front of her, as two different spatial positions switched, and where once there was empty air, now Minerva was holding on to Natsu's "cat", Happy. He didn't look like he was living up to his name at the moment, and as soon as he realized what had happened, two comically large streams of tears ran down his face, all while Minerva held onto him tightly.

"Happy!" Natsu said, taking a step forward but halting almost instantly, as Minerva warded him off with one outstretched palm.

"Ah, ah, not so fast Natsu! Now that I have your little friend here, I think we need to have a conversation. I don't know how Fairy Tail does things, but we can't have a full fledged fight between our two guilds right here and now. However, just by attacking us here in our seat of power, you have caused us a certain amount of dishonor. To make up for it, we might require a concession of sorts from you or your Guild."

Natsu's eyes narrowed, even though he tried to toss a reassuring glance to Happy.

"What kind of concessions?" He said, suspicious and a little caught off guard. This kind of dealing wasn't exactly within his wheelhouse.

"Its simple. I'll return Happy to you, and then you and I will have a sort of competition ourselves-but without a full on magical confrontation. That way, whoever loses, no one gets seriously injured and we can settle our feud more thoroughly at the Grand Magic Games." Minerva waved her hand, and the few Sabertooth Guild members who were standing around filed out, following her father who had left in a huff once Minerva had begun to face off with Natsu.

Natsu nodded firmly, clenching his fists as though victory were already within his grasp.

“Fine, if you say so. Just give me Happy back, and we can get on with this. Don’t think I’ll hold back.” He said, a familiar fire in his spirit. While Minerva could tell Natsu wasn’t unintelligent, his thinking was very straightforward and reckless, which made him easy to predict, if not always easy to counter.

But any good Sabertooth mage was aware that sometimes victory came not simply from one’s strength, but from the weaknesses one’s opponents brought to a battle. Happy was one of Natsu’s, as Minerva’s pride in her Guild was her’s. But she was counting on something else to see her through this day with a serious, if unofficial, victory in hand for her and the rest of Sabertooth.

“Of course.” Minerva waved her hand again, and Happy was suddenly atop Natsu’s shoulders, cringing with fright still. As Natsu conferred with his little flying cat, known more properly as an Exceed, Minerva consulted with a lower ranking Sabertooth mage, giving him instructions to carry out before she dismissed him as well. Natsu likewise, told Happy to fly away and leave him to deal with Mierva himself, so as to keep him safe.

The pair of rival mages faced each other again, as Minerva took a few confident steps towards Natsu. Her legs moved with a slow, sinuous grace, and for all his bluster, Natsu was still a hot-blooded, passionate young man, which meant it was hard for him to know where to look when dealing with someone like Minerva. Keeping his eyes off her tremendous, probably hundred centimeter or more bust was one thing, but even when he wasn’t catching a glimpse of the sheer shelf of ass she carried in her tight dress, swinging it behind her hips in a mesmeric fashion, her face was no less alluring. Aloof and exotic, Minerva’s make-up made no bones about the fact that she was a woman with a striking appearance who wanted to be quite memorable in the eyes of any who dared to look upon her, from her long butterfly-like eyelashes to the spots of color on her cheeks, and even the dark circles of eyeshadow that complemented her black, almost purple strands of elegant hair.

Natsu had been around a lot of beautiful women in his life, including several of his Guild mates, but Minerva still took the proverbial cake.

“Alright then, it’s just you and me, so let’s get this over with. What did you have in mind, Minerva?”

Minerva stretched for a moment, like a languid cat resting in the sun. Her arms pointed up high in the air, her delicate hands intertwined as she let out a big breath, which pushed her huge tits out far enough to nearly rip her dress at the seams. If she’d been trying to distract Natsu, it had certainly worked, as his eyes fell to her enormous breasts and his mouth nearly watered at the sight.

Minerva giggled, fully aware of Natsu’s gaze.

“Well, first of all, let’s make certain that you and I are of like minds on this. Will you agree to any term I set, and to honor the results? I swear on my name and that of my father that if you come out on top, I shall not try to contest that in any way.” Minerva said, making a show of her solemn tone and emotionless face. She was being truthful for what it was worth...which, considering the surprise she had in mind for Natsu, wasn’t much.

Natsu nodded sharply. “Of course. I won’t try to weasel out of anything.”

Minerva laughed again. “I’m very glad to hear that. For now, why don’t we get started? If you would be so kind, dear mister Dragneel, and take off your clothes for me, like a good boy.”

Her smile was like a blade of ice on Minerva’s cheery face, and for several moments Natsu thought he’d misheard her.

“I’m, I’m sorry did you just-”

“You *heard* me, Natsu. Ours is to be a more intimate form of competition. Now hurry up, I haven’t got all day. And kindly close your mouth while you’re ait-keep your hanging open like that, and you’re likely to catch a mosquito.”

Natsu’s cheeks burned, both at the casual insult and from slight embarrassment as he realized what was happening here. To think that Minerva Orland, a woman who’d just threatened a cute little animal, was now suggesting some sort of sexual showdown with him. He’d always heard strange things about Sabertooth, and so far none of what he’d seen had changed his mind.

On the other hand, to Natsu’s thinking when a woman as beautiful as Minerva asked you to get naked, you did it. In moments, Natsu was naked, except for his scarf which remained thrown over his shoulders in a rakish fashion. His dick was rapidly hardening, throbbing with arousal even as slight confusion tickled at the back of Natsu’s mind.

“Oh, quite impressive. Though I daresay I’ve seen bigger, once or twice.” Minerva chuckled knowingly, even as the dark pools of her eyes raked over Natsu’s body. As expected, every inch of his form was as muscled as his chest and arms, with impressively toned legs and sinewy thighs. A small bit of hair ran from Natsu’s belly button to his crotch, but it stopped there as his pelvis was almost completely devoid of hair, showing nothing but a bit of stubble here and there. Minerva smiled as she realized the young man was nearly as smoothly shaven as she was!

And while it was true that Minerva had seen bigger dicks than Natsu, that was a rare occasion indeed, as Natsu was well above average. Still growing as she watched, Natsu’s cock was probably thirty or so centimeters long, with a pale shaft crisscrossed with a few veins and a dark reddish head that seemed to pulse in time with Natsu’s heartbeat. The whole thing was a little on the thin side, or at least it looked so due to its

large length, but it was no less impressive for that. It wasn't the biggest Natsu had ever seen, either, but he tried not to let that on.

"Yeah, well things are a little one-sided now, Minerva. And since this was all your idea, I was kind of expecting you to make the first move...unless this was just a cunning way of you getting me naked? You could have always asked to come back to my room, you know." Natsu smirked, feeling confident in that way that men like him usually did when they had their hard dicks out, knowing sex with a smokestack like Minerva was coming their way soon.

She favored him with a small glance and a flutter of her eyelashes, before her hands fell to the clasps of her dress.

"I suppose you're right, Natsu. Let me show you what you're up against...for now."

If Natsu paid any attention to that, he didn't show it. Instead, he simply watched as Minerva disrobed for him, beholding a sight that few men were lucky to get. Minerva's dress came undone at one side, and she shrugged out of it, letting it fall into a pool around her legs. Her breasts seemed even larger once they were uncovered, with dark little nipples that soon grew hard, resting atop perfect mounds of flesh that looked like they were each larger than Minerva's head, falling to the sides but also pressing against each other and making a clear line of cleavage like some blessed mountain valley.

Minerva was almost completely naked now, save for a tight black pair of panties that rode up high on her slender waist, exposing her thick, curvy hips. As she stepped out of her discarded dress with almost dainty steps, Minerva made sure to do a quick twirl in place, simply to show off her ass in all its glory. As her hair whirled, she slowed down just enough for Natsu to feast his eyes on her thick, tan rump, which swallowed up the fabric of her underwear, leaving just a tiny strip showing in between her firm, well-rounded asscheeks.

As she approached him, Minerva playfully dragged her fingernails down Natsu's chest, leaving the smallest of scratches. Slowly she leaned forward, bending perfectly at the waist with the precision that would have impressed a trained dancer and extended a rump up in the air like a practiced stripper. Natsu only watched, completely spellbound as Minerva maintained eye contact with him, opening her mouth with an exaggerated moan, licking her lips until they were shining with spit.

"Ah...Minerva, that feels, hah…" Natsu bit one of his fingers lightly, his eyes shutting as he let his head rock back, simply enjoying himself. Minerva was clearly having a good time as well, inwardly pleased at how smoothly things were going. Someone like Natsu would never wonder why a woman he'd been fighting with mere moments ago would deign to suck his dick without first explaining *why.* Even the most clever of men-which Natsu wasn't, exactly-tended to lose IQ points by the bucket load when Minerva decided to turn on the charm.

“Schllrp, schllrp, schloorp~” Minerva let out wet, sloppy moans as she continued to bob her head up and down on Natsu’s cock, opening the back of her throat and swallowing roughly half of his dick with each downward plunge of her mouth. Her hands worked against his hardness as well, turning her wrists in opposite directions, milking his throbbing dick with practiced skill, knowing exactly how firmly to squeeze and which way to tug to wring moans and gasps from Natsu’s mouth.

After a few minutes of this, while Natsu simply muttered to himself about how good Minerva’s mouth felt, she slowly pulled back. Looking up at him with a dark playfulness, Minerva winked almost audibly, clearly having fun, though of rather a different sort than Natsu thought.

“Not bad at all, Dragneel. A lesser man might have already shot his load by now; you’d be surprised at the effect I can have on boys like you.” Shifting her position, Minerva knelt before Natsu, who leaned his back against a nearby wall, cock jutting out like a flagpole.

“Now, I know you’ve been staring at my tits since the moment you walked in, so why don’t I show you what all the fuss is about, mmh?” Minerva said, before she opened her mouth quickly and spat down onto her cleavage in a most unladylike fashion, rubbing the saliva in with one hand as she quickly, professionally, pumped Natsu’s shaft with the other, taking care to rub his dripping piss-slit with one gentle thumb on every upstroke. She knew exactly what she was doing, while Natsu had no idea what was coming his way.

Soon, Minerva was squeezing her breasts tightly around Natus’s dick, bouncing up and down for him like an eager prostitute trying to earn a few more coins. The firmness of her breasts, the tightness of her grip was almost velvety in its softness, pleasurably hot and impossible to resist or endure. Natsu felt sweat beading up on his forehead as his arousal grew with every passing moment.

“*Shit,* your dick is so hard between my tits Natsu, it’s practically jumping at the chance to fuck these tits, eh?”

Natsu had experienced this sort of thing before, but to compare any of the previous titwanks he'd got before, all of them by women with much smaller breasts than Minerva, to the lewd, sweaty, almost frantic titfuck he was getting now was like comparing a candle to a bonfire. Between her superior oral skills and the sheer unrivaled sexiness of her lewd, slutty tits, Natsu was already in heights of sexual bliss he'd never felt before.

After several more minutes, Natsu’s balls had grown tight, and his moans only increased in arousal and speed. His orgasm was fast approaching, and Minerva was aware of this as soon as he was, if not sooner-while she was enjoying herself it wasn’t nearly as much as Natsu was which meant her senses were much more alert. And so, as quickly as she’d started, Minerva stopped, pulling back and letting Natsu’s cock slip free from the embrace of her firm, silky breasts.

“Ah-huh, why did you sto-ah!” Natsu exclaimed in surprise, as he felt a strange sensation suddenly run through his body, starting at the base of his balls and shooting up through his head. It felt like a muscle cramp, but somehow more powerful than that.

“There you go again, Natsu, getting ahead of yourself. I wouldn’t want you...popping off too early, as some people might say, and spoiling our fun. So a little bit of my magic here will ensure you won’t come, not until say so, that is.”

Natsu gasped in shock, ripped away from the pleasure he’d just been awash in like someone had tossed a glass of water on him while he slept. Minerva was gloating openly with her face now, her sensual features no less beautiful when touched by spite, like a particularly alluring snake.

“Is this your game, Minerva? Get me all worked up and then use magic to stop me from coming? Hoping you can make me break down and beg you for release or something? Fat chance.” Natsu scoffed, still feeling completely blindsided but with his confidence undiminished.

“*Something* like that, dear Natsu. It’s more accurate to say that your release will depend on your ability to provide others with the same. If you can sexually satisfy another until they’re spent, completely unable to go on. Then and only then will the spell be released and you will win. Do you agree to satisfy your partners?”

Natsu thought it was strange that sometimes she seemed to be referring to plural partners, and sometimes only one. But he didn’t dwell on that for more than an instant, as the challenge in Minerva’s voice was the most pressing issue for the hot headed mage.

“Fine, I agree. I won’t back down now, or ever. I can outlast anyone.” Natsu said, feeling rather triumphant. Sure it was annoying considering that he had been pretty close to blowing his load all over Minerva’s fat, heaving breasts (Natsu guessed they were probably double “G” cups-at least), but he could hold out and focus on someone else’s pleasure. Especially if victory and his pride were on the line.

Minerva clapped her hands together like a pleased schoolgirl. Her faux-sweetness was in distinct odds with her normal personality, and poured on so thick it should have been another concern for alarm. But at this point, events had already been moving for far too long-Minerva was confident the messenger she dispatched earlier would have done as she asked, and now it was time for her to enjoy her plain coming to fruition.

“Oh good, I’m so very glad to hear you say that. Because I have just the partners in mind for you.”

Natsu blinked his dick actually drooping a bit in the air as though it, too, were confused.

“Wait, you mean you’re not...but then who am I going to be fu-”

“She means us, you insect.” The voice was deep, gravelly, somewhat familiar to Natsu. A rumbling bass that could only belong to…

“Y-you!” Natsu said, not believing what he was seeing as two massive, hulking figures moved into view. One was a green haired man, tall and muscular with tan skin and large black tattoos of circles and leaves on his massive biceps. Natsu didn’t really know him well, besides the fact that his name was Orga something or other, with a black headband under his spiky hair, and beady, perceptive eyes set in a somewhat handsome face above a thin striped black goatee. But the other figure, even larger than Orga was an almost frighteningly huge figure with bushy blonde hair in a long braid down his back, along with a matching, unruly beard and sideburns, lightly greyed by age, and wearing nothing but loose pants and large red prayer beads, resembling more of a beast than a man with a stern face that seemed perpetually on the urge of anger.

It was Jiemma Orland, the former leader of Sabertooth, Minerva’s father and a frankly ferocious individual. Natsu had clashed with him earlier, if briefly, and been convinced he could win, but it wouldn’t be easy. But this situation was something else entirely…

Orga cleared his throat, standing next to Jiemma and almost looking small in comparison, which was saying something.

“That’s right, Natsu. Minerva told us what was going on, and it’ been decided that the two of us will be your...partners.” He chuckled drying, and Natsu could see a great indistinct bulge already forming in his loose pants.

“Nuh, no way! This isn’t what I expected!” Natsu shouted, suddenly very aware that he was still trying to have some sort of serious conversation with his dick out. His body, despite himself, was rather turned on still and his cock was as hard as ever. But then-

“Ahhh, what’s happening to me?!” Natsu said, doubling over as a strange sensation crawled through his body. It was almost like what he’d felt before, when Minerva had first cast her magic on him to deny and control his orgasm, but different.

With a gasp, Natsu realized his dick had actually shrunk-just a little, but enough for him to notice, with an oddly warm feeling. Minerva’s head tilted back as she laughed, watching the whole sequence play out with undisguised, dark glee.

“Ahahaha! Be careful Natsu, that curse that I put on you can be quite temperamental. Remember, you agreed to *any* sort of conditions. So as long as you can satisfy Orga and my dear father here, then you’ll be able to come all you want, and your dick will return to its normal size. Otherwise, the more you try to refuse, or fail to actually make an effort to please these two slabs of beef, no offense father, you’re going to lose more and more of your manhood. Unless you wanna forfeit the whole thing right now, then you can slink off back to Fairy Tail with your original, skinny dick between your legs.”

Minerva was having the time of her life watching Natsu squirm. She expected him to back off and give up, and was actually somewhat hoping for that outcome. Then she’d

approach him later, after the tournament which Sabertooth would no doubt win since Natsu's confidence would be crushed, and the rest of his Guild didn't bother her much. With their power dynamic firmly established, she'd finish what she started with him earlier today, making it clear that *she* was in charge.

"Fuh-fine. I won't quit, never." Natsu said, trying to sound braver than he felt. He tried to steel himself, but he was wildly out of his depth here. In his private moments, Natsu had sometimes thought about other men, especially some of the more hung men he'd come across (it was true what Minerva had said Natsu was impressive, but there were more hung guys out there, and some of them were in Natsu's own guild), but never in a situation like this. And certainly not with someone like Jiemma, who was glowering at Natsu like he'd just as soon pummel into the ground as fuck him.

Natsu gulped audibly as he considered that, with Jiemma's massive size and the growing bulge in his own pants to match, and again outdo Orga's, the former Sabertooth leader could probably do both at the same time.

At the same time, as though something unspoken passed between them, Orga and Jiemma started getting undressed, shucking off their sandals and tugging down their loose flowing pants. Each man was nearly as hairless as Natsu, with Ogra showing stubble as well Jiemma, though Ogra seemed like the sort to shave regularly and Jiemma only when he could be bothered. Jiemma's balls, wrinkled and covered in hair and about the only part of him that showed his age were absolutely massive, practically the size of grapefruits as they hung in between his thick, slab-like muscled thighs. Orga was built along similar lines, though a little smaller, not as deeply tan and his balls were also hairy though not quite as wrinkled.

And then there were the pair's massive, throbbing, impossibly wide, thunderous *cocks*. Natsu had seen dicks that put his to shame, a little, though never like this, nothing like **this.** Jiemma's dick had to be longer than Natsu's forearm, and much wider, thicker than most men's biceps. Orga was smaller by comparison, but he still had probably five fat, veiny inches of dick to stretch past Natsu's length-Natsu's *previous* length, that was.

They smelled as well, Natsu could tell from where he was standing. It wasn't a bad smell, per se, but it was powerful, like mossy dirt and steaming water, a pungent musk that reminded Natsu of old men backed into a shower after a sweaty workout session. As the pair drew closer, Natsu almost felt like his eyes were going to water, and he tried in vain to tear his eyes of the men's dicks-it wasn't easy. He kept sliding from Jiemma's darker, huger shaft, with an almost flared tip like a club ready to be swug, or Orga's somewhat...appealing length, symmetrical and attractive as any well-shaped dick but impossibly larger, with a purplish head and full of heavy veins pulsing on the underside.

"We'll be here all day if all you do is look, mister Dragon Slayer. And aren't you supposed to be satisfying us, your partners?" Orga's voice was a bit on the cocky side, full of himself. Given the way he was built, Natsu couldn't blame him.

Jiemma on the other hand, looked like he was already fuming with rage, his face darkened as he looked down (quite a bit, given the difference in their heights) his aquiline nose at Natsu's reddened face. His lips curled back as though he wished to spit.

"Get to work, weakling. Suck us off and show us you're not a complete incompetent."

It was hardly winning pillow talk, but then they had Natsu at a severe disadvantage. If he accepted, he'd be making himself little more than their comfort boy, sucking on dicks like some sort of pleasure slave. But if he refused, then he'd lose any face he could hope to salvage in the first place. To most people, it was nothing but a lose, lose situation, and the only question was what particular brand of humiliation and indignity was more palatable to the loser in question.

But deep in his heart, as Minerva had suspected but was still surprised by, and someone like Jiemma knew straight off, Natsu saw the situation a little differently. Getting to bed Minerva and have her be impressed by his skill and stamina in bed would have been one thing, but this...well it wasn't really all that bad, though he couldn't very well admit that, could he? The only thing he couldn't stand was quitting entirely.

"Ok, ok. Just hold your horses, you fucking monsters."

Jiemma and Orga both chuckled at this, finding it more of a compliment than an insult, which was somewhat how Natsu had meant it. In the meantime, Natsu slowly fell to his knees, trying to wrap his head around what was going on, and what was going to happen next. He didn't really have time to think about it, but maybe he could keep things from getting too out of hand, if he appeared to submit but still tried to do what he could to keep hold of the situation.

Natsu had never sucked a dick before in his life, and he'd never planned to make much study of it outside of a few late night fantasies. But he did know a few women, such as Lucy and Erza who seemed to have quite a bit of experience, at least to go by what they talked about. They made it sound pretty easy, all he had to do was just relax, and open wide…

"Ahhh~" Natsu closed his eyes, unwilling to meet either Orga or Jiemma's gaze: Jiemma looked at him like he was little more than a piece of dirt on his shoe, which only further humiliated (and to his shame, aroused) Natsu, while Orga made it clear he couldn't for the handsome pink-haired boy to suck on his dick like a concubine. Natsu wasn't sure which was worse.

Slowly Natsu craned his head forward, struggling to wrap his lips around Orga's length. Jiemma snorted at having to wait, and Natsu realized he wasn't sure why he'd pick Orga first. Was it to spare himself having to suck on Jiemma's even larger, thicker cock, which looked distinctly more sweaty and pungent? Soft wet suckling noises, which

Natsu realized with a dark thrill were coming from him, filled the area as he considered this.

Or, in a slightly more embarrassing turn, was Natsu simply saving the best for last?

In any case, it made little difference. Natsu gagged on Orga's fat cock, his mouth spread so wide it felt like his jaw was creaking, the immense weight of Orga's shaft filling his mouth. His tongue was flat on the veiny bottom of the shaft, wriggling in weak protest at this massive oral invasion. Drool leaked from the corners of Natsu's mouth, making his lips shine with bubbly clouds of saliva, struggling to lubricate Orga's cock, making it easier to swallow the thunderous length down his gullet.

Before Natsu had reached even halfway down Orga's length, which left him with a clear bulge forming in his neck, he was pulled off by a firm hand on his hair, tugging like he was a weak child to be pulled about. He sputtered at this, almost protesting-though surely he would welcome a break from having that dirty, sweaty, virile shaft stuffed down his throat. He hadn't been enjoying it or anything, even if the leaking droplets of pre-come on his own shaft told a different story.

It was Jiemma, who had very clearly grown tired of waiting his turn.

"That's enough foreplay. Time to show you how a bitch is *supposed* to get used." He rumbled.

"Ow! Not so rough you dirty old man! Its bad enough I have to suck your greasy fat cock, you don't have to be such a fu-mmph!" Natsu was cut off by two things suddenly happening at once.

First, Jiemma grabbed Natsu's head like he was simply holding a cup, and then jammed his cock into the younger man's open, wide-stretched mouth. At the same time, Natsu felt that strange magic act up again at his refusal to comply with Jiemma's demands right away, which meant his dick shrunk further still. The sensation of the magic, along with Natsu's own growing submissive nature, made his dick, small as it was, tremble with arousal. What happened third, and very shortly after, involved Natsu learning that Jiemma didn't want to get his dick sucked so much as use Natsu's mouth as a hot, wet hole to fuck.

"Gllach, glaggh, glaggh!"

Natsu choked and retched on Jiemma's hard cock, feeling it plunge into his mouth faster and harder than he'd been sucking on Orga's dick. The drool and saliva that had been filling Natsu's mouth was soon frothing up around Jiemma's dick, as though churning a pitcher of water. Natsu simply followed on handling this brutal, tonsil-pounding face fucking the best he could, working his tongue around Jiemma's dick, making exaggeraeted swallowing motions with his mouth to better milk the gargantuan cock in his throat. It wasn't like he was trying to please Jiemma or anything,

not like he enjoyed having this nasty, foul-smelling thick *thing* shoved deep into his mouth, but the better of a job he did, the sooner he could get Jiemma to come.

“Deeper.” Jeimma grunted, tugging Natsu’s head further down his dick. There was a wet, warbling sound from Natsu’s mouth and he weakly held his hand out, pressing weakly at Jiemma’s pelvis. The muscles felt like iron, and his skin was hot to the touch, much like the heat that was practically radiating from his dick as he skull-fucked Natsu. Of course, the magic that Minerva had cursed him with took issue with this kind of protest, however futile it was-Natsu could no more hold back Jiemma’s hard body and his rampaging dick as he could hold back a waterfall. Natsu’s dick continued to wither away, even as he gulped and swallowed at Jiemma’s cock.

Orgas stepped closer while Jiemma continued to force his cock deeper and deeper into Natsu’s throat. The green haired man jerked his cock mere inches away from Natsu’s face, and was only slightly surprised when Natsu reached one hand up, hesistangly at first. Then, as though deciding to cross some great bridge, Natsu began wanking Orga’s cock off with a sudden zeal. His fingers were too small to even wrap halfway around Orga’s dick, but he stroked and tugged with speed that nearly made his hand a blur on Orga’s massive length. Both of the larger men groaned as they used Natsu for their own pleasure, while the pink haired mage simply gagged and choked, tears welling up in his eyes.

This went on in a blur for Natsu, with two massive cocks the only thing dominating his vision and his thoughts. Jiemma’s dick pistoned in and out of his mouth, occasionally letting Orga take his place. Orga was less brutal than Jiemma, but no less insistent. The two of them got deeper and deeper as they went on, as Natsu’s eyes crossed in a foolish, brain dead expression, getting more and more used to his role as a dick-slurping slut. Their constant switching and insistent speed meant Natsu never quite got used to it, but something about the way the larger men moaned and groaned told him that he was doing something right, getting better at using his lips, tongue and hands to please these two hung brutes.

Just as Natsu was getting the hang of it, thinking that he had some sort of handle on the situation-clearly submissive to the two men, but with a happy sort of understanding between the two of them-things changed.

“Glacch, gluurgk!”

Again Natsu tried to protest, and again his dick shrunk-it was barely average length now, skinnier than before and looking every bit the proverbial pencil dick. Orga and Jiemma, again moving with the kind of coordination that suggested they’d done this kind of double-teaming to a hapless slut before, tilted Natsu’s head back. They lined their cocks up with Natsu’s wide mouth and then...*pushed.* Natsu’s struggled only for a few moments before his body seemed to simply submit and somehow, impossibly, Orga and Jiemma’s cock both began to press forward into Natsu’s throat.

Even with Natsu's mouth stretched to such a wide level, Orga and Jiemma were too large, too thick to progress much farther than the first few inches of their dicks. Still, that was enough. Sawing in and out of Natsu's wet throat, both of the men let out deep, loud groans, and Natsu knew exactly what was happening.

Splllrt, sppllrt, splllrchh!

Natsu swallowed the first few blasts of spunk, as much as he could, but there was far too much. It filled his belly with a sudden, deep fire, and Natsu let out a high-pitched squeal at the taste, it was more foul than he'd expected and he hadn't expected it to taste good. But even then, there was a strange sort of pleasure he found in gulping the virile stuff down. Their orgasm seemed to last for nearly six minutes, something Natsu wouldn't have thought possible, but then it was a day for impossible things.

Slowly, both men pulled out, their prick helmets flaring as they continued to jizz, with hose blasts splattering out in one final avalanche of jizz. Natsu gasped as his face was covered in the tacky, off-white spunk. His mouth remained open, and he kept his tongue stuck out, as if to taste even one more drop of that powerful, pungent liquid. The nasty stuff trickled down his face, splashing onto his chest and even dripping into his hair, matting it to his head.

Natsu had just experienced his first face fucking and a heavy, thick double blast of jizz to the face. Which would have been impactful enough, but the fact that it came from the two hugest cocks he'd ever seen meant that he was trembling all over, shaking with strange sensations and feelings coursing through his body. Even through his watery eyes, Natsu could see that Orga and Jiemma were both still hard, their dicks dripping with their own left-over jizz as well as his spittle and drool.

Beyond that, he could see a few objects, floating and flying in the air behind Orga and Jiemma. Some kind of magical camera, capturing his humiliating, degrading facefuck.

"H-hey! Ah, blegh!" Natsu spat out a glob of jizz, feeling his stomach roiling with how much still remained inside, feeling like it was coating his throat all the way down like glue.

"I-I never agreed to that! You can't record this, I, I won't allow it!" Natsu's voice was trembling, slightly raspy from the brutal treatment he'd just endured, and it was obvious how little anyone was paying attention to his words.

Minerva, still naked except for her panties, and now sitting on a small chair someone had apparently brought to her, laughed.

"Ah, but you didn't stipulate that you *couldn't* be filmed, either. Besides, you should be happy Natsu, the cameras are really catching your good side." She kicked her feet a little, devolving into gales of wicked laughter.

Natsu's dick shrunk further at this refusal, and he now had a small length barely longer than one of his fingers, and not much wider. He supposed he just had to play along. That was all it was though...of course.

"Fuh-fine." Natsu actually looked right into the camera, knowing it was capturing every detail of his face. Flushed red cheeks, eyes running with tears, still struggling to return to a normal breathing pattern, and streaks of jizz all over his face, marking him as a freshly used slut.

"Fine then. If you're not done yet, then keep going. I said I could outlast anyone, and I can. Use me like a cheap slut, a dirty little whore...if you want, I'll take everything you can dish out. Show me what those big fat cocks of yours are good for, you nasty bastards." His words had more passion than Natsu intended, and the cameras captured that too, showing that he was being far more truthful than he *thought* he was.

Orga chuckled a bit at Natsu's sudden burst of energy, while Jiemma simply grunted.

"Even a bug can make a lot of noise. But even a bug still exists only to get squashed."

Before Natsu could work out what the mountain of a man meant by that, Jiemma decided to demonstrate. Namely, while Natsu was still sitting on his knees, Jiemma pushed him back slightly, so that Natsu had to rest his palms on the ground, with his back arched. Then Jiemma squatted lewdly in front of Natsu's face, putting his large, firmly muscled asscheeks and sweaty taint right on top of NAtsu's mouth, making him sputter at the taste.

"Get to work, you bitch!" Jiemma growled.

"Get that tongue up my ass while you jerk off my cock. A little slut like you can talk a big game all you want, but at the end of the day, this is all you're good for."

Whether it was Jiemma's sheer conviction in what he said, the ever present anger in his tone, the fact that Natsu's mind had already been worn down by his rough treatment or (more likely) the fact that Natsu was simply that much of a submissive slut, he didn't even hesitate. Taking action without needing to be prompted by the magic should have shown it in clear relief that Natsu was no longer doing this because he had to do because of some absurd bargain, but simply because he *wanted* to.

Perhaps Natsu might have thought about that, and considered its ramifications, if he hadn't been too busy rimming Jiemma's ass with gusto. His hands moved to reach out for Jiemma's dick with a sort of natural instinct, finding it easily despite being able to see nothing, not with his view full of Jiemma's ass. The older man grunted and groaned as Natsu licked and slurped at his ass, making out as fervently as if the puckered pink entrance was Natsu's girlfriend. The taste of it burned on his tongue, reminding him of how far he'd fallen with each lick, while Jiemma's grunts, and constant commands for him to go "*faster! Deeper, you whore"* only hammered home how much farther he still had to go.

When Orga squatted next to Natsu, he didn't even need to be told what to do. He was soon switching back and forth from each of the men's asses like an old pro. None of the whispered secrets he'd heard Erza or Lucy share with each other could have prepared him for something like this, and yet Natsu found himself acting with sheer base, slutty instinct. With one hand on their cocks, he happily milked their dicks for all he was worth, the muscles in his arms flexing and tense as he lost himself in the sheer debauchery of the moment. Not just in how good it made him feel, on a subservient level, to please these two hung, brutal studs, but simply in how much it turned Natsu on to have these sweaty hung men sit on his handsome face. He sucked openly at the balls, blowing hot air and spittle over their sweaty scrotums, licking at their talents, and living up to the title of "dirty fuck-pig" in every way he could.

As the cameras watched, Natsu was soon laying down on the rough ground, his legs tossed over his shoulders. He hooked his arms behind his knees, to better present himself as Jiemma moved into position above him. The old man grunted as he lined his nearly twenty-inch long bitch breaker up with Natsu's virgin asshole. His cock was now so small that the contrast between them-caught on camera and preserved for all time-was only all the more embarrassing, with Natsu's little dick, still hard as a rock, only a small fraction as long as Jiemma's huge turgid cockshaft.

"I've had worse rimjobs, you slut. So now it's time to give you the only reward a bitch like you could ever deserve-or want."

Natsu looked down at Jiemma's dick, watching it push insitently against his asshole. He opened his mouth to say something-not sure if he was going to beg for mercy, maybe offer to use his mouth to make Jiemma orgasm again, or simply to plead for Jiemma to quit teasing him and get started already. As befor,e it was a moot point, for Orga took position above Natsu, tilting his head back and pinching his nostrils shut easily with his large hand. Natsu opened his mouth to breathe and instantly got that monster cock shoved down his throat.

As he was moaning and gasping around the shaft, his exhalations vibrating it in a way that made Ogra grunt like an animal, Jiemma thrust forward. For a moment, Natsu's body resisted, the sheer difference in size between his small asshole and Jiemma's dicktip, larger than a man's clenched fist, making it seem like an exercise in futility. Then, with a slow but inexorable stretching noise, Natsu's asshole was speared open by the massive cock.

"Mmmph, mmph, mpphphph!" Natsu was screaming around Orga's cock, which only made the green haired man buck his hip sfaster, burying his dick deeper inside Natsu's gullet. His balls were soon smacking off of Natsu's face, wiping dirt, curly black hairs and accumulated ballsweat all over Natsu's eyes, clogging with nose further with the overwhelming scent.

Jiemma didn't try to go slow to let Natsu get used to his length, or tease his way deeper inside the squirming young man's bowels. He simply grabbed a hold of Natsu's waist in his meaty paws and tugged backwards in time with his own thrusts. Inch after inch of his

cock disappeared inside Natsu's ass, which was gripping the sides of his dick with almost painful pressure, hot and tight around that giant shaft. A bulge soon appeared in Natsu's stomach, travelling up towards his belly button in a lewd mirror of the tube shaped bulge that was tunneling down his throat and causing his neck to nearly double in size with every thrust. The sounds of their bodies rutting against Natsu's smaller, softer form filled the room, making it clear to anyone who might later watch this footage of exactly how heavily and firmly Natsu was getting **fucked.**

Wham! Wham! Wham!

Helpless spitroasted, Natsu moaned and thrashed around on the ground, knowing full well that not only were his struggles useless, they only turned on the hung men brutal fucking him all the more. If only he had known Minerva was planning something like this, maybe he could have done something to avoid it. More than likely, he simply would have agreed to it a lot sooner.

Natsu lost all sense of how long he was used by the pair, as their stamina far surpassed anything he'd experienced before, and certainly anything he could hope to muster himself. Not when it felt so *good* to be used, to be controlled, his body manhandled and pulled this way and that. Getting fucked up the arse, feeling like if he could just orgasm it would be the single most pleasurable sensation of his life, was utterly mind-blowing for Natsu. It was clear he was never going back to his old ways, and would never want to.

With a cry, Jiemma's thrusts grew faster and faster. ORga's own downward thrusts grew in time, and soon Natsu felt his body actually fucked into a small crater in the dirt of the Guild building. Jiemma pushed his legs back even farther, using the leverage to bury his dick balls deep inside Natsu's ass, painting th eboy's sore asscheeks red with the impacts of his massive, coconut sized testicles. With a guttural cry, he cursed Natsu for being such a pathetic bitch and began to unleash a torrent of jizz deep inside of him. The brutal fucking ocntinued, as ever thrust of Jiemma's only prolonged his orgasm, and futher helped the old Guild master show Natsu exactly what he was and what he was worth, putting that bitch in his place once and for all

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Even as Natsu's guts were filled, and his prostate nearly pounded to a pleasurable, nerve-filled mess by Jiemma's dick, Orga began to come as well. The pair filled Natsu's stomach such that he resembled a pregnant woman, and his eyes rolled back in his head. He was utterly defeated now, belonged to these brutal men and their dicks. His submissive side had been awakened, and its hunger for dick seemed like it would never be satisfied, even as his toes curled and his entire body trembled, experiencing an ecstasy that was almost agonizing in how thoroughly it filled Natsu's body and mind.

Time seemed to pass in flashes for Natsu, something the ever observing Minerva would simply call a highlight reel. Perhaps fifty minutes after Jiemma had used Natsu's ass, he was bent over on all fours, his flushed face pointed at a floating camera. Behind him Orga was railing away at his tight asshole, fucking him in a crude doggystyle position.

Jiemma seemed content to simply stand by, jerking his dick off idly and watching as Natsu fully admitted to what a slut he was.

“Oh my god, Orga, don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop! Your dick is so fucking huge inside me, I can feel you stretching my asshole! I won’t be able to walk straight for days! You’re so fucking incredible inside my tight little asshole, I can almost feel you in my stomach!”

Their bodies slammed together like a breeding pair of wild dogs, with Orga spanking Natsu’s ass, urging the younger man to rock backwards on his hips, fucking himself onto Orga’s dick. Natsu’s hair bounced wildly as sweat trickled down his body, along with that ever present scarf of his. As Orga’s balls continued to slap against Natsu’s body, hitting his own, smaller orbs which by now were so pent up from lack of release they almost felt like hard pebbles, an idea came to him.

“Oh god it feels so good to get my ass ucked! Your dick makes me feel so fu-fucking good Orga! I can’t wait for you to shoot a big fat load in my ass so I can lick all that come off your fat cock, I can feel your balls getting tighter, I want every drop of it, just pound me harder and-urkk!”

With a swift few loops of his hands, Orga had tied Natsu’s scarf around his neck and pulled back tightly. The boy’s face soon turned an ugly shade of reddish purple as he was choked, and Orga groaned behind him.

“Holy shit, your ass is even tighter now! You must really love being choked huh Natsu, you little slut? You sure talked a big game earlier, like the rest of your Fairy Tail wannabes, but at the end of the day, you’d do anything to get fucked by a real man, wouldn’t you?”

Whap! Whap! Whap!

Natsu’s hands hung limp at his sides, held up only by his knees and by the pressure of Orga pulling back on his scarf. It was his precious treasured possession, a gift from his foster father, and something Natsu had carried with him for a very long time, never parting with it. And now it was being used to nearly throttle the life out of him like some drug-addled whore, all to better help Orga get his rocks off. Hearts seemed to dance in Natsu’s eyes for the camera, and it was obvious that if he hadn’t had his airway constricted so tightly, he would have been screaming his lungs out.

By the time Orga had finished inside Natsu’s ass, he was barely clinging to consciousness, though his tight little anal fuckhole was still squeezing Orga with a mind of its own.

Later still, several hours into the frenzied fuck session, it was Orga who was taking a break, while Jiemma was standing tall, looking down at Natsu as the younger man stood before him.

“Well, I didn’t think it was possibly for a worthless worm like yourself, but I have to admit I’m almost spent. I thought you would have been begging for mercy by now, or at least

passed out.” Jiemma grunted, recalling that Natsu had indeed blacked out a few times, but had always been roused by the sheer brutal fucking Orga or himself had been giving him.

Natsu’s response and his whiny tone was yet another surprise in showing how changed the once brave and assertive young man was. Far from protesting any further treatment at the hands of his hung fuck masters, he was pleading for more.

“No, you can’t be done yet! I.. I know, I have an idea.”

A few moments later, and Natsu was pulling up a pair of black panties over his smooth, mostly hairless legs. These weren’t any panties, they were Minerva’s own, as the amused woman had handed them over once Natsu had made his intentions clear. Once dressed with his dick, perhaps three inches long after the curse’s magical sapping powers, snugly hidden inside the soft material, NAtsu turned and wiggled his ass for Jiemma’s amusement.

“Please fuck me some more Jiemma, however you want! I promise I’ll be a good little slut for you…” Natsu’s eyes twinkled and he actually winked back at Jiemma like the other man was his playful, studly (much) older boyfriend.

“*Daddy.”* He whispered sinfully, willing to say any lewd thing to get more rough treatment at Jiemma’s hands.

Jiemma had to admit he’d fucked a lot of sluts in his day, both men and women, but the idea of some rotten whore being filthy enough to dress up in his own daughter’s panties simply to turn him on more, that was a new one. Natsu’s little phase of pretending he was anything other than a slut was long gone, but once again Jiemma decided he needed to remind Natsu that a bottom bitch belonged exactly there-on the bottom.

He closed his eyes, concentrating, calling upon dark forbidden magics. In his quest to gain that which mattered most to him, strength, Jiemma had called upon dark forces. He’d reveled in the power they gave him, but he had never expected he’d use that power for *this.*Still, if it was th eonly thing that would fuck this slut into total submission, it was what he had to do.

His magic flowed forth, and his skin darkened, a scar-like mark appearing in his chest as Jiemma called upon Demon Magic. His body swelled with muscle, he gained another few inches in height, but that was only secondary. As Natsu watched, quite literally spell-bound, Jiemma’s already hulking cock grew with the rest of him. Already well over a foot long, it grew thicker and longer, far bigger than a man’s arm. Two feet long, and then it kept growing, stopping until Jiemma’s massive, demon-powered cock hung in the air like a weapon, sticking up at an angle and throwing Natsu’s face into shadow.

Jiemma let out a low grumble, and if steam had shot from his nose Natsu wouldn't have been surprised. Instead he simply grabbed Natsu’s arms, plucking him from the ground with both of Natsu’s wrists ensnared in one mighty fist. Natsu had pushed the panties to

one side as he'd put them on, draped over one asscheek and leaving his fucked-wide asshole on clear display, along with the meager bulge his tiny shrinky dick made in the tight panties.

Natsu faced the camera, his legs spread eagle as Jiemma hoisted him up-and then *dropped* him onto his cock, impaling the slut with inch after inch of impossibly hard, monstrously wide cock.

"Ahhh fuck! You're splitting me open! I love it, I love it, I love your fucking cock! Don't stop Daddy!"

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!'

Wham!

"Don't stop, keep fucking me, rail me with that dick!"

WHAM!

"Gouge my guts with your monster dick! Destroy meeee!~"

WHAM!WHAM!WHAM!

Jiemma was lost in his own pleasure now, not having felt such a sinfully tight fuckhole in all his many years of sexual experience. He'd never thought of resorting to such measures before, but then he'd never found a slut quite as voracious as Natsu. His arms were locked behind Natsu's neck, holding him in this degrading full nelson position as his cock pistoned in and out of his gaping, jizz-leaking asshole, rearranging his already battered insides even more.

"You really are a pathetic bitch, you know that? But for a worthless piece of gutter trash, you make a great fuck." Jiemma admitted-coming from the brute of a man, who cared only for strength and power over others, it was high praise. Natsu's response seemed to be dragged from the very depths of his soul, a banshee cry that made it clear how insanely in love he was with this monster cock plunging into his shitpipe.

"Th-thank yeww dadddyyy!"

After an hour, Jiemma waved Orga over, while making no move to stop fucking Natsu, who was completely blissed out. Not wanting to be completely shown up by Jiemma, Orga concentrated, calling on some magic of his own. With a throbbing, pulsing sound, his own dick grew by nearly half a foot in length, still quite smaller than Jiemma's new demon dick, but more than any normal slut could take up their ass.

But Natsu was no normal slut, as had been shown many times over.

"Muh-more! More dick, I want more!" He slurred, drool leaking down his chin.

And so Natsu was soon being bounced between the two men like exactly what he was-an eager little dirty fucktoy. Jiemma pulled on Natsu's scarf hard enough to leave tears in the garment, which Natsu normally would have found appaling. Now he didn't give a fuck, and only cooed as his asshole was utterly fucked into oblivion by two massive cocks at the exact same time, his body bulging out obscenely. The sounds of his insides being rearranged and of all the old loads of jizz Orga and Jiemma had blown inside him being pumped out in wet, heavy splatters filled the room, even as more Sabertooth members filtered in to watch.

"I'm going crazy! My mind...my mind is on fire!!" Natsu yelled, lost in the throes of his own fuckmadness.

Orga concentrated further, using his own electric magic to enhance his dick, covering his shaft in a kind of vibrating current of electricity. Natsu jittered and shook on his dick, and even Jiemma grunted at how it shook his own dick, further making Natsu tremble and shake, his brains feeling like they were melting out of his ears, fucked utterly senseless.

"Yes, *yes yes yes!* Show me what a fucking slut I am, pound me just like that!"

He was in heaven, and he only hoped his squirming, mewling, sweaty fucktoy of a body was making these two studs feel half as good as he felt. His legs creaked and his hips shook as he was pounded, and the cameras recorded his every motion, capturing his eye-rolling, tongue stuck out, drooling ahegao face, a far cry from the brave warrior he'd once been.

WHAMWHAMWHAMWHAM

Orga shoved a few of his fingers into Natsus' mouth and he happily sucked on them, his feet above his head as his body was pressed between the two brutes. He'd never felt more like he was in exactly the right place, doing exactly what he was supposed to.

With a final cry, both of the men plugged Natsu's distended ass with their dicks and began to come. Orga called him a "dirty little fuckslut" and Jiemma commented that he'd be *"shitting out jizz for a **month**"* before they erupted.

Just then, the curse was broken, at least partly. Natsu had fully satisfied his partners and that meant, even as his own bowels were filled with two monster loads of jizz, that he could come as well. His balls contracted even as Natsu screamed out, shooting a few watery ropes of jizz into Minerva's panties.

"Oh my god, oh my god, I'm coming! I'm fucking coming!"

It wasn't much of an orgasm, but then Natsu didn't have much of a dick to be shooting one anymore. He was left with barely two inches of dick, but his orgasm was by far the strongest he'd ever felt. Even as he moaned and gasped, his stomach swelled with come, as Jiemma and Orga's balls seemed to pump like firehoses, splattering his indies and filling him up with impossible volumes of hot, sticky jizz. Even as it seemed to soak

inside Natsu's body and squirted out of his asshole despite the seal the two men's dicks made, it was clear there was still too much.

With a sick, wet cry, Natu's mouth opened and jizz shot out past his lips, even squirting from his nostrils in twin nasty rockets of spunk. His eyes showed nothing but blank whites and tiny dancing pink hearts.

It was clear there was only one thing left to do for the two men to cement themselves as Natsu's conquerors. By the time they'd finished draining their balls, completely satisfied (at least for now), and Natsu recovered some of his senses, having been dropped on the floor, both Orga and Jiemma were pointing their dicks at Natsu's face.

He blinked, his expression masked by the layers of jizz he was wearing, like someone had dumped a bucket of paint on his face. What were they planning? Even as addled as his mind was, Natsu could see both men weren't hard anymore-which still meant they were packing more dick than most men could ever hope to have, but Natsu wasn't sure what they wanted. Still, he knew what to do and his hands reached out, wrapping around the shafts as best he could.

Jiemma actually smiled at that, though it wasn't a nice expression, not on his scary face.

"What a good slut. Open wide."

Natsu did without a moment's hesitation, and after a few seconds, there came a steaming, almost hissing sound as both men began splattering his face with their piss! Natsu sputtered and gasped, but he swallowed down as much as he good, even though part of him wished it wasn't washing all the lovely sticky jizz off his face. He even went so far as to take turns fastening his dick over their cockheads, playing with their dilated piss-slits with his tongue, gargling their acrid, amber-colored piss before he gulped it down again and again.

What a pathetic little slut Natsu had turned up to be. As much as his cock was still rock hard, Jiemma felt more than lust for the stupid bitch. The massive man snorted through his nostrils like a bull before he stomped towards Natsu. The pink haired whore looked up at Jiemma with worship in his eyes, little pink hearts forming as his brain had been quite fully fucked stupid.

"You are lower than garbage, Dragneel. A stupid, pathetic whore!" Jeimma punched Natsu square in the face, knocking the little bitch around. Natsu moaned, glass-eyed and clearly turned on.

"Hmm..yess, yesh-HUHNN!" Natsu moaned as Jiemma kicked her an instant later, really working the muscles of his leg into it and deforming Natsu's stomach with the impact.There was a disgusting groan from the bitch, before Natsu began puking up all the nasty jizz, piss and other liquids that he'd been forced to gulp down.

“I should just end you right here and now.” Jiemma said, towering over Natsu, his feet on either side of the bottom slut’s body. Instead, he reached down, grabbing Natsu’s neck with both hands. As much as his monster dick had forced the greedy little cocksucker’s throat to expand, Jiemma was now constricting it instead. Natsu flailed on the floor, clearly unable to breathe as his cute, retarded face began to turn red. His little legs kicked futilely in the air as Jiemma squeezed harder, with strange creaking noises filtering past his fingers.

“Fuck, I should…should snuff you out, you useless, pathetic waste!” Jiemma said, and Natsu could swear there was a sound of something cracking right under his head. He looked up at Jiemma, the light beginning to fade from his eyes, tongue sticking out from behind clenched teeth. With a thump, Natsu’s legs hit the floor, his entire body tensed…

And his little baby dicklet throbbed and shook as Natsu had the most overwhelming sissy gasm of his life. Watery, completely sperm free liquid shot out of his baby dick. His eyes rolled back in his head, compeltely blank, an expression on of his face of utter, overjoyed defeat. Jiemma had reduced Natsu to nothing more than a wank rag, a little diverison, something to empty his balls on and use to wipe his ass with before tossing aside. And it made Natsu’s entire body light up with pleasure deeper, more powerful, and utterly mind-blasting and soul crushing than anything else she had ever experienced.

Jiemma saw how the little slut was coming, and Natsu’s tongue stuck out, weakly trying ot lick at Jiemma’s strong hands. The little brainless fucktoy couldn’t even conceive of asking Jiemma to stop, giving in and knowing if Jiemma wanted to snuff him out, then that would be the happiest moment of his life.

“Hrrm…you’re not even worth it. I can’t wait to see how your guild reacts to seeing you live out the rest of your days as a piece of cum-guzzling, ass-licking garbage, you scumsucking bitch.” Jiemma released Natsu, who was still thrashing and moaning, rolling weakly from side to side.

“T-t-fank yew daddies!” Natsu said, the pink hearts in his eyes bigger than ever, surrounded by bright yellow sparkles.

Later, as Jiemma and Orga left for some well earned rest, Minerva knelt down next to Natsu. He seemed delirious, flat on his back and holding his belly, full of spunk and nasty, sloshing urine.

“Ooh, its like a fire in my belly.” He moaned.

Minerva clucked her tongue. “What a sorry excuse of a whore you turned out to be Natsu. Still, I’m not without pity. Stick that little nubbin in me, and I’m sure I’ll have you

shooting what little load you can manage in a minute. I'll reverse the magic and give you your old cock back."

Natsu shook his head with surprising strength for someone who had just had a two-man train run on him.

"*No.* No, I don't want to. I love getting assfucked, sucking on dick and gulping down come. The more humiliating the better, I don't ever need my old dick back, not when I can get my holes absolutely demolished, whenever those studs are kind enough to use me."

Minerva supposed she shouldn't have been surprised, though a small part of her still was. Still, she licked her lips, not displeased with the result.

"Very well then, if getting fucked like a nasty little pig is all you want, then that is all you will receive. The magic I used to reduce your size could be reversed, but since you don't want that, I think I'll use it in a different fashion. You two, get over here."

Two other Sabertooth members, Sting Eucliffe and Rogue Cheny, young strong looking men with blond and dark hair, respectively walked over. They made no attempt to hide the mixture of lust and contempt on their faces.

"What a pathetic loser you turned out to be, Natsu." Sting said.

"Yeah, to think anyone ever found you impressive." Rogue chimed in.

Minerva clapped her hands once, calling forth on her magics, while muttering for the boys to hurry up and get naked.

As Natsu watched, Sting and Rogue's dicks grew hard, though neither was very large, perhaps just a little more than six inches long. But with some help from Minerva and Natsu's own "donated" manhood their dicks grew, elongating until Natus's former size was theirs, with enlarged balls to match-still shorter than Orga, but impressive fucksticks in their own right.

Minerva, still fully naked, had worked a little more magic on herself as well. She was now packing a massive dick, over thirty centimeters long and impressively thick, sticking out from the smooth expanse of skin just above her pussy.

"Right then you two. If this bitch doesn't have a dick in his holes, he's not doing his job right. Let's break him before we let the rest of the Guild have their turns."

As one, the three horny mages pounced on Natsu, each slaking their lusts on his body with fervor. Sting and Rogue just wanted to try out their new cocks, while Minerva felt a strange mix of jealousy and resentment towards Natsu. Even as she buried her dick into his throat with ease and felt his lips bumping up against her pelvis, part of Minerva

wished *she'd* gotten fucked so thoroughly, or at the last that Natsu could do his best with her instead of breaking down to be a bottom bitch slut.

Ah well, she thought. At the very least she could take her desires out on this whore, and then take some sadistic fun in showing her camera work to the rest of his friends in Fairy Tail, once they were finished with him.

Though it was clear it was going to be a very long time before they were done with Natsu, and that suited the horny little slut just fine.

The End