

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Marathon Sex, Rough Sex, Fucked Silly

Summary: A lesser known aspect of Dragon Slayer Magic makes it so every few years, Natsu becomes incredibly aggressive, causing more issues than usual. Luckily, Erza had found a simple solution, drag him somewhere quiet, and wring him dry. Over the years, she's gotten quite proficient at it as well, meaning the once awkward fumbling of their youth has become a destructive rutting that destroys whatever building they're in and leaves the pair barely coherent and unable to walk properly.

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Erza Scarlet senses him before she sees him. She can feel it like a change in the weather, a sudden static in the air that she's become extremely well-versed with after all these years. And so, even before she turns the corner and finally lays eyes on Natsu Dragneel, Erza already knows what's happening.

The Dragon Slayer is moving with an aggressive, almost feral stride that she recognizes instantly. Cursing under her breath, Erza immediately activates her Requip Magic, changing out of her standard set of armor into something more... flexible. A leather cuirass that's more like a corset for the way it hugs her curves and leaves her shoulders and upper chest bare... and an armored skirt that only goes down to her knees.

"Natsu, wait!"

Natsu pauses, stopping and turning to look in her direction as Erza approaches with a strong, confident stride. As expected, her transformation immediately catches his eyes, which gravitate straight down to her ample cleavage. His nostrils flare and Erza smirks slightly as she reaches where he's standing and puts a hand directly on his chest.

“There’s no need to go looking for a fight. We both know it wouldn’t help you very much anyways. And we both know what sort of help you REALLY need.”

Through the aggression, through the anger, through the huffing and puffing... Erza sees a flash of shame and guilt in Natsu’s eyes. He reaches for her all the same and she of course lets him, a light gasp leaving her lips as he buries his face in the crook of her neck, his hands playing at her waist.

“Fuck... sorry about this, Erza.”

Her own hands come to his shoulders, gripping and squeezing them firmly.

“You don’t have to apologize, Natsu. I want to help you, just like each time before. Let me help you, okay?”

“... Okay.”

Erza takes him by the hand at that and fortunately he lets her pull him along, dragging him away from the nearby Guild Hall and through the city streets towards the warehouse district. The first time this had happened all those years ago, they’d been distinctly unprepared. The second time too, given that these times tended to be years apart rather than more routine.

But this was the fourth time and at this point it was old hat. Erza knew exactly what to do and more than that, Fairy Tail had a few old buildings bought up throughout the city just in case.

It’s one of those buildings, an empty abandoned warehouse, that Erza drags Natsu to. After slipping inside and making sure that there were no squatters lurking in the shadows, Erza turns to Natsu with a smirk and raises an eyebrow.

“How do you want me this time?”

But Natsu just growls, shaking his head and showing that he’s already too far gone.

“Want... you.”

Erza sighs and nods.

“I know. I know what you want. I know what you need. So lets get started, I suppose.”

She unequips her leather cuirass, letting her breasts bounce free right then and there as the armored chestplate disappears with a flash of her magic. Natsu's eyes lock on and a moment later his hands are on her tits, groping and squeezing away.

Erza shudders, panting as he positively mauls her chest to his heart's content. Even when she's expecting it, the ferocity is like nothing else. Indeed, soon enough he's even using his mouth and teeth, swirling his tongue this way and that as he sucks and bites at her nipples in a way that has her moaning in short order.

In between these actions, he continues to growl, even pushing her backwards a few steps to the nearest wall. Erza lets it happen, one hand coming up to grab a fistful of Natsu's pink hair as she arches her back and pushes her tits more firmly into his mouth.

“That's it Natsu. Take what you need from me. You know I'm good for it.”

She is, after all, one of the toughest women if not the toughest woman in the city and the guild. Natsu might be stronger still, but then he's an unnatural freak of a man. Erza does her best to keep up with him, just like everyone else. However... unlike everyone else, she feels like she's the only one who can possibly take care of Natsu's needs when he's like this. She's the only one durable enough.

It isn't as simple as getting the aggression out of his system, after all. They'd tried that back at the start and it hadn't worked. Fighting him or letting him go and destroy things away from the city... it didn't really satiate him.

No, this was what he needed. A woman's touch. A willing female for him to slake his lusts. And Erza was that willing female.

But that didn't mean she was a pushover. With a growl of her own as Natsu bites down on one of her breasts hard enough to leave marks, she abruptly pushes him backwards, throwing him to the ground. He's caught off guard which is the only way it works... and she's dismissed her skirt too, which is the only way she keeps him distracted long enough for him to STAY on the ground.

With Natsu on his back, Erza climbs atop him, pulling down his shorts and tugging out his rock hard cock. As expected, he's already at full mast and ready to fuck. His member throbs and pulses in her hands too, even as he groans needily.

"Don't worry Natsu. I have what you need right here."

His cockhead barely touches her slit before his hands curl like claws around her waist and he slams her down onto his entire shaft in one fell swoop. Erza is barely ready for it... but she IS ready. Even as the air is driven out of her lungs, even as she lets go of his dick to clap her hands down on his chest... she manages to recover faster than she otherwise should have.

"Heh... f-fucking impatient as always..."

Natsu just groans, luxuriating in the hot, wet tightness that is her cunt. Their first time around, both of them had been little more than fumbling virgins. Erza had been trying to help Natsu calm down all day long and suddenly he'd kissed her. One thing led to another and they were going at it in the midst of a destroyed forest somewhere miles away from the city.

It had been awkward, sticky, and more than a little painful... and not entirely in a good way. But experience had taught them both lessons about how to feel good... and even how to feel a little bit of pain in a way that made it feel even better.

That's why Erza doesn't bother starting off slow. No, as she moves up and down Natsu's cock, the red haired S-Rank Mage immediately sets a punishing pace, slamming down into him with all her might as she moans and groans.

"F-Fuck!"

Natsu grunts beneath her in turn, growling and huffing in equal measure as he thrusts up into her from below. It's a hard ride, a fast ride, with Erza slamming her hips down and Natsu thrusting his crotch up over and over again. There's a brutal efficiency to it all, a sort of ferocious logic that nevertheless threatens to overwhelm Erza's thoughts.

Leaning forward, she grips his shoulders for leverage and dangles her tits in Natsu's face.

"H-Harder! Fuck me harder, Natsu! I want to feel your cock slamming up against my fucking womb, just like last time!"

Natsu snarls in response, gripping Erza's hips with bruising strength as he bucks up into her. Each and every downward thrust she delivers is met with a vicious, upward snap of his own. The obscene and lewd noises of flesh slapping against flesh fill the empty warehouse space, echoing through the air.

"D-Don't... don't you dare hold back! Give it to me! Fucking GIVE IT TO ME!"

It's possible that Erza has come to enjoy these moments a bit more than she should. It should just be a job like any other, but it's hard to treat it like one when she's feeling Natsu's thick cock pummeling her insides, making her toss her head back in ecstasy and pleasure. Every powerful thrust gets closer and closer to her cervix, until she can feel him battering at the very entrance of her womb.

The relentless riding continues, their coupling growing more and more animalistic by the second. Erza's tits, bouncing wildly in his face, eventually cause Natsu to lean up and bite at them, snapping his teeth down on her nipples one after the other. Erza cries out from this, tipping over the edge and experiencing her first explosive orgasm even as sweat pours down her body.

“GOD YES!”

In the midst of her recovery, Natsu snarls and flips them over out of nowhere, slamming her down onto the dirty warehouse floor. Not that she cares as he continues to rut into her from the new position like a beast in heat. The head of his cock slams into her cervix with every thrust, making Erza squeal and scream in equal measure.

“Fuck yes! Ruin me! Fill me with your cum! Paint my insides white!”

Her wailing comes with her wrapping her legs around his pistoning hips, desperately trying to pull him deeper inside of her despite it being impossible. Their fucking grows more frantic, more desperate, more carnal by the moment. Shockwaves start to emanate from where Natsu is pounding her into the floor, causing empty crates to splinter and break and debris to be flung away from them.

With a roar, Natsu hurls inside of Erza one last time before finally flooding her hungry womb with what feels like a gallon of his molten seed. Erza screams under him, convulsing and shuddering her way through yet another orgasm as she milks every last drop from his spurting cock.

However... they're not done. Natsu only pauses for a moment... before continuing to thrust away again. Erza chuckles, even as she grabs him by the shoulders, undulating her hips under his renewed onslaught.

“Insatiable as ever, Natsu. You truly are... relentless.”

Indeed, once was never enough when he got like this. And truth be told, at this point Erza wouldn't have it any other way. She loved this. She loved being taken like a bitch in heat. She loved being primally plowed silly for hours and hours on end.

Natsu's cock just keeps coming and Erza... Erza just keeps taking it. She likes to think she's the only one who could, at least by herself. The others... maybe if

they teamed up they could match her solo performance. Or rather, that's what Erza tells herself. It's not like she's let any of them ever try.

No, Natsu is all hers when he gets in this state. It's safer if it's just the two of them. No one else in the line of fire. No one else in danger. Especially because even if destruction doesn't help calm him down... it turns out to be inevitable anyways.

They fuck for hours in every position imaginable, on every surface in the empty warehouse. None of which really survive the experience. Especially the massive wooden beams doing such a lovely job of holding up the warehouse roof.

Eventually, the warehouse itself collapses on top of them. But they wind up with enough of a pocket of space that they just keep going anyways, literally fucking amidst the rubble of the completely demolished building while sending out shockwaves with practically every thrust.

It's fine... this warehouse was far enough away from any other that the damage is contained. And everyone knows its Fairy Tail property and not to come looking when things get loud as well.

Finally, after hours and hours, it's over. Panting, Natsu collapses onto Erza's chest, both of them drenched in sweat and utterly spent. Erza's cunt is drooling onto the floor with the sheer volume of cum he's pumped into her over the last several hours. But Erza herself is feeling great.

"Erza... I got in one of those moods again, didn't I?"

"Yeah, you did."

"Mm... thanks for helping me out."

Smiling softly, Erza runs her fingers through Natsu's hair.

"Any time."

And she means it too. She'll always be there for him. No matter what capacity that takes.