

The city home to some of the most powerful mages on the planet was alight with cheer and merriment. The year for everyone who lived there-- everyone who lived on the continent, even-- had been quite a bizarre one thanks to the very brief, but very costly war. A well, in part thanks to the Dragon Slayer that helped finish the conflict.

It was a shock to everyone when it was revealed that Natsu Dragneel had been the brother of Zeref, but what they found to be even more surprising was a will drawn up by their immortal leader. The paper was ancient and left in the office of the first King of Alvarez, it had to have been written at the birth of the nation. On the parchment, there was only one line.

*"If I die, I want my brother: Natsu Dragneel, to become the king."* No one knew exactly why that was, but Invel theorized that perhaps he wanted to reward his brother for putting an end to the eternal torment that immortality had brought to Zeref.

It wasn't easy to even convince the stubborn pink haired fool to come to Alvarez after his first visit was... less than kind to a man of his bloodline, but Irene Belserion was able to sweeten the pot with her quick wit. Bringing up how the people were doing without a leader and the security they would feel with Zeref's brother-- tugging on his heart strings to make him want to help-- but what really sold him was the portal she made. It was a complex layer of enchantments that allowed Natsu to teleport to and from the Fairy Tail guild hall in Magnolia and the Vistarion in Alvarez.

He would be the King of Alvarez while also being a Fairy Tail mage.

While he originally just popped by every now and then to make sure they weren't plotting or scheming once more against Ishgar, over time he was roped into more and more situations to ask for his advice. Irene once again showed her utility as she translated Natsu's... unique ideas into logical statements for Invel and the remaining members and generals to follow.

Only Natsu could come up with "make the desert wet" as an answer to a drought, and only Irene could articulate that as "employ Earth and Water mages to alter the ecosystem itself."

After such a long and fruitful year of development and change, Winter had settled in once again, and Christmas was right around the corner. Walking into the vast throne with her heels clicking in tandem with her staff against the stone floor, Irene passed Invel at the door and they just silently nodded in hello and goodbye. The door then closed behind them, leaving the enchantress alone with the King on his throne.

A smirk spread across her face as she could see Natsu with an expression of abject terror as he was surrounded by an absolute mountain of reports. It seemed that Invel sprung up some last minute paperwork on their leader to round out the year. "I would ask if you need help." She began to speak as she walked up the steps to the throne. "However, that would imply that I actually want to slog through all of... this." She waved her hand over the papers to emphasize her point.

“But I *did* come here to show you my gratitude for all you’ve done this last year.” When she held a genuine smile on her face, Natsu felt hesitant. He was always someone to act headstrong, but Irene made him feel different, could it have been caused by their connection through magic?

“I mean, I don’t think I really did much. I just threw ideas out there and you made them happen.” He put the papers back on the pile and looked into her eyes.

“Oh, don’t go selling yourself so short.” She had reached the throne and put her hand on Natsu’s head, her sharp tipped gloves scratching his head in a surprisingly gentle way. “You are more attentive as a ruler in your one year of service than your brother had in the last hundred.” Her hand slid down from his scalp to gently trailing against his cheek. “Though I must admit, I am more selfishly pleased about everything that you have done for me in particular.”

“You don’t have to think that.” He put his hand on hers and took it off his face, though he still held it in his grasp. “It was Wendy who said you needed antibodies for your Dragonification. I was just the first one to volunteer. I’m sure my friends would have helped in any way they could.”

“And was it Wendy who told you to gift me information about Erza? I can still barely believe that I am able to see my daughter once again. I felt that I lost the privilege to witness her life and speak to her as a mother, but you were the one who kicked me in the rear and helped me reach out and connect.” She moved her hand to interlock their fingers. “Even if you do not feel as though you deserve anything for the actions you’ve done, even if you say that the actions themselves are their own rewards...” A smile spread across her face, this one looking like a mix of her once common scary expressions and her earlier heartfelt one.

With her other hand, she stamped the staff on the floor and glowed with a white light. When Natsu stopped squinting and blinked out the spots in his vision, his throat went dry at the sight before him.

Her giant, tube-sprouting hat was replaced with a Santa hat that split off in two ends, both capped off with the usual white ball of fluff. The entire ‘witch’ aesthetic outfit she had was replaced with red clothes that were all lined with white fluff, and knowing Irene, it was probably all animal fur.

But it was generous to call her outfit ‘clothing’. There was a white choker with a golden mark of the Alvarez kingdom strapped to her neck. Her chest was covered by the absolute barest amount of cloth, it was just a red shawl that fell over her shoulders, back, and otherwise bare chest. The white fur lining covered her nipples but didn’t stop the edges of her areola from peaking out. Then her midriff and scarred stomach was being shown off in its toned glory. Her red skirt had two lines of white, one at the top and one at the bottom, the space being around four inches. Which meant her crotch was completely on display, at eye-level to her sitting ruler.

Her lower lips only help behind a frilly white pair of underwear. The almost pure and innocent looking pair of panties having 'To: Natsu From: Irene' written in black.

When Natsu began to stutter and blush to try and make some response, Irene chuckled; it was cute to see him so flustered. His voice died out and blush grew stronger when Irene sat herself on his lap, her breasts now inches away from enveloping his entire head into those magnificent milk jugs. The tent that formed in his pants pressing against her thigh.

"I am going to give you a reward that you are *never* going to forget." Using her hand that was still holding his, she brought it around her voluptuous figure and made the Fire Dragon Slayer spank her heavy ass. "After all, what better time than the season of giving?" She grabbed Natsu's collar and ripped open his one sleeved jacket, licking her lips as she looked over his muscle bound body. Stroking his cheek, Irene's hand trailed down his neck, past his large pecs and defined abs, before finally settling on the tent in his pants, palming his erection.

However, despite the electricity in the air, Irene didn't go further, just moving a finger up and down the shaft and teasing his head. The entire time, she just was looking at his eyes and had a patient expression on her face. With an audible gulp, Natsu finally got himself in order.

His hot hand roughly and deeply groped her ass; any nervousness or hesitation left like the blush he once had. His other hand reached beneath her top and grabbed her tit with just as much force and ferocity as he did down below. "I'm all fired up." Natsu growled out as he locked eyes with Irene, a puff of flames exiting his mouth.

From his touch alone the enchantress already was biting her lip, but when he dove forward and began to suck on her jugs with such passion and heat, Irene couldn't keep herself from letting out a moan.

Now that he finally accepted his gift, it was time for Irene to stop beating around the bush. Pulling at the hem of his pants and underwear, the dragon woman released his imprisoned shaft and felt her mouth water at the size she could feel. But she wasn't just going to jam it in, she'd never act like a simple prostitute.

Pumping her magically soft and smooth hands against his fire poker of a cock, Irene pointed it directly up and moved her hips. She was grinding her pretty pink panty-clad pussy against it. Beyond the size, the sheer heat and warmth it radiated started to make the mother of dragon slayers get wet.

If Natsu's groans were any indication, then he was in favor of her foreplay. His noises echoed in the throne room whenever he wasn't kissing, sucking, or nibbling the near endless bosom before him.

After minutes had passed, Natsu's dick was twitching and oozing pre-cum over Irene's hand, and she wasn't fairing much better. It was lucky that her panty message was written in magic,

otherwise it would have washed off with her getting so drenched that she was leaving a trail down the underside of the pink haired man's shaft.

The King let out a groan of disappointment when his cocktease of an advisor stopped jerking him off. His complaints were short lived, however, when Irene pulled her panties to the side and he felt her folds press against the tip of his rock hard dick.

"Come now," her melodious voice whispered into his ears. "You want me so desperately, now take me. Show me you're a king-- a dragon-- and claim what you seek."

A breath of fire tickled Irene as it warmed her own dragon enhanced skin. Both of Natsu's calloused and powerful hands gripped his present's slim and soft waist while he looked her in the eyes and impaled her on his cock.

Both Dragon Slayers let their voices echo through the room-- hell, the whole palace could probably hear them by now. Neither one cared about anything else as they just took in all of their partner; the small movements of their hands, their panting chests, how their moans and groans would change pitch, everything about the other was just simply intoxicating.

Bouncing on Natsu's lap, Irene wrapped her arms around the pink haired man's head and pushed his face between her jiggling jugs. Making himself at home, Natsu's mouth teased her tasty teats, while his hands worked on her ass. The sounds of the Scarlet Despair's ass being swatted pumped the King with even more energy as he thrust against her hips with even more force. Not just that, he would use his hold on her body to try and move the redhead's sexy form even faster on his dick.

Feeling the throne too restrictive, and desperately wanting more power behind his thrusts, Natsu pushed himself off the royal seat. Rather than standing up and holding onto Irene's body, he let them fall a small distance to the floor. Neither of the magically enhanced slayers were bothered by the impact, but now Natsu was ready to fully let loose.

His hands slid down her thighs and started to hike up her legs, making sure to enjoy and caress every inch of her supple body. His hands wrapped themselves around her ankles-- he only just noticed the pair of black leather mid-thigh boots she had on-- and pulled himself away from Irene's magnificent valley of tits and pressed her legs up until they were beside her head.

Licking his lips at the sight before him, Natsu was nearly drooling at the sensual sight before him. The way Irene's body writhed with pleasure, her incredible expressions that somehow made him even harder, and all of it was accentuated with the absolutely slutty outfit that she had put on just for him. In a flash, the destroyed clothing he had on before burnt to nothing, leaving him fully naked, sans his ever present scarf.

He was more emboldened than ever as he closed the gap between them, his hips pumping in and out of her sobbing cunt with so much speed that they were a blur. But as he leaned closer,

the Fire Dragon Slayer didn't bury his face in her chest once more-- which had been pushed out even further when the crimson woman's legs pressed them closer-- he kept moving further up, kissing his way up Irene's neck before gently biting her ear and almost making the Enchantress scream in pleasure.

Grabbing Irene by the back of her head, Natsu held her far more gently than he was fucking her and sweetly, almost kindly, pressed his lips against hers, his blush from earlier coming back in full force.

It was far different than something Irene ever expected. While the thought of kissing did cross her mind-- she was giving up her body to be his to use for an instance-- the way he did it never even came to her as a stray thought. The scorned woman had thought Natsu would try to devour her, push himself over her and try to show his full might. But this? This was something she forgot about, it was nice, it was warm, it was embracing... could it be...

Without even thinking about it, her body was already kissing him back and reacting to the emotions that it made well inside her once cold heart. Pressing her tongue into his mouth, Natsu instantly opened up and let Irene take the lead. Despite the sheer ferocity and endurance he was fucking her with, his top head was trying to act gentlemanly, as if this were an after dinner kiss.

When Natsu pulled back from their kiss, Irene found herself breathless as he stared deeply into her eyes. "Irene, I barely know who you are, what you like, what you hate, but I want to!" His motions were uneven and slower when he spoke. "Because I can't get enough of you! Your voice, your scent, even just the sound of your heartbeat; I'm crazy about you!" He wasn't going to stop now, he just had to say the last line that had been buzzing around his brain for months. "And that's because I love you!"

She was melting, her head became cloudier than it ever had, and her own face started to feel flush. Her hands clawed down the king's back as she felt a wave of pleasure wash over her. It was so overwhelming that Irene bit down on Natsu's collar without realizing. Her high only grew as she felt warmth spread inside her. The moans that the pink haired slayer let out feeling like a drug to the mother of his magic. The mixture of pleasure and pain that echoed in his voice was captivating her as the declaration he just made played on repeat in her mind.

When their bucking hips finally started to slow down, both Dragon Slayers were sweating more and panting harder than they ever did during the war. Pulling himself back, Natsu tried to swallow the lump in his throat while he let Irene's legs fall back to the ground. She wasn't saying anything and her eyes were hidden behind her bangs. The silence in the room felt deafening. Unsure of what to do after putting all that information forward, the fire user was pulling his still hard dick out so he could talk to her about it.

But then a *snap* rang out in the throne room and Natsu's world altered instantly, everything was upside down. No wait, he was held by his legs, his weight falling on his upper back and

shoulders. Looking down (or was it up?) the King saw his closest advisor holding his legs up to her shoulders and a soft smile over her beautiful face, his cock still buried inside her tight cunt.

“A little boy like you-- not even a tenth my age-- and with only a few words; you made my heart flutter.” Her melodious chuckle bounced off the pristine stone walls. “Aren’t you just full of surprises.”

When her hips grinded against his, Natsu gripped the rug draped over the floor and let out a noise in a mix of pleasure and surprise. “Then why don’t you show just how much you want me. Tonight; I’ll give you a few more treats like this... that is, if you convince me to give myself to you.” Despite being Erza’s mother, Irene’s devilish teasing made Natsu think of the Requip Mage’s rival.

As she rolled her hips against his and ran her tongue along her lips, Natsu spoke up. “I don’t want that!” His words once again put a stop to Irene and she looked at him with a shocked expression. “I want you, but I don’t want to rule you. I hope-it’s that-GAH!!” Natsu’s pink hair lit on fire as he tried to put his storming thoughts together. “I want to be your boyfriend, and I want you to want me to be my girlfriend.” His voice petered out in the end and his flames died down, but Irene heard him loud and clear.

She almost broke down with laughter, here was the Slayer of Accnologia, the mage who defeated Zeref, and he had a surprisingly cute expression on his face despite the fact that his bitchbreaker of a cock was still twitching and buried deep inside the woman’s cunt. Her smile came back in full force. “It has been a long time since anyone has tried to do that... but I believe I would enjoy connecting with you.” Her serene expression took a perverse turn. “*Especially* now that I’ve got a taste of this.” She twerked her hips against his and let out a low growl. “Bring me to your next guild party, you’ve got yourself a date.”

Natsu would have let out a laugh from his gut and slap on his normal toothy grin, but with Irene fucking him into the ground-- quite literally as the stone floor started to crack from the force of her thrusts-- he was too busy gripping the carpet and gritting his teeth to focus on not climaxing. He wanted to keep this going for as long as he could.

Their carnal fucking was on a whole new level after they shared what was in their hearts. Beyond just their bodies moving with more power and freedom, it also felt better to be holding and touching one another. Irene moved one hand from Natsu’s leg to stroke his thigh and wrap around to get a feel of his toned ass. While Natsu removed one hand from the carpet and caressed her leg, moving from her calf to her thighs that a man could suffocate themselves in, before stopping as his fingers traced over the crescent scar on her lower stomach.

The position was a bit awkward, but they both more than enjoyed how this situation was going. And even with Irene taking almost all power in this position, Natsu in no way was against the more experienced woman taking the reins and making him feel more pleasure than he’d ever thought possible. It got even better as he saw Irene hook her arms around his legs and free

both her hands to play with her watermelon sized tits. She was delectably flaunting how they were so big that they spilled out of her hands, letting their weight speak for themselves as she lifted them up and let them drop and show off just how enticingly they quaked. When she toyed with her own nipples, she made sure to let her voice fly free in the room and show off her slutty expression to the man beneath her. Her red lips wrapped around her own swollen peaks and made a show of licking them slowly and letting her breasts shine with her own drool, and when she started to tweak her breasts, Natsu could feel her tighten even more as she loved the sensation.

Panting and sweating on the floor, the new ruler of Avalrez didn't know how much more he could take. And that's when Irene drifted a hand down her body, accentuating the curves and dips in her hourglass shape, before she reached her perfect pussy and toyed with her clit. Her cry of pleasure grew more and more as she played with herself. Unable to hold back anymore as Irene's cunt was milking him for all he could give, Natsu moaned with her as he came.

"Fuck!~" As his burning hot seed painted her insides white for the second time, Irene was overcome with so many emotions and sensations, her climax nearly made her roar like a proper dragon as her whole world turned white. She couldn't think of anything beyond Natsu and his love for her.

Their magic was going haywire as the pressure they released caused the room to shake, but it was just white noise to the newly made couple. The only thing that mattered was their embrace and the rapture they felt when being with the other.

After their magic died down, Natsu's legs fell to the floor and he stayed a panting mess. "Irene... tha... thank you..." Even fighting Hades didn't make his heart beat this fast.

"Oh that is so sweet, you think it's over." Irene giggled as she sat down on his lap.

Blinking away the blariness from his vision, Natsu saw that Irene looked different. She was still wearing her sexy santa costume, but the changes were her skin: besides her eyes, along her forearms, down her stomach, there were all patches of scales.

"Thanks to your little treat, it seems that I received quite a surplus of magical energy." She leaned over his body, her breasts pressing against his chest and her sultry voice whispering into his ear. "And I intend to make full use of that." Her hand palmed his semi-hard member and was bringing it back to full mast.

Despite slight terror in the back of his mind at Irene breaking his pelvis, Natsu was more than happy to keep this going. "I'm all fired up." He whispered into her ear before he turned her head and gave her a deep and emotional kiss. Only one of many more to come.

**Xx Xx Xx Xx**

“My deepest apologies, but at the moment, the King is indisposed of. However, I can take a message and deliver to him upon his nearest-” Invel’s calm and practiced speech was cut off as the palace shook for the umpteenth time and a voice rang throughout the castle.

“FUCK! IRENE, I’M GONNA CUM AGAIN!”

With her face a blistering red, Lucy Heartfillia held her sides and tried to make herself small enough that she’d disappear from this world. “Jus-just tell Natsu that we’re going to have a party tonight and exchange gifts.” To which Invel nodded.

*‘Not that I think he’ll even be able to walk.’* She added mentally.

Walking back onto the teleportation space, Lucy’s face somehow grew redder as she heard one more thing while it readied to send her.

“OH GODS! FUCK ME! GIVE ERZA A SISTER!!”