

# Chapter One

Dark clouds had gathered around the shrine, the pregnant sky tainted an eldritch deep purple that promised the worst storm in living memory. Nothing had risked being outside: there wasn't even a bird in the sky. As if to punctuate the horrific threat that hung in the air, a scream rang out; a young woman, unmistakable.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!"

Hinata Hyuga was trapped, her wrists and ankles bound to a stone platform by thick metal restraints, her arms doubly secured by strong chains. Her black hair was splayed beneath her prone form, her eyes screwed tight shut to block out the nightmare that was the man standing next to her, over her. Hinata wore a sleeveless crop top that emphasised the beauty of her breasts and her flat stomach, whilst a pair of shorts hugged her hips and upper thighs for comfort.

There was precious little of that.

Hinata panted, a futile attempt to recover breath after her scream. No-one had heard her, save the mad scientist who stood tall beside her, her captor. The man's arms were folded and he loosed a little scuttering laugh as Hinata huffed oxygen back into her body.

Hair dark in a mirror of Hinata's own, the monster Orochimaru began to speak. His face was pulled into a triumphant glare, his smile foreboding. Hinata made sure to listen to every word the malevolent man uttered, hoping to gather some clue as to his plans: fortunately, Orochimaru was quite forthcoming.

"I'm fed up with Konoha following *him* and spoiling my projects," he began. "You're going to serve as a *distraction* whilst I take the body of Satsuki. She was going to serve as a guinea pig for this latest invention with the virus, which causes muscle growth impossible in normal time and causes the body to produce male hormones which result in extreme arousal, which only stops after three days or if the subject satisfies this desire."

Hinata noted every word, even though she couldn't understand much of the villain's plan. Male hormones? Extreme arousal? What could it all *mean*?

"Anyways," Orochimaru continued, "you will forget all the explanation... but I had to *explain* such a work, even if you only remember it as a nightmare."

The villain flicked his tongue out and a drop of saliva dripped from the tip, a moment that made Hinata shudder even more than the promise she would forget what was about to happen.

Sure enough, Hinata woke up and spread her pale eyes wide, face a gasp at the powerful villainy she'd just experienced. She grasped at the memory of her dream but it fell through her mind's fingers like sand, just as Orochimaru had promised her. Hinata blinked.

She sat upright and raised her left fist to her forehead. Whatever it was that had frightened her so was slipping away: the only sensation that remained one of mild dread. Eventually even that settled into the background.

However, even as Hinata tried to lock on to what had occurred in her dream, veins were snaking the length of her forearms...

---

One hour later Hinata was going about her usual routine, which meant training at the dojo. She'd already worked with her shuriken and knives, both embedded in the face of the training dummy without mercy, and had moved on to hand-to-hand combat. Her stance was strong as she planted a particularly wicked palm strike with her right hand on the dummy's chest, her face lined with concentration... but then her success was interrupted.

A sharp, painful sensation made her stop, a wordless cry bursting from her sweat-streaked face. Hinata's right hand fell to her pelvis, the source of the hurt, and her questing fingers found something. Far more than there should have been.

"AAAAHRGH!!" she cried, half in agony, half in surprise. A bulge had formed in her underwear, thrusting a sudden tent into her pants. As Hinata reeled the bulge burst up and out, not content to be a mere tent any longer.

Fortunately, Hinata was not alone in the dojo. Her friend and fellow kunoichi, Sakura Haruno, was working through her own training regimen nearby. The pink-haired girl had heard Hinata's scream and ran into the room to offer her help.

"Was it you who just shouted?" Sakura asked. Hinata had her back turned to her friend, so the exact cause of her predicament had yet to be revealed.

"I need help!" Hinata managed as sweat slid down her paled face. Something in her tone lit concern in Sakura, whose own face took on much of the worry of her friend. Sakura took a step forward.

"What is wrong?" Sakura asked, a hint of tremor through her words. "Turn around, Hinata!"

Once Hinata had turned to face Sakura, the problem was immediately obvious. Sakura leaned forward and got close to investigate the bizarre bulge in her friend's pants. She pressed her index finger to the curious, thrusting bump in Hinata's pants: it was warm, maybe even hot.

"Is that a joke?" Sakura whispered.

It was not.

Making contact with the strange growth proved to be the wrong thing to do: it doubled in length with an absurd and yet very appropriate *bulge* sound. Sakura moved her finger away as if it had been stung by a wasp. A clear liquid began to pulse through Hinata's pants as the cause of the liquid did much the same.

"Wha?" Sakura exclaimed as she reeled away.

But she didn't move far enough. The feelings that tore through Hinata - and the absurdly long, sweet cock that tore through her pants at the exact same time - forced her into action. She grabbed Sakura's head with both hands as the urges Orochimaru had warned of robbed the black-haired kunoichi of her thinking mind.

Sakura, meanwhile, was utterly powerless. Hinata's dick was deep in her throat: the hot, veiny expanse of pre-spattered majesty a most incredible part of her world. Her eyes popped wide as precum slicked down her cheeks and spilt from the rigid beauty of Hinata's futaprick, so long that Sakura couldn't fit it all in her slender body.

If the experience was good for Sakura, it was transformative for Hinata. The dark-haired kunoichi had shut her eyes to take in as much of the feeling of having her powerful prick sucked, the blush lighting her cheeks at the same time as her libido fired pleasure directly into her willing brain. The very highest peak of bliss was only moments away.

At the same instant as her thoughts washed away, the right sleeve of Hinata's training robe exploded violently, the fabric instant confetti that flew far away from her burgeoning body. Hinata's right arm had grown the most incredible muscle in an instant, just as Orochimaru had said it would. What he had not made clear was just how *much* there would be.

Hinata's new right delt was as big as her head and that was only the beginning for her luscious limb. Beneath that dominating deltoid was a bicep to be reckoned with - more likely 'run away from', given the absolute brawn of the burly bulge, magnificent before Hinata had even flexed it. A pencil thick vein echoed its curve, feeding the meaty muscle with power.

But even the size and strength of her beefy biceps could not compare to the warmth and wonder of her tremendous tricep. An absolute feast of flaring, fiery force, it ran the entire length from Hinata's delt to her elbow and tore into the air as size incarnate. Its colossal curvature took breath from the viewer's lungs as wonderfully as it added strength to Hinata's body.

The veins that ran down Hinata's mighty forearm didn't just speak of strength: they roared it up to the heavens so everyone could hear and *know*. In an instant it was as thick as her thigh and many, many times more powerful. Sakura felt the burst of heat the change caused through her hair as Hinata's hands stayed resolutely where they were, holding her pink-haired friend in place so they could both work through the pleasure.

Orochimaru's promise had not included the possibility of a lop-sided body, though, and so it proved a moment later when Hinata's *left* sleeve burst open too. Her left arm became a perfect mirror of her right in terms of size; though the veins trickled different down the newly

enlarged length, the same striking striations roared into lusty life. Hinata had been empowered beyond her wildest dreams, but the only thought running through her head was release.

The transcendent transformation was far from over, though. As the moment of all-important, all-consuming release neared, every part of Hinata's body that had yet to change went under an abrupt and incredible transformation. After all, if Orochimaru was being truthful, then she needed to become before she could cum.

Hinata's torso exploded in all available directions. Her traps bulged up and out to form the perfect complement to her distinctive delts, large and luscious power to grasp the kunoichi's slender neck, itself pumped to new thickness to complete the look. The graceful arcs her trapezius formed were like mountain ridges; appropriate, given the boulderiness of her new bod.

Below them Hinata's pecs formed a platform, a shelf of strength that began just below her neckline and did not quit for a second before her abdomen ablaze took the baton in the smoothest changeover possible. The slabs of pectoral perfection contributed to cleavage that ran from her neck down, the megamuscles knitted tight together in a bond that none could break. Hinata's robe didn't stand a chance and tore to pieces that fluttered away on the heat.

However, pretty much every pound of her beefchunk chest was hidden behind the largest and most perfect breasts ever seen in the region - even bigger and better than Tsunade-sama's now humble-seeming endowments. Both beautifully rounded and deliciously shaped megamounds of mammary magnificence were bigger than Hinata's head by some way. If she hadn't been so concerned with keeping Sakura's head in place, the black-haired buffbeauty would have grabbed them and kneaded them roughly.

As it was, the pretty perfection of her sweet pink areolas, a sensual and inviting oval shape, remained untouched. Likewise, the gentle urge of her thick nipples stayed unlicked. Of course, the one largest erogenous zone on Hinata's body was receiving quite some stimulation - whether Sakura consented or not.

Unconcerned, Hinata's abs popped up to complete the picture of a torso of which the strongest Amazonian warrior would rightly be proud. Eight muscles in total licked to the surface of Hinata's skin, billowing with enough power to ensure she would never need armour to protect her midsection again. Her slender navel burst to the surface of her belly, crowning its delight.

Hinata had reached the point of no return. She let her head fall back as the promise of release surged through her, biting her lip as pleasure began its tickling overload. The blush coating her face deepened as her eyes half-closed: the black-haired kunoichi's orgasm face.

She withdrew her obscene megacock from Sakura's lips just in time to shower her pink-haired friend in thick ropes of jizz, giving the smaller woman her own orgasm face. Sakura had just enough presence of mind to shut her eyes and purse her lips as the first

wave of cum splattered from Hinata's cannon. Her cheeks and chin were covered, with one particularly powerful spurt landing just above her left eyebrow.

That orgasm seemed to be the catalyst for Hinata's growth to continue the aggressive expansion in quite a big way. The kunoichi's pants ripped as her glutes burst from meek and mild into brawnbeef bulks of fabulously fitting forceful. The entire red-hot expanse of Hinata Hyuga's hulking huge was now muscle made real: her lats and traps had made of her back an alien landscape of mass, whilst her arms were barbarian battering rams of the most strutting, steaming strength.

Hinata would be able to defend Konoha solo from now on - and her body still wasn't done.

Sakura, meanwhile, could not escape being affected by the superspecimen Hinata was becoming, right in front of her eyes. By pure instinct she leaned forward to take Hinata's gorgeous girthy girlcock in her mouth again. Sakura shut her eyes to drink in the sensations sucking Hinata gave her, as well as the tastes as she licked the appendage clean of any forgotten cum, the thickness of it spreading all around her mouth as she indulged.

Although she had the upper body - and ass! - of some forgotten goddess of muscle, Hinata was rather top-heavy... right up until monumental mass layered onto her thighs in an instant, tearing her pants into gleeful shreds of nothing. The moment was as explosive as her orgasms: her quads bulked wider than Sakura, each, by far; utterly in keeping with the impossibly well-built woman she needed to be. Pencil-thick veins streaked around each of the majestic muscle heads like a lover's fingertips tracing the beauty they found there.

The moment pulled Sakura from her cum-hungry trance. The pink-haired kunoichi staggered back from Hinata's cock and loosed the mighty beast from the comfort she'd given it, and couldn't even look as the appendage wobbled about from the sudden release, its motion like a snake trying to mesmerise its prey. Sakura managed to stand and turn, a sudden squall of emotions bringing tears to her eyes.

"Leave me alone!" Sakura cried, eyes wide in true fear. She raised her right arm to block any revenge that might have come from Hinata, but the newly birthed muscle goddess was rooted to the spot. Sakura saw and seized her chance in the same moment.

She turned and ran for the dojo door as fast as her unsteady legs could carry her. Despite the devastation of cum and burst clothes on the floor, Sakura managed a wonderful turn of speed. For her part, Hinata watched the smaller woman go.

"Why are you running?" the new Hinata called after her now much smaller friend. Her eyebrows drew together in a dark frown as veins crawled up her face to reach, and yet not touch, her eyes, themselves lit with a dark flame. "I can see your bump!"

The 'bump' in question was a not-too-discreet bulge in the crotch of Sakura's shorts. It was a pretty good replica of the one Sakura herself had investigated in Hinata's pants only moments earlier, and it could only mean one thing for the pink-haired kunoichi's immediate future. At that point, though, she was more concerned about finding help.

That's why, a few moments later, Sakura burst into another room in Konoha.

"Lady Tsunade!!" Sakura exclaimed on finding the city's great healer, Tsunade, an older blonde woman, with her apprentice Shizune, a great friend of Sakura's. The emotions on Sakura's face were a mixture of fear, anger, and disappointment in herself. She'd managed to clean her face of tears and cum on the way over, for which she was grateful: that would be no way to present yourself to your mentor!

"There's something wrong with Hinata!!!" Sakura continued, hollering the emergency before either Tsunade or Shizune could act. "She's..."

Sakura's words came to an abrupt halt, as something about the looks Tsunade and Shizune were giving her felt very wrong indeed. The pink-haired kunoichi took a moment to study the pair of them, her eyes narrowed and brow furled into frown. When the realisation hit her, she couldn't help but cry out again.

"Wait, you're both drunk?"

The special blushes and dopey/hungry grins on both their faces told Sakura the answer more clearly than their words could have - and that was fortunate, as neither Tsunade or Shizune actually spoke. Shizune simply held her glass whilst Tsunade stared hungrily at poor Sakura, her robe open to reveal much of her large breast. The Strength of a Hundred seal still glittered on her forehead, but something about her expression spoke of intentions that were far from healing.

It was too much for Sakura. In that momentary maelstrom of emotion, the 'bump' Hinata had given her took over. She touched the underside of the bulge with her left hand, fingertips delivering the most gentle of caresses to what she found.

And that was all it took.

Sakura's very own futacock tore through her shorts. It reached full mast instantly, an eye-watering length with both an amazing girth and the most wondrous of curves, guaranteed to be the envy of any man she knew. Its head was large and angry purple, whilst her egg-sized balls hung sweetly beneath.

With no warning whatsoever, Sakura experienced the first of her new orgasms. A virile volley of jizz shot from her cum-cannon in a great torrent, thick and sticky and everywhere. Once the monster had pumped her load, it stayed exactly where it was, proud.

The merest fraction of Sakura's shot cum landed on the faces of her mentor and her friend. Shizune, standing slightly further forward, bore the brunt of the batter-blow, most of which covered the right side of her face in thick and sticky globs. Tsunade had been blessed, too, with one particularly powerful splash landing between her sweet-blond eyebrows

Both women surrendered to the first change immediately, neither showing the restraint Sakura had managed as she ran from Hinata. Two more futadicks entered the fray, filling the chamber with strong, virile musk. Shizune grasped her new cannon with her right hand,

barely able to hold more than a third of it with her comparatively dainty hand, whilst Tsunade revealed herself to be left-handed with her grip, shoving her little finger back hard against the root of her own beast to stimulate her beautiful balls.

If it was a race between the two to see who would cum first, then Shizune won at a canter. The merest touch of her new colossal appendage seemed to push her over the edge into a throbbing and powerful orgasm. Shizune's tongue hung loose from her mouth as she grinned like a lunatic, blush decorating her lean face as another surge of semen splattered into the air.

Opposite Shizune, Sakura worked her own cock to another orgasm, fist pumping up and down its length as she shot her own load again. A second giant splash of thick jizz shot from her prick, raining onto the now quite slick floor in big globs of superspunk. Sakura's balls began to churn mightily with production as she reloaded for a possible third round, for her fat futadick hadn't lost an inch of its impossible hardness.

That second torrent of futacum was enough for Sakura's fragile control, fractured by the unbelievable events she'd experienced in the last ten minutes alone, to shatter into a thousand thousand pieces. The transformation rode her into muscle goddesshood in an instant: her back broadened as her biceps burgeoned and her belly bloomed with blissful brawn, abdominal armour harder than stone. Delts the size of her head and arms to punch through any city's defences growled before they roared defiance and challenge.

The metamorphosis never lost sight of the fact that it was empowering women, though, as it blossomed Sakura's curves into the bargain. Her breasts ballooned from 'slight' to 'supersized' in less than a second, tearing through the front of her shirt as her lats ruined its sides and her bulked-up back ripped its rear. The rags of ruin fluttered all around, most landing in pools of jizz too thick to be absorbed.

Now overcome, if not *overcum*, Sakura's only thought was further release, to feel the overflow of orgasm thrill through her frame once more. Without word, ceremony, or consent, she grabbed the beautiful blonde head of Tsunade in her now extraordinary and powerful grip. The most powerful kunoichi of the land, the Fifth Hokage, did not even have time to register that she should struggle.

In the next moment Tsunade's face was full of Sakura's girthy futadick. Tsunade's throat was lined with a slick river of sweet precum as Sakura, eyes shut with the promise of future ecstasy, used the older woman like a toy. Saliva soaked the length of Sakura's prick as her lower body burst with megamuscle, just like Hinata's earlier: she now had a richly rounded ass, coated in purest power; thighs the width of her titan's torso, but much more powerful; and a pair of split calves whose muscle heads almost glowed with vascularity.

Stood nearby in the heat and thick musk of the chamber was Shizune, whose urgent orgasm had unlocked her own transformation before Sakura could make use of her. The changes began with her chest, blowing up her meagre bosom into dozens of pounds of the softest, most gorgeous of flesh. Shizune's kimono fell open under the pillowy pressure, and the bindings round her chest gave way to reveal the upper third of a very sensual pair of areolas.

Shizune looked down at her new assets with a gleeful blush on her pretty face, right up until the moment she was filled with explosive force. Then her kimono didn't so much fall open as fall *apart* as her body widened with the same muscular gift Hinata and Sakura had received. The blessing gave her an upper body twice the width of the original, with enough majestic muscle mass on her traps and lats to make every movement as easy as lifting a finger.

Titanic traps rose to engulf Shizune's pretty and slender neck, which throbbed to luscious and fitting thickness in a fraction of a second. Her delts erupted into the classic pumpkin shape as her arms gave a new definition to the word 'size' (and 'definition' itself!). As with the others, the transformation ensured Shizune's femininity was retained when it bulked her waist, ensuring a (relatively!) dainty taper inwards to show off the most stunning of muscle hourglass shapes.

Shizune's breasts - more like udders at this point, as her new ultrabody continued to rip through its colossal chrysalis phase! - were not-so-gently repositioned by the growth of incendiary pectoral muscle. Below those massive slabs of magnificent might sat a trail of abdominal awesome that swallowed the black-haired kunoichi's navel as surely as even an expert shinobi would shatter the bones of their hand if they punched it. Sadly most of this show-stopping sight was obscured by Shizune's positively huge cock, the veined and meaty monstrosity arcing into the air with the grace and power of a rhinoceros's horn.

Away from that arresting sight sat arms to equal the sturdiest pillars of any temple or shrine. Shizune's biceps had inflated from her svelte limbs to become stunning bursts of vein-soaked strength, each one the equal in volume and density of her torso before the changes. The accompanying triceps and forearms spoke of power with few rivals and the confident smirk on Shizune's sweet face told of a woman who would not be afraid to use that power.

However, there was one woman in the chamber whose potential power would go untapped. Tsunade had had no opportunity to bring about her own orgasm when Sakura had forced the older woman to suck her mighty megacock. In the moments it had taken Shizune to rise into her destiny, Sakura had cum again down the throat of her mentor.

The fierce storm of futajizz had overwhelmed Tsunade, who'd passed out in a puddle of cum before her own transformation could occur. Sakura stood above her, panting out her second orgasm of the last three minutes. Cum was still leaking from her flaccid-yet-still-enormous penis, easily longer and thicker than the forearm she had woken up with.

Even that impressive appendage was only barely in keeping with thighs like barrels and calves that even a big man would not have been able to grasp in his hand - maybe both. The tip of Sakura's vast futadick reached the middle of her knees and was on its own the size of Tsunade's untransformed fist. Sakura found the patience to wait as her futacum pooled up around her feet.



## Chapter Two

An hour or so had passed before Tsunade came round from her ordeal. All the cum that Sakura and Shizune had shot so freely around the chamber had soaked into the floorboards, leaving only a heavy musk behind. Tsunade rose slowly, like a snake uncoiling, and brought her right hand to her pounding head.

“What just happened?” she asked, giving voice to the only thought bouncing around her mind like a headache. As other thoughts filtered in, it seemed that her recent experiences had been wiped from her head as cleanly as the jizz had been wiped from her face. Soon, though, one thought struck louder than the rest.

“Damn, I must be late for the water inspection,” Tsunade almost groaned. She took her duties as Fifth Hokage very seriously, which was only fair and fitting, so the blonde kunoichi took her leave to head for Konoha’s water processing facility.

---

A short while later, Tsunade found herself in the company of Anko Mitarashi and Tenten, having to give an excuse that she herself was not sure of to disguise the reasons for her lateness.

“Good afternoon,” Tsunade began. “Sorry I’m late, had some extra paperwork in the office. Let’s work.”

If the others believed her or not, they certainly weren’t going to challenge the word of the Fifth Hokage there and then without further evidence. Tenten stood to attention, ready to serve the older woman’s needs, whilst Anko took a more loose stance, scowling out her more stubborn nature at the attentive Tenten. If anything, Anko was somewhat annoyed that she’d been made to wait.

Tsunade may have picked up on that vibe before she issued her instructions.

“Me and Anko will inspect that tank over there,” she ordered. “You check the pipes.” Anko, sullen and silent, began to walk away with Tsunade, but she cast a last glance at Tenten before she left.

As Tenten responded with her almost forcefully polite “Okay!!”, a pair of bandaged hands emerged from the mist behind her, targeting the brunette kunoichi’s neck. Tenten, whose eyes were closed and lips turned to the sweetest smile, seemed oblivious to the incredible danger she was in. And the others had already left...

Anko and Tsunade strode over to the water tank and made all the proper checks: it was neither leaking nor open, and so the reserves of water Konoha would need to rely on if their primary water source ran dry were safe.

“Well, everything looks in order,” Anko said, summing up the situation in her usual succinct style.

“Yes!” Tsunade replied. “That’s good.”

Tsunade had done a remarkable job of resisting the influence of Sakura’s jizz on her body and mind; she’d even completed the biggest task in her diary for the day. But it seemed that no-one, not even the strongest kunoichi and greatest medical-nin in the world, could hold out for very long. Words Tsunade never expected to hear herself say sprang from her lips in the next moment.

“Ya know, you look good today!”

Tsunade, beautiful, blonde, and busty, gave Anko a little smile, her sweet pink lips curling in admiration of the younger woman’s figure.

“Eh... thanks,” Anko managed in reply.

Thus encouraged, the next sign of the virus began to impress itself on Tsunade’s grey, three-quarter length pants. A long, beefy cock, lusty with girth and flirty with length, sprang to life and surged down a good portion of her left pant leg. Its sudden appearance forced the pants to their breaking point... but before anything more urgent could happen, a pained cry erupted into the sky from nearby.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!”

Tsunade reached the obvious conclusion instantly and her protective instincts took over.

“Tenten!” she exclaimed, the anger at having left the younger woman alone evident on her face.

Tsunade and Anko sprang into action, leaping to the side of their stricken colleague with speed and skill. The two kunoichi take a moment to assess the danger. The figure in front of them is odd, to say the least.

It was a man, covered in bindings from head to toe, save one hole for his right eye so that he could see to accomplish his dastardly deeds. He also wore a short-sleeved kimono, tied at the waist with an obi. More important to Anko and Tsunade than his villainous appearance, though, was his prey: poor Tenten was unconscious, held in slump by the villain’s left arm.

“Meet your doom,” he intoned, the words sliding into place like a funeral bell’s morbid chime.

“A nukenin?” Anko exclaimed.

Tsunade had neither the time nor the inclination for thought. With a cry of “Die, you vermin!”, the blonde kunoichi leaned forward, put all her weight on her left foot, and punched her extraordinary left fist through the villain’s stomach. Blood and devastation splattered all

around the group, not least from the nukenin's mouth, which rang with "AAAHRGH!" as his none-too-memorable last words.

Anko and Tsunade then spent their time on two important tasks: Anko made sure that the nukenin's remains didn't get into the water supply, and Tsunade, with her greater medical experience, made sure Tenten was okay. Barring a bruise that would surely heal in a day or two and the shock of the experience, the slender brunette seemed to be fine. Emotion got the better of Tenten and she grabbed Tsunade in the most fearsome hug she could manage.

"Oh, Lady Tsunade," Tenten cried, "thanks for saving me!!"

Tenten rested her still-shaken head against Tsunade's extraordinary bosom. The close contact, coupled with Tenten's tight grip, brought a little gasp of surprise from the pleased lips of the older woman. The gesture was so unexpected that Tsunade had no time to reciprocate - besides, Tenten was holding the blonde's arms tight to her sides with surprising strength.

The touch of the grateful kunoichi broke the final barrier for Tsunade and her pants finally tore: her huge and gorgeous erection broke through with throbbing beauty, the heat of its huge head tapping Tenten gently but firmly on the belly.

"What is this?" Tenten exclaimed.

Something about the thick tool rapping on Tenten's slight stomach made the kunoichi drop into a respectful bow before the elegant Tsunade. She looked towards the floor instead of the bizarre but beautiful sight of the blonde kunoichi's vast member, as if afraid, somehow. Whatever her feelings were, Tenten's actions drew the attention of Anko.

The tokubetsu jōnin drew her kunai and readied herself for whatever would unfold in the next moment. She looked fierce, protective; a lioness protecting her pride. Anko's was an open stance, ready to grapple with further foes if necessary.

"Tenten! What's wrong?" she exclaimed.

But Tenten was never the problem.

In an instant that Anko never saw coming, Tsunade moved around behind her with speed she'd never seen before. The dark-haired jōnin only just had time to gasp in fear at the threat the blonde-haired kunoichi provided, her eyes shrouded in darkness as she slipped through space with ease that only came through practice and diligence. Anko began to sweat with the sudden increase in terror.

"Lady Tsunade!?" Anko exclaimed. She'd turned in time to see the blonde's hands reach for her head, but could not find a moment for a counter of any kind. Her eyes bulged with absolute and thorough fear.

In many ways, it was fortunate Anko had opened her mouth so wide to give voice to her shock at the highly unexpected attack. It meant Tsunade had a far easier time shoving her

thick, lengthy futadick down Anko's unsuspecting throat, filling her mouth to more than capacity with delicious, veined cockmeat. Young Anko's eyes found room to grow wider than before, just as her body found room to hold as much of Tsunade's rocket cock as possible.

Tsunade had barely got into her desired facefucking rhythm by the time she came into Anko's mouth, its heat and beauty too much for her greedy, needy dick. As was fitting for the strongest living kunoichi, however, Tsunade's load was not only the biggest, nor the thickest; it also lasted the longest and tasted the best. 'Poor' Anko was so overwhelmed that futacum leaked from her nostrils as the stuff burst from her mouth, splashing all over not only her face, but Tsunade's majestic cockmeat as well.

Tenten's worshipful nature had worked wonders on her body, as well. The tentative tenting of her pants had torn as her own futacock speared the sky, sweet beads of precum gathering at its delicious tip. Tenten stroked her beautiful beast of meat, pumping her right fist - which was frankly inadequate for the task of beating off such a long and impressive monster - up and down its luscious length. The brunette's eyes rolled back in her head and her tongue lolled out as urges gave way to surges of pleasure.

How Tsunade had held herself back from this ecstasy, she would never know. The fact that she could have become a goddess earlier in the day, in the presence of Sakura and Shizune, barely registered in her mind as the bliss of orgasm into Anko's slender body raged through her body like a tidal wave. Of course, most tidal waves are destructive, whereas the one that rampaged around Tsunade's system was much more - *creative*.

A wealth of muscular might exploded onto Tsunade's frame, giving her a body fitting of that most colossal of cocks, the amazon appendage still deep in the throat of 'poor' Anko. The blonde's mere clothes tore themselves to shreds under the relentless onslaught, the rags as nothing in the light of Tsunade's megamajesty. The blonde behemoth gave a smile equal parts wicked and delighted that the power she'd trained to earn over countless thousands of hours was now reflected in the body she deserved.

Most gratifying of all to the fearsome Fifth Hokage was the new power of her breasts. The plump, gorgeous boobs of a moment ago had been quite definitively replaced by a surge of sweetest flesh that could now only be described as the most mouthwatering of udders. The perfect ovals that were Tsunade's areolas, crowned in the purest sense by nipples that would never stoop to being begged to be sucked when the order was given just by the sight of them, looked lost against the background of her mammoth mammary magnificence.

There were other benefits, too. Chief among these was a perfectly protruding pair of pecs, huge and ranged with vascularity across their entire widths, to hold her boobiful bounty with the erect carriage they deserved. Tsunade's body had to stretch wider just to accommodate these new massive muscles, but that simply meant her breasts had a chance to grow ever larger to fill (overfill!) the gap.

The blonde medical-nin's traps rose above the hillocks of her pecs to engulf her now thick, strong neck. The new sweeps of power arced with the smoothness and raw beauty of a giant snake, big and rich and raw. They leapt from her back like salmon and reached down her back to form a power-packed crest of bulging brilliance.

The deltoids that crystallised into place on either side of the lusty landscape that was Tsunade's shoulders may not have won any size contests, but they made up for it with density and vascularity. The deepest striations etched into them as they formed their own kind of perfection, reinforcing their brute power. They jutted out as pale rocks from Tsunade's gorgeous body.

A thrilling pair of biceps surged from Tsunade's slender arms, dense, stuffed with mighty power, and covered in a network of vivid, pencil-thick veins. The bulk-built blocks of amazon strength surged into the air like a futa cumshot. Like her delts, they were more on the lean side of things, but no-one would dare to mess with the Fifth Hokage when she flexed their ripped and rigid brawn.

Not that they would have anyway, of course.

Round the other side from her biceps came Tsunade's triceps, titans in their own right. Swollen horseshoes of power set in deep and thick and strong, the perfect accompaniment to her beautiful biceps. The aforementioned bicep flex would show off triceps of the most uncommon curve and beauty.

Last but by no means least, given their thick thews and superior strength, were Tsunade's forearms. A perfect part of the puissant package, their size and force could help the blonde medical-nin fire her fists through a thousand nukenins before even considering that she might need to break a sweat. Laced with vivid vascularity and layered with lean brawn, they completed the picture of behemoth beauty that Tsunade had become, as if with the final brushstroke of a master artist.

And she wasn't the only one to burst with mass and might unbridled.

Only a little distance away, kind and caring Tenten let her fierce side roar to the heavens as the changed virus blessed her with majestic muscle mass and goddess-tier tits, the benediction blasting her clothes to shreds. Huge slabs of pectoral beef roared as Tenten herself did, projecting new might to the heavens. Their sudden and sumptuous expansion provided a perfect and powerful platform for the most mouthwatering mams in the complex - well, *second* most, of course, for Lady Tsunade's unbelievable udders would always take first place.

As was tradition for the virus's wonderful work by this point, Tenten's traps rose like dough in the oven to form huge hills of bulky brawn. The veins that layered on their gorgeous growth looked like paths up and down huge mountains - which, in many ways, they were. The brunette's neck would have been swallowed whole if it hadn't developed its own thickness and lusting strength.

Delts in the classic pumped-up pumpkin shape burst through the shoulders of her blouse, far bigger and better than the slender masses they had once been. Multiple deep striations carved their splendour into the quivering muscles, just as a network of thick veins made their way across the dense yet sensual surface of strength. By the time they'd finished bulking up, Tenten's delts were as big as her head.

But her delts were only the beginning of the journey for Tenten's unassailable arms. Meaty mass emerged from her slender limbs like it needed to be seen, heard, *felt*; *KNOWN*. Tenten had long desired strength but, when found lacking, had carved her own path forward - now, she was her own deepest, brightest fantasies made firm and formidable flesh.

The work of tearing Tenten's sleeves to ribbons was mostly done by her triumphal triceps, as it happened: the robust riches that bulged from the back of her upper arms grew thick and stalwart strength in fractions of a second. The newly hunky kunoichi hadn't even flexed them, either; if she had, the backs of her sleeves would have fired from her form with enough force to ruin a city's defences. As it was, several strips of tattered white cloth made it several feet from Tenten's radiant body in the explosion.

Of course, to ignore Tenten's brilliantly buffed-up biceps would be a scandal bordering on the criminal. Imposing blocks of barbarian beef came to the boil and burst her sleeves in the other direction, the fine spray of failed fabric making two intersecting arcs on the ground around the kunoichi-colossus. The classic single thick vein grew from top to bottom on both, drawing the eye to the singular beauty of the muscles: few indeed would be those who would see Tenten flex them and not be drawn to their imperious, imposing, impeccable impenetrability.

The third member of the inspection crew, 'poor' Anko Mitarashi, now had a bellyful of Tsunade's rich, thick, heady futacum, so the inevitable happened. The mutated virus provided the tokubetsu jōnin with the means to effect her own transformation: a wonderfully beefy and deliciously long futacock, the almost perfect equal of her forearm with fist apparent and ready for use. Of course, no forearm can have quite such a beautiful arc, perfected for the sustained stimulation of G-spots everywhere.

Thick veins trailed lazily along Anko's perfect prick. They may not have had the purpose and vigour of the veins bubbling to the surface of Tenten's tremendous titanbod, but they did their job admirably nonetheless. In fact, precum had already beaded at the tip through Anko's cute cockslit.

Tsunade hadn't stopped fucking Anko's face - far from it, in fact. The blonde beast-beauty came again down Anko's throat and, just as before, the latter's lips were an imperfect seal for the volume of futajizz that Tsunade's goddess girlprick produced, her billowed balls immediately churning up into production in case another load were needed. Huge splatters of uncontainable cum splurged from Anko's lips in a reflection of the torrent she'd just tried and failed to take into her stomach.

But.

Something about the power of the Fifth Hokage's fine new form - or maybe it was just the fine new futacum, fired down her throat with the speed of an arrow and the delicious of perfectly cooked beef - made Anko's cock twitch. Less than a second after Tsunade's jizz added to the sticky spatter on the floor, Anko's own cum fountained into the now-much-smaller space between Tsunade's legs, somehow expertly missing the blonde's berserker body to land with a splashy splutter amongst the rest of the spent orgasms.

Tenten, meanwhile, had been observing the scene with interest - but she had not been still, no. Below the in-built armour that was her awesome abdomen, her left hand had been quite the busy beaver indeed, pumping the length of her hefty-hot futacock. Two hands wouldn't have been enough to cover her impressive prick from its rigid root to the lower part of its huge head, with that titan's tip giving Tenten a more impressive member than any man in Konoha.

She too couldn't stay unaffected by the raw power that Lady Tsunade now possessed. Once the blonde medical-nin emptied her balls down Anko's throat, Tenten reached her own personal peak of powered pleasure and heralded her orgasm with a deep, rumbling grunt, the events as connected as loosing an arrow and its immediate flight. Yet more syrup-thick futacum arced into the air and made quite the splendid splash around the feet of the trio.

Just as with Lady Tsunade, Tenten's hefty yet beauteous balls eagerly turned to the task of making more lush jizz for her to spend however she wished. The three women took a moment to get precious oxygen back into their bodies, Anko most eagerly of all. The pause reached a definitive conclusion when Lady Tsunade made a pronouncement that would change the face of the city forever, a powerful grin of mischief and desire spread across her bewitching, beautiful face as she uttered five simple words.

"Let's infect the water supply."

## Chapter Three

It was the work of moments for the three futas - albeit temporary ones, if Orochimaru were to be believed - to stride through the complex to the biggest water tank they could find, one through which Konoha's entire water supply flowed. Well, Tsunade and Tenten strode - Anko had yet to effect the second change, so she still had her slender, lithe body, with the only exception being her girthy, rocket cock. Her gorgeous prick stood to full attention, as did Tenten's, both their heavy cockheads leaning out over the water tank.

Tsunade's amazing arm was around Anko's shoulders, but the younger woman needed no encouragement. The boon of superhuman strength and size that Tsunade and Tenten had both enjoyed was something that had to be shared amongst Konoha's women. She considered for a brief moment how it might affect the men...

...right up until the first stroke of her meaty member. From then on all other thoughts disappeared from Anko's head in the pursuit of pumping pleasure. The violet-haired kunoichi pumped her hand back and forth as her tongue lolled out of her head and her eyes rolled back a little... the moment was close at hand.

As it were.

By an incredible coincidence - or perhaps it was their urgent, gasping breaths egging each other on - Anko and Tenten came at the same time. An awful, queasy moment clawed at

Anko's stomach when she spotted that the arcs of their powerful cumshots were going to clear the water tank with ease... but she needn't have worried. Lady Tsunade simply raised her hand and guided the pudding-thick, syrup-lush futacum into the water with the merest moment of her now-incredible magic.

It was something of a shame to let the jizz go, and not fire it into another person's eager mouth; but all three had understood the pact when they made it. The women of Konoha would be grateful for this one moment of sacrifice and, when a new normality settled into place, they could each know the part they'd played in its creation. Anko gave a small, pleased nod as her cum, and Tenten's, sank beneath the water's churn, to go where it might.

The moment of release - blissful, utter release - triggered her transformation. A pair of breasts the equal of Tenten's (but of course not Lady Tsunade's huge and hefty, heavy and hella hot hooters) burst through her mesh shirt, the brief moment of pain worth it to feel the chill air and thrill heat on her happy nipples. Anko spent a moment in gasp as a different kind of lusts settled upon her.

But she was not yet used to her new bountiful bombshell burden... and Anko was the closest of the three to the water tank...

"Whoah!" she exclaimed. "Too heavy!"

As none of her musculature had come in yet, Anko's titanic tits were indeed too heavy for her to cope with. The tokubetsu jōnin fell from the side of the tank before the others could react and stop her. Anko Mitarashi fell head-first into the water - or whatever the water had become, at least! - with the most tremendous splash.

Neither Tsunade nor Tenten dove in after her. Anko, they both knew, could very well take care of herself - and so it proved when, moments later, she burst from the surface of the water-cum combo. The violet-haired kunoichi had just planted her hand on a platform to the side of the tank when it began.

The right sleeve of her overcoat disappeared as an arm packed to the brim with muscle mass majesty burst through it, making Anko grit her teeth, shut her eyes, and reel back as she tried to lift herself from the water tank. The rigid roar of her damn huge deltoid soon gave way to the classic big, brutal and beefy combo of bulky triceps and terrific biceps, thick with power, rich with vascularity, and definition redefined. The brawn of Anko's new forearm alone was equal to the mass of her soon-to-be-former thighs... if not greater.

Her left arm quickly followed suit, a perfect mirror for its twin sister on the opposite side. Anko's arms looked hewn from solid rock from her delts down to her wrists, the hefty stone of that delt giving way to the positive boulder of her upper arm before the volcanic slopes of her forearms. The layers upon layers of thick, explosive power were her own personal gift from the virus and, therefore, from her former mentor Orochimaru.

That fact should, perhaps, have troubled Anko in some way - but other feelings were at play.

"What is this?" she cried. "This... this is so good!"



Just like moments before, Anko's tongue slicked loose from her mouth, and the watching Tsunade and Tenten had both learned that sign meant only one thing. Sure enough, in less than the blink of an eye, Anko's cock - aching, hard, and beautiful - shot another load of the sweetest, thickest futajizz high into the air. As if to compensate for any of the heavenly cum she'd got on her clothes during her tumble into the tank, the stuff landed in the water.

Mostly.

Anko's latest orgasm only accelerated her transformation. A bursting, bountiful booty of muscle and rich padding alike burst through the seat of her poor, overwhelmed miniskirt and the mesh beneath in moments. Anko's newly perfected bubble butt was so round, so firm, and so high that had its succulent sweetness been covered, it would have been tantamount to a crime.

The random nature of Anko's metamorphosis rumbled on as it transformed her back. The violet-haired kunoichi experienced a moment of gratitude that she finally had some heft to support her enormous knockers as her traps and lats exploded through her coat and mesh with vibrant, vivid mass. The beauteous ridges and valleys of that large and luscious landscape were all present and oh-so-correct, tracing a stunning kind of reverse cleavage down from the bottom of Anko's neck to the outrageous sumptuousness of her sweet ass.

Last to fall into line were Anko's legs. Lean and lithe before, they quite left that life behind when hunks of long, lusty megamass layered in and on and on, rendering her grey shin guards to powder as they bellowed out into beef everlasting. A series of pencil-thick veins swept her legs, only pausing their progress for the kunoichi's knees, calves too littered with vivid vascularity.

Finally it seemed Anko's beefy futacock had a body worthy of its stunning girth and droolworthy length.

Stood triumphant on the edge of the water tank, Anko broke into a confident and joy-filled smile. Her traps had risen beyond their bounds to the top of her neck, forming a gorgeous mountain range between the bouldery beef of her delightful delts. The tease of her mighty pecs also helped to keep her billowy pillowy tits in check - but now there was only one thought on her lust-addled mind.

"Can I infect Kurenai?" she grinned.

"Sure, just take the two kunoichi back for me," Tsunade returned, her own smile broad and happy - until her eyebrows, knitted together in mischief that bordered on 'devilish'. It seemed that Anko was not the only one with plans for spreading the virus, however. The newly transformed Tenten turned to the others to have her say.

"What about Yakumo Kurama?" she suggested. It would be an easy win: the fragile girl would benefit greatly from the extraordinary empowerment the virus would bring, enough to defend the honour of her clan. The three women grinned at each other as their individual plans unfolded from the depths of their temporarily depraved minds.

---

Meanwhile, across town at Ichiraku Ramen, Naruto Uzumaki and Hinata Hyuga had sat down to an order of the establishment's expertly made ramen, Hinata back in her small and slender form. The pair smiled at each other as memories of their first date flooded to the surface. Of course, quite a lot of relationship water had passed under the bridge since then.

There had been... certain other changes, too.

"Let me give you a hand, love," Hinata purred under the general hubbub of the busy restaurant. Naruto blushed as his girlfriend's hand finger-walked its way up his thigh to trace the length of a steaming hot sausage that was only on the menu for one customer. Hinata kept her eyes fixed on her task, her determination the reason she didn't care if other patrons saw her.

Over at the servers' station, waitress Ayame took advantage of a well-earned break to take a drink from a cup of water. She shut her eyes in appreciation as the liquid slipped between her lips, a welcome quenching of her thirst. From the first sip, though, it was very obvious something was wrong.

*What is this?* Ayame thought, her large, dark eyes wide in alarm. She took the cup from her mouth with well-judged speed, but felt unable to spit up in front of the patrons of the restaurant and cause a scene. Her cheeks bulged with the oddly salty and... thick?!... water until she decided to swallow it down.

In the meantime, Hinata had taken Naruto's huge hardon from his pants and was stroking its sublime length and rigid girth mercilessly. The blonde shinobi kept his cool despite his girlfriend's ministrations, not even a single gasp ripping from his lips, the pair's lust-addled activities hidden behind the table they were sitting at. Naruto found an extra frisson of pleasure tumble through him at the audacity of the suddenly super-confident Hinata.

Just before completion, Hinata pulled out her own dick, itself thick, long, and juicy, and began to stroke it with her left hand as she pumped Naruto's monster cock with her right hand. Although her face was lit with an impish grin, the black-haired kunoichi blushed at her own daring, right up until the point that handling so much megameat took her brain away in a rush of purest pleasure. Before that, though, the formerly tender flower uttered the exact right words for the situation.

"I'll join you!"

The pair are so in sync with each other's feelings and needs that when Naruto orgasms, a sweet torrent of jizz erupting from his cannon high into the air, Hinata does too. Her seed was thicker and her shot more powerful but, as the perfectly timed and perfectly positioned arcs of cum splashed into each other, it felt like the most wonderful declaration of their love. Even better than that, Hinata's orgasm incinerated her clothes as she transformed back into her supermuscular, megabusty, hyperendowed form.

With mischief and mayhem forethoughts in her mind, Hinata's smile turned borderline evil, though the cute blush would not leave her cheeks. She raised her right index finger into the air to indicate to Naruto that she had a plan, though whatever cunning thoughts she was having were hidden beneath her silence. Her gesture also had the sad side effect of covering most of her luscious right areola with her bulked-out forearm.

Not that it mattered to Naruto, for there would be plenty of time to enjoy Hinata's incredibod later on.

Although the pair's orgasmic gasps had been silent, there'd been no way to disguise what the fountains of cum were from everybody else in the restaurant... and even if they hadn't seen Naruto and Hinata empty their balls, they had to spot naked muscle Hinata. A deep blush lit Ayame's cheeks as she wandered over to the pair, almost not of her own volition. Her voice was all seductive purr when she spoke.

"Looks like you are having fun..."

Naruto considered that something of an understatement, but nothing could prepare him for what Ayame said next as she padded closer. Her hips swayed in sultry slink, and Naruto found himself stiffening once more - although the effect of Huge Hinata Hyuga sitting right next to him was quite the contributing factor. Nothing could have prepared him for what Ayame said next, though.

"May I join y..." But Ayame was destined never to complete her request. She would have been welcomed at the table - by Hinata, at the very least! - but fate had a very different goal in mind for the young waitress, who screamed as her body began the first of its changes.

Whereas Hinata had torn through her clothes in an instant, Ayame's transformation was much more sedate - although quite effective in its own right. The virus's first goal as it ran rampant through the mild waitress's body was curves. An extraordinary and extraordinarily large pair of breasts surged through the top of her white robe, huge, well-rounded, and heavy.

Immediately afterwards Ayame's ass expanded into an equally well-rounded beauty all its own. Mirror-twinning globes of mouthwatering muscle-backed plush tore the lower back of her robe to shreds, a positive explosion of deliciousness just below where her apron was tied. Ayame stood dumbfounded as her body blew beyond its bounds.

The sights and sounds of the last few seconds were too much for Naruto. His cock had been hard from the moment the transformation had taken hold of Ayame and delivered unto her curve beyond spectacular. The rigid beast, soon to be only the third biggest erection in the Ichiraku Ramen building, roared a second time with another very full load that splurged high into the air.

Scarcely content with giving Ayame the gifts of tremendous tits and an awesome ass, the transformation swept onto the next phase of its plan.

Ayame's legs exploded with some of the most incredible muscle Naruto had ever seen, even with Huge Hinata so near to him. At their broadest, Ayame's thighs were wider than the blonde shinobi himself, and they practically shone with the sweetest network of thick veins. Their definition redefined the word 'definition', with each of the four sweet muscleheads powerfully apparent in a swirling sea of strength.

Below the comparatively slender beauty of Ayame's knees lay her calves, now superbly muscled weapons of either destruction or attraction, depending on the wondrous waitress's mood. The swells of size were positioned just so, beauty in their own right. The blocky bulges had their own fair share of vital vascularity, deep and rich and strong.

Of course, 'strength' was the key word for her entire transformation.

In a teasing flash Ayame raised her right arm into a classic and perfectly performed biceps flex. Oceans of majestic, magnificent muscle swelled into the sweetest possible places at her command. The eye was instantly drawn to the main event, because of course it was: a bicep so gloriously large and lusciously grand that to see it was to fall in love (or lust) with muscle forever.

The impossible bulge seemed to reach wider than Ayame's arm should have allowed, leaning over its edges dangerously. The splendid split of its perfected peak reached most of the way up her roaring wrist, her fist minuscule in comparison. The same lush-thick veins that ran down Ayame's queen quads had taken up position all along her stunning 'ceps, feeding the fibres with the fuel they required... and desired.

Despite its sheer size, Ayame's bicep seemed a little pushed out of place by the exceptional extraordinary of her deltoid. The well-capped and utterly stunning brawn had shot from her shoulder like a cannonball, which it resembled in more ways than one. The delectably defined mass was more than enough on its own to make the mouth water at the sheer power Ayame now held.

After such an incredible sight, it was something of a shame that Ayame's tricep muscles were no more than a sideshow. Her bicep was the headline act, and rightly so, given its size in the moment - but the right kind of flex would have revealed a horseshoe-shaped bulge of the beefiest brawn. No animal any of them had ever seen would need a shoe as large as the one Ayame's upper arms could provide.

Ayame's forearm was a monster of its own making. Her forelimb had thickened up to such an extent that it alone weighed more than her entire torso before she'd slurped down the infected water, rich with wriggling veins right down its terrific taper to her wrist. The cherry on the beefcake's flexcake was a fist now in control of enough power to shatter boulders.

"That makes me so horny!" Hinata cried, the wicked grin on her lips seconding the notion her words had made clear. Between Naruto's second orgasm, and the incredible - and, even better for the black-haired kunoichi, incomplete! - transformation of Ayame right in front of her pale eyes, she felt the throb of thrill reach around her body once again. By now, it was a very familiar companion!

Speaking of familiar companions, the robe that Ayame had worn for so many years of service in her father's restaurant lost its position as her body burst with more width than the tables that surrounded them. The winsome waitress's traps blew up both tall and wide, each side now wider than her head. The superb slabs of strength had bubbled up down her back as well, providing Ayame with brutal barbarian bulk.

Her delts joined the party with significant strength added on both sides. The muscles had exploded with both size and shape, larger than her head by far. The deep striations that emerged as they billowed bigger and better gave them the true pumpkin look - or 'pump king' look, perhaps - that all true muscle fans look for and desire.

Amidst all the wild destruction of clothing in favour of the second most stunning growth of female muscle Naruto had ever witnessed, he found a moment of calm.

"What is all this?" he asked Hinata. The sweet and swole woman by his side managed to tear her jacked neck away from the sight of Ayame's megametamorphosis for long enough to answer her beau.

"It's a gift for her, and all kunoichi who will have a taste of this," she explained. Naruto nodded in return and, seeing as the pair were in no danger, he let events play out. They both turned back to Ayame's quaking body, ready to enjoy the remainder of the show... after all, so much of her body had yet to really change...

The outrageous surge of Ayame's brand new breasts was boosted to a further extreme maximum by the rampant rocket blast of her pecs bulging with extra layers of magnificent brawn. The mighty shove provided by the brilliant beefy urged her udders out and, most beautifully, slightly up, the orgiastic thickness of her nipples pointing slightly skyward. A set of veins ripped to life along the tight-knit tautness of Ayame's power-packed pecs, mostly to remind the viewer that there were strong, deeply strong muscles behind the rather eye-catching exquisiteness of her boobs.

Beneath them sat a seriously sensual stomach, the flatness of Ayame's belly quickly replaced by the vast hills and hot valleys of abs an Amazonian athlete would have been proud of. Veins flicked and licked over their super surface like new rivers forming, easing precious life to where it was needed. Ayame's navel sank deep beneath the onslaught.

The transformation continued with Ayame's back, swapping its slender for siren and significant size. Her lats bulged with wondrous width and delicious depth, spreading like armour across her body - which, in many ways, it was. The waitress began to loom with lashings of luscious large.

"This feels so good!" Ayame exclaimed, a grin of the devil at now being so, so indecently powerful written across her lips like a demon's spell. Her eyebrows came together to herald her new self and her new desires, swirling around her mind like a vortex and just as dangerous. In her favour, it was the only natural conclusion one could make from the extraordinary metamorphosis she was still undergoing.

Ayame's traps surged upwards to claim the space around her neck as their own. The picture from the front was like a series of hills working towards the skies: the comparatively round and jolly landscape of her luscious breasts gave way to the serious veins and striations of her megapecks, which occupied all the remaining territory from the top of her titan tits to the bottom of her increasingly-crowded-out neck. Above them the gorgeous mountaintops of her traps sat, lording it - or should that be 'ladying it'? - over the rest of the luscious landmass of her fabulous-beyond-fabulous physique.

The virus's most severe body alteration soared into the air in front of Ayame: her full-length futacock, a blessing like none of the others she'd received, a surge of superb sensuality with an arc like a rhino's horn. The vivid streaks of veins that wrapped around it lazily drew the eye slowly towards the vast, achingly perfect tip, roaring to an impossible and yet delusious height, just below the outer curves of her equally-perfect breasts. The mammoth and meaty member bobbed and wobbled like a snake trying to hypnotise its prey as Ayame's amazon transformation continued.

Ayame made the snap decision to flex her right bicep again, to see how far her body had come since the first. The differences were as definite and demonstrable as they were degenerate and debauched: it seemed like a second bicep had grown on top of the original, all monstrous, meaty mass, far bigger than the waitress's head and right to the top of her wrist. The veins that ran from the peaks down her arm to her transfixing tricep flowed like a flash flood from a mountain top.

That tremendous tricep curved like nothing else on Earth. Even though unflexed, it purred with size so stupendous that a number of the patrons in the restaurant became mesmerised by its ascendant astonishment alone. If Ayame had decided to switch to the classic triceps flex, horseshoes of the fullest and thickest megamuscle would have surged from her upper arm like a fist to the face.

From the absolute peak of her bicep to the lowest point on the crushing curve of her tricep, Ayame's arm was bigger than her breasts - an incredible feat of muscle engineering.

Lastly, but by no means leastly, Ayame's legs received their full muscle blessing from the virus's lust-packed work. The formerly winsome waitress had to spread her legs wide to accommodate the intense and intensive *size* of her quads... megaquads... gigaquads... as they positively roared to sizes thicker - and thiccer! - than her waist, itself a colossal column of abdominal amazement. The absolute burst of muscle mass made monstrous, frightening flesh - enormous, gargantuan slabs of the mightiest meat and the meatiest might - was too much for many onlookers, who either fainted or made quite the mess of their undergarments.

In the middle of the stupefying, sensual sight sits the ultimate symbol of the futanari: a powerful penis of pulsing potency. Ayame's balls are like the biggest eggs you've ever seen, thrumming and throbbing with production, but the main event is above them. Her cumbersome cumcannon bulged in the middle in an expansive echo of the shape of her thighs, looking ready to explode with finest jizz at a moment's notice.

Even better, a drizzle of sweetest precum slicks from the titanic tip to slop juicily onto the rags of Ayame's outfit far below.

Amidst the passed-out patrons and others hurriedly rushing home for a change in underwear (if not an entirely new outfit) were Naruto and Hinata. Lust had risen in them both until - well, other things had risen - and they were sharing a kiss of gentle passion. Both of them knew it was just a prelude to further, hotter, deeper passion; but, for the moment, in the middle of Ichiraku Ramen, it was almost chaste.

Ayame stood in the middle of the chaos, so much more than she was before. More of everything: sturdiest strength and most sensuous sexuality combined into a form to make the jaw of a warrior drop as far as their tongue. She'd literally burst open her cocoon on the way, the defeated scraps of her apron and undergarments lying beneath and around her.

And now she knew her role, too.

"I'll search for another kunoichi to infect!" she said, and anyone still present to hear it knew her word was true.

## Chapter Four

START ON PAGE 18