Ayame woke up in bliss.

Her resting place wasn’t a soft bed, it wasn’t ‘soft’ in the least, for her body was barely making contact with the futon underneath. And yet it was perhaps the most comfortable place for her right now. She was warm even with the sheet only covering up her waist, the heat from the enormous body next to her giving her all she required for a peaceful slumber and more.

Her head was nestled between a cannonball-sized shoulder and a pectoral as wide and thick as a book cover. The first thing she saw was that *marvelous* slab of meat, rising like hills on the horizon as the muscle was a few inches thick, culminating in the striated indentation in the middle followed by the second pectoral. An enormous bicep was pressed against her back, this one molding against it perfectly as the front of her body was pushed to rest on the side of this impressively wide frame. One dainty hand was nestled under her arm and the body, while the other arm was draped right underneath the pecs, rising and falling with her companion’s breathing.

Ayame smiled delighted at Naruto’s sleeping face, his rugged handsomeness at full display as his erotically muscular body inflated and deflated with each breath, his stomach muscles pupping outwards and then relaxing. Her leg failed to intertwine against the sheer beefiness of his thigh, making her want to pull closer to him even more than she already was.

The sight of the bulge under the bedsheet right on his groin made her shiver, he wasn’t even hard yet.

And she would know. Ayame had enjoyed every *hard* part of him before, including that particularly potent muscle.

She felt her loins burn at the memories. In the shower, with her back to the wall as his enormous frame pressed against her, thrusting in and out of her. Then it was her front to touch the wall, her hard nipples painfully rubbing against the slippery tiles with her breasts smooshing over the surface, her mouth drooling as Naruto grabbed a strong hold of her rear and gyrated his hips ceaselessly. How they slammed at her with full force, the wet sounds of meat smacking under the shower joining the cacophony of feral grunts and desperate moans…

Then they continued in his room, his bed couldn’t fit them both so he haphazardly threw a large futon on the floor where they proceeded to fuck the night away relentlessly…

Was it wrong of her? To engage in such activities with someone she had known since he was a boy?

But he certainly wasn’t a boy now. The enormous brawn in his prodigious body, the mighty phallus that laid underneath the sheets, his intoxicating musk, they were all the mark of a very virile man…

A man she was crazy for, there was no doubt about, for that had been the most intense, intimate, and erotic moment of her life. And she had shared it with a wonderful young man she knew very well.

Gods even with her body utterly spent, her loins ravaged by the madded lovemaking from last night, she felt her pussy ache for him. Feeling empty and incomplete without his girth inside her…

There was a fire awakening inside her, consuming her, making her head beat faster as the area between her thighs *burned.*

Ayame’s lips descended upon his chest, smacking wet sounds coming from the contact with the rock-hard muscle. She propped herself up, feeling the myriad of muscles on his torso with her right hand, savoring each bump and crevice, before traveling down to his stomach and his waist.

Her actions caused Naruto to wake up, he groggily looked at Ayame, catching her worshipping his massive frame like last night, just as she wanted. Ayame looked up at him with a devious smile, before leaning forward to lick his bulking neck and finishing with a kiss on his lips, Naruto was slow to return it as he was still waking up. Though his body was reacting to the stimulus of this beautiful naked woman pressed against him, fondling his body.

He groaned as her hand slipped beneath the sheets and began fondling something else. Something long, thick, and increasing even more in length and hardness the more she stroked.

Under the rustle of the sheets, a tent was being lifted. Ayame licked her lips at the sensation of his cock becoming potently hard in her grasp. She pumped him more and more as the blood kept flowing and the flash kept hardening.

Then she unveiled the sheet from it and revealed the mighty rod pointing upwards with supreme virility. Swollen, red, with a few faint if thick veins at the base, the skin pulled back to reveal the tip of the spear as it were. Ayame’s prize for her hard work.

Naruto gave her half a smirk, “Eager huh?”

Ayame looked at him with hunger before slamming her lips against him one more time with a sloppy kiss.

Then she swung one leg over his waist, positioning herself right above him, taking her time to enjoy what was to come. She went down slowly, groaning and moaning in delight as the thick phallus brushed through her wet folds, burying itself further and further into her as Ayame kept lowering herself at an agonizingly slow pace. Gods he was so fucking hard, it felt like burying a stone rode inside her as her walls tightened against it.

Naruto groaned, clenching his teeth and squeezing his eyes shut. His fingers dug into Ayame’s buttocks, the flesh slipping between them, and slowly guided her movements up and down.

Ayame’s eyes rolled back as she felt her spirit leave her body from sheer pleasure. The sensation of buildup was already mounting in the pit of her stomach, increasing with each downward thrust…

“My, my~. Now this is a good show~”

Ayame’s gaze snapped to the side, eyes wide in shock, and yet Naruto did not stop, he kept moving her up and down his length.

Hinata smiled sweetly, lacking the usually shy attitude Ayame associated her with. “Had I known you were packing such a performance, I would have made time to be here last night. But I’m glad I’m not missing it now~”

She knelt next to Ayame’s rocking body, who believed she should be feeling more mortified by her presence, but she was too overcome by the pleasure to think of that. Hinata gave her a look over, seemingly in appreciation of her naked frame as she fucked Naruto. She then looked at the young blonde, “How does she feel?”

Naruto grunted, “So fucking tight…!” He increased the tempo at which he moved Ayame up and down his rod, much to the latter’s delight.

Hinata chuckled, “Well that’s partly due to you, Naruto” She then directed her eyes at Ayame, looking very hungry. “I’ll be needing to find out for myself~

She *grew*, packing muscles the same way Naruto had done before, just exploding her frame with the most shredded and outstanding musculature that any regular human could have. Tearing her clothes apart as she rose in height and width, the blast from her shredding jacket sent strips of clothing over Ayame and Naruto’s forms. Ayame yelped, feeling him throb as he watched Hinata’s transformation, an erotic sight that Ayame herself too was enjoying very much…

Hinata hummed, licking her lips and stretching, placing her hands behind her head to flex her large frame. “Never get tired of this…” She looked sweetly at Ayame, placing an arm around her shoulders. If Naruto made her look tiny, then she felt even smaller when side by side with these two statues of muscle. “Don’t worry, Ayame, I’m not jealous. I’d rather Naruto here have as many people to show off those magnificent muscles to” She flexed her chest, making her enormous bosom rise. “Bodies like these should be admired by all, don’t you think?”

Ayame could only moan in return.

Hinata giggled, lifting Ayame’s chin as she kept her rocking body close, brushing an enormous breast against her smaller ones. “Good girl,” And kissed her right on the lips. The sight was the last straw for Naruto, who groaned bestially as he shot his load inside Ayame. The poor woman’s mind short-circuited, overloaded by pleasure on all sides as her juices dripped down unto Naruto’s length in a world-shaking orgasm, her moans muffled against Hinata’s mouth.

X~X~X~X~X

Alas, all good things had to come to an end. After the most passionate and erotic night (and morning) of her life, Ayame had to open and manage the stand. With her father away someone had to do it. But gods it had been a hard decision for her, for a big part of her craved to spend the rest of the day with Naruto and Hinata, just engage in the most frenzied and enthusiastic activities that not even the lewdest novels in the world could fully grasp, her body pleasured into unconsciousness by those two titans, making her spirit leave her body in an orgasmic experience that made her transcend physical sensations.

One may wonder why she had even chosen to open the stand anyway if the experience was *that* good. Well truth of the matter was that it hadn’t been by her own volition. Hinata had convinced her to go about her day, so she could recover her energies and ‘get used to it’.

Get used to… what, exactly? The Hyuuga had not been very forthcoming, all she did was say cryptic stuff and smile like she knew something the cook didn’t. Her personality change was as daring as it was confusing. Was she expecting something? Did she want Ayame to experience something? Did she just want her own private time with Naruto?

Or maybe she took some sort of sadistic delight, in making Ayame ache for more amazing sex with them. Well, it was working, because Ayame could hardly concentrate on her cooking right now, her thoughts were plagued with images of Naruto’s gloriously virile body flexing and flaring his enormous bulk, surpassing the size of her own pitiful frame by a wide margin, making his mouth-watering cock all the more impressive. She remembered Hinata’s delightful muscles hugging her from behind, burying her head in the soft pillows that were her beautiful breasts, playing with her in all the right ways, knowing the precise places to touch and when…

Ayame bit her lips, lest she drooled right over the next batch of noodles. The boiling water in the pot wasn’t the only hot liquid around, as she rubbed her legs together to stifle the burning sensation between her thighs.

She needed to feel them again, to be with them, to be playfully and warmly toyed with by Hinata. To experience Naruto’s rough lovemaking as he buried his imposing manhood and took her to the zenith of pleasure. Ayame felt faint at the memory of his dick inside of her, she was almost thrusting her hips out of reflex. The cook had to stop what she was doing to lean on the counter and control herself, otherwise, she’d fall to the floor and begin masturbating right then and there.

“Ayame,” Her current client asked her with concern, “Are you okay?”

Ayame lifted her gaze and saw pearly eyes staring at her in worry. Hanabi, beautiful Hanabi. Hinata’s twin sister looked so much like her and yet so different, there was a different quality to her aside from some of the physical traits. Hanabi was more impulsive, adventurous, bold…

But then again, Hinata had grown so bold, so large, so strong… and Hanabi was triggering the memories of her even more.

Ayame panted, “M-My room…” She pleaded. “Upstairs. T-Take me to my room. Please…”

“Oh gods you must be sick” She quickly stood up, conjuring a few clones. “I’ll close down the place for you. Hang on,” She jumped over the counter to stabilize her and hold her close. “Do you need to go to the hospital?”

“N-No,” Ayame grunted, feeling her stomach church and her skin tighten. “M-My room,” The Hyuuga twin looked uncertain, but reluctantly agreed. Placing one of Ayame’s arms over her shoulder, she helped the cook walk up the stairs at the side of the ramen stand, towards the humble house situated above the small restaurant.

Ayame shakily handed her the key, in her state she was hardly in any position to do so. She could hardly concentrate, everything looked hazy, the burn between her legs was making it hard for her to stand up on her own. The aching need for release became harder to ignore with each passing moment.

Worse still by the presence of someone who reminded her of Hinata so much…

“Here we go…” Hanabi led her in, guiding her to a chair so she could set her down before closing the door.

As she did so, Ayame placed her hands on the table to steady herself, her fingers clenching over the wooden surface and digging through, carving a path of broken splinters. Her skin was tightening, something was *writhing* in her flesh, making her muscles spasm and *expand*.

The cook realized what was happening to her, she had seen it before. In Naruto and Hinata.

They had passed that *amazing* gift onto her.

Ayame grinned, a groan escaping her lips as she gripped the sides of her table. “Oh I can feel it…!”

Hanabi turned to her in worry, “Feel what? Are you okay?!”

“W-What your sister did to me!” The table groaned under the pressure of her grip.

“Hinata?!” Hanabi replied in confusion. What did her twin have to do with anything? She had been so… absent lady.

Then Ayame snapped the table in half with a shout, sending splinters and pieces of wood everything.

“Ah!” Hanabi shielded her face, jumping back in shock.

Ayama moaned, falling to her knees and knocking the chair over. Her ragged panting breaths made her back inflate with each intake, and remain that side as it kept growing larger still until it strained the seams of her apron. Her sleeves cuffed tightly at the forearms, these widening in circumferences as a myriad of definition lines began dotting the surface. The fibers in her biceps locked up a steely weave, making the muscle mass harden and inflate noticeably as her triceps split into massive muscle groups of the most corded flesh. It wasn’t long before her sleeves exploded, leaving her arms bare as they clashed against her inflating bosom.

“G-Gods!” Ayame cried out in joy, her hips thrusting reflexively as the orgasmic pleasure overwhelmed her. Her waist tore her skirt and unveiled the legs underneath, the supremely striated glutes and hamstrings, the popping vastus muscles, and rippling calves.

“What’s going on…?” Hanabi muttered in amazement. “How is this happening?”

“Y-Your sister,” Ayame grunted in pleasure and pain combined. “Hinata… s-she fucked me!”

The Hyuuga’s mind pretty much short-circuited. “What?!”

Ayame laughed, shaking her head so much her headband fell. “She and Naruto, ohhhh!” She screamed guttural, feeling as though it was the bulky blonde himself pounding her rear. “They fucked me so good… and gave me this!”

Her pectorals thrust forward, and her heaving bosom exploded her shirt and apron into tatters, jostling her enormous breasts right over the floor. Ayame moaned out some more, letting out a shrill cry of ecstasy as release dripped down from her sex to her monumental thighs.

There she remained for a few moments, panting and making her enormous frame flare even larger with each breath. Slowly she stood up, the remaining strips of fabric falling from her enormous frame. Hanabi was forced to look up, disbelief and awe evident on her face as the cook rose taller than her by a head… and wider than her by an even wider margin. Everything about her was pure muscle, and the only indication of this amazon being Ayame was the same cute face. Which was locked in a climactic expression, her hair was a mess, flowing widely in strands stuck to her sweaty face.

Ayame licked her lips. “So, this is what they felt…” She grasped her breasts, moaning as she massaged them. “All this energy and *power*” She flexed her arms with a mighty pose, imitating those titans who showed her a world of pleasure.

Oh, Naruto, Hinata. She had so much to thank them for. She needed them, right here and now. She couldn’t wait, Ayame needed to satisfy this carnal need.

Her eyes settled upon Hanabi, who blushed fiercely at the naked state of this amazon.

“Hanabi…” Ayame said sweetly, stepping closer to her, her gargantuan legs made each step thunder, accompanied too by the groaning creaks of the floorboards struggling under her immense weight. “You look so much like her,”

And she leaned down to capture the Hyuuga’s lips.

X~X~X~X~X

Training Ground N° 35 was a densely forested area, although the same could be said about all of Konoha’s surroundings. But this training ground, in particular, lacked any clearing or open area. What it did have however was a large pond, spacious enough for shinobi to practice combat while water-walking, and deep enough to submerge in it. It was in this field where Team 8 was conducting their training session.

Well, half of them were.

Kiba howled with a sound akin to the canine companions of his clan, spinning at great velocity as he moved from branch to branch on the great trees, seeking to intercept his teacher who acrobatically moved around the large trunks with grace, leading him on a chase.

The real Kurenai however hid at the base of a great tree, smiling as she watched the most energetic of her students go after her illusions. Oh Kiba, all this time and he still didn’t know how to control his impulses.

Then she was startled when a figure dropped right behind her, she turned around with surprise as she saw the young Inuzuka land with a crouch and a fanged smile on his lips. “Found ya!”

Kurenai blinked a couple of times. “That you did, I was certain I had your mind fooled”

Kiba tapped his nose, “Couldn’t fool my nose, sensei” He proudly said. His sharp senses were treasured by his kin after all.

Kurenai giggled in response, dismissing her illusion and watching what she now knew was Kiba’s clone pop out of existence in a burst of smoke. “Let’s take a rest, shall we?”

The two walked towards the pond, Kiba was quick to remove his jacket and shirt, along with his headband, before kneeling by the edge and dunking his head under the water for a few seconds. Kurenai was indifferent as she stared at Kiba’s antics, before shifting to light amusement as he came back up for air with a gasp, shaking his head quite like a dog’s.

Which reminded the genjutsu mistress as she sat by the edge of the pond. “Akamaru is doing better I hope?”

“Oh yeah, he and the other dogs should be out of quarantine in a few days!”

It said something that the Inuzuka considered ticks and other parasites ‘quarantine-worthy’. But this sudden spread of southern water-based ticks had come as quite a surprise for the clan. Fortunately, they had many protocols on how to deal with such things. Among them was the need to minimize the spread of the parasites once they were caught, so, unfortunately, Akamaru had to be isolated until they were certain he was clean, the same went for the various other dogs who were afflicted by the insects.

“I am glad to hear that,” Kurenai said with relief. “I hope you’ve at least taken the opportunity to train in other areas”

“Hehe, well you’re making sure of that aren’t you?” He said, scratching the side of his wet spiky brown locks.

Kurenai giggled, “Wouldn’t be a good teacher if I wasn’t”

It was such a shame it could only be the two of them today. Shino was busy breeding the new generation of insects for his hive. And even though Hinata had recently returned from her mission, she found herself bogged down by a lot of clan responsibilities as she had explained. Though she had been incredibly vague about it, there had been something about her attitude that Kurenai simply couldn’t explain. Hinata was acting… different. And Kurenai wasn’t certain if that was a good thing or not.

She would be trying to talk to the girl later, to see if something was going on.

“Woof!” Kiba said, leaning back on his palms as he caught his breath, the water from his head dripping into his leaned and toned torso. “You really nailed me today, sensei!”

Kurenai quirked an eyebrow at his statement.

Kiba blushed as he realized how his choice of word sounded, he sputtered, trying to apologize.

Kurenai merely giggled, hiding her mouth behind her mouth as Kiba sulked in humiliation. “I hope you’re not too tired,” She said, a bit of humor still in her voice. “Training is far from over”

“Heh, course not!” Kiba said, puffing his chest. “I can do this all day!”

“Good,” Kurenai reached into her pouch. “Because I promised Anko I’d test this” She pulled out the item in question for Kiba to see.

“A soldier pill?”

“A new batch the Hokage is testing out, she asked for some volunteers. Anko tried one and gave one to me. She says it feels like having enough stamina to fight for a week straight”

“That’s some pill” Kiba whistled before grinning. “So do I get to try it out?”

Kurenai chuckled, “I said I’d be testing it didn’t it” Kiba deadpanned before Kurenai took a bit, then another, slowly consuming the entire pill.

In the canopy, hidden beyond their sight, Anko observed with rapped fascination. Her oversized version of her attire still clung tightly to the enormous proportions of her muscles, making the fabric strain audibly and wrinkle as she brought one hand under her skirt. “Yes… do it…”

Kurenai swallowed the last bit, grimacing.

Kiba nodded, “Taste just as bad, huh?”

“Well, it’s not like I was expecting them to taste like cake,” Kurenai said, standing up and dusting herself off, Kiba following suit. “Now let’s continue, I need to test the results and report them ba-agh!” Kurenai let out a choked sound, reeling back as if struck. Her mouth hung open as she quickly let out various ragged breaths.

“Sensei?!” Kiba reached over, placing his hands on her shoulders to stabilize her. The flesh underneath felt surprisingly hard. “Are you okay?!”

Kurenai couldn’t answer, her body was burning. She felt her skin pulling taut as though it was made of leather. It felt as though her veins were being filled with hot liquid metal, pouring into every fiber of her being, solidifying the muscles under the skin, turning soft tissue into armored plat.

Her clothes slowly tightened around her, training the material visibly. Before Kiba’s eyes, his teacher was growing in all directions, including her chest. He made a desperate attempt not to stare but it was hard to do so as she slowly increased in height, the enlarging balloons thrusting directly in his face.

Kurenai’s loins were *dripping*. She was overcome by this sudden wave of arousal and she couldn’t do anything to quench it. The pain of her muscles locked her in place, growing on the spot. Her quivering eyes met Kiba, saw his wet locks, the humidity dripping over his bare chest. The boy she knew was long gone; he was now a man. A man who possessed the wildness of his clan and an undoubted virility…

Kiba let out a muffled cry as his teacher slammed her lips into his, locking them in a passionate kiss.

The act was so sudden, so wrong. This was his sensei, the mentor he had known since childhood! But… she was such a beautiful woman, and the kiss felt so good…

Kurenai’s thoughts were on the same wavelength, telling herself this was the young man she helped raise. Her responsibility, her student, her boy… her… all hers…

“N-No!” Kurenai shouted, pushing him away with surprising force, such that Kiba fell unto his rear on the grass, looking up he saw the jonin tremble, shaking as the force of her growth increased exponentially. Her deltoids inflated, and the width of her back increased massively as her entire form quickly surpassed him in breadth. Her bare arm showed the effects of her growth, the muscle groups growing larger and more defined with each passing moment, veins rising like angry snakes at the surface of her skin.

Up in the trees, the bulging of Anko’s arm caused her long sleeve to shred as doubled the efforts of her self-pleasuring.

“I-I didn’t mean to…!” The lone sleeve in Kurenai’s other arm became skintight, her forearm bandages tore apart and fell into little strips. The same fate was shared by those in her thighs as her quads exploded in size, morphing into four bulging muscle groups of tremendous definition, popping and rippling into existence as her calves turned into heart-shaped muscles, growing past her shins. Her feet expanded beyond the confines of her sandals, undoing them in an instant and crushing them under her weight.

“Nngh!” Kurenai growled, trails of saliva dripping down the corners of her mouth as she held her head in her arms. Her sleeve finally came undone as her chest blossomed, both with the thickness of her newly formed pectorals, and the abundance of her breasts. The fabric of her blouse tore at the seams, ripping the bandage-like patterns of the fabric with the ceaseless expansion of her widening torso. “D-Din’t want to…” She gritted her teeth, “k-kiss you!”

But she did, she wanted to do that and so much more.

Kiba stared awestruck at his sensei’s metamorphosis, unable to do anything but bask in the sheer display of expanding muscularity. Kurenai’s form transcended the ideals of female beauty, mixing strength and sexuality all in one package. Her womanly allure was all too clear for him as her breasts justled through her breasts, her erect nipples prominently at attention as her pecs rippled. Her widening hips and shredded abdominals tore the remnants of her mesh shirt, leaving her body completely naked, save for the incredibly tight panties that were losing the battle.

Kiba gulped, his sharp nose smelled the pheromones her body was exuding like crazy. It awakened a natural reaction in his body he couldn’t stop, with his pants becoming painfully tight.

Kurenai ripped the headband off her head in a sudden pull, bringing both her arms flexing at the sides in a display of massive muscularity and bulging veins. She howled in pleasure as the last remnants of her clothing finally fell prey to the enormity of her muscles, leaving her completely bare as the statue of a war goddess.

In the canopy, Anko guttural moaned as she finished herself off, having quite enjoyed the show Kurenai had given her. But she knew it was far from over~

Kurenai panted, sweat coating every inch of her skin and giving it a shiny sheen. She felt raw energy fueling every part of her being, from the smallest muscle fiber to the largest muscles. As a woman who had focused her talents on illusions over raw power, she had never imagined what having so much strength could feel like. She felt her muscles were going to burst, that her entire body was one massive pillar of the hardest metal that not even Asuma’s knives could pierce.

And she loved it. She had never felt so alive…

Kurenai sighed, licking her lips and slowly bringing her arms down in a flex. “Ohhh this body…” She chuckled. “It feels so amazing~” She hummed, training her hands over her stomach and her breasts moaning as she palmed and tweaked her hardened nipples.

She noticed Kiba on the ground staring up at her with a massive blush, and an equally massive erection tenting his pants. He stammered, adverting his gaze. She smiled at him, “Oh Kiba, don’t be shy. You can enjoy your teacher’s body as much as you like” She turned around, flicking her large mane of messy black locks as she did so to show the full expanse of her enormous back, and the labyrinth of striated muscles upon it. Along with the large striated glutes on her rear. “This body is meant to be seen after all~” She looked over her larger shoulder and smiled seductively at him. “And felt~”

Kiba gulped. “R-Really?” He knew he should have said anything. His sensei wasn’t being herself but… gods those muscles…

Kurenai turned once more, kneeling until her breasts were right in his face. Kiba gasped, and Kurenai reached over to his pants… before ripping them away in one forceful tug, letting his erection bobble free. She picked the Inuzuka up as though he weighed the same as a leaf, he was so small by comparison that even as she held him at eye level, his feet dangled almost a foot over the ground.

Kurenai smiled at him, before pressing his frame against hers, encircling him with her enormous meaty arms. Kiba gasped as the magnificent soft breasts squished against his chest, he desperately pawed at her arms, feeling every bit of striation and hardness. He then grunted in pleasure as Kurenai pressed an arm behind his waist, pulling him even closer down there until his rod rubbed against the rows of shredded abdominals.

She flexed her core, stimulating him as she gently bobbed him up and down, bringing out gasps and guttural moans out of him. “You’ve grown so much, Kiba” Kurenai huskily whispered. “Let your teacher teach you a few more things about the world, about pleasure…” She licked her lips, enjoying the sensations of that throbbing pole over her muscles, grinding away to a mounting orgasm. “Let me make you a man,” She moaned. “My darling student…”

That was the last straw, Kiba’s head jerked back and he let out a choked gasp. His cock throbbed, and squirted its contents all over her abdominals, showering them with thick ropes of white stream.

Kurenai let out a low moan, marveling at the sensations of his hot release over her skin. She walked them over to the pond and slowly submerged them both. Kiba was placed against the edge, where he had to lean as he regained her strength, while Kurenai cleaned herself. She let out a long breath as her burning body bathed in the refreshing waters, enjoying how her muscles relaxed under the moisture. She looked over at Kiba, who watched with fascination as she fondled herself, one hand wrapped tightly over his still ramrod erection, pumping repeatedly.

Still so hard, so full of virile energy. All because of her~

Kurenai waddled over, once more enjoying the superiority of her size and height compared to his. She leaned over until Kiba’s face was partially smushed by her bountiful breasts, resting both hands at his side on the edge of the pond as she positioned her entrance over Kiba’s erection.

“Ready for your training~?” She coyly asked with a seductive smile. “You’ll be the one *nailing me* this time~”

Kiba grinned ferally and took the initiative by grabbing a hold of her wide hips and muscular buttocks and thrusting his hips upwards, penetrating her fully in one stroke.

Kurenai’s eyes widened; her smile stretched from corner to corner as her beloved student began fucking her with wanton abandon. She moaned in tandem with his grunts, her hips quickly swaying in reflex to meet his energized thrusts. Kiba was always the most energetic of her students, and now she was discovering how far his wild spirit could take him.

Meanwhile, Anko kept enjoying the show, licking her lips and fondling a breast as she watched sensei and student go at it with animal intensity. She watched as Kurenai rode him on the edge of the pond, before switching position and laying back, spreading her enormous legs for him, and letting him fuck her with savage power. Ohhhh, the potential in that boy, the way Kurenai just *rocked* that glorious body like a natural, showing both feminine sensuality and muscular allure.

She fit in perfectly with this newfound club of theirs.

Anko leaped down from the trees and rushed towards where the fun was happening. Time to welcome her in personally~