

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.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!”

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 girlock, 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 girlcock 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.

START ON PAGE 5 NEXT TIME