

Two people stand in a secret research facility in Konoha, shortly after the battle with Pain: Hinata Hyuga, and Tsunade. The mood is serious, pregnant with gravity. Tsunade paces the room, arms folded, eyes closed, as Hinata waits with characteristic demureness for her thoughts to settle.

"I never imagined we would reach this point," Tsunade begins, eyes still shut, as if she is reliving the horror of the battle. She pauses, and when she speaks again, it seems a decision has been made.

"What I'm about to tell you is *extremely* classified. You understand?"

Hinata holds her hands in front of her pelvis in politeness and patience. "Yes, Tsunada-sama," she replies.

"Modesty aside, our village has proven countless times that we are the cradle of the strongest shinobi in the world," Tsunade resumes. "But the times change, just like our enemies."

It's true, and Hinata feels it in a shudder down their spines.

"The attack of Pain on Konoha opened my eyes. Our enemies grow stronger each day, and soon they will be able to destroy us." If the last line made her shudder, this one brings Hinata out into a full body tremble.

"In order to be one step ahead of them, we will have to use one of Konoha's abandoned projects: The Shinobi God Serum!"

Hope flares in Hinata's eyes, and she gasps at the revelation. Having not heard of such a serum, however, her eyes project incomprehension, so Tsunade explains.

"A unique serum, developed for generations using the DNA of the best shinobi. The serum not only gives the user abilities beyond a Kage, but also enhances other aspects of the human body like strength, beauty, sex appeal, speed, reflexes, etc."

Tsunade pauses to allow the implications time to sink in to Hinata's battle-weary mind, and also to debate her decision with herself one last time.

But there's no turning back now.

"Because of your lineage and the courage you showed in the battle with Pain... I decided that *you* should be the one to test the serum, Hinata." The young woman gasps again, but Tsunade is quick to continue.

"But in the end the decision is *yours*. Are you ready to do what it takes to protect Konoha? And those you love?"

It's the work of a moment for Hinata to answer. She bunches her fists in a sudden but very real flare of determination.

"I'll do it!" Hinata cries. *Especially to protect you, Naruto-kun!* she adds mentally, conjuring the image of the person she admires most in the world.

"I'm willing to do what it takes to protect Konoha, my friends, and my beloved ones!" Her body language completely agrees: there's not even a trace of falsity in her words.

"So be it!" Tsunade replies, and removes a vial from the folds in her robes. The liquid inside is a pleasant blue, like a sky close to sunset.

"I must warn you," Tsunade continues. "Once you take the serum there is no going back."

"I understand, Tsunade-sama," Hinata replies, undeterred.

"Let's start then."

Tsunade handed the young kunoichi the vial. Hinata stood in contemplation of it for a moment, hesitant despite her earlier assent. She held it steady in her right hand, looking almost mournful as she removed the stopper.

"I hope to not regret this later on," Hinata mumbled. "I can feel a very powerful aura emanating from it."

"Here goes nothing!" she exclaimed, and drank it all down. *This is for you, Naruto-kun...* she thought.

"*Gulp!* At least it tastes good." And it did: the liquid was sweet with a mild tart and tangy aftertaste, like blueberries or blackcurrants. Swallowing the serum in one go was proving a little troublesome, but Hinata managed.

"Jeez!" she exclaimed between pants, great gasps of air filling her body once more. "I never imagined drinking it would be so hard. It was like taking a bowl of military ration pills."

"I wonder what will happen next..." she mused idly. "I wish I could dominate Naruto-kun..."

Words she had never thought privately, let alone said out loud, began to swirl around Hinata's mind. As they grew louder and more insistent, a network of encroaching veins sprang up around the outsides of her eyes and her upper cheeks. The blue-haired kunoichi screamed.

*Dominate Naruto!* the invasive thoughts hollered, a voice that was not Hinata's own - yet whose could it be?

"What is happening to me!?" Hinata cried, shrinking back in pain at the mental conflict, fingertips to her temples to try and drive the voice back.

*Make him yours!*

“Why am I thinking all this!?” she shouted to herself, shaking her head from side to side.

*This is your true self without inhibitions!* Hinata’s thoughts told her, but she knew that to be false.

“N... No... that is not me!” Hinata fought back with everything she had in her mind and heart, her sweetness, her gentleness, her light... but it was no use.

*You are nothing!* the mental invader bellowed, revealing its true colours at last. *A hollow shell - that cannot hold me.* Then it roared the words that Hinata was most afraid to hear.

*You’re WEAK!* Hinata rocked back and forth, keening.

**THE TIME HAS COME!**

And it had. Hinata surged in height with a deafening cry of “KYAAAA!!!” as the power had its way with her young body. Her humble breasts surged forward into much more womanly shapes with a sweet double “BOING!”, lifting her mesh armour up to such an extent that her entire midsection was uncovered. Hinata’s sweet pink nipples grew with the pleasures of the change into throbbing, gorgeous nubs, backed by boobs each bigger than her own head.

Hinata’s tongue popped out and it was all the not-so-little kunoichi could do to stop herself from drooling at her newfound figure, a blessing from the serum.

Behind and below Hinata’s butt tore through her pants, making her light blue panties much more of a thong to the sensual tune of twin rips, giving balance to her now sensational chest. Her powerful glutes bulged with incredible strength, the striations easily visible on the sides of her mighty meaty ass. There was just enough plush to her glorious globes to make a truly fine butt.

But they were not the only changes.

Hinata shot up in height in front of the stunned Tsunade-sama.

“OMG! She’s getting taller already!?” the stunned medical-nin exclaimed as Hinata began to tower over her to the sound of some seriously sensual stretching. “Her body accepted the serum too well.”

The light in Hinata’s eyes flared as a grin of pure evil slid onto her face. The suspicious vein growth made her quite the sinister sight.

“Oh! Tsunade-sama...” she began. “JUST LOOK AT ME! I’m a grown up woman!” Pride took over Hinata’s delicate features as she tore the remnants of her top away from her now extraordinary physique. Naked from her blue panties upwards, the truth of her words was abundantly clear.

Her slender, flat belly had been replaced by a rippling series of abs, leading up to her incredibly beautiful tits. As her clothing came apart in her hands, Hinata’s lats spread too,

and the fullness of her biceps across her upper arms was even more readily apparent. Hinata looked incredibly dominant in her torn pants and now-slight panties, her chest heaving as she sought to get breath back into her powerful body.

*Grown up woman!?* Tsunade thought. *I see... the serum is pushing her body to physical maturity first.* The older woman gaped nonetheless at the changes rushing through the formerly little Hinata.

Hinata, for her part, started to gloat. "Now Naruto-kun will not be able to..." But her sinister expression turned to one of pain as a new wave of change began to take her over.

"AH!" Hinata collapsed to the floor, but was able to drop to all fours, knees and feet on the ground, as she went. "UUURRRGGHHH!!!"

The no-longer-quite-so-little kunoichi's entire body pulsed with growth as the serum began to tell the second chapter of Hinata's changes. The remnants of her pants began to split as her thighs grew wider and thicker with power. Her shoulders began to swell, deep striations pouring onto their mighty size. Her entire arms, from biceps down to wrist, felt the bulge of might she hadn't had even a tenth of before the serum.

"Now the serum has started to affect her muscles!" Tsunade cried above the rumbling of Hinata's body.

"Hinata, come to your senses!" Tsunade-sama urged, holding a hand out toward her young friend as if she could stem the tide of transformation. "Don't let the serum control you."

But her pleas fall on deaf ears. In fact, worse: as Tsunade approaches the prone Hinata, the young kunoichi's left arm reaches out and smacks her breast. The blow takes Tsunade by surprise and knocks her to the floor with a horrible thud.

Fortunately, the medical-nin does not take long to recover. Tsunade lifts an elegant hand to her brow.

"Ugh! My head... what is this tingling?" Unbeknownst to her, a mass is growing on her right hand! Even as she lies there with her eyes closed, it pulses and grows, a horrible grey stain on her otherwise smooth creamy pale skin. As soon as she opens her eyes, Tsunade cries out.

"What? Oh my God!" Her jaw drops and her mind reels as she recognises what's happening to her.

*This kind of injury... I recognize it, they are the Rinkaichu of the Aburame clan.*

*Or some kind of variant.*

*Nano-sized insects that thrive on living cells, just like viruses.* Even as she thinks, assessing the memory for its strength and utility, the mass slithers both down her wrists and up her delicate, slender fingers.

*The serum has the DNA of the best shinobi... it obviously included the DNA of people like Torune Aburame, one of the few shinobi who could control them.*

Although she has figured out what's going on, the thought is not a comforting one for Tsunade. Slowly she staggers to her feet, well out of reach of the still-spasming Hinata. She hobbles towards the door to the research facility, gathering her strength.

"Urgh! Must go, seek some help..." she manages, saying the words aloud giving her the fortitude she needs to make her move.

"Before this gets out of control..."

Behind the fleeing Tsunade, still on the ground and experiencing the effects of the serum all over her now explosively muscular body, is Hinata. Every part of her is bulging, alive with far more muscle mass than ever before. Her deltoids crown both the end of her shoulders and the beginning of her arms with enormous, striated mass. Below them both her biceps and her triceps are swelling out as if in competition with each other for which can take up more space, grow more mass.

The veins collecting down the sides of Hinata's face have made her look like an extra from a horror film. She throws her head back and roars through the pain of growth as determination and power not her own fills her to the brink, both body and mind.

The not-so-little-anymore kunoichi manages to get to her haunches, just as her upper torso bulges and grows into the most incredible, rumbling size. Her formerly gentle traps billow into anything but, rumbling through 'big' to 'gigantic' to 'transcendental', at least twice the size of her head. Hinata's gritted teeth cannot help but drop open as the insane mass collects close and bulges up to her head and down her back.

Her pecs become huge, deeply banded monstrosities of mass as Hinata's body widens and expands further. The overtaking power robs her of speech, although a tear does slide down her cheek from the intense pressure of the titanic transformation she's undergoing. Her mind clouds with anger not her own as her body builds to a crescendo of colossal.

With incredible elegance she brings her right hand up and flexes her bicep. The smooth, arm-filling muscle begins to blossom with perfect sculpting and unbelievable size: by the time her fist points at her head, it's clear that her bicep is in the lead over the accompanying tricep below - though it's fairly close going. The gigantic beauty of Hinata's bicep's split peaks is complemented by a fabulously thickened forearm, giving her the strength to punch through any foe you could set against her.

Hinata's once proud breasts are swallowed whole as the pectorals beneath continue their mighty charge to prominence. The sweet, soft flesh simply disappears beneath the irresistible march of the titanic, supersized megamuscles - once they're done, the only sign that Hinata ever had a sweet bosom is her elongated nipples, pulled tight to her chest by power-packed pecs of incredible size and density, pointing her arousal at the world. They

only form the starting point of a torso made for conquering, however, as the booms of her billowing body echo all around the facility.

Soon the rumbling and bulging sweep hits Hinata's abdomen, and it does not let up for any reason. A neat and powerful six-pack blooms from the four she had before the changes really kicked in, and barely a second later a rocking eight emerges. The rumbling changes finish with another pair of booms as her core solidifies, her obliques joining in the growth to give Hinata's belly the look and feel of impenetrable armour.

The view from her back is just as majestic - or terrifying, depending on your point of view. Slender Hinata becomes a memory as her back fills with muscle to the brim and then beyond: to a place where words like 'overload' don't feel enough, or right. The young kunoichi's head is almost swallowed whole by a trapezius that doesn't stop growing for any reason amidst the bulges and booms of Hinata's expanding and now beyond-expansive body.

Hinata's dark hair can no longer flow free: it's caught on her titanic traps and has to climb those very special mountains before it can hang as sweetly as it used to. Further down, her back is a deeply striated landscape that neither knife nor sword can penetrate, such is its density and heft. The serum makes Hinata a muscular goddess with the power to rival any being you could care to name.

Finally her sweet legs also partake of the extraordinary, powerful muscle growth. No longer the slender runner's legs Hinata came into the building with, no: as the rumbling bulges turn into incendiary booms from waist to feet, they give her the thighs of beasts and calves like watermelons. But the growth is not content with that.

The perfectly carved and deeply striated muscles of her queenly quads explode outwards into size and strength abundant: mass beyond the beyond, and power levels higher than that. Below her calves become pumpkin-sized bulges of the most obscene brawn. Even Hinata's knees have to widen to accommodate the sheer amount of beef she's just acquired, although her feet are as dainty and beautiful as they ever were.

Meanwhile, Tsunade has found her way out of the complex. The medical-nin hurries away from it, right hand lifted to her shaken face. Only one thought runs through her mind as the infection tries to have its way with her - to crystallise her thoughts, she gives them voice, too.

"I have to get back to the village... and find Sakura and Shizune!"

By sheer coincidence, Kurenai Yūhi is walking nearby. The jōnin strides briskly, trying to collect her thoughts after the group's encounter with Pain. The most important thing, though, is very clear.

"Hope Hinata is alright," she says to herself. "They told me Tsunade-sama took her away as soon as her injuries were healed." Then a noise startles Kurenai, but the experienced ninja knows better than to cry out, reserving her surprise for a thought instead.

*Uh!*

The source of the sound soon becomes apparent: it's Tsunade, hurrying along, but whether she's running towards something, or away from something, Kurenai can not tell.

"Tsunade-sama!" she exclaims, but the medical-nin does not hear her, for she simply keeps on going.

*But where is...* Kurenai says to herself, but even that's interrupted by the most hideous, inhuman roar she has ever heard. Her priorities shift again in an instant: if Tsunade-sama is running away without the young kunoichi that had accompanied her earlier, it could only mean one thing.

"Hinata!?" Kurenai exclaims, turning in the direction of the bellowing. The day's surprises are clearly lining up for her: there's a building she's never seen before in amongst the trees of the forest.

*Uh!? Where did this building come from? Probably a genjutsu was used to keep it hidden.*

But now is not the time for contemplation, the jōnin knows. Kurenai hurries towards the entrance of the strange building, ready to face anything.

*It doesn't matter!* she thinks, stealth and the element of surprise now the most important things for her as she approaches whatever's inside. *Hinata is in there and needs my help.*

The complex is huge, though, and much more impressive than it seemed from the outside. Kurenai finds herself running down several identical-looking corridors. The interior walls are all made of the same brown stone, and the jōnin can only trust her instincts to get her through.

"This place is huge!" she exclaims, giving vent to her frustration. "Almost like a labyrinth."

The silence is eerie, unsettling; certainly compared to the roar she heard earlier. Whatever being or creature was threatening Hinata seems to have settled down - for the moment. Finally, Kurenai spots light coming from a room up ahead.

"I'll try this room..." It's the best lead she's had since she ran into the building. Kurenai rounds the gap and runs into the room.

"Hinata, are you here?" she asks, sacrificing stealth to feed the urgency to find her friend. As soon as Kurenai steps into the room, however, it's very clear that Hinata *is* there. And rather more of her than she remembers from the previous day.

"Hinata!?" Kurenai exclaims, slowly looking up and up and up, standing deep in shadow. "Is... that... you..."

The empty eyes of whatever Hinata is now look down at the insignificant Kurenai far, far below. The strained veins at Hinata's eyes twitch as she grins.

“Glad to see you again...” Hinata rumbles.

“Hinata... what the hell happened to you!?” Kurenai cries. Her hunger for answers overrules all.

“Isn’t it obvious, Kurenai-sensei?” Hinata replies. The vicious, monstrous grin won’t leave the young kunoichi’s lips. “I BECAME...”

**“A GODDESS!”**

Kurenai, whose head just about comes up to the fourth row of Hinata’s awe-inspiring abs, can do little else but agree in the face of the impossibly muscular woman she hopes to still call her friend, despite the madness she’s just uttered. However, with Hinata’s frankly evil smile still locked in place, her traps swollen far higher than her head, and one pectoral muscle wider than Kurenai’s whole body... it may just be time for the jōnin to worry about being in the gravest of peril.

Until Hinata appears distracted.

“Hmph...” the musclebound maiden begins, her expression turning to unhappy puzzlement. “It seems my beautiful boobs went away.”

In an instant her face shows hunger, simple naked hunger.

“Let’s fix that!” she hollers. Barely a blink later, there’s an enormous rumbling at the level of Hinata’s enormous, more-than-goddess pecs. Less than a moment later, there’s a double boing sound as breast flesh buds forth: maybe a handful on each side and capped with her thick, long nipples, pushed far from where pectoral cleavage still rules her superdominant chest.

Finally a double boom announces the arrival of a pair of truly huge tits! Both of the mighty melons are three, maybe four times bigger than Hinata’s head, solid with juicy flesh bigger and more inviting than anyone else in the world. Her areolae barely change size, but her nipples thicken to the width of vases to hover there, delicious and inviting - though the monstrous kunoichi would have to lift anyone she deemed worthy of sucking them into place.

A slow, delighted grin broke out across Hinata’s face.

“Now, Kurenai-sensei,” she begins, and the devil takes hold of her smile as she looms over the smaller woman. “Where were we?”

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Meanwhile, at Konoha Hospital, it’s a wonderful day. The sun is bright and strong, with hardly a cloud in the sky to trouble the mood. Into this silence and calm sweeps a blonde woman with a green cloak, and a very obvious hand injury which she’s holding to her face.



“Please... someone HELP ME!” she bellows, stumbling into the hospital as if all her energy is spent.

Sakura Haruno and Shizune, two medical-nins under the tutelage of Tsunade-sama herself, turn at the sound of the shouting, but neither woman is prepared for the sight that greets them.

“TSUNADE-SAMA!” they both exclaim, and rush forward to help their mentor as she falls to the floor.

“Are you alright?” Sakura asks gently, lunging towards Tsunade to see what’s wrong with her. “What happened!?”

Tsunade’s warning is as stark as it is unexpected.

“Don’t get closer!” she urges her students. She has no idea how infectious the virus could be, and to have all the women around transform into hellish muscle monsters like Hinata - like she did to Hinata - would be catastrophic in the extreme.

Slowly and with great effort, Tsunade raises her head to look her students in the eyes, to show them how bad things are - or could get.

“I’m infected!” Her pale brown eyes are wide, but neither Sakura nor Shizune can concentrate on them. The entire right half of Tsunade’s body is a repulsive mess of grey skin, curious warts, and, on her face exclusively, a bubbling, bulging network of veins. Her fingernails have turned brown and, in the opinion of both Sakura and Shizune - even though they’ve never seen anything like this before - death cannot be far away from their beloved mentor.

“It’s all my fault!” Tsunade begins. “I just wanted to protect the village. And to do that I asked Hinata to help me test an experimental serum that will help Konoha. But things went out of control.”

Sakura and Shizune listen intently, hoping Tsunade will give them a hint about where the infection came from, so they can isolate it and begin what may be a long search for its cure.

“I have lost so many important people in the past. As Hokage my duty is to protect the village. I don’t want to lose anyone I care about because of my weakness. I don’t want to lose more beloved ones, students... or people who have done so much for me, like Naruto.”

Sakura and Shizune exchange a glance. These sound like the words of a dying woman, but both stop the tears from welling in their eyes. Now is not the time.

“There’s no time!” Tsunade cries. “I’m almost out of chakra.” She moves her hands in the mysterious ways that have been handed down to her clan for many generations before slamming her fist to the hospital floor. The two medical-nins recognise a summoning technique when they see one.

“Take Katsuyu with you, gather more kunoichi,” Tsunade orders the pair. “We need an emergency meeting!”

Shizune looks over at Sakura and they both nod at each other, once, firmly.

“Don’t worry, Tsunade-sama,” Shizune cries as she leaves the scene. “You can count on us. Let’s go, Sakura!” The pink-haired medical-nin is right beside her as they run to find the help that Tsunade so desperately needs.

“Yes, Shizune,” Sakura replies, her pink hair flapping as they race to carry out Tsunade’s instructions.

When Sakura and Shizune have both left the building, Tsunade summons every ounce of her remaining strength to stand.

“I know I can count on both of you,” she says to herself. “You embody the ‘Will of Fire’. The future of Konoha is in the hands of the next generation.” Tsunade begins to shake with the effort of merely standing upright.

“Not this stupid old woman.”

As she curses herself for her own stupidity, or recklessness, or both, or more, Tsunade’s hands grow wrinkles and calluses, as if she really were the old woman that she’s cursing. With the doubled curse of the infection still raging through her system as if on a victory parade and the sudden rapid ageing of her body, it all becomes too much for her, and she falls flat on her back with an almighty WHAM!

“Stupid...” she manages to breathe, closing her eyes for what might be the final time.

“Old woman.” Tsunade’s eyes close.

But that was exactly what the infection required to do its work. With all of the conscious effort Tsunade was putting in to keeping herself upright, her body couldn’t be its playground - but now she had passed out, it got to work. To the sound of two very obvious rumbles at chest level, the grey ruins on Tsunade’s right side fade, leaving the medical-nin with fresh, warm, young-looking skin.

In the process she gains a pair of very sizeable breasts, which being into perfect place, filling up the front of Tsunade’s grey shirt and reveal a deep, warm cleavage.

Slowly sense returns to Tsunade-sama’s mind, the mental clouds and fog pushing away to reveal her self, good as new. The brown-eyed blonde sits up with a gasp, thankful that the hospital is not as busy as it could be at the moment. She tries to find out how long she’s been unconscious, but there’s no-one around to give her a clue, so she stands.

“Ugh... that thing really is something else,” she bemoans.

And then something catches her eye.

As luck would have it, she finds a mirror hanging on the wall. It's not a large one - indeed, Tsunade can pretty much only see her face... but that's all she needs to see.

"Uh?" she jerks towards the mirror in surprise. "What the hell!? How is this possible!?" Her reflection has changed - for the better or not, it's hard to immediately tell. Tsunade gives voice to her thoughts in order to put them in some kind of order.

"I'm young again!" It's true - it looks like she's been transported back in time, somehow, the wrinkles she acquired before she passed out all gone, and any others she had before that smoothed out, too. In fact, Tsunade has not felt this good in a long, long time.

"And my infection is gone! But... I ran out of chakra." Both statements are also absolute truths: Tsunade's skin is flawless, with no trace of the horrific grey that stained her body earlier anywhere to be found. Finally able to tear her eyes from the mirror, she glances downwards at the extra weight that's been tugging at her chest the whole time.

"Also, what's going on with these two? Did they get even bigger?" In fact, Tsunade's breasts have doubled in size and beauty - though the latter, she feels herself quite unable to investigate at the moment. The size, though - that can be looked at, and in quite a scientific manner, too!

Tsunade throws her green robe to one side to properly check out her enlarged endowments. She cups them; delicately at first, and then, as the sensation rises within her, with increased force.

"OMG! They actually got bigger!!!" After a few moments of letting her fingertips sink into the bountiful boobflesh that's sprouted on her chest, Tsunade makes a second conclusion.

"And more perky." Tsunade checks her figure out for other effects she may have received. As she turns to her left, Tsunade finally notices she now has quite the perky butt, too: her cheeks full and flush with lush flesh, filling up and tightening her dark grey pants quite considerably.

"Not only that!" she exclaims. "It seems my boobs are not the only thing that grew." A gentle, confident smirk spreads across Tsunade's pink lips.

"Now, let's conquer the other lands," she says simply. It's quite a strange couple of seconds before she realises what she's just said, and responds with a loud cry of surprise. A voice invades her mind, her thoughts, her very inner being.

*Conquer the other lands!*

"Who is saying all this!?" Tsunade cries, her hands raising to her temples in the most incredible panic.

*I'm your real self, old woman! The only way to save our beloved ones...*

*...is DESTROYING OUR ENEMIES!*

The invading thoughts die down for a moment, but only to give room for another surprise. Tsunade feels a very intense rumbling all through the flesh of her engorged breasts.

“WHAT THE...” Tsunade cries.

Tsunade’s frown turns into shock as her breasts grow yet more, bulging with the softest, sweetest flesh in all directions at once. Her proud cleavage begins to deepen and swell as her shift reveals itself unequal to the task, slipping down her now mountainous mammaries. The sweet pink of her areolae peeks over the top of her shirt.

“**WHOA!**”

Helpless to stop the erotic changes taking place in her body, Tsunade can only watch in horror as her arms are forced further from her sides by the enlarging mass of breast. Her shift falls from their majesty, squashing them in strange ways as they swell and grow and grow and swell. They being beyond their bonds, with areolae now as wide as a side plate, and nipples fit to burst to accompany their imperious, overwhelming size.

It quickly becomes too much for Tsunade, who kneels down quickly, letting her impossible breasts rest on the cold ground. Her back muscles and abdominals thank her profusely.

“Jeez!” Tsunade cries. “When is this gonna stop?”

*It will stop when you reach your full potential, old woman!* the invasive thoughts respond, all amidst the sounds of yet more rumbling. Poor, befuddled Tsunade cannot keep up with the whirlwind.

“What!?”

*Hope you’re ready to become a **GODDESS!***

As if making her breasts the size of boulders was not enough, a shock of unbearable pain runs the length of Tsunade’s right arm. She grits her teeth, wincing at the agony... the muscles all down the length of her arm are swelling, tightening.

“Urgh!” Tsunade cries again, the hurt colouring her voice. “This really... fucking hurts!” She excuses herself her cursing, just for the intensity of the moment.

It’s fortunate that Tsunade is able to lie on the comfortable and large pillows that are her colossal breasts, because what comes next is painful.

Horribly so.

The worst the medical-nin has ever endured, or even *seen*. As her right arm rumbles with impossible - well, impossible before today, and her own mistake in unleashing the Shinobi God Serum before it could be properly analysed - change, tears spring from her eyes and

Tsunade thrashes her head from side to side in the most exquisitely tuned physical anguish. Throughout the whole process she roars her anger, her fear, and her pain to the skies.

Her right arm - and, for the moment, *only* her right arm - begins to layer up with strength upon strength, size upon size. As the muscles bulge, her arm grows longer to contain all the shapely and beautifully sculpted mass it's taking on. There's barely an ounce of body fat on the super-ripped limb as the virus progresses up to her shoulder, too, taking her right deltoid from 'a muscle that exists on her body' to 'gargantuan and ripped, with a number of deep striations'.

That's some seconds after Tsunade's right arm has bulked enough to make that delt fitting to the design. Her bicep is a gigantic swell of the most stunning beef, filling the entire space from shoulder to elbow with large, veiny, striated strength. The tricep that complements it has kept pace with its sister muscle: it too is stunning, strong, and shapely.

Even Tsunade's forearm looks like strength incarnate: it's bulky, ripped, and vascular. All in all, the poor medical-nin now has the right arm to defend any territory she could come across - even though the rest of her body, aside from her stunning chest, is unchanged. The tears fly from Tsunade's face as the hurt wracking her entire body simply does not subside.

Its work is not done.

Tsunade's expression changes to one of endurance, for her ordeal is far from over. One outsized arm will simply not do for the virus as it progresses down the stricken medical-nin's body. Her legs begin to rumble, both of them together, and Tsunade has a brief moment of worry for her pants.

That moment is swept aside as her legs begin to both lengthen and boil over with strength. Both of Tsunade's shoes snap apart and her pants rip to shreds, revealing what had been a chaste pair of red panties until the growth turns her butt into the perfect bubble and the fabric slips down the resultant crack. Thus exposed, there's nothing to stop her lower limbs from becoming as fantastically overpowered as her right arm, which looks less out of place by the second.

Tsunade, unbalanced, falls forward a little to fully rest her body on her gargantuan globes and her tiptoes. Her thighs bulk up in all directions as her quads become both colossal and queenly, fulsome forces that promise devastation for those who would dare oppose her. Her calves swell with huge, shapely muscle as her feet grow to keep everything fitting for the new shape the virus seems so desperate for her to acquire.

As it stands, Tsunade's legs are more than twice the length of her torso. Her breasts rival those of a goddess of love, her right arm looks like it could punch boulders into pebbles, and her legs are those of a warrior built for both speed and power. Breathless, a sweating, horrified mess, Tsunade lies petrified - in the two biggest senses of the word.

But, of course, her change is far from over.

Asymmetry is the order of the day for Tsunade-sama, the good and kindly medical-nin whose only thought is to help the helpless and cure the sick. She raises her now spindly and out-of-place left arm as high as she can. Beneath the hapless limb the latissimus dorsi and serrati begin to bulge with the same sumptuous strength as her legs - but only on the left side of her body.

Great swells of extraordinary might grow and rumble into extraordinary life, into incredible being. As the rest of Tsunade's torso refuses to change - for the moment, at least - the pain is extraordinary, much beyond anything she's experienced so far. The bulk tears through her grey shift and Tsunade just *screams*.

She's in agony. Horrified, terrified agony. The bulging lat tears far beyond the side of her body, to the width of her torso and beyond, as her left arm sits above - as it now must, for there's no way the obscenity of muscle roaring from her left side would mechanically permit her to lower it - shaking in both pain and fear.

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