

# Chapter 1

“JUST LOOK AT ME!” Hinata shouted, tearing the scraps of her useless shirt from her mature, lightly muscled body. “I’m a grown up woman!”

And it was true, a fact Tsunade-sama could see well from her position on the floor, looking up at the new Hinata. The latter’s breasts had filled to the size of large bread rolls, complete with sweet-pink areolas and fine nipples. Hinata’s height had increased and, if truth be told, she looked very dominant indeed.

*Grown up woman!?* Tsunade thought, and then had a moment of realisation. *I see... the serum is pushing her body to physical maturity first.*

So there was nothing out of the ordinary - except for that series of veins leading from Hinata’s eyes to the outsides of her face. They looked like scar tissue to Tsunade, as if Hinata had been caught in a fire and her skin had been unable to heal. Perhaps it was simply the serum at work on the young kunoichi’s body.

Hinata’s face turned into an angry yet hungry frown.

“Now Naruto-kun would not be able to... AH!”

Just as abruptly, Hinata’s face fell and turned to horror instead. The fists of her victory already clenched, she brought them to her face to give her panic something solid to hold onto. The young kunoichi’s eyes stared straight ahead as her body began to send signals of a very different kind.

From the crotch of her blue panties.

“Wha... What is happening!?”

The outline of something very particular began to pulse forward inside her panties. The shape, initially about the length of her little finger, throbbed in a way that Hinata had never felt before. Before long it began to lengthen and, instead of staying flat to her body, it pulsed into the air. Hinata’s panties were pushed to the limits as the new appendage throbbed again, stretching longer as it did so.

Unable to take the extra strain, Hinata’s panties snapped, the sweet light blue fabric bulging beyond what the makers thought it might have to contain. Hinata’s new appendage revealed itself to be a thick, meaty penis, nearly as thick as it was long - and it was long! Her throbbing cock spronged to attention, her cockhead the same dark pink as her areolas, looking not a little silly as a scrap of panty material lay atop it.

But not for long.

Once Hinata's dick had reached a length almost the size and thickness of her forearm, there was a sensation she'd never got close to experiencing in her life. Her nipples erect, her slit stretched by the pull of her enormous erection, suddenly everything got too much. Hinata had the most incredible orgasm.

"KYAAAAA!!!"

Her eyes shut against the inferno of boiling heat, Hinata never saw the absolute torrent of cum she produced. It wasn't even in a series of splurts - instead it shot from her cannon-like cock in one thick stream of futanari jizz, a curious geyser indeed! There was, though, one other person in the room who did make... something more than eye contact.

Tsunade-sama, still lying prone in front of... well, whatever Hinata was now, raised her right arm in an ineffectual attempt to protect herself from a series of heavy splats of cum. Her right sleeve and hand were quickly covered in the stuff, but very little of her body was safe: her robe was soaked in various places, her pants, the left hand she kept pressed to the ground to keep her balance - not even her chest escaped a few drips of Hinata's prodigious output. Once it was over, Tsunade took a breath to recover, her face now covered in splashes of cum, her eyes a little narrowed with disgust.

*What a mess!... she thought. Not to mention the extremely strong smell.*

Tsunade was about to stand and clean herself up when an entirely different feeling from 'disgust' rocked through her. Her light brown eyes opened wide, horror etched on her entire frame.

"UH!?"

The sudden throbbing at her own crotch was unmistakable.

*OMG!/? Tsunade exclaimed mentally. Me too!/?...*

And it *was* her too. Just like Hinata, something around the size of her little finger began to press hard against her dark blue pants, a throbbing that could only lead to one thing. Hinata's cum continued to soak into Tsunade's clothes and ooze from her skin as what could only be its effects made their hardening presence felt.

In an instant of supreme self-control and will, Tsunade stood, covering her crotch with her still sticky right hand. It wasn't without some effort, though - the experienced medical-nin shakes quite uncontrollably. It was the mark of the woman Tsunade-sama was that determination shot through her immediately.

"N...NO!" she exclaimed. "I will not let this control my body!"

She staggered towards the door of the chamber and leaned on it for support. Tsunade's eyes were shut and she winced against the pain, the urges rushing through her. There was no way to tell how long she would be able to withstand them.

"I must... hold *it* back until I get back to the village," Tsunade said, giving voice to her thoughts, full in the knowledge that doing so would give her the extra determination she might need. Behind her, Hinata was on her knees, right hand grasping her new bodily gift, which was still fully erect, curving into the air like a rhinoceros's horn.

"I hope nothing bad happens to Hinata whilst I'm gone."

With that, Tsunade left the chamber. Hinata barely noticed her leave.

"AH!... AH!... AH!..." Hinata groaned. Her muscly right hand pumped the length of her new futa cock, which dribbled sweet precum in response. Hinata had shut her eyes and was dreaming of moments she might steal with Naruto-kun in the future.

The *very near* future.

"OH!..." Hinata's hand was a blur, grasping her dick tightly, the motions perfect despite only having her new best friend for less than a minute. A deep blush took root on her face and her tongue hung loose as the most intensely pleasurable sensation took over her entire body.

"YESSSSS!!!!!" Hinata roared.

As Hinata kept a tight grip on her newfound pleasure zone, her body began to rumble, the sounds a preview of a whole new metamorphosis for the young woman. The muscles in her right arm began to bulge and grow, from her deltoid all the way down her forearm. Hinata's petite shoulder soon bulged into deeply striated life, the muscle bigger than her head.

Thick cords of strength wrapped around her upper arm, giving her biceps life and her triceps size beyond size. The knots of might extended down Hinata's forearm, too, and they also caused her right hand to grow - which was useful, as her dick was bulging with extra length and volume. The futacock soon began to resemble Hinata's former forearm, but with a gorgeous curve that rumbled into the air in front of her, a potent symbol of her transformation.

Not wanting to be outdone, Hinata's left arm transformed in much the same way! A pumpkin-sized delt exploded outwards, giving life to the muscles of her upper arm, mirrored blocks of the beefiest brawn rumbling from within to without. The explosion of meaty mighty carried on down her left limb to give Hinata a wonderful symmetry: having a larger left hand was going to be useful, as she would soon need two hands to pump her cumcannon when it, too, grew long and beefy and hard.

As Hinata underwent the most tremendous and unexpected changes, Tsunade, still covered in thick splodges of her friend's futacum, ran from the building. The jizz was so thick it couldn't soak into her clothes or her hair. Tsunade held a hand to her head in desperate concentration, pleading with all her gods that she wouldn't change too.

"I have to get back to the village," Tsunade said, the decision already made, but now reaffirmed, "and find Sakura and Shizune!"

Sakura and Shizune, Tsunade's apprentices, would surely be able to help her figure out what was going on, how to prevent it... and perhaps even how to undo it.

At that very moment, Kurenai Yūhi happened to be walking nearby. She was dressed in her usual uniform: a red mesh armour blouse with a heavy wrapping of bandage-like material over the top, patterned to look like thorns. Her headband was in its usual place and her long, black hair hung loosely, giving her a wild and powerful look.

"Hope Hinata is alright," Kurenai mused aloud. "They told me Tsunade-sama took her away as soon as her injuries were healed."

As she padded on, her black sandals leaving faint imprints on the ground below, the kunoichi was startled by sudden movement.

"UH!"

A familiar figure in a green cloak and blue, three-quarter length pants runs past her, holding her head, with her clothes and body partially covered in what Kurenai can only identify as some kind of goo.

"Tsunade-sama!!!" Kurenai exclaimed on recognising the older medical-nin. She decided that the goo must be some kind of experimental ointment that the experienced Tsunade-sama had been working on, but in the time it took for this thought to fully form, Tsunade had run past her. Then another, far more important, thought struck.

*But where is...*

Kurenai's thought was blasted from her mind in the next moment by an incredible roar that echoed around her as if a herd of oxen were stampeding.

"YEEEESSSSS!!!!!"

Kurenai recognised the voice immediately.

"HINATA!?"

Kurenai paused, startled, and gathered all of her experience around her. She quickly reoriented in the direction of the bellowed cry and found something that surprised her anew.

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

Cut into the wall was an opening - a very wide opening - with a high, dark roof to serve as shelter in case anyone wanted to stand in the doorway and contemplate. The walls were incredibly smooth, made up of what looked like large blocks of stone, though they did not conform to any kind of pattern. On another day, Kurenai might have wandered the building calmly, or brought help to investigate what seemed to be a quite large place that had been magically hidden from view.

The day's surprises would line up into some kind of logic, a part of Kurenai recognised, but in the meantime, indecision would not help. The time for understanding would come.

*It doesn't matter! Hinata is in there and needs my help.*

Without a further thought, Kurenai ran full tilt towards the building's entrance. Once inside, the stone that made up the walls changed into a light brown, like faded terracotta. Fortunately the building was well-lit, because it was gigantic.

"This place is huge!" Kurenai exclaimed. "Almost like a labyrinth."

Indeed, it seemed to stretch on for dozens of yards in a few different directions. But Kurenai was not one to give up hope, particularly when a friend needed help. At that very moment, she found a chamber that seemed to give off more light than the others, and ran towards it.

"I'll try this room..." she said to herself. As Kurenai rounded the doorway, she put her right hand on it to steady herself.

"Hinata, are you here?" she exclaimed. What was in the room gave Kurenai pause as her mind tried to catch up, to piece together, to understand what she was seeing. A frown creased her brow and her red eyes opened wide.

"Hinata!?" For Kurenai's long-standing friend was indeed in the room. The relief that she'd located Hinata changed character, and not all that subtly, as Kurenai fully took in the form of the young kunoichi. She stumbled forward, holding out a hand.

"Is... that... you..."

If it *was* Hinata, then some deep magic had taken her form and built her not only the body of a young woman, but one with an absurdly long and - beautiful, actually - penis and heavily-muscled arms... but granted her no other strength. The possibly-Hinata was stroking the incredible length of her cock and seemed oblivious to everything else. Kurenai approached her friend (?) with care and caution.

And then Hinata screamed.

"KYAAAAA!!!"

A deep blush took over Hinata's face and the young kunoichi came. An incredibly thick surge of semen splurged from her futacock, and seeing as she was so close to her young friend, Kurenai took the full blast of what seemed like a barrelful of the stuff. It sprayed directly into her face and neck: Kurenai was lucky she had time to scream "UH!?" before she was coated.

Hinata's vast erection, her cockhead the size of Kurenai's fist, exploded with a torrent of jizz unlike anything either of them had ever seen. Kurenai's head and upper torso were instantly coated in thick, pudding-like cum, and aftershock splashes landed on the rest of her clothes

and her legs. Kurenai only had time to close her eyes and raise her hands, quite ineffectually, to brace herself.

The force from Hinata's cannon-like cock, unlike anything Kurenai had ever felt before, made her topple to the floor with a loud *glomp!* Her eyes still shut - but her mouth now slightly open - the kunoichi slid across the floor, partly due to the slick cum beneath her easing her slide, and partly due to the strike she'd just received. Kurenai only stopped when she hit the wall with a gigantic *wham!!!*

The impact rattled every bone in Kurenai's body, but fortunately shook much of the syrupy jizz from her face and body. As she lay propped against the wall in a stupor, Kurenai began to shake, her whole body in full tremble at the sheer *power* of what she'd just witnessed. *Experienced.*

It's all she can think about.

So... so...

Kurenai was frozen in place, shocked, stunned. Her hands were still slightly raised to ward off the cumstrike that was several seconds ago now. The only change in her pose was that her mouth was slightly more closed, and her deep red eyes were open; wide open.

*So powerful!*

Oh, there was one more physical change in Kurenai since Hinata's jizz knocked the kunoichi off her feet and crashing into the unforgiving wall. It was - subtle, at first: a mere gentle throbbing at the front of her pelvis. Then a bulge began to appear - a bulge that *really* shouldn't have been there.

Except - it should have been.

The cum-soaked kunoichi began to moan as the outline of a very particular shape began to pulse out, pressing hard against the front of her shorts.

*Ohhh...*

As the shape grew both longer and thicker, Kurenai's concentration span grew both smaller and thinner. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her tongue lolled out, a rivulet of drool escaping from between her lips. If it had been mistakeable before, now the shape was obviously a cock - and one that didn't want to stay where it had been put.

*Aaahhh...*

The stitching of Kurenai's shorts started to give way under the tremendous pressure of fat, flaccid dick that the woman who'd sewn it in the first place couldn't possibly have predicted would emerge from the pelvis of the kind kunoichi who'd bought it from her. Kurenai bit her lip and her eyes closed a little goofily as the swelling sensations her new-found penis was giving her threatened to overwhelm her. It felt so *good* to burst out of her shorts, to feel not

only the tear of the mere fabric giving way to her plumping prick, but the burst of clear air on the newest part of her body.

*Hhhmmm...*

And then...

*RIPPP!*

*SPROING!*

Kurenai's fat length burst through and up and *hard*, the crotch of her shorts ripped from top to bottom, but the rest holding fast.. It might not have been a match for the divine dick Hinata was still stroking across the room, but it was close. About two-thirds the length of her thigh, with a thick urethral bulge with the dimensions of a fine cock on its own, and a throbbing purple cockhead that demanded action, Kurenai instantly felt the ecstasy of having such a gorgeous dick.

Her slit had remained beneath, the head of her clit poking happy from its hood. But there was only one thought in Kurenai's mind. Her eyes had almost fully rolled back in her head now, and her mouth released torrents of drool as she screamed her happiness to the world.

"KYAAAA!!! KYAAAA!!!"

Across the other side of the chamber knelt Hinata, her right hand still clasped around her own cock, the head bulging up higher than the young kunoichi's nipples. Her exceptionally well-muscled arms were ill-fitting to even her 'grown up' body, given her slender midsection and lean legs. Hinata - or whoever she was now - felt something build up from deep within her.

"Ah!... Ah!... Ah!... KYAAAA!!!"

Hinata shut her eyes and roared her pain to the world. A rumbling overtook her entire body and she trembled, the tension rushing through every cell of her body managing even to prise her fists away from her hugely fat cock. Her traps tensed and her pec cleavage rippled as she shook.

The rumbling had presaged one thing: size.

As Hinata's new traps rose to engulf her neck, her pecs burst to life, bulging out into enormous feathered expanses of muscle that might have outweighed Hinata before she'd taken the serum. Her breasts were pushed aside by the swelling strength but below them, the outlines of a queenly ten-pack had formed. A line of prominent muscle cleavage ran from just below her neck to just above her pelvis, though a great portion of it was obscured by her fat futacock.

Hinata tensed her entire body, her eyes shut throughout. Her traps began to engulf more than her neck, it seemed to the transfixed Kurenai: it looked like they were going to swallow

her head whole! The rippling of muscle to megamuscle to ultramuscle began there as any trace of bodyfat - except for her tits, now pushed out further than ever before - left her upper torso, and revealed only deeply striated SIZE.

Odd drops of sweat began to push to the surface of Hinata's skin as her whole upper body got the most tremendous boost in size and strength. Her arms from the shoulders down bulged anew, now thicker than tree trunks, and totally in keeping with the mountain that had formed around her neck, her long, dark hair pressed hard against it. Her face began to look like the mouth of a volcano.

On and on and on the striations multiplied and deepened around her upper torso. Her lats spread wide, wide, and wider still, the growth as unstoppable a flood as Hinata's cumshot over Kurenai of only a few moments ago. The serum was clearly building a goddess of its own design.

But Hinata was more than just her arms and upper torso. Soon the volcano's rumbling could be heard from her lower torso and down, making promises of incredible, incendiary growth that made Hinata's mind spin with raging desire for that future. Still kneeling, she felt the growl of soon-to-be-released power and her cock throbbed with lust for who she would become.

Down the changes came.

The solid eight of her lightly muscled abdomen became an easy ten, the broad, bulky, armour-plating-plus muscles stretching down her body to her cock and below, just brushing the upper edge of her pussy. As Hinata's entire torso tensed with majestic new muscle, her navel was enshrined and protected between the third and fourth rows of the abdominal attraction that was her bulked-out belly. Her obliques and serrati joined the fiery festivities, popping out in gorgeous, unforgettable columns to the sides of the central column of muscular magnificence.

Thereafter it was the turn of Hinata's legs to join the mighty meaty party. All four muscle heads of what you'd now have to describe as her "formerly slender" quads billowed in their distinctive directions, each in competition with the others to become the biggest and strongest part of the young kunoichi's legs. Her thigh gap was sure to be swallowed up whole as the transformation seemed determined to make Hinata the most muscular person alive.

Of course, it wasn't enough.

*Not nearly enough!*

Hinata's ten pack took on bulk, serious and genuine, to stand in keeping with the work the changes had swept through her upper body. Plenty of men would have been happy to have pecs as big as some of the train of ten superbly sculpted and decisively defined abs that ran from Hinata's now spread breasts down to her punishing pelvis. Her obliques alone looked like a stone wall, built to keep out invaders.



Meanwhile, the contest for 'Largest Leg Muscle' was far from being settled in favour of any one of the imperious bulges of meat billowing from Hinata's thighs. 'Lean' became 'ripped' before pulsing into 'ultra-ripped': not one ounce of fat sat on the futa's legs as her quads grew so much they pushed the air aside, forcing a little breeze into the room and momentary relief on poor stunned Kurenai. By the time they'd finished growing and ripping into the world, each of Hinata's legs weighed more than she had before she'd walked into the fateful room with Tsunade-sama earlier.

Kurenai was still panting out the fever of her own transformation from 'fighting femme' to 'full-on futanari'. She lay slumped against the wall, still crowned with a luscious layer of Hinata's futacum that refused to sink into her hair or clothes, so thick was it. As Kurenai stared at Hinata's brutal beef-building transformation, the red-eyed futa began to blush.

"Wow! I never noticed before..." she managed, in between pants that twisted from 'getting her breath back' to 'gasps of... let's say "appreciation"' - "but right now... Hinata looks... very damn SEXY!"

In a snap Hinata was the only thought worth thinking, to Kurenai. Her heartbeat sped up and bolts of lust ran through her body, urgent in their particular brand of comfort. Her vision grew hazy in order to better focus on the futabeast forming on the other side of the chamber.

*Look at those arms, those biceps!*

Hinata's arms looked like they could punch through any defence anyone could mount. Kurenai was prepared to wager that, if Hinata flexed one of her bulky beauties, the erotic and brain-breakingly powerful beast of a bicep that would emerge would be wider than her head, hot and strong as a volcano, and be so perfect and perfectly layered with vascularity that no-one would be able to resist her.

*Those humongous traps!*

The muscles connecting Hinata's neck to her deltoids were like a vicious mountain range, twinned on either side of her head. The sheer outrage of the insanely powerful bulk was the size of her torso before the changes had brought her to what Kurenai was sure was goddesshood. They were so big - and 'big' so small a word! - that Hinata's signature long black hair was plastered to the back of them as her traps disappeared from view, much to Kurenai's obvious, albeit temporary, dismay.

*And those delicious shredded abs and pecs!*

'Delicious' was the right word here: Kurenai, in her fevered muscle-lust state, was sure that even one lick of any part of Hinata's titan-beating torso would provide her enough nourishment to live for a week. The absolutes of power running from her friend's neck down to her glorious cock/pussy combo made Hinata look invincible, if not something even more than that. Dominant, built to inspire love, lust, and cast-iron fidelity in those who saw the beefy-brawn-beauty and knew it for what it was.

Kurenai could only see one solution to her lust for the final form of Hinata Hyuga bursting to life in front of her, so she enacted it straight away. The red-eyed futa grabbed the cock she'd been blessed with moments earlier and began to stroke its bulging, curved length with her right hand. Her bursting cries of "AH!..." would have echoed around the chamber, had not Hinata's ultrabuilt form been there to absorb the sound, as well as the sight, of Kurenai Yūhi.

"OH!... YES!... YES!..." Kurenai cried in exultation, in worship, in adoration. As she stroked her futa endowment, a miracle whose provenance she could not know occurred: her meat began to change! Perhaps in recognition that it needed to be worthy of the goddess of strength Hinata was becoming in front of it, Kurenai's cock bulged and grew to enormous new length, ridiculous new girth, and fantastic new beauty.

"YESSSSS!!!!"

Kurenai's beat meat was thicker than her arm and, if its sudden surge in stupendous size didn't slow, it would soon be longer, too. The glorious throbbing purple dome that was her cockhead was now almost as big as her fist and nearly as high as her neck. Her one hand now seemed totally inadequate for the task of stroking the gigantic prick to completion, but Kurenai was better than that: she adapted as each inch of length and cubic inch of virile volume layered on to her now horse-shaming beastcock, gripping and cupping what could only be called the 'muzzle' of her megadick.

Seconds before Kurenai's cum-cannon fired, her tongue slid from her mouth and lolled around. It looked as hypnotised dumb as the rest of her, the only actions she now seemed capable of taking repeated strokes of her massive futacock, her hand inadequate to grip the width of its shaft. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she shrieked "KYAAAA!!" a couple of times as sensation began to overwhelm what senses remained.

And then the orgasm of Kurenai's life was upon her.

A vortex of pudding-thick futacum shot from Kurenai's more-than-majestic member, firing straight to the ceiling of the chamber. Nothing on Earth could have stemmed the eruption as several pints roared from Kurenai's throbbing, bulbous cocktip. The force involved made Kurenai slump back, her hand's work done, as her gigajizz poured from her in one incredible splurt, the luscious stuff blasting in one continuous rope to the ceiling.

Spent, Kurenai burbled a groan of purest release. Despite shooting her load, the simple power of Hinata's muscle beauty kept her eyes rolled back, kept her tongue out and ready to pant like a thirsty dog on a hot day, kept her heart beating faster than it should have. The warrior trembled as whatever sane parts of her remained tried to keep her together.

"AAHHH..." Kurenai's sigh was part relief and part sadness that her lust had been spent.

Across the chamber, though, Hinata's transformation was not done. Not by a long shot (or, perhaps in this room, a long cumshot). The young kunoichi was still throbbing with unspent power, resting on her fists and knees, the only signs of life her rhythmic pants of "AH!" and the constant dribble of pre from her own majestic futacock.

The throbbing soon brought results to Hinata's already well-muscled megabody. The vibrant bulges of ultramass that were her arms erupted into further power, bulk layering upon bulk, giving her the might to move mountains - or, if they wouldn't bend to her will, to render them to dust with gigapowerful blows. Her nipples sat thick and long as the changes she now craved fed and nourished her.

Round behind the gorgeous full-frontal that Kurenai was enjoying, Hinata's ass began to pump anew. Clearly her gluteus maximus had not reached its maximum as tides of throbbing metamorphosis built it up and out and lush with detail, the feathering as it hulked becoming readily apparent. Each and every striation popped to the surface like a phoenix rising from the ashes to fly again.

"OH!" Hinata cried, her face now a huge and devilish grin. **"YESSSSS!!!!!!"**

The eruption of superstrength on Hinata's frame made her into a rock of megamight. Her long hair would never hang loose again, forced to follow the curve and imperious sweep of her almost-head-swallowing traps as they bulked higher and higher. Her pecs swelled to meet her beyond bull neck and her delts flowed from the mess of muscle to give her splendid width to accompany her burgeoning height.

And then Hinata stood.

As her right foot hit the ground, the floorboards beneath cracked, unable to take the pressure the Hinata beast applied to them. Kurenai, still slumped in her cum-soaked state, had passed out on the other side of the chamber. Her futacock still towered into the air, hard and meaty and gorgeous, in worship of the impossible woman Hinata was still becoming.

Hinata, her titan traps now higher than her ears, knew only one thing. She drew breath into her giant lungs, which made her deep, powerfully pulsating pecs rise and swell further, if that was possible. Their deep striations were layered with the occasional trickle of vein, but nothing that would get in the way of their sheer and undiluted - undilutable - majesty.

Hinata roared. The sound echoed around the chamber, bouncing from floor to ceiling and wall to wall. Each time it seemed to magnify her scream until the world was Hinata's bellow; it took quite some time for the sound to die down.

In the meantime, Hinata's body changed again. It stretched taller and cast a mighty and wide shadow over the unconscious Kurenai, bringing glorious height to her majestic width. Her muscles renewed their beauty but, most of all, they didn't lose the opportunity to add size.

Hinata's mighty pecs stretched and swelled, the slabs of muscle each bigger than the torso of the former Hinata. Their new size was so immense, so intense, that her now meagre-seeming tits had been pulled apart, left to dangle from the outside corners of the magnificent muscle meat. A small price to pay for the power of gods.

As Hinata clenched her fists to receive this new wave of transformative power, her whole body swelled and bulged and grew. Her abs beefed up and blew into blocks of

mind-bendingly intense musculature. Her obliques and serrati popped up and further out, lining her entire torso with the power that Hinata had craved for so much of her life.

The gorgeous throb of Hinata's megacock was also swept away in the tsunami of change. The bulky, glorious tip grew to the size of her tits as the shaft lengthened until its top was just about level with the top row of her monstrous abs. All the while stupendous and sumptuous girth layered onto it until Hinata would struggle to wrap even her goddess hand around it.

“UUURRRGGHHH!!!”

The echoes of Hinata's earlier roar had barely died away when she gave another groan, but whether it was one borne of erotic pleasure or abundant agony as her entire body was transformed once more, no-one was around to discern. If someone had been there, they'd have seen another surge in the strength of her arms: a deep, resonant rumbling that brought new muscle fibre to the surface of what were already limbs of the most exceptional strength. The split peaks of Hinata's biceps were now visible, even when she wasn't flexing particularly hard.

There was only one way for Hinata to bear the next wave of agony her body was about to suffer, so she took it. Another roar echoed around the chamber as she leaned forward to put everything she had left into it: an expression of pain, an expression of determination, an expression of *desire*. Even as the astonishing sound left Hinata's lips, a pencil thick series of veins climbed her neck to touch her hair, the rumbling of her soon-to-be-even-more-incredible physique a constant beneath the young kunoichi's shockwave bellow.

Her abs, obliques, and serrati grew anew, bulging both outwards and backwards as they became more than before - more than should have been possible. The intricately carved blocks of power lost some definition around the edges, just so they could be stronger, bigger, harder. Kurenai couldn't see much of this element of Hinata's megachange, though: the younger woman's cock was very much in the way, and blocked more of Hinata's sensual stomach as it, too, became longer, thicker, and harder.

Hinata's back - a sight no-one could see, more was the pity - practically exploded with gorgeous growth. The landscape of megamuscularity rippled with new might as her traps extended their reach both down her back and out into the universe, alongside lats that positively bulged with new, even more rippling might. All the intricate little muscles that compose the perfect back burst into sharp relief, unencumbered by a silly thing like 'fat': the definition was simply extraordinary as a path of nothing more than muscle was laid from Hinata's neck to just above her butt.

Speaking of which...

As the waves of change crashed down Hinata's body, she began to look quite top-heavy. Her brutal back was matched in intensity and strength by her torso - if not bettered! - and so her lower body looked rather left out of proceedings. But the serum wasn't interested in giving Hinata's physique the classic V-shape, no: it wanted her strong, *superstrong*, all over.

And so Hinata's ass grew with a boom that created a shockwave behind her. Her glutes simply exploded with the finest kind of bulge: larger than large well-rounded muscles that would nonetheless wobble and jiggle with exquisite fineness whenever the beyond behemoth beauty took so much as a step. Her ass was now fitting for the goddess she had become as the final swipe of the metamorphosis gave the deity harder, wider, finer legs.

Hinata stood to her full height, showing the orgasm-drunk Kurenai that the room could no longer contain her as her traps, now as high above her head as her head was above her neck, cracked into the ceiling and simply wrecked it. Hinata's final (?) form had created a new tier above 'goddess': something like 'empress of the cosmos', perhaps. The full weight of just one of her pecs outmassed the woman she'd been before the serum took control of her slender, underdeveloped body.

Neither of those words suited Hinata now.

The only fat on her entire frame was clinging for dear life in the far corners of her pecs in the form of a pair of, to be fair, beautifully rounded tits the size of her head, with nipples as hard as rocks - although nowhere near as hard as the two cocks in the room - and round behind her to give sweet padding to the immensity of her gluteus maximised. The rest of Hinata's body was strength, just strength; somewhere far beyond mere super strength, mega strength, or even giga strength. Deep striations littered and pitted her form, signs all that her muscles were not to be trifled with in the slightest.

Hinata's arms were like tree trunks, and not saplings, either: the largest of sequoia, torn from the ground and shaped to the body of this newborn deity. Her forearms looked like a series of green anacondas writhing around each other, pulsing and twitching as Hinata just stood there, breathing. Her upper arms were boulders true that had smashed into the beyond boulders of her delts, and yet they were as nothing to the crown of Hinata's astonishing trapezius muscles: built and in appearance like the throne the young kunoichi now deserved to take.

And surely would.

At its most slender point, her midsection was narrower than her arms at their widest, but that was no matter. Not when your torso is covered in simply massive muscle: the fabulous slabulous of her impossible pecs, stretched wide enough to interfere with her delts in places; and the sheer slink of abs like bricks wish they could be, all arranged in a column of twelve fabulous bulges of barbarous, brutal brawnbulkbeef. Hinata knew that the hardest punch anyone she knew could muster would mean a broken hand - and she wouldn't have to flex them to make that happen.

Her megacock had finally softened, for the moment, but still dripped pre like a leaking bucket. At that point it was both longer and thicker than Kurenai's arm, with the throbbing, angry-purple tip resembling a small watermelon. It sat between her thunderstorm thighs like it belonged there, slyly winking at Kurenai, waiting to make its debut in the world.

The smile on Hinata's face was a rictus of sheer joy, but not the kind she was used to experiencing: it was malevolent, powerful - *hungry*.

“Well,” Hinata began, and even her voice was far more powerful than ever before: a deep and rumbling growl of a voice, packing more menace into the one syllable than any of the villains the former Hinata had faced.

“This place is getting too small... or maybe I just got too damn big!” she joked. The next note Hinata struck was as serious as it was playful.

“I think this is the best time to show Konoha the new me.”

## Chapter 2

AWAIT NEW CONTENT