

Training ground 35° was not one Ino frequented often. At least, not by herself. She would always frequent the training grounds with her teams or other friends, the rest of her training was done in her own home under the instruction of her father or other more experienced Yamanaka. Mental techniques weren't something she could practice with anyone outside of her own clan.

Currently, she was on an errand from Kurenai-sensei who told her she needed to find Kiba for her while she was busy with other business. What those businesses were she did not know, not that she thought she'd be privy to. A jonin like Kurenei always had assignments that were on a need-to-know basis.

It did not take her long to find him, as Kurenai gave her precise instructions on where he'd be training. Ino hadn't really thought about Kiba much before, they were part of the same circle of friends but they did not really hang out except when they were in a group, so she couldn't say they were very close. Trusted comrades definitely, but not the closest of friends.

She supposed Kiba was good-looking in a rugged feral kind of way, his clan was known for those traits after all so they made it work. But he wasn't her type.

She spotted Kiba swiping his hands in a claw-like gesture at a tree, the trunk of which was marked with *countless* scratches that had bore so deeply into it that it looked like a good chuck had been carved out by the vicious mauling.

Yeesh, considering how Kiba could turn into a spinning blender of sharp nails that tore everything in its path, she shouldn't be surprised he was capable of something like this with his bare hands.

He was staring at said hands with a growing smirk, showing his sharp incisors. "Heh... getting stronger by the second. It's just like she said" He mused to himself as he clenched his fists so tight they shook.

It said a lot about how distracted he was, given his famed senses, that he still didn't pay attention to Ino even as she approached.

"Um," Ino cleared her throat. "Kiba?"

His head snapped at her, kinda like a surprised dog fittingly. He looked at her with surprise and a grin. "Heeey, Ino. Good to see you here" His smile widened ever so slightly. "You're looking *great*"

What was that about?

"Mh-hmm," Ino quirked a brow. Was he trying to flirt with her? He'd have to try better than that. "Hey, Kurenai-sensei sent me to look for you?"

"Oh?" He tilted his head but otherwise did not look surprised. "She did huh?" His tone was... odd.

"Yeah, I'm not sure what she wants"

"Oh, I can hazard a guess" He muttered as he stepped closer to the Yamanaka. He began sniffing her, usually, she'd call him out on this behavior but Inuzuka did stuff like that often. "Yeah... Yeah, I can definitely tell why she sent *you*" There it was again, that wild green.

Okay, now she was getting creeped out.

"What are you talking about?"

"You smell..." A hot breath escaped his lips, "*fucking amazing*"

"I... thanks?" She took a small step back. "It's a fruit-based perfume"

"Not that" He shook his head, "Just... *you*. All of you. Your natural scent. Ugh it's really tugging at my nose, feels intoxicating"

What the hell was going on here?

"Kiba, you have five seconds to explain yourself before I kick your ass for acting like a perve"  
Her eyes narrowed dangerously at him.

Kiba however was undeterred. He was pretty much shaking on the spot as though he was barely holding on a huge rush of energy coursing through. "It's really triggering... *my instincts*" He grunted. "Oh yeah, it's more than enough to finally make it... *wake up*"

"What do you mean?" It was only out of morbid curiosity mixed with baffled confusion that Ino asked him. "Wake *what* up?"

Kiba's smirk became as feral as possible.

"The beast inside"

He let out a long dragged-out rumbling growl.

And then he began to *change*.

The feral features Ino can pointed out before became *far more pronounced*. His fangs were sharper, the deep scowl on his brow made the lines deepen until his expression was that of a furious animal. His growls were accompanied by the sound of leather stretching, at first she thought it was from his jacket, but... there was something more.

His attire was stretching, becoming snug and fit over his frame. Ino spotted bumps emerging over the jacket and pants, the width between his shoulders seemed to be *expanding*. He... He was growing, everywhere and anywhere, he was *growing*. In height as much as volume, the cuffs of his pants slowly rose to reveal his ankles while they slowly filled out with the widening calves.

"Fuck, this is so good!" He was swearing, panting with thrill as he kept an eye closed shut. He lifted an arm and growled in pleasure at the sight of his bicep ripping through the sleeve. "Feel so fucking *strong!*" He repeated the process with the other arm, unraveling more of the sleeves as the muscles kept expanding, his forearms opened large gouges on the side of his long sleeves, while his deltoids popped through the seams and kept ripping the material apart.

Ino could only gulp at the sight, trying to comprehend what had warranted this transformation. A technique? A hereditary trait of his clan? She could barely string two thoughts together because the sight of his muscles growing larger and stronger, ripping through his clothes like paper, was making her body heat up and her legs turn into jelly...

Unlike Kiba's legs, which were thickening with *tremendous* girth, shredded his pants' fabric with ease, revealing the bulging quads rippling with cord-like muscles that popped out with a mere flex. The thighs became tree trunks of shredded flesh and reduced his pants to shorts, then they swelled even more and they became briefs. Then a speedo.

Oh gods the bulge in his crotch... it made Ino *wet*.

Kiba growled bestially and threw his arms to the side, thrusting his chest outward and making the fabric around it explode. His booming pectorals surged with might, thickening with such strength they tore the zippers of his jacket and revealed the sweaty mesh shirt underneath, clinging so tightly to his upper body that Ino could count all the individual muscles visible through the material.

He was *huge*. Enough to fit two of her, and a head taller than Ino to boot. His muscles were magnificently bulky, easily the most muscular man she had ever seen in his life.

He snarled, spit flying through his clenched teeth as he brought down his arms in a savage most muscular, causing his mountainous back to blast the remnants of his shirt, every little piece still clinging to his godlike frame fell apart and became tatters. His muscles were pulsating, rippling with engorged veins carrying hot magma through his body, fueling his power.

His body was spectacular, he throbbed with so much power... and *virility*. For another lower muscle of his was throbbing, struggling against the confines of his tattered pants that barely looked like a speedo at this point. It was lifting such a high tent she could see his *shaft and balls*.

Ino gulped, feeling her nipples harden.

It broke free, bobbling up and down, swollen and veiny. Flushed red with so much blood...

Then Kiba moaned, yet once more the sound felt like a feral growl, grabbing his cock and began *masturbating* unabashedly. His titanic arms rippled as he moved them back and forth with a tight grip. His head rolled back, pre-cum leaked from his tip. He moved with such firmness and ferocity, desperately seeking pleasure.

Ino moaned, her hand had moved on its own, settling between her shorts and skirt and rubbing the wet spot.

Kiba snarled, throwing his head back and shooting his load fiercely. Sporadic shots came loose, a pair on the grassy ground. And another on Ino's bare stomach.

The Inuzuka exhaled, panting in relief. "Fuck, sorry about that," He said without feeling any actual remorse. Indeed, he didn't seem to care he was completely naked in front of the Yamanaka, that his hard cock was still pointing at her. "You have no idea how *amazing* that felt, hehe had to take care of business right then and there~"

Ino drunkenly stared at him.

Kiba chuckled, smiling excitedly at his muscles as he struck pose after pose. "Fuck I've never felt so strong before! I bet I can finally beat Naruto up"

Ino pondered on a big Naruto, as muscular as Kiba had become. The mental image of two macho guys wrestling made her moan.

"Kiba... you..." The Yamanaka panted.

"You like, huh?" Kiba grunted, flexing his pectorals. Ino noted a thin sheet of chest hair decorating their sweaty surface. "Don't just stand there, here" He held her hand and pulled her close, enough that her nose was buried on the rigged wedge between both pecs, getting a good sniff of his musk. It was so intoxicating... "All yours, *get a good taste*" He flexed again, coxing her face.

Ino's tongue darted out of her mouth and took a good long lick of his chest.