

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, dominant behavior, and graphic sexual content)

The mission came from the desk of the Hokage herself, with the cryptographic teams in the village having unearthed old writings that spoke of relics from the old shinobi age, before the Warring States Period and the Clan Wars. Said items could either be immensely valuable, containing knowledge or power unseen in ages, or they could just be simple pieces with cultural value and little else.

The Hokage was hoping for the former. Anything to get an advantage over their enemies. So she'd rather they procure the relics before anyone else found out about them. To that end, she assembled a small team of three kunoichi dispatched to the outermost corners of the Land of Fire, almost near the border to the Land of Earth.

While the mission parameters weren't exactly dangerous, as they were not expecting any shinobi or mercenary presence, going near the border of their longtime enemies carried a fair number of risks. Which was why the team assigned comprised entirely of talented kunoichi who, while not as seasoned as other shinobi, had proved their skills time and time again.

At least, Hinata was certain that Tenten and Sakura had; she was still not too sure she had done anything of note in the past to stand out. Her training and discipline, along with the number of missions she had accomplished, had warranted the title of chunin once upon her second try at the exams.

Not that it stopped Hinata from comparing herself to the others.

She walked behind her current teammates, watching as Tenten and Sakura talked so amicably with each other. They were like that, so personable and confident in themselves in a way that made Hinata envious. She could fight, she could be decisive on the field, but when it came to her own personal life, it... she always felt there was a lot she was missing. Things she wanted to do, opportunities she could take.

Sakura was so beautiful, she was not afraid to speak her mind when she was angry or happy. And Tenten was just so passionate and cheerful, always putting her all into everything she did. The two of them were so talented and brave; Hinata admired that about them. It inspired her to be better. But she couldn't lie and say she didn't feel jealous at times.

Especially of Sakura, and how close she could be to Naruto.

Her musings were brought to an end when the forest they were walking through made way to a small clearing, next to an elevation large enough to be called a hill. In the face of said hill, there was a large opening that led to absolute darkness. A cave.

“Think this is the place?” Tenten brought up as she traced a hand over the edges of the cave entrance.

“It’s where the coordinates pointed, at least according to the cryptographic team.” Sakura mused as she placed her hands on her hips. “Has to be.” She turned to their purple-haired teammate. “Hinata, can you...?”

“A-Ah, right!” She gathered chakra in her eyes, making veins bulge out as her lineage’s power activated. “*Byakugan!*” She muttered under her breath.

Her field of vision expanded to 360 degrees, letting her see far, *far* away. She perceived the life-force of multiple animals, the chakra networks of her teammates. And most importantly... *something* inside the cave.

There were structures inside, crumbling and in a state of disrepair. And at the center of the cave there was... was...

Just *what* was that?

“What do you see?” Tenten asked.

Her mouth opened slightly. “I... I’m not sure.”

That worried the other two. “You’re not sure?”

“There is something inside. It seems to be an object of sorts? It has a faint chakra signature, but... I’m having a lot of trouble making it out.”

It *almost* felt like a living thing, a living chakra network, but that was impossible.

“Well, we won’t find out by staying outside.” Pulling out a scroll, Tenten unsealed a couple of flashlights and handed one to Sakura, knowing Hinata would have no problem navigating in the dark with her dojutsu active.

They lit up the path and stepped inside.

The girls observed carefully their surroundings, wary of any trap. Tenten hummed in thought as she looked over a few stone structures around the walls of the cave that were clearly man-made. “I think I see traces of old sealing work here, but it’s hard to tell; it’s all been worn out by time.”

Sakura stepped close to the other side of the cave, her gloved hands brushing away the dust and dirt over a stone tablet. “Whoa, this is like... *very* archaic language. There is some stuff I can recognize, but this thing is a very old version of our language.”

Hinata idly listened to them; she kept walking forward, drawn by the object that glistened in her Byakugan’s vision.

It sat atop a pedestal, in the center of the chamber. The lines of chakra that circulated through it were... straight, angular, artificial.

And yet they gently pulsed, with the faint glow of *life* in it.

This little thing, this tiny... pyramid with markings she could not recognize.

Its existence was such an oddity, not even weapons forged with chakra and special techniques implanted into their framework looked like this.

It felt like a puzzle that Hinata was driven to figure out by a surge of sudden curiosity that surprised even her.

She slowly reached out to touch it...

“So that’s the thing, huh?” Tenten’s light suddenly shone over it, and Hinata quickly retracted her hand while deactivating her Byakugan. “What do you think it is?”

"I'd say it's some ornamental piece," Sakura joined in. "But that's for the cryptographic team to figure out. Let's bag this and anything else we find."

"On it," Before Hinata could even put a word in, Tenten pulled out a storage scroll and moved to grab the small pyramid. Yet the item didn't even move. "What the...?" She grunted, putting more strength in her grip, but the thing didn't even budge. "It's, ugh, stuck!"

"Let me," Sakura gently pushed her away and put her legendary strength to work. Normally, it'd be as easy as plucking a blade of grass for her... but the other two kunoichi could only stare in shock as the pinkette was clearly *struggling* against the small item. "What... the... hell... is... this?!" She hissed through clenched teeth, arms shaking as she gave it her all.

But the pyramid did not move.

Panting as she let go, Sakura could only stare in disbelief. "Well... that's something." She muttered distantly.

"How are we going to get this out?"

Huffing in frustration, Sakura crossed her arms. "We'll just have to figure things out. See if we can learn more about this place."

"It's getting late," Hinata pointed out. "Maybe we should make camp outside."

"Hmm, yeah, you're right," Sakura agreed. "Let's start tomorrow with fresh energy. I'm sure this thing has a logic to it; we just need to find it."

As the two began their walk out, Hinata lingered for a moment longer. Staring deeply at that small pyramid that seemed to... call to her?

Shaking her head, she quickly followed after her friends.

The small pyramid sat alone in the middle of the chamber... and faintly glowed.

X~X~X~X~X

As they had all brought their own tents, the girls did not have to share and were afforded their own privacy. Not that they would have minded to share, they had done it plenty of times in the past. But Hinata was thankful for the privacy; she was a private person by nature, and having the time alone with her thoughts allowed her to ponder on things.

Though with the twists and turns her mind did to make her feel... inadequate in so many regards, Hinata was starting to think that was not a good thing.

Putting her jacket aside, Hinata's sight went to her own well-endowed chest, wrapped tightly by the mesh shirt that highlighted their form. She wasn't a vain woman, yet she was aware that by all accounts she was physically attractive. But still, when she compared herself to the other girls, she found herself... lacking. She lacked the confidence to feel beautiful, the confidence she needed to approach the recipient of her romantic feelings.

Her feats as a kunoichi, her duties as a Hyuuga, she just... wasn't enough. It was why her sister was the heiress; it was why she had never been assigned as team leader. Why she...

Hinata let out a weary sigh and hit her head upon the bed, hoping sleep would clear her head come morning.

As darkness slowly overtook her, her last thoughts were of that strange artifact.

The power, that faint light... the secrets it carried within...

She felt a pulse of light shine, even with her eyelids closed.

Hinata softly gasped as her eyes snapped open. She was... She was not certain of her surroundings, only that this was not her tent. Even if the sheets and pillow remained. No, these were not her camping gear. This was a larger mattress, embroidered and expensive (as a daughter of a noble house, she knew what expensive looked like), the pillows had tassels around them, and they looked much larger, wrapped in a satin red.

Her environment was foggy, dark, hard to make out. She saw stone panels on walls, with archaic writing and vague depictions of people. They were bowing in worship, and before them there was... a being.

Something pulsed in her field of vision, and Hinata's gaze snapped at the source.

The pedestal, the pyramid, its tip open like some sort of mechanism. Light and miasma emerged from it, slowly covering the area until it was harder to see.

Then, she heard footsteps.

And from behind the wall of fog, *something* stepped out.

Its shape was humanoid, yet it was hard to notice the finer features of its face. The body, however... the body could not be clearer.

Muscle as far as the eye could see dotted a vast landscape of staggering proportions. Flesh that striated to the highest detail, marking amazing, pronounced muscles, giving their magnificent size an even stronger look as the different groups coiled, rippled, and fought each other for room.

Arms as large as tree trunks dangled at an angle, for the wide lats at each side of the torso pushed them so. Immense biceps took the forms of hills, with finger-thick veins coursing over them like angry rivers. The nails at the end of fingers looked sharp, not overly long, but still carried a bestial quality to them, reminding her of Kiba when he used his clan's techniques. The legs that supported such an enormous body were pillars of pure muscle. With calves that widened beyond shins, and quads that quivered and threatened to explode with girth at the faintest movement.

A look at the figure's crotch and chest indicated this was a woman, as evidenced by the presence of imposingly ample breasts and the slit of her womanhood. Rows of shredded abdominal muscle paved the way above a sharp v-line, the last upper row partially hidden by the large breasts, which were supported by the presence of powerful pectorals.

"What... are you?" Hinata muttered. She had never witnessed such a statuesque person before. And this... *being* held a presence she could barely put into words.

"*A promise,*" The titan muttered with a rumbling voice as they stepped forward. Hinata, with some effort, could make out the sharp fangs brushing past her lips. The ridges in her forehead akin to horns...

She stood in front of Hinata, towering over her, making her feel so small. Even if she were to stand up, Hinata wagered she'd barely reach her chest level.

"A..." She gulped, "promise of what?"

The being raised her arms and *flexed* with such might that Hinata swore the chamber trembled. The figure's body quivered with power as each muscle rippled from top to bottom, fierce veins throbbed to prominence.

"Power," The titaness spoke the word with absolute reverence.

And... Hinata understood.

"*I am all that you owed. I can be all that you deserve.*" Her arms coiled back, over and over she flexed, somehow looking even bigger than before.

This woman, this *beautiful* creature, embodied everything she lacked. The strength of spirit, of body. She possessed all the virtues and qualities she wished for herself.

"*No more weakness, no more doubts*"

She could not be more envious. She wanted to stand up and lavishly worship her as she deserved, in hopes of some of that strength.

She did not need to, for the woman slowly lowered herself until she was lying on the ground next to her, her tremendous arms slowly encircled her, keeping her close and safe in their girth.

"*You just have to let me in.*"

Hinata felt lips she could barely perceive line up against hers in a soft yet passionate kiss.

"You just have to embrace me," She somehow spoke, even with her lips busy devouring Hinata's, with her tongue prodding deeply into her mouth.

The Hyuuga's hands trembled as she slowly settled on the woman's enormous body, and *oh*, did it feel as magnificent as it looked. Her hands touched nothing but pure hardness, her fingers prodded over unbreakable skin and found unflinching resistance in the mighty flesh. Hinata felt the sheer *power* coursing through those throbbing veins, in the way the muscles ripple and the valleys of depth that were the lines of definition striating and deepening with each flex.

The mystery woman flexed for Hinata, letting her bask in her glory. *"Feel me, feel all that I am"*

Her stomach was a cobblestone road, her back an immense expanse of sinewy flesh. And those legs, so wide and full... Hinata moaned as a great thigh inched closer, slipping between her legs and settling against her crotch, rubbing her increasingly wetter sex over the fabric.

"Feel all that you can be"

Hinata's eyes rolled back when a sharp finger *cut* through the mesh shirt and revealed her breasts. The large mounds stood with erect nipples that were teasingly played with by expert fingers.

The hand moved lower, trailing over the skin and lighting up a trail of sparks that made her shudder. Her hand slipped inside the waistband...

"Let me give you all that I am... and more"

"Yes..." Hinata whined pitifully. She wanted it, she *needed it*. The power, the confidence, the pride, *all of it*.

Two fingers pushed through her folds and buried themselves inside her.

Hinata's back arched, and she let out a sharp, choked cry as pleasure flooded her. The motion of the fingers was fierce, relentless; it erupted unknown sensations in her. Feelings of the carnal variety she had never experienced before. And she loved it. She felt this was something she had been missing all her life. Things she had been too ashamed to explore.

No more. She wanted it. She wanted it *all*.

"Please, please!" Hinata begged. For more, for pleasure, for the power.

"Soon, my sweet," The woman promised her. *"All you need to do... is claim it"*

The fingers thrust into her with even more intensity, making Hinata shake with world-trembling pleasure. It felt like there was something flooding *into* her. A presence, pure unbridled power of the purest essence.

She welcomed it as she desperately clung to the muscular titan.

The face smiled in the darkness, with the shadows slowly peeling away, and a face that looked oddly familiar looked at her greedy intent.

"Come to me, my darling"

In the background, the pyramid shone once more. Yet despite not looking at it, the image was crystal clear to Hinata.

The woman kissed her once more, and Hinata unraveled in a fierce climax.

Hinata woke up with a gasp. Shuddering breath made her thorax expand and contract erratically, sweat seeped profusely into her clothes as the heat coursing through her body was unbearable. She felt she might suddenly combust from the head.

Her crotch felt wet and sensitive. A prodding from her hand over the fabric, and her fingers became damp. She had climaxed in her dream...

...Was it a dream?

Was such a vision truly a product of her mind? No... no, it couldn't be. Hinata knew there was more to it. She just knew it. There had to be.

How else did she know to seek the pyramid? How else could she know the artifact held all that was promised to her.

The will, the power, the *beauty*.

Gifts to claim all she desired, to go after everything and *everyone* her heart craved.

Even... Even...

Hinata bit her lip as a moan ripped through, her fingers slipped under her wet underwear, and began to furiously masturbate, massaging her breast and nipple with the other hand in a poor replication of what that woman had done to her.

The pleasure did not compare, not by a long shot... but it could.

Once she was whole.

She shuddered as her ministrations made her orgasm, much weaker this time, and she smiled softly.

Hinata slowly stood up and walked out of her tent.

Her goal was clear; her future awaited her. The beloved woman of her dreams said it so.

All she had to do was seek it out...

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Hinata's steps guided her toward her destination. She felt like she was just walking automatically, for her mind was focused on what lay beyond in the dark.

Even without her Byakugan, she could see it. That ancient treasure awaiting her in the depths of the chamber. Pulsating with chakra, the faint glow guided her, beckoned her to find it...

The whispers grew in intensity and volume, feeling like there were people talking right next to her ear, promising her so many beautiful things. Things she had been denied in injustice, things she had been too afraid to pursue out of cowardice. Things she *deserved*, endless possibilities of how things *should* be.

"No longer a coward," The pyramid promised her. *"No longer weak. You shall shine brighter than all. You will stand taller than anyone."*

A drunken smile formed on her lips as she staggered forward, step by step. Yes... Yes, that sounded amazing.

No longer shy, weak, Hinata. No, she'd become something *more*.

The pyramid was only a few steps further.

"Take me and fulfill your purpose"

Hinata gently grabbed the object in her hands. Despite its metallic exterior, it felt warm to the touch, and... alive. Like there was a heartbeat inside. But Hinata knew what this thing truly held within: Power. Raw, unfiltered, ancient, *glorious*.

And for her.

"There you are, my dear."

All for her.

"Embrace me," It whispered seductively. *"Let me touch your heart"*

Hinata slowly pulled down the zipper of her jacket a bit, unveiling the upper parts of her chest. She then grabbed a hold of the mesh shirt underneath and ripped an opening through the reinforced material with one fierce tug.

Hinata held up the item high, brandishing it like a sacred idol, before turning it to the side so the flat base was facing her.

And slowly placed it upon her chest.

“Mng!” She groaned in mild discomfort as the metal made contact. It was like being burned, like her skin was being glued to the object. Its metallic surface *phased* through the skin until the organic layer and the inorganic object were *one*. It was hard to say where one began and the other ended.

But this was not the end of it, oh no, the power was stored within the object still. Her body was not yet its vessel.

“At long last,” The voice said with a sort of manic glee. *“After ages, a body once more. Oh, we shall be together... forever.”*

That sounded beautiful.

“Our thoughts will be as one, our wills together one strand of life. As I am, so shall you be”

Not just Hinata, but something more.

“But if we are to be perfect... then first your body must acclimate”

The pyramid’s tip shifted, opening the fourth sides like panels.

“Let us be one, my love”

Green light shone from the depths of the pyramid, an ancient power unseen by the world for ages, free at long last. Free to spread and claim all that stood in its way. Free to dominate, to bless, to change, to empower.

And Hinata was its host.

Miasma emanated from light, and at the same time, the energy flowed from the center of her chest to every extremity, every pore and inch of skin, every nerve and muscle fiber. Filling her with *infernal* power.

Hinata breathed the miasma deeply and gasped. A euphoric smile formed on her lips, her eyes impossibly wide as the essence of the Daemon Ritus filled her body and soul.

“Give it to me,” Hinata said in a desperate plea. “Fill me, break me, *change me*. Make me the most beautiful, the most powerful... *demon* of all~”

And so it did.

Hinata shouted. She moaned as her body broke apart to rebuild itself stronger.

The transformation was sudden and violent, forcing her body to mutate in an instant. Her bones snapped and lengthened in the blink of an eye, her muscles tore apart and mended together in seconds, becoming larger and stronger. Her height increased in proportion with the sudden growth spurts, with her arms exploding in size and tearing her sleeves to pieces. Forearms three times their original width grew into existence, biceps larger than a man’s head, and horse-shoe shape triceps bloomed with rippling power. Her shoulders exploded into cannonballs of pure might, ridged like pumpkins and brimming with unadulterated strength.

“Ngh, ahhhh!” Hinata moaned, showing the sharpening incisors in her mouth. Her forehead throbbed with pain as ridges formed in her brow, becoming thick and horn-like. A dark coloration formed on her skin, taking on curvy and wavy patterns.

Her feet burst from her sandals, which were crushed under her enormous weight. Calves widened past her shins, swelling to tremendous proportions, as her thighs grew with vigorous strength and girth, becoming so vast that the inner thigh muscles touched each other. Jumping with rippling power, cord-like cables danced on her hamstrings while huge muscle groups solidified on the front. Her pants became painted-on, and then tatters that floated all around her legs as they burst, unable to contain the explosive growth.

Her derriere became larger, toned, and still feminine, splitting the seat of her pants while her hips widened beautifully. Her thorax curved with a lovely female shape, even as her lats widened and rose like wings. The zipper was completely destroyed as the muscles tore through every angle of the fabric. Her mesh shirt became ruined as her enormous breasts jumped through, unveiling her shredded abdominals. Her pectorals sweltered with heat, long streams

of sweat coursed over her body as the powerful overflowed, highly strained muscle lines coiled against each other while her veins throbbed like furious snakes, giving her an even stronger look.

Hinata twisted her head from side to side, almost *pushed* by the rise of her hill-like traps and thickening neck. "Yes, yes!" She moaned as her back expanded into a venerable mountain wall, full of valleys and ravines made up of incredibly strained flesh, tearing her clothes in half.

Flawless milky skin strained under the sheer volume of mass, while purple tribal-looking marks spread all the way from the pyramid on her chest, which continued to glow violently. Her powerful hips thrust reflexively in the air as waves of pleasure threatened to overwhelm her, sending her to the highest peaks.

"I'm more than Hinata Hyuuga...!" The amazonian woman growled ferally. "I'm the new demon queen, uck, I... I am...!"

The orgasm that erupted was the strongest she had felt so far, even stronger than the one triggered by her vision.

Hinata flexed her enormous arms imperiously, laughing in utter joy as she had finally ascended beyond mortality, to the realms she had been promised by the Daemon Ritus.

Now, human and demon were truly one.