

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

It was quite the feeling, Sakura thought, to transcend humanity. She used to desire strength in the past, to stand out from her spot as the weak civilian-born kunoichi, and rise through the ranks to make a name for herself.

To be a kunoichi, a medic... it all seemed so small, looking back. It was such a small desire brought up by a limited human mind, driven by small human wants. Sakura would have wasted her entire life following those pointless things had she not awakened to something much greater.

The ascended kunoichi hummed to herself as she stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her skin was bright red, like a precious gem. Her figure was statuesque, around seven feet tall, and built to extreme proportions. Her arms stood at an angle on the sides, pushed out by the spread of her back and her rising lats that stood a good distance from the core of her stomach, giving additional curves to her figure. Her arms were massive, with deltoids the size of cannonballs and biceps as large as watermelons. They coiled with the strength of high-tension cables with each flex, jumping at her command and bursting with power. Sakura licked her lips at the sight of them, such juicy sights, the mounds of flesh wrapped by her flawless red skin.

Her fingers idly tapped each row of abdominal muscles, feeling the four blocks in a row before playfully running her palm over their striated perfection, pulling at the skin as she circled her hand over them. A quick flex made them lock down into a powerful wall of flesh that made a thud sound when rasping her knuckles against it.

And her legs, oh gods, her legs, they were large and powerful. Thicker than a man's torso, coursing to the brim with unreal muscles. They were so wide that there was no space between them. She flexed them just to feel the friction between each muscle.

"What a fucking hot beast you are," She rumbled to herself, smirking wide enough to show her sharp incisors. The sharp horns rising from her forehead were another cue that she wasn't human anymore. She was a creature of might and excess, something that would make lesser humans quiver and surrender to their knees. A thought that was all too enticing. Any hot-blooded male would quickly develop an erection at the sight of her body, helped by the fact that she chose to wear a sort of furred off-shoulder top and loincloth, truly adopting the demon motif.

"Feeling a little full of ourselves, are we?"

Sakura spotted Tenten in the reflection, grinning at the sight of her friend. Like Sakura, Tenten too had become something outstanding. Her skin was a peerless silver, and there were scaled dots on her figure in patches all around her. Her musculature was comparable to Sakura's, sharp and honed like a mastercrafted blade. She wore a similar outfit to Sakura, finding it more appealing to show as much skin as possible.

"You should have some humility, Sakura." The weapon mistress pushed her aside and flexed, taking her place in the mirror. "Particularly when in the presence of excellence like this."

Sakura chuckled and flexed to compare their muscles. "That's my line." The two were evenly matched in many regards, but enjoyed this thrill of competition; the presence of their peer's muscular bodies invigorated them and inspired them to become even stronger. Sakura growled as she struck a most muscular pose, throbbing her pectorals and squeezing her breasts between her huge biceps.

Tenten licked her sharp fangs and turned around, displaying her enormous back carved to labyrinthian perfection, a myriad lines of deep definition marking the supreme strength in each muscle that fought for room.

The more they posed, the more they showed off to each other, the hotter their bodies burned. The heat of arousal swelled up in tandem with their muscles until it got to the point where they couldn't take it anymore.

"Mmm!"

Their mouths slammed together, kissing fiercely as their tongues ran over each other with lustful delight. Licking the inner walls of their mouth and brushing over sharp teeth. They parted slightly, tongues still wrapped around each other, before clashing their lips together again. Ample breasts squeezed together as they held each other tightly, exploring the muscular reaches of their vast bodies and moaning in delight to have their muscles worshipped while each showed their love for the other's musculature.

Their loincloths snapped away, and their naked sexes grinding together, the friction eased with the wetness dripping from their slips, coating their huge thighs.

"You're so fucking hot, Sakura," Tenten growled. "Want you to be my partner every time...!"

“Ugh, yes!” Sakura wildly grinned as Tenten roughly grabbed her breasts and pawed at them. “I want us to take over this village, make everyone here know who the fucking strongest ninjas around are!”

Their hips slammed together with thunderous force and velocity.

“Ah!” They cried in unison as the coitus took them to the highest highs of pleasure. “Ah! Ahh! Ahhhhh!” And released their pent-up arousal at the same time in streams of liquid pleasure that ran down their legs and salty drops of pleasure. “Ahhh...”

They held each other with a tenderness that betrayed their fearsome looks, sharing lazy kisses as they rode out the afterglow.

“Say...” Tenten mumbled between kisses. “Hinata wants us in the other room. Says, ah...” She gasped when Sakura kissed her neck, finding a pulsating point. “Says she wants us to see how she transforms the others.”

“Mmm, wouldn’t miss it.” Sakura grinned as they untangled themselves. “Shizune’s gonna make a fine demon lady.”

“She’s a wildcat in bed,” Tenten spoke from firsthand experience. “Can just imagine what she’ll be when transformed”

“Oh! But I am *truly* eager to see shishou transform!” If she had a tail, it’d be swagging with happiness.

Tenten bit her lip to stifle a moan, the mental image of *Tsunade* becoming a large, powerful demon lady... it almost made her want to fuck Sakura again. “Oh yeah, we *cannot* miss this.”

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The area they descended to was on the underground section of the Hokage monument, where the Hokage and those with clearance stored classified information, dangerous items, or proceeded with top-secret research. It had been easy for them to infiltrate the place; their newfound supernatural abilities, especially Hinata’s, gave them a lot of options. She had simply placed the ANBU under a deep genjutsu and sent them on their way with new directives,

wiping their memories clean of the demon ladies waltzing into the places carrying the Hokage and her assistant.

Said women were held in a special medical chamber where Tsunade conducted a lot of secret research regarding physical anomalies and strange biological elements. In the ninja world, you encountered plenty of those. Be it people with animal physiology, or self-modified bodies that worked in a very strange and dangerous way. Sakura remembered the time her teacher showed her the body of a man who had replaced his heart with what was tantamount to a mass of living moss.

A lone light shone down from the ceiling, illuminating the center of the room and casting shadows on all corners. Underneath its lights, Shizune and Tsunade lay in large medical beds, firmly strapped in place. Well, Shizune was. There was no binding or chain that could ever restrain Tsunade, which was why the Hokage was being kept in a deep slumber through genjutsu.

Hinata tenderly ran a finger over Tsunade's cheek, admiring the Hokage's beauty. Her eyes could see the true age, the damage done by Tsunade's use of her regeneration technique. "You have so much potential, my lady. We just need to bring it to the surface..."

"I'm surprised you haven't already." Sakura pointed out, standing at the foot of her mentor's bed. On the other side of the bed, Tenten tilted her head at the sleeping Hokage.

"Oh, I have."

The red- and silver-skinned devil ladies did a double stake simultaneously. "Wait, what?"

"I imbued her with the demon power already, but she is fighting it so much." The large demonic Hyuuga commented with honest surprise, and even admiration, in her voice. "Tsunade is *very* driven. It is something to be respected."

"So, wait, how is she going to transform then?" Tenten questioned.

"I... designed a scenario in her mind, to wear down the defenses and make her accept this power. It will take time, but I believe there is a chance for it work."

"And it doesn't?"

“Then Tsunade’s even more powerful than I realized,” Hinata stated. “And it only makes me marvel at the strength she’d wield with the Ritus’s power even more.”

A soft groan came from Shizune, who slowly shuffled in her bed, waking up.

“Ah, she wakes.” Hinata happily said as they turned to look at her and walked up to her bed.

“W-What?” The medic mumbled, eyes squinting as she grew used to the light bearing down on her. She looked at the figures surrounding her, becoming less blurry as her eyesight focused. The first she recognized was Tenten, her memories of the young kunoichi made her blush a deep crimson. Then she noticed the other two. “Hinata, Sakura?” She muttered in disbelief. “My gods, this is what happened to you...!”

“Oh, it’s nothing to be frightened about, Shizune.” Hinata smiled, but her demonic divine visage did not reassure her in the least. “It was a... wonderful awakening a lot of women here can benefit from.”

Shizune struggled against her binds. “Listen to yourself! You’re different, all of you! We don’t know how much this curse affected you! We need to figure out a way to-“

“To what?” Sakura cut her off challengingly. “Undo it? Get rid of all this power? Throw away a weapon that was handed to us? Shizune, you can’t even imagine the things we’re capable of now. We can protect the village better than ever now!”

“By holding the Hokage hostage?!” She shouted, looking in Tsunade’s direction. “Just look at what you’re doing!”

“She’ll understand, eventually.” Hinata deflected. “Once she tastes the power for good.” She reached out to the pyramid in her chest, and a flick of her fingers opened it without actually touching it, revealing the glowing green light in the center. “Like you will.”

“Wha...” Her eyes widened frantically as something like smoke or mist emerged from it... and floated towards her.

“Don’t worry, Shizune.” Tenten cooed, leaning closer to the other side and leaning her breasts close to the woman’s shoulder. “You’ll love it. Much like you loved what we did after I ascended~.”

“We-We, I didn’t...”

“You were screaming; more, give me more.” Tenten licked her lips. “Which I feel we’ll hear from you again.”

Shizune struggled to break the binds, even if she knew it’d be pointless with the three superhumans surrounding her. Her mind was operating on fight or flight, but it was no use. The mist reached her nostrils, and when she gasped, it reached into her mouth until she inhaled all of it.

It was hard to describe. It felt like something sour and sweet trickled down her throat, pooling into her stomach, building up until it filled it and started spreading outwards.

“Ah!” She gasped, her body shaking. Her hands clenched in a claw-like gesture as she convulsed. Veins throbbled under her skin, pulsating over her arms and her neck. “Oh... gods!”

Her limbs hurt, her bones cracked, it felt like something was tearing her body apart and rebuilding it on a fundamental level. Her heart beat against her thorax so fast she feared it might explode out of her chest.

Shizune felt her body expand in every direction. Filling with those cursed energies that empowered every tendon, every fiber, swelling her muscle tissue to accommodate such unreal levels of power.

Oh... Oh, gods, the power. Shizune had never felt like this in her life. None of her training or talents had ever made her feel like she could lift anything heavier than her own weight. She had never developed her teacher’s legendary strength, but now...

Her arms bloomed, biceps swelled majestically under the sleeve until they tightened around the curvature of the muscle.

Now, Shizune felt *mighty*.

“Ohhh!” She moaned, the pain mingling with pleasure as her hips thrust reflexively, the bindings strained against her, slowly tearing.

Rips and tears were formed all over her tunic, as the threads pulled too tightly against her expanding musculature. Shizune gasped and heaved as her body kept growing with a tremendous amount of muscle, looking like a bodybuilder. “Ah!” A sharp heave caused her ballooning breasts to jump out of her tunic, erect nipples stood prominently as they tore through her mesh shirt. Her deltoids tore the sleeves at the seams, with her biceps further unraveling them.

Her legs became long and thick, corded with thick muscle and highly-strung groups that jumped and rippled. Calves widened past her shins, quads became barrel-like and firm.

Fingernails lengthened into sharp claws. Fangs extended from her incisors.

With the claws and her growing strength, Shizune easily tore through her binds, but she did not escape. Instead, she furthered her outfit’s destruction by grabbing a hold of it and tearing it apart, releasing her almost nude, outstandingly muscular physique for them to see.

“Ah! Ah!” Shizune panted ferally, roughly pawing at her breasts and massaging them, tweaking her hard nipples and groaning in deep arousal as a result. “More, more!” She cried out, hips thrusting out, showing her very wet panties. “Release me!”

She did not mean it in a literal sense; they could tell. She needed another type of release.

Tenten was about to give it to her when Sakura intervened. “You got your shot at her,” She leaned over Shizune’s thrashing legs, holding them apart with her own strength. “Time to help me, senior~”

She bit Shizune’s panties off and then placed her lips on her wet entrance.

Shizune *howled* in pleasure as Sakura’s supple lips and her skilled tongue let her see heaven. It did not take much for her to experience a world-wrecking climax as she spilled herself upon Sakura’s lips, who eagerly feasted on her release.

Hinata all but applauded at the scene, happy for Shizune to join them. It did not take much, certainly nothing compared to how much Tsunade was resisting.

The bearer of the Daemon Ritus looked at the slumbering Hokage, pondering on how much, if at all, her test had been progressing.

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The village, her home, her pride and joy, her responsibility.

It burned.

Even in the distance, Tsunade saw the orange glow of the flame, illuminating the darkening twilight sky.

They had come from nowhere. Assaulted them with everything they had. Enemies from foreign villagers, longtime foes, *monsters* whose shapes harkened back to nightmares given form.

Tsunade had been forced to order an evacuation, have the civilians taken as far away as possible. Empty the village to prepare for the incoming invasion, taken to the capital so they'd be safe, and right now she could only hope they were alright.

Communication was hard, with so many of her forces spread around the country. She only had contact with those closest to her at the moment, of which there weren't many. They had managed to repel most of the invaders... but those monsters, those *things*, remained quarantined inside the village.

From her stop in the high mountains, Tsunade watched how her village became a burning prison.

"Tch!" Her grip on the tree bark became hard enough to rip out a chunk of the wood. It was hard to rein in her anger. Anyone would be facing such turmoil after these events that plagued her homeland.

...But that was not the only reason.

Tsunade looked at the spot in her arm, where the skin looked bruised, the few veins standing out from under it... A sign of corruption, an infection, a *curse* those monsters had left on her people.

She had seen the effects. Bore witness to what these foul curses unleashed, what it made of her people... that's why she had to fight this.

Tsunade adjusted the sleeve of her cloak, making sure the mark remained out of sight, and jumped down from the tree. She moved between the camp, where a scant select few had joined her ranks as the shinobi force dispersed. She greeted Yugao with a nod as the ANBU dutifully bowed and handed her a report.

"Our forces on the southern front have called a retreat."

Tsunade's brow twitched. "Retreat?"

"They just do not have the numbers to--"

"We're all facing a manpower shortage; the whole point of their advance was to link up with other groups!" She growled in frustration, and her mark itched. She took a deep breath and looked at the masked woman. "Give me some good news."

"We... made contact with some of our shinobi and kunoichi from the 13th. They have rejoined our forces."

That made Tsunade stop. "The 13th? But they all exhibited-!"

"They are under control now. They turned to fight the demons."

"Control?" The Hokage shook her head incredulously. "You claim they learned control after what we've seen?! The curse turns them into--"

"I know," Yugao stressed in a tone that could have bordered on insubordination, but they were all tense these days. "I know, I *saw*. But the reports, the accounts of the people..."

Tsunade frowned darkly. "Walk with me."

They moved to a more secure location outside the camps. One of the artificial caves created with earth jutsu, hollowed out into the mountainside to create storage and places to camp deeper, into secure and warmer locations. The entrance was guarded by two ANBU, who bowed as she passed with Yugao in tow.

The darkness of the cave was illuminated by a few torches, leading them deeper into what lay inside. A barrier, transparent like crystal, impregnable. It even dulled the sounds from the other side.

Behind it was one of her ninja... or rather, what he had become.

Kiba Inuzuka had not been an extraordinary shinobi, but he was talented and promising. Loyal and courageous. *Human* like any of them despite their clan's animalistic traits and tendencies.

The youth behind the barrier only had traces of his humanity. His figure was larger, his clothes were torn in places, tightened to the extreme against a muscular physique that was twice as large as it had been just a few days ago. The dark markings of the curse spread like tattoos (in a way that disturbingly reminded her of Orochimaru's work...), his face was more... feral, his hair longer and wilder, like he was adopting more canine traits.

When he first showed the signs, he had been placed in quarantine, with his teacher Kurenai, visiting him often to keep him calm. Always behind the barrier for her safety, offering comfort from a distance.

Now though...

"She got inside a while ago, on her own free will," Tsunade explained to Yugao. "You say those people are in control now. But even those unaffected show clear signs of being under some kind of influence by being in proximity to them."

Kurenai, the dutiful, seasoned, and controlled kunoichi, had all but stripped herself half-naked, tenderly running her hands over Kiba's body. He growled and flexed for her, ripping more of his clothes.

“So don’t tell me any of these is safe. When-“

Kiba let out a growl, muffled from the barrier, and grew.

He grew more and more, until his clothes fell apart into tatters and left him completely naked.

Even Tsunade’s breath hitched at the sight of his enormous musculature, of those titanic muscles and... prominent manhood.

He laughed, lifting Kurenai into his arms like she weighed nothing before kissing her deeply. The student and teacher shared a passionate moment, unaware or uncaring of their audience. The way she fondled his muscles, admiring his power... Tsunade suspected his body had grown so exponentially mighty that Kiba’s had grown beyond jonin class, and into the ranks of the elite.

She could just feel it. The mark in her arm *throbbed*.

Her muscles *almost* expanded, but she held them back.

The sight was... invigorating.

She could have done something to stop it. Entered and forced Kiba back, but she was too distracted by the sight of their forbidden union. When the two parted for breath, Kiba slowly set her down... and she got on her knees.

His erection sprang to life, like a large, mighty pole. And Kurenai did not even hesitate to take her student into her mouth, pleasuring him to high heavens.

He grunted and growled, moving his hips back and forth reflexively. Tsunade felt her skin tingle, heating up with arousal at the sight of this behemoth of a young man being worshipped in such a way.

“...The two appear to be in control of what they do.” Yugao pointed out. “And from what we heard, this sort of... contact means Kurenai too can develop such power.”

Tsunade said nothing, watching the kunoichi blow the young shinobi.

“If we harness this, if we embrace this... it could be for the good of the village.”

Tsunade’s body gave a small jump of muscle as a sudden surge of power rose from inside her. It almost stretched her cloak to the limit when she watched Kiba blow his load into Kurenai’s mouth and spill himself over her chest.

So much power, so much... virility. Such a blessing this could be...

Tsunade gasped, and the muscles shrank.

She turned away and left, trying to escape from it all.

But the curse kept aching.