

**(Warning:** This story contains female muscle and graphic sexual content)

Samui didn't like her assignments. To be fair, she felt the same about many of her missions, dealing with the Cloud Village's chaotic disposition with their usual brand of weirdos put her nerves on edge on a good day. Her idea of a good time was a nice quiet day where she didn't have to deal with the rambunctious nature of her countrymen or the usual jerks who made passes at her because of her incredibly prominent cleavage. Not her fault she was born so endowed, she didn't dress for attention, she dressed for functionality.

You'd think growing up with a hotheaded brother would teach her to deal with such people, but all it did was make her clamor for peace and quiet all the more.

So, the mission.

They had been sent on diplomatic matters, keeping the peace between two villages that had more than a 'testy' past filled with violence was incredibly taxing at the best of times. So she, being the cool-headed professional that she was, was sent here to discuss different issues like the next location of the Chunin Exams, Kumo's attendance, border disputes, all that fun stuff.

Samui knew that being a well-respected and dutiful kunoichi would come back to bite her one day.

Already those were a lot of issues to handle at once, but for some ungodly reason, she could barely get a hold of the Hokage or her assistants. They kept giving her excuses about their leader 'handling other important affairs right now' or 'how she was handling an experiment that required her full attention'.

She had been here for *days* and instead of dealing with Kumo's brand of weirdos, she had to tolerate *Konoha's brand of weirdos*.

Those two green *things* running around the village would give her nightmares.

And the frustrating cheery on this ever-growing sundae of annoyances were the teammates her 'oh-so-wise leader' saw fit to assign with her. Kamui and Omoi were like oil and water, the two could not be any more diametrically opposed if they *tried*. Kamui was a shrinking ball of violence waiting to go off at the slightest provocation, and Omoi was a dour moody guy with a head filled with pessimism. Suffice it to say, they were *insufferable* together and Samui had to

deal with them *throughout their entire* stay here. Were she a less cool-headed individual, Samui suspected she would have whacked their heads in on the way to Konoha.

Gods, not even their stay at the hotel was a peaceful one with those two. Which is why Samui was on a tour walk of the village, getting a feel of the night scene, the stores, the restaurants, trying to find a quiet place to hang out without drawing too many stares. Either because she was Kumo... or because of her breasts...

Konoha was just a different flavor of Kumo, why did their villages even carry such enmity?

Seems only the dark empty streets and alleyways would be her solace, anything to avoid coming back to the hotel with those two. Just a quiet night is all she asked.

“F-Fuck!”

But it was not to be.

Samui went on alert when she heard the harried exclamation.

“N-Not here! P-Please!”

It was a woman. Was she in trouble? Were there no Leaf ninjas around to protect her?

Wrestling with her thoughts for a moment, Samui bit back a growl before making a very stupid decision. She would help whoever was in trouble.

“Hello?” She called out as she entered the alley. “Is anyone here?”

Though there were no street lights, the moon was shining enough that navigating the dark corners wasn't difficult.

Kamui found a blonde woman with her back pressed against the wall, her chest rose and fell under the fabric of her black kimono rapidly as though she had trouble breathing. She noticed the four ponytails that made up her hairstyle, half of them smooshed against the wall as she arched her head back, a groan ripping out of her throat as she clenched her teeth tightly.

Even her cold demeanor took a backseat to the scene before her as her blue eyes softened ever so slightly. “Miss, you okay?”

The woman shakily turned her head, and teal eyes squinted at her. They possessed an edge that carried with them a terrible warning. “D-Don’t get any closer!” She gasped. “I... I can’t hold on for much longer”

“Hold on?” Samui repeated in confusion. “Are you sick, wounded? Do you need a hospital?”

“N-No!” She growled, once more squeezing her eyes shut and Samui swore she heard a leather stretching sound. “N-No people! C-Can’t be around anyone, not when I’ll turn... *like them!*”

None of what she was saying made any sense to Samui. She was about to reach out and touch her shoulder when a loud gasp erupted from the woman’s lips.

...And her breasts *ballooned* so much they nearly popped out of her kimono’s cleavage.

Now, Samui was an experienced kunoichi, she had witnessed all manner of techniques and fantastical changes. Why, this village had a clan whose people could turn into giants or individually enlarge specific parts of their bodies.

But this looked... unwelcome. Spasms and unpleasant groans accompanied the sudden surge of growth. The blonde woman looked harried, her hands pressed against the wall behind her and her fingers *dug* through the concrete. Rapid panting breaths escaped her nostrils as she kept her teeth clenched. “Uhhhg!” She groaned again, her breasts growing *larger* still, her neckline opened more and more to show the impressive cleavage. They just kept increasing in size without any sign of stopping.

Even for someone as busy as Samui, this was a... stunning sight.

The four-ponytailed woman then, in a move that had Samui gawking even further, groped her breasts through the fabric and *fondled* them, kneading them with her palms in circular motions while her eyes rolled back and the tip of her tongue darted over her lips. “Hmmm, *feels so good*”

“What the fuck...” The Kumo-nin’s usual cool shattered in the face of such brazen behavior.

If that wasn’t enough, what happened next absolutely floored her.

She saw one of the arms tremble, *writhing* like something was alive under the skin. The flesh was rippling and *expanding* at great speed, with her forearms widening in circumference as the growth expanded to the biceps, giving birth to toned groups of tight muscle and quickly swelling mass. Deltoids inflated into ridged balls of dense flesh, biceps pulsated as the peak slowly split from the rest of the muscle.

“Oh yes,” The woman *moaned*.

She was growing everywhere, Samui found herself slowly looking up as her height increased along with her width. Samui found herself stepping back circling around to get a better look. The exposed leg in the skirt’s opening burst with girth, rippling calves came into existence, beating to the rhythm of a furious heart as they took the inverted shape of said organ. Sweltering quads were filled with power that made cord-like muscles jump into hardened and fibrous bumps of rising volume.

“Ohhhh!”

Her thorax *bloomed*, widening so much it was two, three times, larger than Samui’s on torso. Shoulder to shoulder, she became *imposing* and grand. Wing-like lats flared and ripped through the confines of her clothing, while thickening granite-like pecs jutted out and made her bosom rise with their support, one of the breasts slipped free from the neckline, bounding freely with an erect nipple pointing at Samui’s eye level.

Samui didn’t see the back widening, but she could imagine the unparalleled landscape of pure solid flesh, splitting into countless ravines and hills of striated muscle. The sound of fabric ripping assured her that was the case.

“F-F-Fuuuck!” The woman growled ferally, grabbing the upper parts of her clothing with mighty fists and ripping it apart with one sure tug. Samui was free to see the immensity of that powerful torso, from the rows of shredded abdominals and dozens of obliques to the bountiful heaving breasts and magnificently shaped pectorals. Only the skirt remained, but it covered only one of her legs at this point.

Samui was from Kumo, a land that prided itself in its martial might, where many warriors sported powerful muscular physiques.

Yet not even the Raikage could compare to this astonishing and awe-inspiring *creature*.

It made her feel a bit humbled in a way... as well as other things she didn't have a name for.

The woman panted, one eye closed as she smirked, coming down from the high of her transformation. "Oh man... I didn't know it'd feel so good..." She cooed, trailing her hands over her hard muscles.

"Holy shit" Samui muttered.

It was then that the woman remembered her existence. "Heh, must have scared you there, sorry about that" She put her hands on her hips, flaring her lats beautifully. "Name's Temari, I'm from Suna. Pleasure to meet you"

The Kumo kunoichi remained silent. Really, how could she react to such a casual greeting after what she had witnessed?

"Cat got your tongue?" Temari chuckled, "Can't blame you. I was in your shoes just a moment ago" She raised her arm and flexed it a few times, pumping her bicep and enjoying the results. "Got over it and made the best decision of my life"

"What happened to you?" Samui asked.

"Like what you see?" Temari winked and began bounding her breasts one at a time with a twitch of her pecs. "Hope you enjoyed the show~"

Okay, she was really being thrown for a loop here. "Okay, no. I'm gonna need a straight answer" She put back her stern face. "That certainly wasn't a common transformation technique. It was too slow and the results were *obviously* affecting you physically. Is it a bloodline? Some new technique? *Would you please put some clothes on?!*" She hissed the last question, finding it far more important than the rest.

“Well, aren’t you curious?” There was a glint in Temari’s teal eyes... one that felt a little dangerous. “You know, I’m feeling generous. I’ll tell you all you wanna know and more”

“Really?” Samui found it dubious, she was an agent from another village.

“Oh definitely. In fact, I’m gonna introduce you to a couple of gals who’ll give you a far better explanation”

Temari offered her hand.

“How about you follow me to my place?”