

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

Karui considered herself a very patient person (a statement thoroughly questioned by anyone who knew her), it was Omoi's fault that she lost her patience with him so often. He just had a certain quality that got on her nerves and pushed all her buttons.

She didn't know what it was *exactly* but... well maybe it was a combination of his laziness, dour mood, unimpressive skills, lack of commitment, and infuriating backtalk. And that was her being generous, there were still many personal flaws she hadn't gone over...

Karui needed that time off from him, and she had to take any chance she could because being on a mission together didn't give her many opportunities to just be alone with her thoughts. Honestly, the mission would run far smoother if it was just her and Samui, the two got along great!

(A statement thoroughly denied by Samui)

Karui sighed, ruffling her wild mane of red hair as she returned to the apartment. She blinked upon seeing her team leader coming out, adjusting her clothing. Karui attempted her best *not* to stare at those enormous breasts she was most definitely *not* jealous of.

"Ah, you're finally back" The blonde woman observed.

"Yeah, needed a break from the idiot"

"You're not tolerable yourself"

...Okay, hurtful. And really out of the blue. Samui was not one to hold her tongue but... okay she couldn't say this was the first time the jonin had expressed her displeasure with the two and their antics.

"Giving you an ultimatum, Karui" Samui said, crossing her arms under her bust. "You two learn to get along, or I'll have to admonish you. *Officially*"

Great, that meant D-Rank duty for a while...

"I swear we'll get along better," She said, dreading the prospect of menial chores for the foreseeable future.

"Here's hoping you do" Samui nodded. "If I learned to get along with him, so can you"

"Oh" Karui blinked a few times. "You two hung out while I was away?"

"We did" The older kunoichi replied. "It was pretty fun actually"

Gods, did that moron manage to butter up to Samui of all people? He better not be talking behind her back... Maybe he managed to convince Samui *she* was the one with an attitude problem? That would explain Samui giving her the third degree...

No! She had to salvage this. *Fast.*

Ugh, that meant actually trying to play nice with the moron.

Fine, she could pretend to tolerate him. Get all chummy and shit. She could ignore a few pessimistic comments here or there, then pretend they'd fixed up all their issue. The dumbass would believe it either way...

"Fine, fine" She sighed, trying to place her team leader. "I'll patch things up with him"

Samui gave her an uncharacteristic smile. "Don't worry, I get the feeling it'll be easier than you think" The woman then walked down the hall. "Well, I'll leave you two alone. I'm gonna go train"

"Train?" Karui frowned. "During a mission?"

"There's been a few... developments I need to test out"

And with that, she turned around the corner and disappeared from view.

That was confusingly cryptic...

Oh well, time to 'make friends' with Omoi.

She had expected him to be lying on the bed reading his manga or just lazing around. But to her surprise, he was not in the bed at all. Karui looked down to find her teammate on the floor, his body moving up and down with his arms crossed over his chest as he went over a set of crunches.

First Samui now him? It was infinitely weirder that Omoi of all people was training. Sure, light workouts to keep oneself in shape, but him? The lazy slob could barely be bothered. And yet here he was, proving her wrong.

He was oddly focused, his brow furrowed deeply as he let out steady concentrated breaths. A light sheet of sweat gave his dark skin a glistening quality. The way his tank top clung to his figure highlighted his lean yet athletic look.

He looked... kinda cool she had to admit. If it were anyone else but Omoi, she might actually think he was cute, handsome even.

It was taking her an uncomfortably long time to look away.

Omoi finally greeted her with a smile, far more energetic than the usual attitude she would expect from him. "Hey, you're back"

"Yeah" She tried to play it cool, tucking her sandals away and removing her headband and uniform. "You look... *motivated* for a chance" She muttered, arching a suspicious eyebrow.

He merely smiled, showing her all his teeth. He stopped his crunches and jumped to his feet, placing his arms akimbo. "Well you could say Samui gave a *hell* of a pep talk"

"That so?"

"Oh yeah. You know what, it was *just* what I needed. I've been too lazy, slacking off in my training and duties." He said confidently without any of his usual dour disposition. It was

honestly starting to freak her out. “And you know what? I’m doing my village a disservice. I should aim to be the best shinobi I can be”

Karui had to blink a few times until she finally processed his words. “Huh”

“So yeah!” He perked. “Starting now I’ll double- triple my training! I won’t stop until I’m on the same level as Bee, Darui or the Raikage!”

Holy shit he was aiming big. Was this really Omoi? Her pain-in-the-ass good-for-nothing teammate? He seemed like a completely different person. Had Samui given him *that* big of a pep talk? It was hard to imagine her doing so. More like a total dressing down she imagined...

“Samui sure let you have it huh?” She droned.

“Oh yeah. She *really* gave it to me”

...There was a strange inflection to his words. Like he knew something she didn’t. Great, good to know he still had the capacity to piss her off...

Then, he took off his shirt.

And once more Karui was staring.

He was looking cut. Like, she was honestly surprised Omoi had abs that defined, or a marked chest like that. Sure all shinobi were physically fit in some way, but Omoi never went beyond the minimal standard. At least, she thought so. Looking at his naked torso proved her wrong, however, he wasn’t bulky or shredded like some meatheads back home, but he did have a pretty good level of definition that was nothing to scoff at.

He walked up to a full body mirror in the room to check himself out, smirking as he lifted his arms and flexed some decently-sized biceps. With his back turned to her, Karui was given a good look at his toned dorsal muscles.

Fuck, why was her face warming up?

“What are you doing?” She had to ask.

“Checking my progress,” He simply said, proceeding to flex his abs. The mirror allowed her to see that six-pack locking down.

“You barely started doing crunches, and you think you already have something to show for it?” Karui barked back in irritation. Though it was almost like she *wanted* to feel irritated, because this other emotion she was feeling confused the hell out of her.

“Hey, I did say what my goal was right?” Omoi called out, looking at her over his shoulder. His grin was doing funny things to her stomach. “Besides...” He looked down at his arm, clenching his fist and slowly bending it to show the swelling rise of his bicep. “I don’t think bulking up will be a problem for me~”

He flexed his arm repeatedly, and the bicep kept pumping harder still. It almost... it looked like the muscle was *swelling* but that couldn’t be true...

Yet her eyes didn’t lie. The more Omoi flexed his arm, the more his muscles inflated. His forearm widened in circumference as the striations deepened, enveloping the growing muscle mass with greater definition. His bicep was becoming a peaked striated hill where rivers of veins slowly sprawled over its surface.

And it wasn’t just his arm, all of his limbs were similarly swelling. The back of his legs filled up with thicker muscles, forming hardened calves and wide quads, the hamstrings rippled as though high-tension cables were jumping under his skin.

To say nothing of his back, oh good gods above his back... it just kept widening more and more and more. Jagged rocks were being carved out of toned flesh, displaying a jaw-dropping level of definition and girth as the muscles swelled to magnificent levels.

“Hnnng!” Omoi threw his head back, grunting while bringing down his arms into a mighty most muscular pose. This seemed to accelerate his growth as his shoulders became large bowling balls with pumpkin-like ridges. Hill-like traps rose halfway up his neck, the muscles there swelled and filled with veins. His back flexed with even stronger muscles, while those on the front *jumped* into existence with fierce bursts of growth.

His pectorals were impossibly thick, standing a good distance from his chest and forcing his nipples to point down, finger-thick veins coursed from his forearms to his chest, with a myriad

of smaller veins diverging. The shredded row of abdominal muscles quivered and flexed into an impenetrable wall.

Karui was in a trance, she could scarcely believe what she was seeing. Her no-good pessimistic teammate was becoming an enormous muscular hunk before her very eyes. His bestial grunting, the way his jaw-dropping muscles rippled and flexed... it was all inspiring new feelings she had never felt about her teammate before.

The way his leg thickened made his shorts look more like briefs... while also highlighting the prominent bulge in them.

He is huge, in width and height. Pure muscle packed together into dense pockets, groups brimming with power as the flexors strain with great might and make the muscles *jump* vigorously under his command. Karui struggled to recall if even the *Raikage* had that much definition. Right now Omoi felt like the largest man she's ever met, and that said a lot.

She'd never feel this compelled to reach over and touch someone's muscles, not even the meatheads back home. To *grasp*, *squeeze*, and *fondle*. And the fact she felt all this for *Omoi* of all people was enough to send her spiral into a crisis.

This couldn't be, she thought through heavy pants as she stared at this beefcake stud flex and pose magnanimously in the mirror, creating a show of rippling flesh that he enjoyed as much as she did.

Then Omoi turned to look at her, his confident smirk was making her knees turn to jelly. "Not bad huh?"

"How" Karui stammered. "How" She was stuck on that word like a faulty record-player.

"Plenty of training and proteins" He was getting smarmy with her, but Karui was too *distracted* to call him out on it.

He walked closer to her, and her lips dried up at the proximity to such a god-like body. She could lodge her face between his rocky pectorals and bask in the musk with how they were at eye-level. Let her tongue dart out and explore every nook and cranny of his striations. Taste the glistening black skin and savor the salty sweat.

She was trembling, needing to physically restrain herself from doing such a thing. Made even worse when Omoi put his hands on his hips and flexed, flaring out his impossibly wide lats and making his pecs ripple. Karui was hit with an uncomfortable wave of arousal, her nostrils filled with her musk and created an inferno in her loins.

She wanted to reach out and touch... and before she knew it, that's what she was doing.

Karui's hands were so small on his frame, trailing over the rock-hard surface of his muscles. Her nipples hardened in excitement as the tactile pleasure of his muscular build was too much for her.

And he kept smirking at her, oh gods his smirk... once she would have smacked that gesture off his lips, but now all she wanted was to smack their lips together...

Shifting closer, her leg touched something hard and pointy. Karui looked down and gulped, marveled by the sight of that bulge erecting a tent on the remnants of his shorts. It pulled so tightly, she could almost see the outline of a head...

Karui could only imagine the sheer imposing girth of his manhood now. A supreme virility of the likes that could quench the fire in her loins by burying deeply inside her and spray the white foam that would douse them...

But the bastard, the fucking *smug prick*, walked away. Robbing her hands of the biceps and pecs and shredded abs she had been admiring. Omoi walked up to the bathroom and regaled Karui with his immense back once more.

"Welp, gonna take a shower. I worked up quite a sweat," He said easily, knowing what he was doing.

Karui *refused* to follow his game. Refused to act on how much she actually *desired* him. She wanted to lie on the bed and forget about all this, forget it ever happened. Forget those *deliciously* pumped muscles...

An impossible task, when the shower turned on and Omoi didn't even bother closing the door all the way through.

A naked soaping stud lay inside... and Karui just had to go after him.

...What a weak woman she was. She forsook her pride and opened the door.

There was barely any steam yet, letting the glass panels in the shower remain almost crystal clear, giving her a proper view of his rippling muscles as the shower washed away all sweat.

His erection stood proudly, and Karui licked her lips at the sight of it.

His eyes were closed in concentration, his arm muscles flexed beautifully while he let out a few soft groans and grunts. His hands grasped the mighty tool, pumping back and forth.

Karui's own hips were swiveling back and forth in reflex as her underwear drenched.

This was a show just for her, she just knew it. She almost came in her underwear when Omoi seized, holding on a low grunt as ropes of white shot out from his dick before washing down the drain.

Karui looked at that seed going to waste, and before she knew it she was almost naked.

Omoi turned to see her as she entered the shower, her lean and athletic body glistened under the shower next to his, their naked frames unabashedly exposed to each other. Omoi grinned as a large hand cupped her cheek and guided their lips together.

The kiss was slow and passionate, increasing in intensity when Karui put her arms around his shoulders, pressing her breast to his pec as two muscular arms embraced her tightly. His erection poked at her stomach repeatedly as they lost themselves into an ever more passionate kiss.

Her lips left his to settle on his neck, chest muscles, and biceps. Her tongue prodded at the hard flesh, trailing over the thick veins and pecking the muscles repeatedly with gusto. Omoi sighed in pleasure at her worship, flexing for her, letting her feel all his hardness.

Yet she wanted to taste more, she trailed ever downward to taste his abs to the point she had to bend over. Then when she reached an even lower target she got on her knees.

Karui thought about it for a millisecond, starting at that throbbing muscle, before she plunged his cock deep into her mouth.

Omoi groaned in overwhelming pleasure as Karui's mouth worked him far better than his hands ever could. It reminded him of Samui's masterful ministrations as the tongue lapped the underside of his dick, sheltering his meat.

He played with her wild red locks, grabbing a fistful of hair and slowly rocking his hips back and forth. His groans and moans increased in volume as Samui held onto his muscular legs, blowing him to kingdom come.

He tasted so good, a foreign new sensation she never experienced before. And the drops that began spilling from his tip felt deliciously salty. He was *throbbing* inside her mouth, building up a release the two desperately wanted.

Omoi grunt ferally, and shot his load in her mouth. Karui pulled back gasping as the seed splashed over her tongue, the aftershocks of his release spraying her chest and breasts with semen that was quickly washed away with the shower's warm droplets.

Karui panted with her mouth open, filling with water that mingled with his seed before decisively swallowing it all.

Omoi, filled with vigor and far from done, lifted her up. He pushed her against the wall and hooked her legs in her arms, letting her long limbs wrap around his waist as her arms circled his neck. They locked gazes that burned with thrilled passion, eagerly wanting more.

Their lips clashed into each other, making out for what felt like a small eternity. And when they parted they gasped for breath, a trail of saliva still connecting them until it washed away.

"Can't get enough of me, huh?"

"Oh just fuck me you asshole"

Omoi grinned and did just that, swiveling his hips and burying his manhood inside her. Karui threw her head back and gasped, filling that hardened muscle piercing through her folds and stretching her walls. She clenched tightly around him; the friction generated from his energetic thrusts sent spasms of pleasure through their bodies.

