

**(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?”

X~X~X~X~X

It wasn’t often that Samui didn’t feel in control of a situation, being a talented kunoichi from Kumogakure with a long and decorated service history that attested to that. She had been in more life-and-death situations than she’d care to count, and never once had she lost her cool.

So she was using all that training and willpower, all those years of experience, to *not* freak out when she woke up completely disoriented.

Ugh, her head was killing her. Had she drunk last night? Everything was... fuzzy, to say the least. Her head was spinning and it was hard for her to focus on her surroundings, but two things were certain; She was not wearing any clothes, and *this was not her bed*.

“Morning” A cheery voice called out, and Samui froze.

Holding the sheets close to her ample breasts, her eyes slowly focused and she could make out the female figure standing by the doorway. Long blonde hair pulled into four ponytails, playful teal eyes.

Her memory slowly jogged; she knew this woman... Te... Temari was it?

Gods, why was it so hard to remember? She recalled vague images and... *sensations*. Shit, the two had sex of that she was *definitely* sure.

But she also had the impression Temari was... bigger maybe? It was weird, she just knew something was off but she couldn't tell what. Like the regular woman she was looking at was supposed to be different somehow, maybe have a more noticeable trait or something.

"Want some coffee?" She offered a steaming mug.

"...Morning" Samui chose to reply. "I... I don't usually do this. Did we-?"

"Oh yeah," Temari grinned triumphantly. "You were *great*," She complimented and purred in a way that made Samui's cheeks burn.

The Kumo-nin rubbed her eyes and let out a long-suffering moan. "Gods why"

"If they didn't answer last night with how much you called to them" Temari winked. "They ain't gonna reply now"

Ugh, this was so embarrassing.

Samui looked around, trying to find her clothes, and found them thrown everywhere in the room. She was about to step out from the bed when she remembered she was still naked.

She gave Temari a look, "A little privacy please?"

"Why? It's nothing I haven't seen before"

Samui glared.

Temari sipped her coffee.

One shameful dressing up later and Samui finally felt the bedroom, rubbing her neck awkwardly before stretching fully. If nothing else she did feel fully relaxed, far more than she's been in a while. Not dealing with Omoi's and Karui's did wonders for her health, that and a nice hook-up helped matters. Even if it was with a woman she had just met.

Samui froze mid-stretch when she spotted two more girls in the dining room. A pinkette and platinum blonde, who were both giving her coy looks. "Look who finally woke up," Pinky said with a smile.

"Guess you were *really* worn out from last night" Other blonde purred.

Following her out of the bedroom, Temari gave her a smoldering look. "It was amazing how long your stamina lasted"

...Oh fuck her sideways.

Which, given the context clues, she imagined she had been at some point.

Not only did she hook up drunk with a random woman, but she had a *four-way* with two more?

Even with her hazy memory, they felt... familiar. But just like with Temari, something was missing. And she could tell it was missing, but the damndest thing was that she couldn't tell *what* it was...

"I uh" Samui cleared her throat and tried to regain some composure. "Thanks for the night" She settled on saying, cause really, what else could she say. "I have to go back to my team now. They must be wondering where I've been all night"

"Oh feel free to give them *all* the details," Pinky said excitedly.

"...No" Samui stated.

"Might be best" Other blonde replied. "You don't wanna make them *jealous*"

Ugh, gods strike her down...

As she was about to leave the apartment, she felt a hand wrapping around her wrist. In a swift movement, she was pulled towards Temari who held her waist with a strong arm, her teal eyes were looking deeply into her blue ones. The intensity in them was so powerful Samui could only stare silently, enraptured...

“When you feel the beast coming out” Temari licked her lips. “Don’t fight it”

And gave her a slow sensuous kiss.

The words came out of nowhere and held no significance to Samui... but a part of her felt their importance in a way she couldn’t consciously describe.

For now, she merely returned Temari’s kiss before finally leaving.

X~X~X~X~X

Samui’s thoughts were jumbled as she returned to the hotel room, reflecting on that *beautiful* woman who gave her a night to remember... If she could remember more than a few blurry flashes at least.

Whatever Temari did to her must have been beyond description (though from what she could gather, she had not been alone in her endeavors), for Samui had never felt so relaxed in her entire life. Her muscles were light as a feather, and she actually felt like she could deal with her teammate’s antics without wanting to *throttle* them.

Then she opened the door to their room, and she was completely proven *wrong*.

“Did you put my ALL clothes on the washing machine?!”

“Well, yeah. You kept complaining so I did it”

“Not the *dry clean* only, you dumbass!”

“You were the one who insisted I do it, don’t get mad at me for-“

“Because it *WAS* your turn, I did it last time! And I gave you clear instructions!”

“Sorry”

“Sorry!? That’s all you gotta say for yourself? *SORRY?!?*”

“...Yeah?”

“UGH!”

Samui’s will to live lowered a bit in that instant. “Hey” She greeted the two as she closed the door, but they ignored her. They were too ingrained into their argument to notice her presence.

Well, Karui was arguing. Positively fuming with rage as she stood next to Omoi’s bed, glaring down at the young man who kept his nose buried in a magazine, doing his best to ignore her.

Didn’t ask where she’d been all night, not even a ‘hello’. Truly, the most dependable teammates a girl could ask for...

The frustration she had for this pair of *bozos* came back with a vengeance, but she couldn’t turn it off this time, no, she felt it welling up inside her like a boiling stove giving out the first hints of hissing.

“Pay attention when I’m talking to you!” She snatched his magazine so hard she accidentally tore it in half.

Omoi looked at the half-issue before hanging his head bemoaning; “Now I won’t know how it ends...”

Karui growled, almost foaming at the mouth as she tore the whole thing into multiple pieces.

As Samui sat on her bed, trying to ease her breathing to regulate her rapidly beating heart, she had the passing thought about how she would like to break a few things herself to let off steam, and then make these two repair them as a fitting punishment for all the headaches they've given her.

"I can't deal with this!" Karui screeched.

The door opened and slammed with so much force it made a nearby vase tumble and fall to the floor into a hundred pieces.

Great, Samui thought as a piercing pain began to settle in her skull. Now they'd have to pay for that.

Omoi sighed, "Can't have a single conversation with her, I swear" The dark-skinned young man rubbed his blonde locks before looking over at his team leader. "Don't know how you slept with her making a ruckus"

Samui gave him a look, showing just a fraction of the frustration she felt. "I wasn't here last night"

Omoi blinked several times. "You weren't?"

"...No" She slowly replied.

"Huh" He pursed his lips. "Didn't notice"

...They didn't notice.

She was away all night and these two self-absorbed *ignoramus* didn't even *notice*?

They just spent the entire night arguing and fighting and they didn't have the basic *awareness* to tell their *team leader* was not *present*.

In her entire career, Samui had never worked with a pair as incompetent, as loudmouthed, as *stupid* as these two. And she was supposed to take responsibility for these two?

Samui's vision got blurry, there was a buzzing in her ears.

For years she remained cool and composed under adversity, she had faced death more times than she could count and always emerged victorious because she was a professional, because she was a damn good kunoichi. She had completed *hundreds* of missions for her country with excellence, and been praised by her superiors for her *superb* disposition as a patriot of her village.

And yet it was not an enemy ninja, it was not an impossible mission that had driven her to the brink. No, it was dealing with a pair of incompetent idiots who did what decades of service failed to do.

Samui was royally *pissed off*.

Her hands slowly balled into fists, a growl threatened to escape her clenched jaw as the buzzing in her ears was replaced by the beating drum of her heart threatening to escape her thorax.

She felt blood rushing everywhere on her body with such intensity she grew hot of all a sudden. Her labored breathing made her ample bust rise and fall rapidly. She felt like there was something inside her threatening to *explode*, that she would be undone unless she let all of this anger out.

Like there was a beast inside her... and Samui didn't have the strength to fight it.

So instead she let it out.

Omoi's eyes widened when Samui let out a loud groan, her entire form twitching... and then growing.

His jaw dropped to the floor when her large breasts became *enormous* in an instant, ripping through the confines of her tunic and hanging by the much smaller torso in a way that made Samui arch forward. Those things were bigger than her *head*. They bounced on her knees as Samui panted, desperately trying to cover them with her arms.

No, not cover them, *touch them*. The older kunoichi was fondling their enormous soft mass, uncaring that Omoi saw their naked state, or how her gloved hands played with them, kneading and playing with her increasingly harder nipples.

“Oh gods...” Samui panted as *memories* flashed before her eyes.

A lovely young woman *growing* out of her clothes. Taking her to her place and introducing her to *two more* amazons.

All of them so large and powerful, so beautiful and unrestrained.

So free.

They showed her pleasure like she never felt before.

In that debaucherous night of indulgence, Samui knew freedom like no other.

...And she wanted to feel it again.