

The Drinkable Body Transformation Jutsu (Living Bottle TF, Naruto)

The bristles of the brush scraped against the scroll as Tsunade finished inscribing the formula.

“There.” Placing the brush back in the pot, she cocked her head and inspected her work. Good. Not perfect, but satisfactory, at the very least. It would serve.

Pushing the finished scroll aside to dry, she turned her attention to the pile of empty ones waiting on the other side of her desk, and sighed. How many more were left until she could call today’s work complete? Ten? Fifteen? A hundred? She sighed again. She supposed she should have known what she was in for when she accepted the position.

As she went to start on the next scroll, an enticing thought occurred to her. She’d been working on these scrolls for over an hour now. Didn’t she deserve a little break? Or at least the chance to switch to a different activity? There were other things she could be doing to serve the village, after all. She didn’t have to spend her *entire* day inscribing these ridiculous scrolls. Why didn’t she try out a new jutsu, for instance? As a matter of fact, she had one in mind:

It was called the Drinkable Body Transformation Jutsu—a Kinjutsu designed to transform the user into a mass of living alcohol, similar to the Hōzuki Clan’s famous Kekkai Genkai, but infinitely better at parties.

Grinning now, she leapt out of her chair, boobs bouncing with the motion. Breathing hard, she raised her hands, ready to weave the seals. What were they again? Dog > Horse > Boar > Rat > Ox > Monkey > Hare...? She closed her eyes, struggling to concentrate after so much repetitive activity. The jutsu was a long one, but she thought she had the seals correct. Besides, it was only a Transformation Jutsu. There wasn’t much that could go wrong.

Closing her eyes, she breathed deep and focused, molding her physical and spiritual energy into Chakra. Her fingers danced through the seals, weaving their way through one complex series of motions. Dog > Horse > Boar > Rat > Ox > Monkey > Hare... Sweat beaded on her brow at the effort of casting the jutsu. But she was almost there. Only one more seal to do, and—

Her chakra burst in a flash. Smoke filled the room and smothered her. Tsunade squealed as everything went white.

Coughing, she struggled to breath. Her head pounded like a bell, ringing as if she were sixteen cups drunk. Ugh, what had gone wrong? She’d performed the jutsu correctly, hadn’t she? Why did she feel so...? So...?

She stumbled back, and as she did she felt something sloshing in her stomach. As if— *Hic!* —as if it were full of liquor. The feeling of it made her want to be sick.

Clutching her head, she stumbled through the smoke in the direction of the mirror. She could still feel the fluid in her stomach moving with every step. Weirdly, it also felt as if the rest of her body were just as full of the stuff. Had the spell done something to her butt and her breasts as well? Palming a nipple, she gasped to find it pouring like a tap, leaking a constant stream of... She sniffed her hand. Oh. She should have guessed.

She stumbled, grabbing the wall for support. Her hand made a sharp *clack* when it impacted the masonry. Finally, the smoke cleared, revealing the polished silver of the mirror. Brushing her hair out of her eyes, Tsunade gasped.

She'd changed all over, but her eyes instantly went to the top of her head and the most obvious change: sprouting from the peak of her body like some kind of awful mushroom was a cork. A gigantic cork, as if it were the only thing keeping her brains in. Experimentally, she pinched it and tugged it. It was stuck tight.

Releasing it, Tsunade studied her reflection and gasped in fresh horror. Not only did she have a cork sticking out of her head, but her entire body had changed in a strange, subtle way. She glinted in the mirror, like polished porcelain, and when she raised her hand to touch her skin, she heard the familiar clack of pottery against pottery. Heart pounding, she ran her finger up and down her arm: she was so *smooth* now, like she was made of fired clay. Her clothes were gone, revealing every inch of her altered body.

When she stumbled back, she heard that awful sloshing sound again, as the liquid inside her shifted about her body. Rubbing her head, she clutched the wall for support. She felt *saturated*, as if she'd spent the entire night drinking and then some. She could barely see, let alone walk. Was this actually happening, or was she just imagining it in some kind of strange, drunken, stupor? Her curves had blown up too, she realized, as if she'd been pumped full. What in the Will of Fire was going on?

Whatever the answer, she had to reverse it, now. There was no way she could just stay like this, and leave Konoha without its leader. She had to reverse it.

She raised her hands, ready to make the seals to cancel the transformation, but the clack when she brought her fingers together made her already terrible headache infinitely worse. "Ooo..." she moaned, sliding towards her chair. "Or maybe..." *Hic!* "...m-maybe I should jusht take a little break, inshtead... Ooo..."

Slumping, she sat there and stared at her desk, her entire body burning. Now that she was sitting down, her contents no longer sloshing (was she really full of sake? That couldn't possibly be true, could it?) her headache felt a lot better. Maybe she should just sit here for a while, and recover...

She hiccuped, and as she bounced in her chair, she found her fingers creeping down her stomach, *clack-clack-clack-clack*, till they finally slipped between her legs, and— "Ooh!" She mewled as they rubbed against her solid porcelain pussy.

Tightening her eyes, she sat there and whimpered. She wasn't normally a horny drunk, but—Nnn~!—whatever this jutsu had done to her was really turning her on.

She massaged a nipple, watching in some amusement as sake trickled down her breast. A puddle of the stuff had formed between her legs too. Looking at it, she found herself rising. Slowly, her mouth stretched into a grin.

There must be at least one thirsty guy around, surely?