

(**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.