

Training ground 35° was not one Ino frequented often. At least, not by herself. She would always frequent the training grounds with her teams or other friends, the rest of her training was done in her own home under the instruction of her father or other more experienced Yamanaka. Mental techniques weren't something she could practice with anyone outside of her own clan.

Currently, she was on an errand from Kurenai-sensei who told her she needed to find Kiba for her while she was busy with other business. What those businesses were she did not know, not that she thought she'd be privy to. A jonin like Kurenei always had assignments that were on a need-to-know basis.

It did not take her long to find him, as Kurenai gave her precise instructions on where he'd be training. Ino hadn't really thought about Kiba much before, they were part of the same circle of friends but they did not really hang out except when they were in a group, so she couldn't say they were very close. Trusted comrades definitely, but not the closest of friends.

She supposed Kiba was good-looking in a rugged feral kind of way, his clan was known for those traits after all so they made it work. But he wasn't her type.

She spotted Kiba swiping his hands in a claw-like gesture at a tree, the trunk of which was marked with *countless* scratches that had bore so deeply into it that it looked like a good chuck had been carved out by the vicious mauling.

Yeesh, considering how Kiba could turn into a spinning blender of sharp nails that tore everything in its path, she shouldn't be surprised he was capable of something like this with his bare hands.

He was staring at said hands with a growing smirk, showing his sharp incisors. "Heh... getting stronger by the second. It's just like she said" He mused to himself as he clenched his fists so tight they shook.

It said a lot about how distracted he was, given his famed senses, that he still didn't pay attention to Ino even as she approached.

"Um," Ino cleared her throat. "Kiba?"

His head snapped at her, kinda like a surprised dog fittingly. He looked at her with surprise and a grin. "Heeey, Ino. Good to see you here" His smile widened ever so slightly. "You're looking *great*"

What was that about?

"Mh-hmm," Ino quirked a brow. Was he trying to flirt with her? He'd have to try better than that. "Hey, Kurenai-sensei sent me to look for you?"

"Oh?" He tilted his head but otherwise did not look surprised. "She did huh?" His tone was... odd.

"Yeah, I'm not sure what she wants"

"Oh, I can hazard a guess" He muttered as he stepped closer to the Yamanaka. He began sniffing her, usually, she'd call him out on this behavior but Inuzuka did stuff like that often. "Yeah... Yeah, I can definitely tell why she sent *you*" There it was again, that wild green.

Okay, now she was getting creeped out.

"What are you talking about?"

"You smell..." A hot breath escaped his lips, "*fucking amazing*"

"I... thanks?" She took a small step back. "It's a fruit-based perfume"

"Not that" He shook his head, "Just... *you*. All of you. Your natural scent. Ugh it's really tugging at my nose, feels intoxicating"

What the hell was going on here?

"Kiba, you have five seconds to explain yourself before I kick your ass for acting like a perve"
Her eyes narrowed dangerously at him.

Kiba however was undeterred. He was pretty much shaking on the spot as though he was barely holding on a huge rush of energy coursing through. "It's really triggering... *my instincts*" He grunted. "Oh yeah, it's more than enough to finally make it... *wake up*"

"What do you mean?" It was only out of morbid curiosity mixed with baffled confusion that Ino asked him. "Wake *what* up?"

Kiba's smirk became as feral as possible.

"The beast inside"

He let out a long dragged-out rumbling growl.

And then he began to *change*.