

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, dominant behavior, and graphic sexual content)

Sakura's world was fire. The heat spread from the base of her feet to the top of her head. She felt herself succumb to a terrifying force beyond her control, dragging her and keeping her in the flames with unnatural strength.

She struggled, she wrestled against this force, but it was to no avail. Even her superhuman strength was powerless to break free, bound in these invisible chains that dragged her down in body and soul.

"Do not fight, my dear." Hinata's voice echoed as a large hand grabbed her cheeks, making her look into pearly white eyes. The imperiously large body towered under her, and Sakura felt small; she felt so very small.

"This will happen, so embrace it." The Hyuga's muscular frame, marked with demonic power, commanded respect and obedience with its sheer presence. And Sakura could do little before it.

Each of her arms was as large as her torso, and packing more strength in one sinewy strand of fiber under the striated skin than Sakura possessed in her entire body. It made her feel... afraid. The type of fear she hadn't felt since she was a young kunoichi, surrounded by people so much stronger than her, facing enemies too strong for her, and relying on other people to save her.

Once more, she was alone, cornered by an opponent she couldn't defeat.

Hinata overwhelmed her, and she barely had to try; she kept her pinned down in the metaphorical flames, forcing her body to host something foreign and insidious.

Something she couldn't fight with neither her fists nor her mind, yet another opponent she couldn't defeat.

Almost like a virus, the sort of thing she'd been specifically trained to combat by the greatest healer in the world, and all of her medical knowledge was useless in the face of this... curse.

It wormed under her skin as she lay in Hinata's grasp, at the tender mercies of a woman-turned-demon as she did something she could not quite describe.

Changing her. Molding her. Turning her body against her.

"Take it, Sakura." Hinata grinned malevolently. "Be who you are meant to be"

Her body betrayed, sensing her own weakness, and acted on its own. Accepting the gift forced upon her.

The woman holding her ceased to be Hinata; the purple hair was gone, replaced with short pink locks. The eyes were shockingly familiar, but the face... the face...

"Don't you recognize me?" The THING that could not be her said with a wild grin.

And locked her lips upon her.

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Sakura woke up from a gasp, drenched in cold sweat. Her pupils quivered as her mind slowly focused once more, picking out her surroundings as a forest under the night sky. There were a couple of tents nearby. She remembered she had taken the first turn for the watch (gods, what a pathetic excuse for a shinobi to fall asleep during watch), just relying on alarm seals wasn't going to cut it against someone who had the Byakugan.

Then again, it wasn't like Hinata had shown any signs of pursuing them.

But better safe than sorry.

She slowly steadied her breathing, trying to calm herself after that nightmare. The meaning eluded her, yet it had felt so vivid. Like she had actually been there at Hinata's mercy, and her body was... she couldn't even process what had been happening to her.

Sakura placed a hand on her chest to still her fast-beating heart... and paused when she felt something dense and large.

Since when were her chest muscles so defined?

A wave of panic surged through her, and Sakura looked down to find something astonishing and terrifying. Her chest, she... she had pectoral muscles, large enough to be notable, with the undistinguishable presence of a jagged line coursing between them. And it didn't stop there, her arms were wide and bulging, a single clenching of her fists made respectable biceps the size of oranges rise as solid triceps formed under the skin, rippling in waves of muscle.

Her knee-high boots were tight, pushing to the limits thanks to strong calves brimming with strength. Her thighs pushed her shorts further up; the quads were thick and dense with fibrous musculature.

Her torso was wider, stronger. Her red stop's threads struggled to contain the lats and wide back muscles, just breathing caused the material to faintly rip. Her abdominals were visible underneath the fabric, with the faint rows of obliques leading the steps up the sides of her chest.

Her breasts, oh god, her breasts had grown bigger too.

She didn't look as big as Hinata, barely a quarter or perhaps half the size of what the Hyuga had become, but... this power, this strength in her muscles.

It felt... it felt so...

"Ack!" Sakura gasped and fell to her knees as a spasm wracked through her body, making her twitch and convulse. "No... no no no, not like this!"

She couldn't give in, couldn't let this curse win. This foreign spirit that tried to dwell in her body and change it just to make it more comfortable for it.

She had to fight it, she had to reject it!

"Nnnng!" Sakura squeezed her eyes shut as her body pulsated, growing larger and stronger. Her clothes stretched to the ripping point. She slowly stood up, walking a few steps forward as she held her head in her hands, trying to push back against the pounding sensation in her skull. The tree line gave way to an opening in the sky, letting the moon shine upon her.

“F-Fuuuuck!” Her top split in two, letting her ample breasts fall out, and her swelling back clenched and flexed with coiled power. Her half-naked state, clad in a musculature worthy of a shinobi from Kumo, made her feel as powerful as she was beautiful.

Yes, the voice of her dreams called. *Embrace me.*

“N-Nooooo!”

With the last will of resistance, Sakura pushed it out. And with it, the strength that had been building inside her body. The muscles shrank, deflating until they vanished, and her form returned to its natural lithe state. The pinkette panted in exhaustion after the ordeal. She had been pushed to the brink and had come back from the other side.

Sakura rested her palms on the grass, panting as her nude torso glistened with sweat under the moonlight. Pure warm wetness pooled in her underwear after such an explosively intense moment.

Though she may have averted this... transformation, she wasn't sure if this victory was a permanent one. The specter of Hinata's amazonian and demonic form loomed over her still...

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Their return to the village did not make things any easier. At least, not for Tenten. What happened to Hinata still weighed heavily on her mind. The sight of the demonic amazon haunted her, knowing just by pure instinct how easily Hinata could have destroyed them... it hurt her pride massively.

How were they even going to tell the Hokage what transpired? That they lost one of their loyal kunoichi and just *ran away* from her. Tenten didn't want to do it; she didn't want to admit she was a coward to the greatest kunoichi of the village, one of the women she admired so much.

She would face a hundred enemies single-handedly with a rusty kunai if ordered, but losing face in front of such an idol... she couldn't take it.

And the worst part was that Sakura could see it. She still had it in her to show more concern for Tenten, even when she clearly was dealing with demons of her own. "You look exhausted,"

"No worse than you,"

"I can give shishou the report; you can just go home and relax."

The fact that Sakura got to call Tsunade 'teacher' never ceased to bother her. Was she looking down on her, thinking she was so weak that she needed to go home right away? Part of Tenten wanted to make her eat those words...

...the other part wondered where all this rage was coming from.

In truth, she knew the answer.

Those dreams...

"Okay," Tenten finally settled on, bidding Sakura farewell and going home to her apartment.

She casually disregarded all her equipment and clothes, feeling too tired to carefully store them or put them in the wash. Instead, she put on a simple tank top and walked around in her panties. She washed her face repeatedly, letting her skin soak up the water and freshen her up, making her feel a bit more awake.

But not any better.

Tenten lightly panted as she held on to the sink, staring intently at the dark bangs under her eyes. Sleep had not come any easier the other night, not with the dream of Hinata treating her like a toy, manhandling her so easily, with one of her weapons making a dent in her.

How sad, she hadn't even fought the muscular woman, and she already knew how poorly a fight between them would go.

'You're not good enough.' The voice in her dreams had said. And she could hear it even now.

"Tch...!" She clicked her tongue in mounting frustration. Her fingers bent as she squeezed the sink tightly, so much so that her hands were almost shaking. "Not good enough?" She spat the words like a curse.

"I'm a kunoichi." Tenten hissed, staring at herself in the mirror with rage. She looked at her body, her lithe, athletic limbs, and contrasted them with Hinata's titanic body. Those arms made her own look like toothpicks. "I *should* be strong!"

So why wasn't she? Why had she caved in that moment? Why had she thrown in the towel like a coward?

Why wasn't she strong enough?

'But you could be.'

A growl ripped through Tenten's throat, and her skin felt very tight all of a sudden. Her flesh prickled and hurt all over, like tensing after a full day of rigorous training.

Then her body began to expand, muscles grew with larger and more defined mass, fibers multiplied and rebuilt themselves so voluminously it caused the muscles to ripple under the skin, becoming highly striated lumps of corded musculature, brimming with power and erotic energy.

Tenten panted, staring with wide, wild eyes at her transformation, watching herself grow larger and wider. The rise of her shoulders and traps, following the expansion of her back into a vast wall of striated meat, made the muscles frame around her head in her hunched pose. Her grip tightened so much she *cracked* the sink and almost pried it off the wall.

Her back pushed the fabric of her shirt to the limit, creating a long ripping sound as the tank top split perfectly down the middle. Tenten growled and grabbed her shirt's collar, tearing the piece away with a swift tug. She moaned at the sight of her chest and abs solidifying, dividing themselves into bricks that were starting to compete for room. Her legs bloomed with muscles that gave her sensual curves, as her calves expanded with ample heart-shaped muscles had quads exploded gloriously into barrels of muscular flesh.

Yes, yes, yes! This is what she needed! Power to rise as a kunoichi! To stand above the others as a legend! The strength to defeat any enemy!

No longer would she cower before someone like Hinata. She'd conquer them all, anyone in this pathetically small village, and make everyone remember her name at long last. She wouldn't be a nobody; she'd be the first thing anyone thinks of when hearing the word 'shinobi'.

Stronger than Hinata, than Sakura, than Tsunade! She... She...!

What was happening to her?

She wasn't... She wasn't like this.

She wanted to be acknowledged, but she wasn't some would-be tyrant. These thoughts, they... they weren't her own.

Tenten let out a shuddering breath and started shrinking. Not without disappointment as she watched all that muscle melt away from her figure, leaving her lean and fit frame bereft of the strength she had come to experience in such a brief moment.

And she craved it, she *needed* it to come back, Tenten realized with apprehension.

These thoughts, these needs she couldn't control...

She needed help, needed to tell somebody.