Ayame woke up in bliss.

Her resting place wasn’t a soft bed, it wasn’t ‘soft’ in the least, for her body was barely making contact with the futon underneath. And yet it was perhaps the most comfortable place for her right now. She was warm even with the sheet only covering up her waist, the heat from the enormous body next to her giving her all she required for a peaceful slumber and more.

Her head was nestled between a cannonball-sized shoulder and a pectoral as wide and thick as a book cover. The first thing she saw was that *marvelous* slab of meat, rising like hills on the horizon as the muscle was a few inches thick, culminating in the striated indentation in the middle followed by the second pectoral. An enormous bicep was pressed against her back, this one molding against it perfectly as the front of her body was pushed to rest on the side of this impressively wide frame. One dainty hand was nestled under her arm and the body, while the other arm was draped right underneath the pecs, rising and falling with her companion’s breathing.

Ayame smiled delighted at Naruto’s sleeping face, his rugged handsomeness at full display as his erotically muscular body inflated and deflated with each breath, his stomach muscles pupping outwards and then relaxing. Her leg failed to intertwine against the sheer beefiness of his thigh, making her want to pull closer to him even more than she already was.

The sight of the bulge under the bedsheet right on his groin made her shiver, he wasn’t even hard yet.

And she would know. Ayame had enjoyed every *hard* part of him before, including that particularly potent muscle.

She felt her loins burn at the memories. In the shower, with her back to the wall as his enormous frame pressed against her, thrusting in and out of her. Then it was her front to touch the wall, her hard nipples painfully rubbing against the slippery tiles with her breasts smooshing over the surface, her mouth drooling as Naruto grabbed a strong hold of her rear and gyrated his hips ceaselessly. How they slammed at her with full force, the wet sounds of meat smacking under the shower joining the cacophony of feral grunts and desperate moans…

Then they continued in his room, his bed couldn’t fit them both so he haphazardly threw a large futon on the floor where they proceeded to fuck the night away relentlessly…

Was it wrong of her? To engage in such activities with someone she had known since he was a boy?

But he certainly wasn’t a boy now. The enormous brawn in his prodigious body, the mighty phallus that laid underneath the sheets, his intoxicating musk, they were all the mark of a very virile man…

A man she was crazy for, there was no doubt about, for that had been the most intense, intimate, and erotic moment of her life. And she had shared it with a wonderful young man she knew very well.

Gods even with her body utterly spent, her loins ravaged by the madded lovemaking from last night, she felt her pussy ache for him. Feeling empty and incomplete without his girth inside her…

There was a fire awakening inside her, consuming her, making her head beat faster as the area between her thighs *burned.*

Ayame’s lips descended upon his chest, smacking wet sounds coming from the contact with the rock-hard muscle. She propped herself up, feeling the myriad of muscles on his torso with her right hand, savoring each bump and crevice, before traveling down to his stomach and his waist.

Her actions caused Naruto to wake up, he groggily looked at Ayame, catching her worshipping his massive frame like last night, just as she wanted. Ayame looked up at him with a devious smile, before leaning forward to lick his bulking neck and finishing with a kiss on his lips, Naruto was slow to return it as he was still waking up. Though his body was reacting to the stimulus of this beautiful naked woman pressed against him, fondling his body.

He groaned as her hand slipped beneath the sheets and began fondling something else. Something long, thick, and increasing even more in length and hardness the more she stroked.

Under the rustle of the sheets, a tent was being lifted. Ayame licked her lips at the sensation of his cock becoming potently hard in her grasp. She pumped him more and more as the blood kept flowing and the flash kept hardening.

Then she unveiled the sheet from it and revealed the mighty rod pointing upwards with supreme virility. Swollen, red, with a few faint if thick veins at the base, the skin pulled back to reveal the tip of the spear as it were. Ayame’s prize for her hard work.

Naruto gave her half a smirk, “Eager huh?”

Ayame looked at him with hunger before slamming her lips against him one more time with a sloppy kiss.

Then she swung one leg over his waist, positioning herself right above him, taking her time to enjoy what was to come. She went down slowly, groaning and moaning in delight as the thick phallus brushed through her wet folds, burying itself further and further into her as Ayame kept lowering herself at an agonizingly slow pace. Gods he was so fucking hard, it felt like burying a stone rode inside her as her walls tightened against it.

Naruto groaned, clenching his teeth and squeezing his eyes shut. His fingers dug into Ayame’s buttocks, the flesh slipping between them, and slowly guided her movements up and down.

Ayame’s eyes rolled back as she felt her spirit leave her body from sheer pleasure. The sensation of buildup was already mounting in the pit of her stomach, increasing with each downward thrust…

“My, my~. Now this is a good show~”

Ayame’s gaze snapped to the side, eyes wide in shock, and yet Naruto did not stop, he kept moving her up and down his length.

Hinata smiled sweetly, lacking the usually shy attitude Ayame associated her with. “Had I known you were packing such a performance, I would have made time to be here last night. But I’m glad I’m not missing it now~”

She knelt next to Ayame’s rocking body, who believed she should be feeling more mortified by her presence, but she was too overcome by the pleasure to think of that. Hinata gave her a look over, seemingly in appreciation of her naked frame as she fucked Naruto. She then looked at the young blonde, “How does she feel?”

Naruto grunted, “So fucking tight…!” He increased the tempo at which he moved Ayame up and down his rod, much to the latter’s delight.

Hinata chuckled, “Well that’s partly due to you, Naruto” She then directed her eyes at Ayame, looking very hungry. “I’ll be needing to find out for myself~

She *grew*, packing muscles the same way Naruto had done before, just exploding her frame with the most shredded and outstanding musculature that any regular human could have. Tearing her clothes apart as she rose in height and width, the blast from her shredding jacket sent strips of clothing over Ayame and Naruto’s forms. Ayame yelped, feeling him throb as he watched Hinata’s transformation, an erotic sight that Ayame herself too was enjoying very much…

Hinata hummed, licking her lips and stretching, placing her hands behind her head to flex her large frame. “Never get tired of this…” She looked sweetly at Ayame, placing an arm around her shoulders. If Naruto made her look tiny, then she felt even smaller when side by side with these two statues of muscle. “Don’t worry, Ayame, I’m not jealous. I’d rather Naruto here have as many people to show off those magnificent muscles to” She flexed her chest, making her enormous bosom rise. “Bodies like these should be admired by all, don’t you think?”

Ayame could only moan in return.

Hinata giggled, lifting Ayame’s chin as she kept her rocking body close, brushing an enormous breast against her smaller ones. “Good girl,” And kissed her right on the lips. The sight was the last straw for Naruto, who groaned bestially as he shot his load inside Ayame. The poor woman’s mind short-circuited, overloaded by pleasure on all sides as her juices dripped down unto Naruto’s length in a world-shaking orgasm, her moans muffled against Hinata’s mouth.

X~X~X~X~X

Alas, all good things had to come to an end. After the most passionate and erotic night (and morning) of her life, Ayame had to open and manage the stand. With her father away someone had to do it. But gods it had been a hard decision for her, for a big part of her craved to spend the rest of the day with Naruto and Hinata, just engage in the most frenzied and enthusiastic activities that not even the lewdest novels in the world could fully grasp, her body pleasured into unconsciousness by those two titans, making her spirit leave her body in an orgasmic experience that made her transcend physical sensations.

One may wonder why she had even chosen to open the stand anyway if the experience was *that* good. Well truth of the matter was that it hadn’t been by her own volition. Hinata had convinced her to go about her day, so she could recover her energies and ‘get used to it’.

Get used to… what, exactly? The Hyuuga had not been very forthcoming, all she did was say cryptic stuff and smile like she knew something the cook didn’t. Her personality change was as daring as it was confusing. Was she expecting something? Did she want Ayame to experience something? Did she just want her own private time with Naruto?

Or maybe she took some sort of sadistic delight, in making Ayame ache for more amazing sex with them. Well, it was working, because Ayame could hardly concentrate on her cooking right now, her thoughts were plagued with images of Naruto’s gloriously virile body flexing and flaring his enormous bulk, surpassing the size of her own pitiful frame by a wide margin, making his mouth-watering cock all the more impressive. She remembered Hinata’s delightful muscles hugging her from behind, burying her head in the soft pillows that were her beautiful breasts, playing with her in all the right ways, knowing the precise places to touch and when…

Ayame bit her lips, lest she drooled right over the next batch of noodles. The boiling water in the pot wasn’t the only hot liquid around, as she rubbed her legs together to stifle the burning sensation between her thighs.

She needed to feel them again, to be with them, to be playfully and warmly toyed with by Hinata. To experience Naruto’s rough lovemaking as he buried his imposing manhood and took her to the zenith of pleasure. Ayame felt faint at the memory of his dick inside of her, she was almost thrusting her hips out of reflex. The cook had to stop what she was doing to lean on the counter and control herself, otherwise, she’d fall to the floor and begin masturbating right then and there.

“Ayame,” Her current client asked her with concern, “Are you okay?”

Ayame lifted her gaze and saw pearly eyes staring at her in worry. Hanabi, beautiful Hanabi. Hinata’s twin sister looked so much like her and yet so different, there was a different quality to her aside from some of the physical traits. Hanabi was more impulsive, adventurous, bold…

But then again, Hinata had grown so bold, so large, so strong… and Hanabi was triggering the memories of her even more.

Ayame panted, “M-My room…” She pleaded. “Upstairs. T-Take me to my room. Please…”

“Oh gods you must be sick” She quickly stood up, conjuring a few clones. “I’ll close down the place for you. Hang on,” She jumped over the counter to stabilize her and hold her close. “Do you need to go to the hospital?”

“N-No,” Ayame grunted, feeling her stomach church and her skin tighten. “M-My room,” The Hyuuga twin looked uncertain, but reluctantly agreed. Placing one of Ayame’s arms over her shoulder, she helped the cook walk up the stairs at the side of the ramen stand, towards the humble house situated above the small restaurant.

Ayame shakily handed her the key, in her state she was hardly in any position to do so. She could hardly concentrate, everything looked hazy, the burn between her legs was making it hard for her to stand up on her own. The aching need for release became harder to ignore with each passing moment.

Worse still by the presence of someone who reminded her of Hinata so much…

“Here we go…” Hanabi led her in, guiding her to a chair so she could set her down before closing the door.

As she did so, Ayame placed her hands on the table to steady herself, her fingers clenching over the wooden surface and digging through, carving a path of broken splinters. Her skin was tightening, something was *writhing* in her flesh, making her muscles spasm and *expand*.

The cook realized what was happening to her, she had seen it before. In Naruto and Hinata.

They had passed that *amazing* gift onto her.

Ayame grinned, a groan escaping her lips as she gripped the sides of her table. “Oh I can feel it…!”

Hanabi turned to her in worry, “Feel what? Are you okay?!”

“W-What your sister did to me!” The table groaned under the pressure of her grip.

“Hinata?!” Hanabi replied in confusion. What did her twin have to do with anything? She had been so… absent lady.

Then Ayame snapped the table in half with a shout, sending splinters and pieces of wood everything.

“Ah!” Hanabi shielded her face, jumping back in shock.

Ayama moaned, falling to her knees and knocking the chair over. Her ragged panting breaths made her back inflate with each intake, and remain that side as it kept growing larger still until it strained the seams of her apron. Her sleeves cuffed tightly at the forearms, these widening in circumferences as a myriad of definition lines began dotting the surface. The fibers in her biceps locked up a steely weave, making the muscle mass harden and inflate noticeably as her triceps split into massive muscle groups of the most corded flesh. It wasn’t long before her sleeves exploded, leaving her arms bare as they clashed against her inflating bosom.

“G-Gods!” Ayame cried out in joy, her hips thrusting reflexively as the orgasmic pleasure overwhelmed her. Her waist tore her skirt and unveiled the legs underneath. The supremely striated glutes and hamstrings, the popping vastus muscles, and rippling calves.

“What’s going on…?” Hanabi muttered in amazement. “How is this happening?”

“Y-Your sister,” Ayame grunted in pleasure and pain combined. “Hinata… s-she fucked me!”

The Hyuuga’s mind pretty much short-circuited. “What?!”

Ayame laughed, shaking her head so much her headband fell. “She and Naruto, ohhhh!” She screamed guttural, feeling as though it was the bulky blonde himself pounding her rear. “They fucked me so good… and gave me this!”

Her pectorals thrust forward, and her heaving bosom exploded her shirt and apron into tatters, jostling her enormous breasts right over the floor. Ayame moaned out some more, letting out a shrill cry of ecstasy as release dripped down from her sex to her monumental thighs.

There she remained for a few moments, panting and making her enormous frame flare even larger with each breath. Slowly she stood up, the remaining strips of fabric falling from her enormous frame. Hanabi was forced to look up, disbelief and awe evident on her face as the cook rose taller than her by a head… and wider than her by an even wider margin. Everything about her was pure muscle, and the only indication of this amazon being Ayame was the same cute face. Which was locked in a climactic expression, her hair was a mess, flowing widely in strands stuck to her sweaty face.

Ayame licked her lips. “So, this is what they felt…” She grasped her breasts, moaning as she massaged them. “All this energy and *power*” She flexed her arms with a mighty pose, imitating those titans who showed her a world of pleasure.

Oh, Naruto, Hinata. She had so much to thank them for. She needed them, right here and now. She couldn’t wait, Ayame needed to satisfy this carnal need.

Her eyes settled upon Hanabi, who blushed fiercely at the naked state of this amazon.

“Hanabi…” Ayame said sweetly, stepping closer to her, her gargantuan legs making each step thunder. “You look so much like her,”

And leaned down to capture her lips.