

Fuku no Jutsu

Leaping out of the treetops, Tsunade landed in the clearing without making the slightest sound or raising even the lightest cloud of dust. Standing straight, she focused her gaze on a nearby bush. "You might as well come out," she said, voice flat. "I can tell you're in there."

For a second, nothing happened. Tsunade folded her arms and remained firm. Finally, as if chastised by her glare, the bush rustled, and a short young woman stepped out into the clearing, her curly black hair bobbing with every step.

"Ah hahaha..." she said, clapping her hands miserably as she approached. "I should have known the Fifth Hokage would be too sharp to be fooled by *my* special hiding spot. What was I even thinking?"

"It's the worst attempt at hiding I've seen in all my years as a ninja," said Tsunade, flatly. "Enough playing around. Let's address the reason we're here." Behind her back, her hand tightened on a kunai.

The young woman opposite her flinched a little, as if slapped. "Gee, you just get straight to the point, don't you? Hi, Tsunade, I'm Lamy," she said, voice empty. "Hahah."

Tsunade's eye twitched. The little creep's attitude made her want to stab her. She just might have, if not for their current situation... "Just take me to the hostages," she said, expression hard.

"Oh!" Lamy snapped upright, clapping her cheeks as if she'd only just remembered. "I almost forgot about the hostages! Follow me, and I'll take you to them right away!" With a silent giggle, she turned and sped into the brush with surprising speed.

Tsunade blinked and hurriedly gave chase.

Lamy led her through the trees into the entrance of a cave, which passed around her like the throat of a giant demon. Lamy's giggles sounded from up ahead, echoing off the walls of the cave and slamming into Tsunade's ears.

Less than a meter in, she realized it was a trap. There was no reason for Lamy to lead her in like this if she wasn't trying to get her somewhere specific. Slowing her pace, Tsunade took every step with caution. She expected every turn to trigger something violent.

And yet, it didn't. Before she knew it, she'd arrived in a long tunnel lined with cells. Lamy stood halfway down it, leaning on the bars of one cage in particular.

Taking a second to check for tripwires, Tsunade approached.

The second she reached the cell, she heard a familiar gasp from her apprentice. "Lady Tsunade!" cried Sakura, leaping to her feet and throwing herself at the bars. Behind her, Hinata lay slumped against the wall, looking stunned. Neither seemed harmed, fortunately.

“Ta-da!” said Lamy, cocking her hip. “Here you go! Two hostages in mint condition, as if no-one had even opened their wrappers.” She giggled. “Now, did you bring *your* half of the bargain?”

Tsunade considered her options with a frown. On the one hand, it would be trivial for her to beat this single little simpleton and escape with Hinata and Sakura. On the other, Lamy couldn't have done this all on her own, not unless she was far more capable than she appeared to be. The chance she had reinforcements waiting somewhere nearby was high. Too high to risk.

In the end, caution won out. Slipping a hand into her robes, Tsunade pulled out the scroll and tossed it to Lamy. The kunoichi snatched it out of the air and hurriedly unfurled it. “Oooh, oooh~! Ooooh! Of course! Of course! So *that's* how it works!”

“I'm taking them now,” said Tsunade, placing a hand on the cage door.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.” Lamy waved a hand absently.

With a frown, Tsunade tightened her grip and wrenched the cage door off its hinges. Stepping inside, she did something very similar to Sakura and Hinata's manacles, before taking their hands in her own and helping them to their feet.

As she turned to face the door, however, Lamy stepped in, a big grin on her face. “Wow,” she said, eyes still locked on the scroll. “This is some really good stuff, you know? I can't believe Konoha was just hiding something like this without using it!”

Tsunade frowned. *What's she talking about? It only describes an old sealing technique.* “What do you even want with that scroll?” *It's useless, or we wouldn't have agreed to trade it.*

Lamy's smile grew even wider. “Why don't I show you how to use it?~”

With a flourish of her wrists, she produced a second scroll and tossed it into the air. As it unfurled to reveal a seal, Tsunade raised her hands defensively, but the only things to appear were a plain white dress and matching pair of sandals.

Lamy's smile twisted into a smirk. Before the clothing even had a chance to fall, her finger danced through a series of hand signs so complex even Tsunade couldn't follow them. Instantly, she began to sweat. This was bad—they'd really underestimated her!

As Lamy finished her signs, a blast of black liquid burst from her hands. For an instant, Tsunade thought it was oil—that Lamy intended to burn them with a follow-up Fire Release technique—but the truth soon became clear. Flying through the air, the liquid splashed the falling clothes and instantly painted each with a fresh seal. It didn't take Tsunade long to recognize them—they were exactly the design described in the village's scroll.

Lamy's hands danced again, and with a blast of wind, the clothes flew through the air towards them like a group of living things. Sakura and Hinata squealed as the sandals kicked at them like a pair of bakezōri.

Tsunade's own expression twisted into a snarl. Readying her hands, she prepared to cast a jutsu that would tear the attacking apparel and Lamy herself into pieces.

Before she had a chance, Lamy laughed. "Ready for the grand finale?"

Tsunade froze. Lamy's hands flashed. The seals she'd placed on the three items of clothing lit up.

Hinata was the closest to one, and therefore the first to feel its effects. As Tsunade watched, eyes wide in horror, the kunoichi shot towards it like a leaf caught in a windstorm. "L-Lady Tsunade! Help me! Hel—"

The second Hinata's head contacted the seal, it vanished as it had slipped through a portal. The rest of her body followed seconds later, slurped up and swallowed like one of Naruto's noodles. For a second, her legs kicked feebly, and then, just like that, they were gone too.

Tsunade stared, sweat dripping from her brow, as the plain sandal that had swallowed her charge squirmed like a living thing and changed color, taking on the dark blue of Hinata's hair and the lilac of her jacket. Its design changed too, shifting from the simplest imaginable to a more stylish design better fitting the Byakugan princess.

And then, just like that, the sandal dropped to the ground, where it shivered and shook like a terrified little animal.

"Lady Tsunade!" cried Sakura.

Snapping around, Tsunade was just in time to catch her pupil falling to an identical fate. The second sandal slapped Sakura in the ass, and just like that she slipped inside. Her body protruded awkwardly from the seal, folding in half, her arms and legs shaking. "Lady Tsunade!" she repeated, eyes wide with fright.

An instant later, her face slammed into her feet, and she shot backward, sucking straight into the sole of the footwear and out of the world. The sandal shivered and changed just like Hinata's, taking on the color of Sakura's hair and clothes and assuming a slightly fancier design: the kind Sakura herself might have worn if she'd had a taste for personalized footwear.

And then it tumbled to the ground and lay there barely moving next to its counterpart.

As Tsunade backed away, struggling to avoid the bombing runs of the dress, Lamy stepped forward and ever so calmly slipped her feet into the pair of altered sandals. Tsunade didn't hear any screams, but she was certain she saw the two shake a little harder.

Lamy licked her lips. “Just one to go,” she said, looking Tsunade up and down. “I’m going to enjoy wearing *you*, Tsunade. It’s fitting that a woman like you should get to show off my curves, don’t you think?”

Tsunade grit her teeth, hands already halfway through a counter-jutsu. Lamy was faster though, far faster: a simple motion, and the dress’s tail end coiled around Tsunade’s wrists, binding her hands together even as its bodice—and the seal on it—reared for her head like a scorpion’s tail.

Tsunade had no time to react, no time even to cry out in horror. The instant the seal struck her face, everything went dark. It was as if she’d been forced headfirst into a sack—all she could do was kick and thrash feebly.

The dress, of course, wasted no time in swallowing the rest of her. Sliding its bodice slowly down her form, it sucked up her neck, her shoulders, her bountiful chest. Squeezing her arms tightly into the seal, it paid similar attention to her generous rear and shapely legs, slurping them up even as she kicked to escape it.

Finally, it pulled in her feet, and for an instant, Tsunade hovered in a nowhere space like the dream of a mother’s womb.

A second later, it tightened on her, crushing her into the confines of her new form. Opening her eyes, she found herself looking out of something resembling a plain white bodice. Her arms felt as if they were curled over her shoulders, her nethers as if they were exposed to the air. Her legs, she couldn’t feel at all—it was as if they’d simply vanished.

Looking down at the smooth white expanse of her new form, Tsunade watched as it rippled and altered, fabric taking on the pale beige tones of her own clothes and the blonde of her hair. Finally, a little violet diamond appeared in the center of her bodice—the *pièce de résistance*—with that, she ceased to change.

Furious, Tsunade thrashed, but all she could do was make herself shake a little.

Fluttering slowly to the floor like the flimsy thing she’d become, Tsunade could only scream inside as Lamy’s soft hands snatched her up. *R-release me!* Contact sent a flush of erotic pleasure tingling through her flesh, as if Lamy had stroked her naked body. *Release me!*

Holding her up, Lamy smushed her against her face and breathed deep. “Ah, I love that new clothing smell,” she said. “And it’s even neater now I know there’s such a top-class ninja trapped in there~.” Her mouth split into a crescent, shark-toothed smile. “Now I have the Fūinjutsu I needed, I can finally start putting together my collection.”

She bounced on the spot like a child who’d been given a treat.

Tsunade could only writhe in horror. *C-collection?*

Lamy waved her hand as if she’d heard. “That’s still a little way away though. I haven’t even *decided* which sexy ninja I want to add to my wardrobe next. No…” She licked her lips. “In

the meantime, I want to enjoy my cute new clothes... especially my tight, sexy dress. Mmm~."

As Tsunade shook in frustration, Lamy turned on her new heels and, carefully slamming her feet into the ground with each step, marched out of the little gaol. Strolling through the cave as if it were her summer home, she led them into a room with a makeshift bed and mirror—she held Tsunade up to the latter and gave her her first good look at herself.

If Tsunade had still had a face to blush, she would have blushed as deeply as possible. In Lamy's hands dangled something she wouldn't have been seen dead in, a dress so tight to the body, so short skirted and with such an enormous cleavage window that no reasonable woman would ever wear it. She felt ashamed just looking at it.

Lamy burst into laughter. "You know, the technique is supposed to change the target object to reflect the victim's personality. I wonder what it says about you that you became such a slutty dress, Tsunade?"

Tsunade writhed.

"Fuck, I can't wait to try you on. I just hope I have the figure to fill you out." With a laugh, she cast Tsunade onto the bed and set about stripping off.

Lain on her back, trapped, wishing she could move in the slightest, Tsunade could only stare as her captor removed her uniform, peeling off her tight, sticky headband and robes till all she wore was a set of plain lingerie. "I'll have to find someone to fill these too," she said, cupping her breasts with a smirk. "Hey, I hear your assistant is pretty attractive, isn't she, Tsunade? She'd probably make a great bra. Especially after spending so long around your fat tits." She laughed.

Approaching the bed, Lamy leaned down and snatched her up again. Tsunade tried to pull away, even though she knew it was futile. All she could do was shake a little, so shaking a little was all that she did.

"Ready?" said Lamy, holding her up with a smile. "You should enjoy this~."

And without waiting for a response, she flipped Tsunade over and seized her by the hem, stretching her wide, wide open till Tsunade could only scream. It felt as if someone were stretching both her pussy and her anus, as if they were trying to force a tree trunk inside her.

"On the count of three," said Lamy. "One ... two... three!" and just like that, she threw Tsunade over her head, grabbed her by the hem again, and pulled her down, down, down, down...

Tsunade screamed. If before had felt like a tree trunk, taking Lamy's body inside her felt like having an entire forest shoved into her holes. *Stop!* she screamed. *Get out of me!*

Lamy, of course, did no such thing. All she did was tighten her grip and casually continue to pull Tsunade down, down, down... Over the hill of her breasts and the mountains of her

buttocks and hips, stretching Tsunade's poor, strained opening even wider as it went, till Tsunade was certain she'd tear, or failing that: orgasm.

At last, Lamy released her with a snap.

Tsunade whimpered. Lamy's body felt hot and sweaty inside her, hot and sweaty and impossibly filling. Her body was stretched taut, straining to contain her, fabric pulled so tight she felt she'd burst at any second.

Smiling to herself, Lamy cocked her hips, making Tsunade wail inside as the left side of her body was pulled even tauter. "Not bad," she said, cocking her hips the other way and instantly sending Tsunade into a paroxysm of tortured ecstasy. "I don't know if you're my color, but you definitely make me look good, Tsunade."

Tsunade shivered, earning a laugh from her captor. The last thing she cared about was making this little bitch look good.

Leaning forward, Lamy cupped her breasts and sighed. "It's a shame I don't really have the body for a sexy dress like you though."

If Tsunade had still had an eyebrow, she would have raised it. Lamy might not exactly match *her* figure, but she was still well-endowed. She didn't really want to be *bigger*, did she?

A strange expression on her face, Lamy raised her hands over her breasts, making Tsunade shiver sympathetically, as the woman's hardening nipples poked into her bodice. *Nnn~! Stop that!*

Lamy, of course, had no intention of it. If anything, she actually squeezed them harder. "You know..." she said, biting her lip, "I guess it wouldn't hurt to test my new transformation jutsu too?"

Your new what? thought Tsunade, panic already spiking. What exactly was she planning to transform into?

"I'll need a disguise to carry out my plan," said Lamy, with a laugh. "And you know who *does* have the body to fill you out?"

Tsunade froze.

Lamy snorted. "You've only got yourself to blame. Rubbing that fat body of yours in my face. It's only fair you get to hold one like it."

And with a hideous laugh, she performed a complex hand sign. Smoke filled the room.

As Tsunade struggled to figure out what was happening, she felt a terrible pressure welling inside her. *Oh no*, she thought as she realized what was happening. *Oh no. Please don't—!*

Lamy moaned as her body swelled, boobs and buttcheeks and hips and thighs alike all bloating with speed, their fecund flesh struggling to escape Tsunade's body. Her fabric form strained to contain them in turn, shaking with the pressure till she was certain she would split. Pleasure zigzagged through her form like trapped lightning, making her wish she still had a mouth to scream. *Nnn~! Enough! I can't take it! I'm going to tear.*

Fortunately—or not; she wasn't sure at the moment—she didn't tear. Slowly, the smoke faded: revealing Lamy's altered form. In the mirror stood Tsunade, Tsunade down to the details. She even had the Strength of a Hundred seal.

"My, my," said Lamy, cupping her giant new breasts and squeezing them playfully, "I think I might have made these slightly *too* big."

Tsunade wanted to scream. The feeling of her bodice stretched over Lamy's engorged bust was almost enough to drive her insane.

"Now," said Lamy, running her hands down the front of the body. "Let's get this show on the road."

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Lamy left her little hideout on foot, as casual as if she had nothing to be afraid of in the world. As it happened, she really didn't: had Tsunade been expecting to fight a ninja of such talent, she might have had someone else accompany her as backup. As it was, she'd come alone instead. No one was waiting to save them.

Not that Sakura and Hinata knew this. Trapped beneath Lamy's sweaty feet, they could only scream inside each time her giant feet slammed into their faces, crushing their poor, shrunken bodies flat into the ground and threatening to stomp their minds into oblivion in the process. *Stop!* they wanted to scream. It was like being stuck under an elephant.

Unfortunately, for the two of them, Lamy had no intention of stopping or even slowing down. In fact, as she walked, she actually picked up the pace and exaggerated her steps, as if deliberately teasing her unfortunate footwear.

Nn~! NN~! Please—ah!—stop!

Chuckling to herself, Lamy sped up.

Sakura and Hinata weren't the only ones suffering. As Lamy moved, her fat new thighs moved back and forth beneath Tsunade's straining skirt, while her bloated boobs bounced wildly up and down, threatening to pop out of the embrace of Tsunade's bodice. The feeling of it, the futility of attempting to constrain such immensity, left her wanting to scream and throw up—her body felt as if it would split at any second.

As she walked, Lamy hummed to herself, occasionally snickering at what she had planned for the future. "Hey, did I actually tell you guys where I'm going?" she asked suddenly.

No-one responded, obviously.

Lamy chuckled. "Don't worry—you'll find out soon enough."

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The sight of the Leaf Village down below sent shivers through Tsunade's body. The woman wearing her laughed. "Finally figured it out, huh? Why don't we start with your assistant, Tsunade? I bet she's wondering where you've been. Why don't we pay her a visit and show her you're okay?"

Tsunade squirmed. *What are you planning?!*

Lamy simply smirked. Taking a deep breath, she leapt over the side of the cliff and sailed down towards the village below, landing as silently as Tsunade herself would have.

(It was fortunate Sakura and Hinata couldn't speak, or their screams would have woken up the whole village.)

"Now, where do you live?" whispered Lamy, ambling casually through the streets of Konoha. "Ah, that's right... now I remember..." She turned and made a beeline for Tsunade's house.

Tsunade couldn't only stare in horror. *How does she know? Has she been spying on us?!*

Lamy chose to enter Tsunade's home via one of the upper windows. Conveniently, she landed right in front of Shizune.

"T-Tsunade!" Shizune leapt to her feet, all but spilling the tea she'd been preparing.

Shizune! Run! Tsunade wanted to scream at her, but her current lack of a mouth made this somewhat difficult.

"What's the matter, Shizune?" said Lamy, approaching the medical-nin with a smile on her face. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"H-how did the mission go?" asked Shizune, looking stunned. "We were expecting you back hours ago!"

"Oh, there were a few little complications, but nothing I couldn't handle." With a smile, Lamy stretched. "Mmmnn, my back is so sore after all that hard labor. I don't suppose you could give me a massage, could you, Shizune?" She knelt beside the kotatsu.

Shizune blinked as if she couldn't quite believe what she was hearing. "You want me to give you a massage?"

"What wrong?" asked Lamy. "You know how to perform one, don't you?"

Shizune! Run!

“Um, sure...” With a frown, Shizune stood and made her way behind Tsunade. Placing her hands on Tsunade’s back, she began to rub in a circular motion.

Lamy sighed. “Ah, that’s the stuff,” she said, shuddering.

“Tsunade, what are you wearing?” asked Shizune. “I don’t remember you leaving in clothes like these.”

Lamy ignored the question. “Now do my shoulders,” she said, pulling Shizune’s hands upwards. “Oh yeah... That’s the stuff.”

“Tsunade, are you sure you’re okay?” Every word out of Shizune’s mouth sounded more suspicious than the last.

“Mmmn, you’re really good at this,” said Lamy, placing her hands on Shizune’s own. “Let’s see if you’re as good at *this* though.” And without another word, she tightened her grip and tugged Shizune’s hands forward...

...right onto her enormous breasts.

“Ts-Tsunade !” cried Shizune, struggling to pull away.

“What’s wrong?” asked Lamy, holding her in place. “You’re so good with your hands. Why don’t you put them to good use?” And to emphasize her point, she began to move Shizune’s hands, forcing her to grope her more than generous breasts, kneading their fecund flesh into fat folds. “Go on, give them a good squeeze. I bet you’ve been waiting to get your hands on Tsunade’s tits forever, haven’t you?”

With a grunt of exertion, Shizune managed to pull away. “You—you’re—” Just like that, she had a kunai in her grip.

“Ooops,” said Lamy. “Guess I blew my cover.” She leapt into the air, sailing across the room and landing on her feet with a scroll already in her hands. “Oh well! Let’s cut to the good stuff!”

Shizune drew back, ready to throw her kunai, but before she got a chance, the scroll unfurled, and out popped a plain white bra, utterly unremarkable. She blinked.

In the meantime, Lamy’s hands flashed through the signs of the sealing jutsu. Ink shot from her hands and sprayed the white bra. Another jutsu, and it flew across the room at a startled Shizune. “H-hey! What is this? K-Keep it away—!”

Lamy thrust her hands from side to side, and the flying bra followed her instructions, zipping about like a harrier readying for a dive.

Finally, it struck. Shizune made a feeble attempt to swat it aside, and screamed as the seal slurped her hands inside it. Squealing, she struggled to pull away, but the suction was too strong and soon, inch by inch, she disappeared inside it.

Shizune! cried Tsunade. She could only watch as Shizune's legs vanished, still kicking, into the seal.

Finally, the brassiere dropped to the floor, where it lay twitching and changing. As Lamy picked it up, its single white tone changed, replaced by Shizune's signature black hair color, with a lilac stripe to represent her sash.

Lamy chuckled in amusement. "Wow, so stylish! What do you think, Tsunade? Does your assistant make a pretty bra?" She rubbed Shizune's new form against Tsunade's bodice, till the medical-nin wished she could squeal and pull away. "Now I just have to try her on. Let's hope she's big enough."

Pinching Tsunade's hem, Lamy pulled her up and off, making the former Hokage shiver and moan at the sudden release from her prison of fullness. Only once she landed on the kotatsu did she regain her senses. Looking up, she groaned.

Her doppelganger loomed over her, mouth wide in a smirk, as she unclasped Shizune's straps and stretched them wiiiide. Slipping her arms inside them, she struggled to get her boobs into the cups. "Jeez, how'd you get your fat tits into anything, Tsunade?"

Sh-Shizune...

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In Lamy's hands, Shizune squealed as her strange new body was pulled taut. What was going on? What was even happening to her? One moment she'd been dealing with this... imposter in the form of her master, and the next...

Something round and heavy slammed into her face and stuck there, pressing down on her. No, there were two somethings, each as heavy as the other. She strained to pull away, but she wasn't able to escape their unbearable, crushing weight. Worse, each sack ended in some kind of rock-hard spike that stabbed right into her face. *Get off of me!*

Her hands snapped together and stuck that way—she tried to pull them apart, but she could only make them shake a little. Just as she thought things couldn't get any worse, whatever was holding her up released her, forcing her to take all the weight of the fat sacks by herself. Limbs all but ready to snap, Shizune screamed.

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"Well, she's not *quite* the right size," said Lamy, adjusting Shizune's straps with a huff. "But she'll do."

Releasing her trembling new bra, she picked up Tsunade and hurriedly slipped her on again. Tsunade could only scream inside as her own swollen form rapidly filled her new body. The pressure—it was too much! She was going to burst!

Strolling over to Tsunade's own mirror, Lamy smoothed her out with a smirk. "Now that I've got the bra down, I guess I should find a pair of panties to go with her..." Looking down, she grinned. "Any recommendations, Tsunade? No, well, don't worry, Konoha has plenty of girls for me to choose from..."

What followed was like something out of Tsunade's nightmares.

Over the course of the next week, she was forced to watch as Lamy carried out her plan. In Tsunade's guise—or whatever suited the moment—she slipped from one side of the village to the other, picking out one girl after another and imprisoning them in her specially prepared items of clothing. She moved as if she'd lived in the Leaf Village her whole life, as if she knew each and every one of its residents and exactly how to defeat them.

Tsunade was as horrified as she was stunned. Just how long had Lamy been planning this?

By the end of the week, Lamy had amassed a terrifying collection. Having taken Tsunade's house as her own, she'd filled an entire wardrobe and had to acquire a second one.

As the week came to an end, she stood in Tsunade's bedroom and reviewed her collection: a sandy blonde and pink pair of panties with a noticeable fan pattern; a platinum blonde and purple sock, paired with a brown and pink one with red and gold stylings. Beside them lay a black and beige bodysuit patterned with snakes, and next to it in turn: a black and white kimono with a single red stripe and two startling red jewels—like eyes—for buttons.

And this was just the beginning of it: Lamy must have caught every attractive kunoichi in Konoha, and Tsunade had been forced to watch every one of them be sealed, feeling like she'd burst a little more with each jutsu.

"Well," she said, stepping over to the mirror, "it's been fun, but I think I'm all finished here. Time to pack up my collection and say goodbye to Kohona for good. What do you think of that, Tsunade?"

Wrapped around her captor's figure, stretched so taut she could barely think, Tsunade moaned a wordless moan of horror. *Please...* she thought... *Please... Enough... Release us!*

Lamy smiled. "You know what the best part of the seal is?" she asked. "It keeps you from aging or even needing food or drink. Which means I can keep you guys like this forever." she licked her lips.

It was too much. It was all too much. Tsunade wanted to fight, but she didn't have the energy. Her body ached, fibers worn; mentally, she'd reached her breaking point too. She felt

as if she'd spent the week supporting the sky with nothing but her strength, and now the time had come for her body to fail.

With one last silent moan, Tsunade gave in and split, her seams coming apart as if they were made of paper. In the same instant, pleasure tore through her mind: an unbearable, unimaginable pleasure unlike anything she'd ever felt in life. It felt like her every cell had turned erogenous and promptly been tweaked by the harshest pair of fingers.

Lost in her orgasm, she wailed as her twin halves slipped from Lamy's body and fluttered to the floor like the shed leaves of a tree, landing in a sad little pile on the floor. All she could do was lie there twitching, unable to overcome the inferno of pleasure rolling through her.

Lamy looked down on her, blinking. "Huh," she said. "I thought you'd be able to hold it together at least a *little* longer."

Tsunade could only groan.