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Summary: Choji was a nice kid. Didn't stop his classmates from bullying him though, or his teacher's looking at him like he was dirt, or his parents from consoling him with disappointment on their faces. He could have held out and grown up to be a good Shinobi. Then again, what if he got his act together, stopped taking the abuse and instead chose to be a great one?

Tags:

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“You got put on a mission with CHOJI?! HA!”

In a show that brought every eye in the restaurant towards them, Ino doubled over and almost dropped her salad. The high pitched peels of laughter were more embarrassing than anything and as she shrunk in on herself, Hinata said a silent thanks for Sakura as the pink haired Kunoichi’s elbow roughly slammed down on her friend's knee.

“OW! Watch it, Forehead!”

Rubbing the smarting appendage, Ino glared and curled her lips into a pout that Sakura boldly ignored.

Rolling her eyes at the dramatics, Sakura caught Hinata’s unsure eye and offered a reassuring smile.

“Don’t worry, Hinata. Choji’s...” As if searching for an answer, her eyes turned to the sky only for Ino to suddenly recover with a dry snort.

“An animal?”

Sakura gave her an irritated glance.

“Stop trying to freak Hinata out!” She scolded. “Choji’s, well... how do I explain it?”

They kept avoiding the question. It was odd considering that they were both doing it, but while Ino had arrived surrounded by an air of mischief, Sakura just seemed annoyed.

She and Choji hadn't even spoken since their academy days. When the Hokage told Hinata she was being assigned an A-rank away from her team, she'd been nervous but also... proud? The Lady Hokage said that it was an incredibly specialised mission and failure wasn't an option, the atmosphere in the mission office grave to the point it made Hinata wonder just why it wasn't being left to ANBU when she was distracted by the revelation of who would be leading her.

Choji was Ino's teammate and Hinata was sure she'd seen him and Sakura walking around the village together...

What she was hearing wasn't very reassuring, though.

"A-ano, is Choji..."

Their bickering ground to a halt as they both turned, suddenly remembering she was there while Hinata had to fight the urge to shrink into her jacket.

"Mean?" She squeaked.

Hinata felt her voice crack but despite praying for a quick death, Sakura just sighed tiredly.

Grabbing the bridge of her nose, the pinkette roughly rolled it between fingers as Ino failed to hide her snickers. "No, he's not... he's not MEAN, just... do you have protection?"

By the amount of alarm Hinata was sure could be seen on her startled face, Sakura quickly realised what she was saying as Ino descended into howls.

"Not, not THAT protection!" The medic spluttered, angrily shushing her friend who couldn't contain her mirth as the tears came spilling down her ruddy cheeks. "He won't hurt you or anything! I mean-? Ino, stop freaking people out and HELP me!"

It took a moment but eventually the blonde managed to compose herself. Wiping the moisture from her eyes, she threw her hair back with a sniff as a waiter gave them the evils and focused her twinkling blue orbs on Hinata.

"Look. There's just one thing you've got to get straight."

The fork twirled between her graceful fingers as she stabbed it through her salad, spearing a fistful of green before sharply jabbing the bunching of lettuce toward Hinata who flinched. Warily watching the slowly dripping tomato almost leaking juice into her eye, she prepared for the worst with a grimace.

At least Ino was enjoying herself.

*“By protection, Sakura means from any accidental **pregnancies**, and by THAT, my adorable, pale-eyed friend, she means that undoubtedly, without question, outside the realms of DOUBT!”*

The forkful of salad was forcefully thrust into the air before falling with a dramatic swoosh, levelling itself once more at Hinata’s flushed and flustered face as the Hyuuga finally cottoned on and felt steam come pouring from her ears.

‘You a-a-and Choji?!’ Her thoughts were frantic.

*Ino’s features darkened behind a sly smile. “Choji is **going** to fuck you...”*

The moment it processed, Hinata’s thoughts went blank.

*“Ino!” Sakura’s scandalised squeal set her friend off into howls and flustered at the irritated glances they were attracting, Sakura wildly flailed her arms in Hinata’s steaming face to try and calm her down. “Hinata, don’t listen to her! She’s just being an **idiot**, as per usual. Choji’s not going to be interested in doing... that, with you...”*

Logically, Hinata understood that it was meant to be reassuring. Still, she couldn’t help the slight pang of hurt at the implication that Choji wouldn’t find someone like her attractive.

Surprisingly, it was Ino who took offence.

“The hell are you talking about, Forehead!?” The blond suddenly leapt forward. “Choji’ll be all over that on the very first NIGHT!” She scoffed.

Hinata’s ears burned cherry red as she watched the exchange, eyes a blur as they flicked from Ino’s mocking sneer and Sakura’s frustrated glare.

*“Stop scaring her! You **know** she has a thing for Naruto!”*

“Eh?!” Hinata jumped but neither girl seemed to notice, sparks flying as their heated stares clashed.

Ino ponytail whipped behind her shoulder. “Oh please, like that knucklehead’s going to notice what a cutie Hinata is. The moment Choji gets those big strong arms around her, she’ll forget all about that hyperactive idiot! Hell, it might even help with her confidence problems-”

“INO!”

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Hinata was glad that her last day in the village had been spent surrounded by such good friends.

Especially considering the mission was *already* a disaster.

Along with Choji, the two of them had set out just three days ago with the idea that *no one* knew where they were going and *no one* knew why.

Which made it all the more surprising when the two of them had reached their assigned checkpoint to find the reconnaissance team already dead and long buried.

“*Iwa.*”

Choji had spat the name like a curse and that was just the beginning. Unknowingly, they’d sprung the trap and what followed was...

Carnage.

Hinata could still feel the snapping of bone and the rupturing of tenketsu beneath her fingertips but while she had been fast, Choji was *faster*.

He’d come a long way since the academy.

Barely had her eyes been able to catalogue a target for her to call out before like the great mechanical beasts Snow Country called their trains, he blurred across the shrapnel laced battlefield in a bull like flash of brown and red, reducing the unidentifiable shinobi into a fine red mist that both blinded and enraged the man’s comrades.

It had only happened that morning and yet, to Hinata, it felt like they’d been trapped inside the murky reaches of the forest for days.

The crackling of a small campfire dragged her thoughts back to the present just as Choji grabbed her attention.

“We’ll have to move slowly,” He grumbled, and she knew it went without saying just why.

They were surrounded after all.

She’d already caught signs of figures flitting around the edges of her range, scouring the forest in a slowly tightening noose that weighed around her shoulders as she watched Choji roughly stab a stick through the embers, crushing the fire to life in a shower of sparks that highlighted their weary, grime painted faces.

They weren't Iwa, at least, the graceless fumbling through the forest evident enough of that for her to be confident in saying the scene of organised chaos just *screamed* mercenary company.

Hinata nodded, trying to conserve her energy and trusting that neither of them would be here if they weren't capable enough. That being said...

"... Why me?"

The question was so meek, so quiet, that even Hinata herself wasn't sure she'd muttered it aloud until he gave her a bewildered stare.

Flushing slightly, she clarified.

"I mean," Her fingers twisted as she started to fidget. "Why, *exactly*, did you ask Hokage-sama for me and not the rest of my team?"

It had been bothering her. It wouldn't have surprised Hinata if the mission had been *requested* for her as a substitute by the Elder's of her clan while the rest of her team were sent with Kurenai-sensei. Though, admittedly, their sensei wasn't one to bow the knee so to speak, and so far the mission had been about as far from safe as you could get.

Choji's confusion cleared. "Ohhh, you mean why did I pick you *specifically*?"

At her tentative nod, he shrugged.

"Needed a scout. Usually that's Ino, but her and Shikamaru got caught up handling some important deal between our clans and I drew the short straw. Hitting things and getting hit? I'm your guy. Piecing out a trap from twenty kilometres away? Shit, give me a Hyuga."

He went back to prodding the fire, not noticing how her expression fell and her lips briefly curled.

'Ah...'

So he just wanted a Hyuga.

In the silence of her mind, Hinata cursed herself for thinking it could have been anything else when out of nowhere, his calm timbre broke the still evening air.

"Besides..."

Her eyes shot up as, setting his elbow on top of his knee, Choji levelled the ember glazed tip of his makeshift fire poker towards her in a way that was oddly reminiscent of the way his blonde teammate had wielded her salad.

"You're **good** at what you do." He admitted, causing her to perk up as a bemused smile took its place on Choji's rugged features before he casually waved on. "I've learned that the especially beautiful kunoichi are usually the ones I should be most afraid of."

A single memory sent her thoughts crashing to a halt.

'*Choji is **going** to fuck you...*' Ino's voice whispered through her mind and Hinata thought the other girl was joking. Then she remembered what Sakura said and a sense of bitter relief filled her. After all, why would Choji be interested in someone like *her*.

Top of the academy. Fast tracked to promotion. *Popular*.

Despite that, Hinata couldn't figure out just why but something, some *way* about how he said those words stuck with her. It wasn't so much a compliment as an *acknowledgement*.

Before she knew what was happening, her cheeks warmed. "O-o-oh..."

Now, she was avoiding his eyes for an entirely *different* reason.

It at least meant the dourness was cleared from her face as a small but pleased smile threatened to bend her lips as she glanced to the side.

"... So why'd you say yes?"

His voice dragged her back.

Staring into those clear, unreadable eyes, Hinata was brought to her last conversation with Ino. Sakura ended up being called back to work before they could finish, and left alone...

Well?

<><><><><>

"*You want help asking out NarutMMPH?!*"

Face blazing, Hinata slapped her palms one over another atop Ino's wagging lips in an attempt to get the blonde to just be quiet instead of shouting about her crush for anyone to hear.

Granted, Hinata knew she wasn't exactly being subtle, but...

"**BWAH!**"

Ino ripped herself free of the muzzle made of fingers while Hinata frantically waved her to silence.

"I-it's not for Naruto!" Her whisper was harried, rushed, pleading. "I just... if you could show me to be more like... you..."

Ino managed to grab her wrists and pin them before they could accidentally slap her in the chin as she gave the Hyuuga an annoyed glare.

"Okay, why are you so strong?" She huffed, hurriedly stepping back and glancing over the other girl's chest with an envious eye that made Hinata want to curl up. "And why me? I've only ever slept with Choji."

*So much blood shot up her neck that it left Hinata feeling lightheaded at the blunt admittance, yet she soldiered on. "I-Ino, **please**."*

*Ino was the most confident person she knew and if anyone would have an idea for how to help her conquer her fears and finally confess to Naruto, it was **her**.*

Not that Ino seemed to agree.

*"Again, I've only ever slept with **Choji**." The Yamanaka boldly pointed out, and Hinata felt her hopes start to sink only to be saved by an unexpected lifeline. "... Why don't you just ask him?"*

Hinata's head shot up and the horror must have shown in her face if Ino's frustrated groan was anything to go by.

*"No, not **THAT** idiot! He wouldn't know how to deal with a girl if you held his precious **RAMEN** hostage! I mean Choji."*

Hinata stilled. Slowly, curiosity tipped her hand.

"... Choji?"

The only way to describe the smile Ino gave her was fox-like.

...and maybe a little crazy.

"Oh, honey~"

A pale twig of an arm shot out to wrap around her shoulders, dragging Hinata into Ino's side with a startled squeak as the mind-reader continued to grin.

*"Let me teach you a little something about the difference between a fish... and a **fisherman**."*

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Hinata was sure she'd never felt more mortified.

The explanation she'd given was about as rushed and incoherent as she could possibly make it, filled to the brim with her stammers and inaudible mumbles that by *some* miracle, Choji had been able to follow as he sat there overwhelmed into silence.

If only Ino hadn't revealed so much. She'd almost forgotten the excruciatingly graphic detail used by Choji's teammate in describing his *proclivities*. The sordid details of which rendered Hinata catatonic for no less than three hours before the mind reading blonde was able to break her out of it.

Now, she was finished, and the sheer surprise on his face was enough to make her stomach do flips as Hinata prepared for the worst. For him to laugh and call her a ridiculous, *foolish* girl.

Choji didn't do any of that.

"Damn. I mean, I GET it, but... *damn*."

She froze.

That... didn't sound like ridicule.

Unable to believe what she could have sworn was a sort of begrudging respect, Hinata felt herself choke up a little at first sight of his approving nod.

"You...?" Her heart jumped like a rabbit's. "You don't think I'm-"

"Crazy?" He cut her off and immediately, her ears burned and her face *dropped*. "... Nah."

Seeing her disbelief, Choji awkwardly scratched his chin.

"Well, I mean, it's DEFINITELY crazy. You signed up for a possible *death mission* with the idea of using it to *maybe* get dating advice. That's crazy no matter how you look at it, but honestly? I get it. I mean..."

His bulk tipped back, causing the log he was sitting on to groan under the weight of all that muscle as he quietly chuckled.

"I'd probably do something crazy if it meant getting laid too."

Just like that when she'd thought the heat in her cheeks had started to calm, it came rushing right back.

"T-that's not..." Her throat burned from the embarrassment. "*Quite* what I intend."

"How so?" He cocked his head. "You don't wanna fuck Naruto?"

Hinata couldn't believe they were having this conversation. Just the thought of her and Naruto doing... *that* was enough to make her almost pass out right there, the embarrassment only averted by the forever present threat of danger lurking all around them.

Hinata squeaked before furiously jamming the tips of her fingers together, twisting and turning them anxiously as she fought to swallow her nerves. "W-well..."

It wasn't like she was *against* the idea.

"So you do?" He prompted and after a long, steaming moment of hesitation, she gave him a timid nod.

He shrugged. "Cool."

Hinata felt adrift.

'D-does that mean...?'

Choji must have sensed her nervousness as he caught her eyes and quickly flashed a smile.

"I'll help."

The storm of emotions that followed could have thrown Hinata into a daze. Her lips twitched, torn between mortification and relief, eyes like bowls as she tried to see if he was joking, if this was all just some sort of cruel prank.

Stabbing the charred wand of wood into the dying pit, Choji left it sticking up and ready to be grabbed at the slightest moments notice as he gestured towards her.

"How do you want to start?"

Hinata's lips jerked apart, ready to comply only to come up short.

She... wasn't actually sure?

Confessing such to Choji, it warmed her heart to see he wasn't discouraged. His brow creased while his eyes narrowed in thought before he hummed.

"Okay, well, how would you talk to Naruto now? Pretend he's here."

Threatening to hunch in on herself, Hinata's shoulders tensed before she clenched her jaw and forced them to relax. Once her posture was straight, conviction filled her gaze and she looked him straight in the eye.

Surprised by her quick compliance, Choji mirrored her and waited.

...

... and waited.

"Uhm... Hinata?"

Blinking herself out of their impromptu staring contest, her face showed every ounce of emotion she felt as her head tilted softly to the side.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Choji's mouth opened, closed... then opened again.

"Was that...?" Her expression was so honest, it almost hurt him to ask, but, "How you'd usually... *talk* to Naruto?"

Hinata's hair flew as she gave him a flurry of earnest nods.

The air audibly rushed to fill his lungs as he inhaled. "Hoooo, alright...well!"

A muffled clap echoed out around them as his palms sharply met.

"Speech is a no go." He told her bluntly, the words like a physical now as she dropped her head in shame only to hear him optimistically rally back. "Which means it's time for Plan B!"

If Ino could have heard them, she would have started cackling.

Hinata, on the other hand, perked up at the thought that her quest might not be as hopeless as she thought. "R-really?"

Choji slapped his knees with a pair of heavy *thwump's*.

"Of course!"

At his beaming smile, some of the colour fled her cheeks and she gazed over at him with a face full of gratitude and yes, maybe a little bit of worship.

'M-maybe it's not impossible?' Her heart thumped hopefully in her chest. *'Can I... can I really-?'*

"Now take your jacket off!"

Her mind shattered.

"*W-wha-w-w-w-w-w-w-wwwwwwwwwwww-*"

"Yo, yo, HINATA, YO!"

Snapping his fingers in front of her nose, Choji jerked her free of the existential spiral that seemed to be dragging her away and reassured her with a smile, trying to be as comforting as possible as she watched him in bewilderment, almost on the edge of hyperventilating.

"Look, Hinata." Her eyes focused at the firm compassion lacing his tone. "You have trouble speaking to the guy you have a crush on, that's *okay*. If it's not something you want to get help with yet, you don't HAVE to."

Some of the hopefulness returned to her chest.

She didn't *have* to talk to Natruto? She could just...

... What *could* she do?

Slowly, she asked him. "I don't think I understand..."

Choji reached forward across the fire, his size making light work of the distance between them as he dropped a bear-sized palm on top of her knee and gave it a reassuring pat. "Don't worry. You think me and Ino started fucking because she's a sterling conversationist?"

Cheeks burning, Hinata squirmed under her classmates' vulgarity and tried not to make it obvious she was getting distracted by his hand where it still hadn't left her knee.

"Nah," He shook his head with a rueful chuckle. "She started walking around in the shortest skirt she had and didn't let me get a moment's peace until I dragged her out behind her parents and *raw dogged her in the backyard*."

Hinata wasn't sure Choji realised just how hard he was squeezing as he reminisced. His thick fingers dragged across the surface of her thighs and she could feel him through the fabric of her ankle-length pants as he spoke while idly massaging her knee.

"Now *admittedly*, you're working at a bit of a deficit since unlike you, Ino sadly CAN talk to guys meaning that where she has to be louder, you have to be *sluttier*. So!"

Thick fingers gripped the bottom of her lavender jacket and tugged.

“Let’s see what we’re working with!”

Hinata would have rather walked blindfolded across the border into Kumo. Still, the earnest look on his face made her want to believe that Ino was right, that Choji could help her get over her fears.

Bracing herself, Hinata steeled her willpower. “O-okay...”

With an encouraging smile gracing his lips, Choji sat back and gave Hinata all the time in the world as she sought to work up the courage. When she was sure she had it, or at least sure enough to make sure she wouldn’t back out, she climbed to her feet with a shuddering breath and reached for the zipper beneath her throat.

Taking solace under his encouraging nod, she started to pull.

ZiiiiiiiP!

Hinata didn’t miss how his eyes widened.

As the weather resistant fabric slowly started to part, Hinata couldn’t bear to look at herself, knowing she wouldn’t like what she saw as she instead chose to focus on Choji, who...

Who *looked* at her.

The clasp of her zipper reached the top of her chest and her ears burned as it got caught against the top of her breasts, tangling briefly with the mesh of her armour so she fumblingly had to tug it free.

She’d always been embarrassed about her chest.

Naruto liked pretty girls like *Sakura*, with bright, colourful hair and slender figures. Hinata knew she must look pudgy by comparison and strangely, the thought of Choji seeing such a thing scared her almost as much as the thought it could have been Naruto.

“... Huh...”

She prepared herself for the worst as she heard Choji’s start mumbling to himself.

“This is gonna be easier than I expected.”

Every muscle in Hinata’s buxom body *convulsed*.

Her arms snapped down and with it, the zip of her jacket was finally torn free, sent screaming down her front as her cover was blown free and suddenly, Choji could see *everything*.

A lump formed inner throat as she realised he was staring. The sheer mesh made of ninja-wire that hugged her so tight it made diamonds on her skin like a body stocking, casting a permanent shadow against her almost luminescent skin as it covered her from neck to waist in its figure hugging ensemble

A thin band of exposed flesh showed between the mesh and her waistband as Choji cupped his chin, examining her intensely as Hinata awkwardly shifted her weight from one foot to the other.

“... What’s with the bindings?”

Her expression crumpled, having hoped he wouldn’t ask.

The thick roll of bandages wrapped meticulously around her chest stuck out like a sore thumb and steadying herself, Hinata mumbled her reply.

“Th-they’re too, umm.. b-... big?”

Hinata didn’t understand why he suddenly went still.

Choji processed the admission in the bat of an eye before looking directly at her chest incredulously.

“Seriously...?”

Embarrassed, Hinata meekly nodded.

“They get even *bigger*?!”

Fighting the urge to run and hide, Hinata forced her eyes to lift and stopped, stunned, as she saw the great big *beaming* smile Choji was pointing her way.

“What are you waiting for?! Let’s bust them out already!”

The towering Akimichi clambered to his feet and Hinata couldn’t bring herself to react in time as he reached for his pouch, extracting a gleaming black kunai with a simple flick of his fingers before closing in.

“Now, just hold *still*...”

Hinata did. She didn’t know why but something about the twinkle in Choji’s eye was making it hard to move, let alone *breathe* as he stretched his arms out towards her, pinching the front of

her mesh between two fingers before bringing the point to her breast, right above her heart, and gently sliding the edge in between.

It cut through her bindings like *butter*.

The sudden flutter and release around her chest spurred Hinata back to action as she stiffened and... and...

"Damn."

Warmth.

Like a sweeping tide, Choji's palm enveloped the front of her left breast and Hinata's body refused to move as it plunged into the mountain of soft, quivering flesh as he hummed.

"W-what are you doing?" She stammered, before- "HUAH~!"

His finger brushed her nipple and Hinata's nerves ignited, sending blood rushing to fill the pale plains of her artfully sculpted face as a surprise surge of pleasure left her reeling. Lightning jolted through her limbs and her arms felt like they were glued to her sides, fingers flexing wildly as she struggled to think of what she should be doing as Choji continued playing with her breasts.

"Shit, Hinata. How did you even have trouble getting Naruto to notice you? Did he go blind or something since the academy?"

All the while as he talked, he never stopped squeezing. His palms stroked their way across every inch of her chest, slipping under the sloping mounds and weighing the hearty milk globes before cupping them from the sides and crushing them together.

Overwhelmed, Hinata struggled to answer. "N-Naruto only likes p-pretty girls-MMPH! L-like S-S-Sakuura!"

There. She said it.

Choji's face was incredulous. "What are you even talking about? Sakura would *kill* for a pair of these! I mean seriously, do they even MAKE bras this big?"

They didn't. That was why she needed the *bindings*.

Choji didn't seem to understand that, however, eyes glued to her nipples where they lewdly jutted out through the mesh as he reached up and trapped them both between his fingers, twisting them in away that stole the breath from Hinata's chest and ignited a fire behind her ribcage all in one go.

When she looked up, Hinata could see her reflection in the darkened pits of his eyes and softly bit down on her lip, rolling it between her teeth as she drank in the glazed stare, the flushed cheeks and the way her plumped up breasts bulged toward Choji *obscenely*, like a tray being offered up as he seemed to struggle with pulling his eyes away.

The moment she realised what was happening it filled her with shame. Hinata's mind was left awl as she saw Choji doing his best to try and help her confess to Naruto and it was arousing her. Those plump thighs squeezed together and with a sinking sense of regret, Hinata felt they were already damp with her juices.

"What's your Strat?" He asked out of nowhere and blindsided, she could barely answer.

"S-Strat?"

Choji rolled his eyes.

"Yeah," He drawled, the smirk hanging from the corners of his lips telling her he was joking as he continued gently massaging her chest. "Your strat? We already figured out the knucklehead's pointless to try and talk to, so you need another way to draw him in."

He sounded like what he was saying was obvious and Hinata's mouth felt too dry to argue. "W-what do I do?" She breathed, barely even paying attention as she found herself leaning more into the firm press of his hands.

It sort of sounded like it made sense? From the look in his eye, Choji was really trying his hardest to help and in response, Hinata felt herself wanting to do better.

A resolve she didn't even know she had seemed to soothe the tremors from her shoulders. The moment they dropped, her nostrils flared and she took a deep breath in, lungs expanding and moulding her breasts to his palms as he grinned and gestured her over to the side with his chin.

"Put your hands on that and bend over."

The stern tone he used, no nonsense as it was, put a strangle flutter in her stomach that Hinata desperately tried to suppress as she did what she was told.

"O-okay!"

Confidently, or, as confident as she could be with his words still resounding in her ears, Hinata stepped towards the half-chopped log Choji designated, one they'd been using earlier as a bench, and cautiously took her position.

Blushing as she settled in, she tried not to think about how the pose pulled her pants tight across her behind and looked back at him. “L-like this?”

...

Concerned at his silence, she craned her neck further. “... Choji?”

What she saw made her heart skip a beat.

She found Choji with his feet rooted to the spot and his jaw hanging. Wide eyes brimming with desire roved across her from behind and Hinata felt herself shiver, fingers clenching against the lightly rotted wood as she felt his ravenous gaze scraping up the back of her thighs to her wide, peachy behind.

Hinata could have sworn she heard him gulp.

“Now... *ahem!*” He coughed to clear his throat. “That just won’t do.”

Confused and just a little concerned, Hinata’s eyes widened as he once again reached for his kunai.

“W-wait, Choji-?!”

“*Trust me.*”

Her jaw snapped shut.

Legs quivering, Hinata jerked her eyes back around to the front, unable to bring herself to watch as he approached her from behind with a chuckle before reaching for the backs of her trousers.

“*Hold still~*”

Something tore through her trouser leg.

A sudden breeze flooded her inner thighs and Hinata had to bite back a squeal at the sudden cold as in response, her core flared right back. A confusing heat welled up from the apex of her thighs and Hinata found herself feeling oddly meek as it seemed to trickle out onto her leg, distracting her from the savage tug and glide of Choji’s blade as he carved away at her uniform until she felt first the fluttering disappearance of one leg, then the other.

When Hinata looked down, blood swam in a red wave up her pale neck as she saw her shinobi pants had been turned into something more akin to shorts.

Shorts that barely reached her knees.

“Mmm...” Choji made a sound of dissatisfaction. “No, that’s not quite it...”

He cut *again*.

Hinata squeaked as her head shot up, face steaming in the cool evening air as she instinctively tried shaking him free.

“Almost done!”

RIP!

“Eep!”

More fabric fluttered to the floor.

By the time he was finished, Hinata felt like she was one accidental brush away from melting as her stare stayed glued to the front of her legs. There was so little of her uniform’s lower-half remaining that when she saw her thighs, a rush of lightheaded embarrassment almost threatened to take her out

“C-Choji?”

Choji looked up, meeting her skittish gaze with a smug grin as he stopped to admire his work. “Yeah?”

Hinata’s legs squirmed as she nervously stammered. “I-I-I-Isn’t t-this a bit... i-*indecent?*”

From where Choji was sitting?

Absolutely.

The tip of his kunai had made short work of her baggy, shapeless trousers and transformed them into a pair of ass hugging shorts so tiny it would have given her father a heart attack.

“Fuck yeah it is!” He emphatically cheered, conviction audibly burning in his chest as she whipped her head around in shock. “You look like something out of a *porn mag*. Shit, Hinata, you’re showing more trunk in a third of your ass than most women have in their *entirety*. I thought women were supposed to get tits *or* ass, not BOTH! If Naruto isn’t rubbing one out to you the first night he sees you, we might just have to look at the whole rivalry with Sasuke thing a little closer.”

It took her a moment to parcel out the vulgarity. That, and bleach the thought of her two classmates doing *that*.

When she DID, however...

A tentative kindling of hope settled behind her ribs. "A-and that's..." She slowly, uncertainly swung her hips to the side, trying to see what he saw and unknowingly almost slapping a drooling Choji over as she tried not to sound too eager. "... *Attractive?*"

When he finally managed to peel his eyes from the canvas of her half exposed, half-gift wrapped backside on display, he offered her a lazy grin and a big thumbs up.

"You're not just pretty, Hinata. You're HOT!"

Her porcelain face flushed scarlet.

Steam came pouring from her ears and something crossed between a squeal and a yelp burst from her lips. Amidst all of that? A spark.

Happiness became gratitude.

Gratitude became fondness.

Fondness became *admiration*.

Then, somewhere in between, Hinata realised she was still bent over, hips raised and her legs straight as the sound of Choji dusting himself off, re-holstering his kunai and pushing himself to his feet caught her attention.

"There, Naruto should be pretty easy pickings for you now," He grinned, orienting himself back towards the fire and lumbering towards his seat as Hinata stared unblinkingly at his back. "Just remember what I said! Words are useless, action speaks!"

Action *speaks*.

The words rang like the bells of a grand temple in her ears.

'Action *speaks*.'

Choji had barely begun sitting back down when her call distracted him.

"A-ano... Choji?"

When he looked up, it was to find Hinata with her fingers caught in nervous tangle at her waist as she fidgeted uncertainly, legs gently twisting on the spot as she showed no awareness for the

way her plump tits stretched at the fabric of her mesh while her nipples jutted out, forced to remain stiff as they cut through the open air while their owner shyly raised her eyes.

“Umm? I, I still need help knowing what to do, well, after...” Her throat closed and her face burned as her mouth refused to form the words, voices ascending in pitch as her nervousness started to peak and she forced out the last of her request in a rush.

“AfterConfessingToNarutoIfYouWouldLikeToHelpMe?”

There was a long, pregnant pause.

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Honestly...

Hinata was *adorable*.

There wasn't a single doubt in Choji's mind that Ino was behind all of this. The entire situation *stunk* of her mischievous touch and if Hinata understood just what kind of monster she'd unleashed, he was sure she would have run as far and as fast as she could regardless of the mission.

He almost wanted to ask just what EXACTLY his teammate had told her. But then again...

“C-... Choji?”

He looked up.

Those pale, pupil-less eyes showed far more emotion than he would have ever given them credit for, darting away every time they even came close to meeting his own as her shoulders rose and fell in time with the shallow pull of her lungs.

Hinata's fingers weakly kneaded the muscles of his chest through the thick red leather of his coat and despite being too embarrassed to show it, it was easy to pick up the sense of wonder in her touch.

“Is this...” Her cheeks had been dyed a permanent pink. “Really alright?”

Choji paused.

Swinging his bulky torso to the side, he peered around the thick, gnarled trunk of the tree they'd taken refuge in and gazed down at what had once been their campsite. Small black blurs rushed around like frantic, bandanna-wearing army ants and the urge to snicker almost

threatened to expose them as he saw the same thing Hinata had when their hunters had finally closed in.

Mirth rumbled through his shoulders. “Probably? I mean, they move like civilians. I don’t think we have much to worry about as long as we can make it out without them confirming we’re here...”

“A-a-ano?”

Turning his head back to the Hyuga, he found the poor girl almost vibrating out of her skin, back pressed firmly to the trunk as she shifted nervously from one foot to the other, incapable of standing still as she wrapped both rows of bright white teeth around one of the juiciest lower lips Choji had ever seen and whimpered.

“I-I mean... *this*.”

With a look of dawning realisation, Choji brightened before quickly feigning a wise nod.

“Ohhhhh! You mean *this*.”

“HNN!”

The echo of Hinata’s hands slapping wildly over her mouth bounced off the canopy around them. The chaotic racket pouring out from the clearing underneath went still and in the silence that followed, Hinata blessed the eagerly smirking Choji with an incredulous stare that spoke volumes of her disbelief as she forced her creaking neck to let her look down.

His fingers flexed where he’d stuffed them between her thigh and in the palm of his hand, Hinata’s mound *throbbed*. A constant warmth pulsed from the centre of her being and Choji felt his cock stir as it licked at his fingers, teasing them of a forbidden promise hidden just out of sight behind Hinata’s freshly ‘tailored’ outfit.

It hadn’t been hard for the two shinobi, at home in the trees as they were, to escape the immediate aftermath of their campsite’s discovery. Hinata had landed and almost immediately started lambasting herself for the loss in control in allowing their enemies to get so close but Choji wouldn’t stand for it.

So, he stuck his hand between her thighs.

The mesh of her vest top strained to contain the heaving weight of those bosoms and unable to resist, Choji started to slowly grind the palm of his giant hand right where he could feel her slit, crushing the outline of her mound through the surprisingly thin crotch of her shorts and getting to watch her jump as her body eagerly responded.

“You wanted to learn didn’t you?” He chuckled, stretching the tips of his two longest fingers as far back as he could and tracing them along the gully below those thick, milky cheeks as her hands hummed with a loosely muffled squeal. “Besides, these guys aren’t exactly what I’d call a threat. Nah, if we have to try and sneak our way out of here, might as well get your *lessons* done along the way. You want to ask out Naruto as soon as we’re back, *right?*”

It took a moment for Hinata to work up a response. By the colour in her cheeks, it looked like she might pass out at any given moment, her virgin mind struggling to comprehend the sudden surge of stimulus as she squirmed that fat ass back and forth across the bark before eventually giving in with a meek little nod.

On an intellectual level, Choji both knew and understood that Hinata was a highly trained Kunoichi. Despite that, however, when it came to matters of the body and the heart, everything about her screamed *prey*.

How she managed to look so sensual and yet so innocent was a mystery of its own. A frosting of pink speckles decorated her cheeks and in the dark of the forest, the white froth churned out by her excited lungs made the supple pink pillows of her lips sparkle as she gazed up at him in wonder.

Their eyes locked and Choji refused to look away.

A film of translucent trepidation flashed across her pupiless orbs as she felt the blunt edge of his finger hook the waistband of her shorts.

Hinata's shallow breathing stuttered unsurely. “But this...?”

It was adorable. Conflict shone clear across her face as her delicate, porcelain features scrunched and she worried at her lip, caught between believing that what they were doing was shameful and taboo, all while her innocent, naive body screamed out for more and more of his touch.

That was why he didn’t hesitate in roughly shoving his palm down the front of her plain white thong until her clit brushed his fingers. With a single caress, he wiped Hinata’s complaints from mind and she squealed.

“CHOJI!”

“*What was that?!*”

The sudden shout exploded from beneath them but Choji didn’t pay it any mind.

Leaning closer to her ear, he took the chance to drink in a quick sniff of her calming scent and felt his skin prickle as he realised how good it really was.

"What are they doing now?" He idly murmured, the tip of his nose nuzzling her vulnerable throat as it quivered and she swallowed a nervous lump before activating her bloodline.

The veins around her eyes went taut and the moment they did, Hinata's gaze seemed to drift, A thousand yard stare overtook her even as he grinned and pressed his lips to the exposed edge of her collarbone, trailing his lips across her silken flesh as she gasped before her training took over.

"Th-they're just, just looking aROUND! *Mmmh!*"

Even with her mind preoccupied with the scene beneath them, Hinata's body continued flooding her brain with information, reporting back to her as Choji traced a route from her collarbone to the hollow of her throat and lightly extended his tongue, painting her quickly reddening neck with its teasing caress as she quailed under the sudden urge of pleasure and meekly grasped for his armour.

"Haaah! They haven't s-s-seen us!"

That was just what he wanted to hear.

Grinning from ear to ear, Choji dragged his roving lips from the proud line of her jaw while hungrily noting the way she seemed to gulp down her disappointment. The cream-like pouches of her cheeks blazed an eye-catching pink as he gently wrapped his palms around her hips and used them to turn her against the tree.

Nervous and not quite understanding what was going on, Hinata nevertheless did as bid and turned, exposing her blindspot to his looming visage as he chuckled while leveraging his tremendous bulk to rest only on his knees.

Now face to face with that ass, Choji found himself robbed of all words. Barely constrained cheeks that put beachballs to shame stretched from one horizon to the next with ease as he placed a palm on the small of her back and slowly corralled the trembling noble girl into pushing both palms against the coarse wooden trunk.

Choji shamelessly licked his lips as he reached for the back of her waistband.

"Choji?!"

Hinata yelped but her head didn't turn, dutifully focusing her Byakugan on the soldiers milling about the forest floor as he roughly hooked his fingers down her new shorts and ripped them to the floor!

"What are you-?!"

Cool forest air flooded the space between her thighs and Hinata shuddered. Despite the sudden cold, it felt like her lungs were on fire. Petrified limbs refused to stretch back and so she couldn't even cover herself as a puff of burning hot air puffed across the back of her naked thigh and she froze.

Pushing his nose into the crack separating the very top of her plump and curvaceous thighs, Choji felt the heat radiating off her centre as he pushed as deep as he could and *breathed*.

"Mmmmmmm!"

Pale mounds of pure cushion pressed down on his face as Hinata's lips vibrated around a particularly embarrassed whine.

"E-E-Eh?" She stammered, the long legs of a dancer twisting together. "Th-this is kind of... embarrassing?"

In response, Choji dragged himself from the embrace of her quivering thighs and sighed.

"Hinata, Hinata, Hinata..." He tutted.

Hinata's arms shook as he paused to stare up at her from behind. Bright white cheeks with the consistency of freshly whipped cream wobbled as they jutted out towards him with an energetic bounce, the thin strip of cotton Hinata called her underwear bunched up and crushed until it more resembled floss between the steaming hot walls of her rump.

Reaching up, Choji left her shorts puddled around Hinata's feet and planted both mammoth paws on the bulging curves of her behind.

"Eep!"

Hinata squeaked but didn't pull away, constantly trembling as he traced the slopes of her backside with his palms before softly gripping them in a harsh hold.

"How are you going to face your fears if trash like this are holding you back? Don't worry about the mission or what people think. Just pretend you're dealing with Naruto!"

Somehow, the blush in her cheeks managed to grow even brighter as she stiffened in surprise.

"N-Naruto?!"

She'd almost forgotten her whole reason for wanting his help in the first place.

Choji's ravenous stare clung to the thinly painted streak of white clinging to her mound where it sat cradled between her thighs like a crown jewel.

"Yeah," He continued, clearly distracted as his tone audibly deepened. "If it was Naruto knelt back here, looking up at this fat, fuckable ass-" He ignored her surprised yelp and drove on. "-what would you do?"

'F-F-Fuckable?!'

Hinata's lips twisted as a jumble of sound was caught behind her lips. The gulp she made was audible, weight anxiously shifting from one foot to the other as she kept her kilometre spanning gaze locked on the men searching for them.

The temptation to take her eyes off of them for only a second sat like a hot metal spike in her chest and slowly, Hinata felt her will crumble.

'J-just a peek...'

Tilting her head ever so slightly, she wound her vision back to the branch they lay hidden and felt her mouth go dry.

He was staring. No, more than that, he was *leering*.

Hinata's rabid heart rate spiralled out of control as she saw every minute detail in the near rapturous expression he wore while gorging himself on the space between her thighs. Almost unthinkingly, his torso swayed forward and a warm breath slithered between her ass cheeks, coiling around the thin string of her thong and shooting tremors up her spine as she struggled not to lose her footing.

Desperately, she tried to do as he said and imagined Naruto. His golden hair, bright blue eyes, the dashing scores of his whiskers...

One after another, the images slipped from her mind like grains of sand between numbed fingers. Hinata caught herself trying less and less to imagine her crush and instead, she examined the man who'd sworn to help her in any way he could.

Even endangering his life AND the mission just so he could help her.

All while she had been struggling, Choji had been drifting closer.

"Just speak your mind~"

Legs trembling, Hinata helplessly turned her focus to his chin, his jaw and his lips where they hung scant centimetres from intruding where none had gone before. He'd told Hinata to speak

her mind but no matter how hard she struggled for the words, they refused to come, clogging her throat and tangling around her lips.

So she did the next best thing.

With a soft whoosh of displaced air, that tremendous rear tumbled backwards only to end up landing flush against Choji's upturned face with a solid *thwap*.

Hinata's veins turned to ice as soon as she'd realised what she'd done. Before she could try and escape, likely before ending her life in shame, Choji did something that surprised her.

He laughed.

"Heheheheh!"

He was nose deep between her cheeks. That meant that as his humour rose, Hinata could feel every vibrant chuckle that vibrated its way past his lips into the sensitive flesh of her backside. Especially as it seemed to mercilessly zero in on the itch inflaming her mound.

"I mean, I guess that'll do... for now."

Muffled, his voice slapped along her ass crack and Hinata only had the space between one breath and the next to recognise the slimy curl of a thick tongue wrapping around the skimpy white crotch of her thong. It found her slit with unerring accuracy and Hinata's knees slammed inwards as she tried to instinctively save herself from any further embarrassment.

It didn't work.

Hinata only ended up twisting, rolling and eventually shaking the full weight of her thick white cheeks against his lips as Choji reached up and snagged her flailing arms by the wrists. Yanking them taut, he used her pale limbs like reins and pinned the squealing kunoichi to his hungrily slavering lips as she struggled.

Dark blue tresses tumbled past her shoulders like the waters of a secluded waterfall and Choji felt them brush across his nose as he doubled down. Eventually, her instinctive urge to hide was slowly whittled away, the constant pillaging of his tongue across her tender pink lips sapping the will to resist from her busty body until she was left trapped and quivering in a melted pile atop his mouth, shuddering spasmodically as she recklessly plunged the top row of her teeth down into the juicy pink pillow of her lip.

Choji unplugged his tongue for her cunt just long enough to lick her nectar from his chin before, knowingly or not, showing her a wolfish grin.

"You wanna know something, Hinata? You taste fucking *delicious*. In fact..."

Mischief twinkled in his eyes as he twisted his grip on her wrists...

And lead them to either half of her giant, heart-shaped ass.

"A-ah?" Blearily, Hinata felt their warm weight fill her palms and squeezed.

The brief sting of her nails finding purchase made Hinata's heart flutter.

"You should be more confident! Try it," He suggested simply, and Hinata strained to understand what he meant. "Tell me to *eat* it."

Her thoughts slammed to a jarring halt. "... Huh?"

Winding back, Choji's open palm flew toward the exposed flank of her boulder-like left cheek and connected with a heart stopping SMACK!

"This pussy is a privilege," Choji growled as Hinata yelped, head flinging back and the pale orbs of her eyes blankly staring into the canopy above. "So tell me to fucking eat it."

With a surge of ravenous motivation, Choji stuffed his gaping maw back between her thighs and Hinata wailed.

"CHOJIIIIII~!"

Unthinkingly, her grip tightened. Fisting the supple flesh of her well rounded rump, Hinata's legs spread as she was suddenly forced to balance herself and what she was left with was a lewd, wide-open stance that quickly dropped into a squat as her cunny remained magnetised to his wetly smacking lips.

Not by any doing of his own, of course. Hinata just simply couldn't find it in herself to drag herself away from the frantic lashes of pleasure that seemed to follow every teasing stroke of his tongue as he danced it around her weeping hole.

"I-I-It's dirtyyyyyy!" She whined.

Tearing himself back, Hinata almost thought he was offended by the furious glower he levelled at her from behind. Then, he *spanked* her.

Hard.

SLAP!

"KYAH~!"

Hinata's entire body seemed to thrum and the sharp pain quickly melted into a warm glow, the heat suffusing her jiggling cheeks as Choji palmed a handful of freshly brightened booty flesh and gave it a disapproving shake.

"There is not a single thing dirty about this pussy. It's exquisite." He hissed and unlike the harsh criticisms of her father or the elders of her clan, his words didn't hurt.

Hinata had to blink back tears at the warm compassion he used while fondling her, his eager fingers prodding, prying, begging her to let go and with a shallow, mewling gasp... she gave in.

Knuckles whitening, Hinata's fingers leveraged apart the all encompassing cliff face of her derriere. A single finger outstretched itself to wiggle behind the back of her thong so she could drag it out of place, baring her blushing pink cunny to Choji's feverish stare as he knelt there patiently.

"P-please..." The sweet song of her voice trembled as she fought to swallow her nervousness. "Please keep l-l-licking m-" His head blurred forward. "-EEEEEEE~!"

The veins around her eyes faded back into smooth, blemish-free flesh and Hinata's eyes rolled. Choji's tongue didn't waste time toying with her and instead, simply bulldozed its way past the glistening and petite lips of her slit. That dripping wet rope of flesh and taste buds slithered through her core and Hinata's squeals trailed off into a series of heartfelt moans as it seemed to press against her from the inside.

Her passage positively gushed as his tongue bulged out her hole and in response, her arms tightened. Hinata's legs shuffled even further apart and without stopping to care what a shameless display she was putting on for anyone who happened to see, she squatted even further.

Those firm, well trained thighs trembled as they tried to support her hips when they suddenly lurched back and mashed the wall of ass fat to Choji's groaning face. Far from intimidated, he reached up and layered his hands over her own only to then squeeze, telling her without words just what he wanted as Hinata blushed but obeyed and slowly pressed the edges of her fingers together.

Sandwiched in the crack of her ass, Choji snorted her fragrant scent with a moan.

"Say it." He growled.

Hinata hesitated, baulking at the crudity of what he wanted...

Only to feel his tongue pause and have the decision made for her.

"I'M SORRY!" She suddenly squealed, the sharp pang of emptiness enough to spur her remaining shame as gritting her teeth, Hinata mashed her ass back into his face until she felt the tingling lips of her slit scraping over his chin. "E-E-Eat i-!"

SMACK!

"EAT IT!"

With a little five finger encouragement and a fresh handprint sizzling against the upturned curve of her ass, Choji grinned beneath a mountain of derriere and focused his chakra to his tongue.

The effect was immediate.

"O-oh-!"

Hinata's entire body wavered as something inside her started to shift.

It was his tongue.

His *growing* tongue.

"Hah! Choji?!"

He didn't respond.

Chin deep in Hinata's eagerly weeping pussy, Choji found himself guzzling down the thick waves of honey that flowed from her blooming petals as she moaned. The partial expansion jutsu flowed through the length of his tongue and as it filled her hole, the titan of pink inflated.

It covered every fold, every nerve cluster, every inch of her tunnel until Hinata felt bloated. She stumbled, legs threatening to give out at any moment as she swayed dazedly in the wind. The curve of her lips parted with a hot gasp as he wrapped his arms around Hinata until he could palm the front of her thighs and use them as handholds to drown himself in the swell of her behind, prompting Hinata to grind out a desperate moan.

"T-too much-!"

It started *moving*.

Hinata's jaw went slack and her tongue shot forward in a disgraceful rainbow of glistening drool, the wet slap of it striking her chin and swinging around to coat the pale underside of her throat barely registering to the noble beauty as she gurgled. "Choji!"

Hinata's chest was her undoing.

The giant orbs of tumbling vanilla flesh tired of being ignored and in a show of rebellion, swung forward, sending her into a free fall as Hinata yelled and went sprawling to her hands and knees while Choji...

Followed her.

"NO~!"

She wasn't screaming out in protest.

A flavourful heat had been brewing since the moment he first cupped her mound and as they fell, Hinata felt it threaten to burst free. Her thighs clenched as tightly as she could make them in order to try and stem the tide but Choji refused to be denied.

Tearing his lips from her quim, he shuffled forward and with a quick slap to her primly jiggling cheeks, coiled his fingers around her waist and forced her into position against his ready and waiting mouth.

"*Say it.*" He snarled.

Hinata heard voices.

"It was coming from somewhere over 'ere!"

"I heard 'em too! C'mon boys, it's PAYDAY!"

"RAAAHHHH!"

A stampede of armoured boots tore away from the campsite in their direction and Hinata knew, *knew* she should warn Choji that they needed to *leave*.

As her fingernails ached from mindlessly scrabbling at the bark underneath her, however, that wasn't what she said.

"Eat it!"

Her sharp whisper, filled with nerves and excitement all in one measure, whistled through the air like a freshly sharpened kunai to slice across his ear canal as Choji grinned. Flexing his wrists, he took Hinata's round booty and slammed it against his cheeks as his tongue began to roll.

Hinata felt the slimy squirming of his muscle between her lower lips and with grit teeth, gurgled out a sound of rapturous delight as her knees shoved her hips back.

“E-Eat it! EAT it!” She begged, her lip trembling as it was suddenly snagged between both teeth, and then- “HNNNNNNNGH!”

It happened. The very tip of Choji’s tongue brushed against the bottom of her tunnel and Hinata felt it lick along the sacred line of her cervix. It tested the gates to her womb, greedily probing and then pushed.

It was when she felt a faint brush inside somewhere no one should ever reach that electricity went *scorching* up her spine and she gurgled. Bark crumbled between her fingers as she clawed them through the wood of the branch and turned its surface to sawdust as her entire body tensed, spine arching as her head tipped back.

“C-cu-cuhh-?”

Gulping her sweetness like sake, Choji’s tongue fought as the silken walls of Hinata’s pussy wrapped his tongue in a needy embrace that threatened to crush him, her orgasm tearing from her swollen slit in a series of sharp and messy spurts that dripped from his chin as he groaned his approval.

When the pleasure finally stopped, Hinata’s elbows crumpled, slamming her chest first into the branch with a meaty thwap as she whimpered with her ass raised overhead.

Choji had barely finished wiping her juices from his chin when the shouts reached them. Risking a chance over the side of their safe-haven, he saw a crowd of ruffian look-alike’s crowding the base.

“Did you see anything?”

Clucking his teeth as they murmured their negatives, he reached down and slung the comatose girl over his shoulder, ignoring her exhausted moan with practised ease and rising to his feet with a quiet grumble.

“Time to go I guess... *Ugh.*”

They couldn’t even make it interesting.

A single green leaf went tumbling to the floor and by the time they finally managed to grab some climbing gear to investigate, there was nothing to be found.

Nothing aside from a suspiciously dark damp spot on top of the branch and a discarded pair of torn off trouser legs.

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When Hinata had first asked for Choji's help, she hadn't expected him to be so... *enthusiastic*.

"Come on Hinata, you got this! Just a *little* more..."

Down on her knees, she couldn't help but feel a silent surge of appreciation for the gentleness he used in coaching her. The painful thumping of her heart was a near constant reminder of her fears but with a swipe of her moist palms across her legs, Hinata steadied herself.

The simple metal buckle clasped at the tips of her tentative fingers rattled in time with her nervous shaking and with a softness deceptive of his size, Choji cupped her fingers in his own before giving them a reassuring squeeze.

"We *can* try again later, you know."

Hinata's shoulders stiffened.

She didn't *want* to try again later.

"I-it's fine," She stammered, her movements visibly terrified as she relaxed her hold on the front of his pants long enough to draw a steadying breath. "I want... I want to do this now, i-i-if that's-"

"That's *fine*." He said, cutting her off not knowing it caused her to hide a small smile.

It was clear back in the Academy but seeing him now, Hinata came to a simple epiphany.

Choji was a truly *kind* person.

A kind person whose time she was wasting with her indecision.

'This is what you wanted.'

Refocusing herself on the task ahead and pushing the sinfully sweet whispers to the back of her mind where they *belonged*, Hinata ignored the pleasant scrape of wire from her vest as it dragged across her turgid nipples, the peaks still stiff from their new exposure to the open air as she chewed the edge of her lip and started to pull.

It was slow at first, but eventually...

"O-o-oh..."

Hinata wasn't sure why it suddenly felt so hard to breathe.

A wall of forest green cotton bulged from the parting folds of his trousers and almost threatened to bludgeon Hinata's nose as she tumbled back.

"Whoa there!"

I'm a blur, Choji's massive palm flashed towards his bulge and left Hinata *steaming* as he vulgarly palmed the front of his writhing tent.

Her mind went into full panic mode and without even realising, she began inching herself away.

Her voice was breathless and meek. "I-I'm sorry. I don't think I c-can..." She couldn't even bring herself to finish the words.

Choji took one look at her defeated expression and sighed.

Hinata chewed her lip. It *stung*.

The taste of defeat hung like ash in the back of her throat and there, down on her knees, she'd never felt so low.

Choji shifted uncertainly and it was that more than anything that lit a fire in her chest as she thought of him looking at her in pity.

He opened his mouth to speak but she got there first

"*Make me.*"

Choji stiffened.

From the shroud of her hanging head, Hinata's eyes burned with a fierceness she rarely showed as she looked up at him, fingers twisting in the padding around his knees as she made sure there could be no misunderstanding.

"I-I want this..." A pale hand floated toward her heart. "E-even if it's hard. I don't... I'm *tired* of being scared."

Fingers clenching in the mesh of her vest, Hinata didn't pay notice to the obscene way it played with her breasts and left her cleavage overflowing as she bore her heart on her sleeve.

"I want this even if it *hurts*."

Choji's silence felt like it held her hopes in the balance.

"... You know what you're asking, right?"

Hinata perked up, realising that wasn't an outright no and daring to hope. "Y-yes?"

Sort of?

By the look in his eye, it didn't seem like Choji believed her. Nevertheless he didn't back away and gripping his head with a sigh, the hulking shinobi eyed her over consideringly. She expected questions, doubt, ridicule. Not...

"I guess if you're sure?"

The breath caught in her throat.

"Th-then...?" She was too scared to ask.

Choji's smile radiated warmth as he gave her a wink...

And promptly tore the bottom half of his uniform to the ground.

Understandably, Hinata froze.

"... Eh?"

Choji didn't seem nearly as shy. With his hands on his hips, the burly assassin proudly stood with his legs bare and the serpentine body of his cock draped between his knees.

It was thicker than her wrist and veiny, the thick lines of powerfully pumped blood slowly inflating its monstrous size as he strode toward her with his hand outstretched.

The tip of his dick got there first.

Before Hinata could convince her trembling limbs to move, Choji's sandals planted themselves in front of her knees and like an eagerly lowered lance ready to charge, his *thing* slammed against her cheek. As soon as she felt the heat seep through her skin Hinata jumped, thighs clamping together around the resurgence of burning arousal as she leaned back while giving it an accidental sniff.

Sweat.

Sweat and *man*.

The moment it touched her lungs, Hinata's reticence melted with a startled gasp that ended up plunging the stench of his cock down her throat.

Saliva filled her mouth and she shuddered, swaying toward him and unintentionally massaging his throbbing tip against the smooth skin of her cheek until it bumped the corner of her lips.

The moment it did, she stiffened.

Then a set of rough fingers slunk through the roots of her hair and she was forced to look up *past* the wedge shaped helmet sliding haphazardly towards her chin.

“Even if it hurts?” He asked, throwing Hinata’s words back in her face as she fought off the urge to faint and instead grit her teeth.

He took one look at her determined glare and shrugged.

“Alright...” He casually hummed. “Your funeral.”

Hinata didn’t have the chance to ponder the ominous nature of those words.

Before she could even reconsider, his fingers were coiling in a fierce claw-hold around the back of her skull and taking aim, Choji *thrust*.

“UNGH!”

“GLURCH!”

No matter what she may have tried to tell herself, Hinata really wasn’t ready.

The fist sized head of his cock tore past her lips like a polearm between two silk pillows, their glossy pink exteriors smashed apart by the mottled length of his red and pink python as he drove past her teeth in a shower of spit and holstered himself onto the cradle of her tongue.

The moment his glands touched her taste buds, Hinata felt the hairs on her arms stand on end. Ambrosia dribbled down her throat and instead of flailing to try and shove him away, the Hyuga hooked her fingers through the dirt on either side of her knees and used them to anchor herself in place.

“Glurk!?”

A single glance showed Choji her flushed, straining features as he pulled her further into his lap, a wild grin twisting the red paint stroke of his mouth as the silken warmth of her moist pink lips coiled around him like a blanket, conforming to his girth while her teeth teased its edges as he gently pumped his hips.

“Don’t worry Hinata, we’ll go *slow*,” He promised, the urge to skull fuck her into unconsciousness increasing as she dragged her glazed orbs towards him, famed doujutsu streaked with strained tears. “There’s a cock hungry little slut in there just waiting to get out and I’m going to *find* her!”

Conviction laced his words and despite the bizarreness of their situation, Hinata felt her heart swell.

She smiled as well as she could around a mouthful of tremendously fat cock. It’s girth stretched the corners of her mouth and Hinata’s blush burned brighter as she felt the shameful streams of spit quickly tracing the contours of her jaw, leaking from her bulging lips and dripping between her pendulous white tits as she gurgled and choked while being fed one titanic inch after another.

Feeling the entrance to her throat tickle the ridges of his tip, Choji’s face tightened.

“Lick it,” He seethed, knuckles flexing impatiently against the back of her skull as Hinata mumbled her confusion but tried to do as he said.

It was hard considering the sheer weight of the meat pinning down her tongue but once she managed to wriggle it free, much to Choji’s approving moans, she was able to clumsily curl it’s length around one side of his shaft before clumsily switching the other while he imperceptibly sped up.

“Mmph-mmph-mmph!”

Squelch!

Hinata didn’t know if she was doing a good job.

By the way Choji’s eyes kept fluttering, however, she was starting to get an idea. At one point he pulled back just a little too far and in a burst of bravery, Hinata stabbed her tongue forward!

The tip found and writhed against the angrily flaring tip of his shaft and Choji *groaned*.

Hinata continued to tongue fuck his piss slit until with a sudden clench, the hand on the back of her head pushed and she *retched*.

“Huuuuuugh~!”

Her tongue slithered forward over the curve of her lower lip and Hinata gurgled as she felt his head fill her throat. It was thick and hot, stretching out the confines of her fleshy pink tunnel and violently grating her tonsils as above her, Choji *folded*.

His enormous shadow swallowed her whole and both of those giant palms wrapped themselves around her skull as he squatted. Face to face with those tremendous thighs, Hinata's shocked eyes bulged as they caught the bulbous bounce of two giant testicles, the skin pulled taut against the base of his cock like the knot of an Inazuka wolf-hound that grew ever larger in her blurred field of view as the walls of her throat were painfully stretched.

"What's the matter, Hinata?" He growled. "I thought this was what you wanted? Don't tell me you're already *giving up?!?*"

The next time Choji made to draw his hips back, he was stopped by a pale pair of claws sinking themselves into the well-muscled meat of his ass.

Chin jerking into his chest, Choji's muted surprise spoke volumes as he found Hinata staring up at him, cheeks glazed and her chin absolutely *coated* in a thick sheet of drool as she waged war on him from her knees with the determination in her eyes alone.

Her knuckles *whitened*.

"FUCK!"

Choji roared as he was dragged into the sweltering depths of her throat and Hinata *squealed*. His fat cock left a burning trail where it forged a path toward her stomach and when his balls slammed into her chin with a wet splat, her core *shuddered*, releasing a thick wave of arousal that squelched between her thighs as Choji trapped her skull in place and used it for target practice.

Those powerful hips slammed forward and started to *rut*, blurring through the lewdly stretched out 'O' of her lips as she choked and spluttered.

"Hluck-hluck-hluck!"

The corners of her eyes *burned*.

When he let go of her hair, however, Hinata didn't pull away. Instead, determined to show her appreciation, she stretched her jaw as wide as it would go and *swallowed*.

The glove-like ring of her throat hugged Choji's thrusting cock tip and he moaned, rhythm faltering as her fingers massaged the cheeks of his ass while she wildly threw herself on his length!

"HLUCK-HLUCK-HLUCK-!"

In a fit of lust, Choji speared his arms past her ears and looped them around to her chest. While those tits were big, so was he, and as his palms clapped around their delectable exteriors, squeezing and groping through the thin mesh of her vest, Hinata gurgled but didn't flinch.

"Oh god *damn!*"

Her shoulders went back and her chest was shoved forward, breasts overwhelming his palms as he strangled them like a farmer trying to milk a cow.

"You're gonna make me fucking nut!"

Hinata didn't know what that meant but it *sounded* good. Her eyelids hooded and she went limp, simply hooking herself around the base of his savagely pounding cock and messily swallowing it with a series of obscene grunts as spit ran freely through the ravine of her cleavage.

Strands of slime threaded through the fingers groping her chest and as he pinched her nipples, Hinata could *feel* the fluid from her mouth as it slid and splattered from one of her pink bed peaks, her entire titshelf quaking from the power of his thrusts as Choji violently screwed himself across her tongue before rolling his neck back and abruptly tensing.

"*THERE!*"

He hilted against her lips and Hinata felt it.

Felt the way his roiling balls bulged before pumping a thick wad of cream all the way up his pipe like schlong before it went spewing across her throat.

Almost immediately, her mouth felt clogged, gummed shut by the salty strands as she shoved a trembling palm down the front of her shorts and *mashed* her thumb against the button of her clit.

"Mmh! Mmm! MMMHMPH!"

The ensuing climax flooded the dirt beneath her ass, turning the ground to mud as she felt the pleasurable tingle where his fingers were still mauling her now finger-marked breasts.

When the next patrol stumbled across their hiding place, the two of them were nowhere to be found.

The evidence, however...

<><><><><>

Hinata could still taste him on her tongue.

"WHERE'D THEY GO?!"

"I think I saw something! THEY'RE IN THE TREES!"

This was the fifth squadron they'd stumbled across.

Their mad dash across the forest revealed that there was seemingly no end to the forces hunting them, crashing and tearing through the brush only to end up scratching their heads in bewilderment when they inevitably found nothing at all.

A cool breeze slithered around the back of her thong...

Then a sharp rustling from behind caught her ear as her cheeks burned. Peering back, she found the Akimichi scion hauling himself forward on his belly, crawling to join Hinata underneath the leafy overhang of a particularly thick shrub that offered very little sight *in* but more than enough *out*.

"How are things looking?" Came Choji's hushed inquiry.

Dutifully, Hinata prepared to quietly make her report when something landed on the back of her naked thigh with a muted *thwap*.

"Ah-!"

"Stop!" A sudden shout tore through the trees and Hinata's lungs froze. *"D'ya hear tha'?"*

'Six,' Frustration stung at her throat. *'Six patrols.'*

It was getting ridiculous.

Laid out by her side and looking *supremely* unbothered, Choji patiently waited. He calmly met Hinata's uneasy stare and even had the gall to smile as in the meanwhile, his rigid fingers pawed their way across her behind. Dirty nails squeezed and pinched her perfect white skin as he wriggled toward the back of her still damp thong and wormed his finger underneath the crotch.

"What's the matter, Hinata?" His hot, wet murmur teased the shell of her ear, licking the nape of her neck as her body trembled with tremulous anticipation. "Do you think we're in danger?"

Through the shield of unruly vegetation, she caught the silent flash of boots. She didn't even need her eyes, the threat of chakra exhaustion enough for them to hold the doujutsu in reserve as a group of shadowy figures crept their way through the undergrowth.

Tentatively wetting her lips, Hinata desperately tried to focus on the cool press of dirt against her plump, naked thighs over the burning between her legs as she felt him extend a finger, the

middle digit winding its way through the apex of her thighs and nudging its crude tip against the back of her steaming hot slit as she haplessly tried rolling her hips to dislodge him.

It didn't work..

"Th-they're coming!" She tried to warn him and to her astonishment, he *still* didn't stop.

Choji's smile widened as he leaned up and she looked back just in time to see him hungrily licking his chops. The dark pits of his gluttonous eyes scraped across the mountainous swell of her rear with enough desire to make her knees shyly clamp together.

That did not dislodge his finger.

Screwing inwards, Choji felt the first inch of her silken walls encapsulate the end of his finger and his breath steamed as he slowly slid deeper. As her insides throbbed, the familiar ache of being filled overwrote her fears and she limply clamped both hands over her lips while he leaned into her jaw.

"That's not what I asked~"

Her eyes stuttered, threatening to roll as he gently wrapped his teeth around the lobe of her ear and *tugged*.

"*Nngh!*"

Hinata's thighs clamped around his finger, roughly massaging it as Choji teasingly sawed between her puffy lower lips until a trickle of her juices dribbled toward his palm.

The leaves around them loudly rustled as he rolled onto his side and before she could try to shush him, his arm was beneath her throat and she was rolling. Hinata had to bury her face in the pit of his elbow to stop from shouting out as he twisted them both onto their sides and pinned her back to his chest.

Through the wires of her mesh, she could feel the volcanic outpouring of his body heat and despite the harried sound of frantically approaching soldiers, Hinata melted into him. The bulk of his bicep formed the perfect cushion for her head while his hand reached for her chest, tearing a hole in the mesh with ease and plunging inside to greedily manhandle one half of her ponderous, milk-laden tits.

"*I swea' it came from ove' 'ere...*"

The stranger was so close she could see the crows feet dotting his eyes, the thick bags speaking of the toils their pursuers had faced in their hunt as he curled his lips and *spat*.

It landed less than a foot from Hinata's face.

Wide eyes refused to be torn from the tip of the soldier's boot as he paused less than a metre from his target. Meanwhile, irreverent of the danger in front of them, Choji wrapped his fingers around her swollen, near plum coloured nipple and pinched until she was forced to muffle a squeal in his arm.

With a sharp twist, he snapped her attention back to his hands and she looked down, getting a full view of her lewdly busty body as he buried his hand in the meat of her hip and used it to drag her back into what felt like a spire of molten hot steel.

Hinata's thick cheeks bulged outwards as Choji's naked cock rutted through the crack of her ass. She hadn't even noticed him taking his pants off but she could certainly *feel* it as her volleyball-like behind was violently spread, barged apart by his thundering prick as he finished sandwiching himself between her bubbly walls with a whispered grunt of pleasure.

"I asked, are we in danger?"

Then his hips *rolled*.

Hinata felt her pussy weep as the engorged head of his dick worked its way beneath the back of her underwear. A simple thrust that came just that little bit harder than the rest sent the tip of his cock skipping off the tightly clenched ring of her anus and it turned Hinata's vision white, legs jolting as a rush of fluid splattered across his balls where he ground them against the backs of her twitching thighs.

"Do we need to *stop*?"

Hinata's lips fell apart but nothing escaped. Nothing aside from a pitiful whine as she feigned getting comfortable without making it obvious she was trying to push back and feel more of his meat scraping across her inner ass fat.

One look up at the soldier's dull and clueless gaze told Hinata her answer.

Whimpering, she thrust herself back while wildly shoving her tits into his palm. "N-no!"

"*Wu wuzzat?!?*"

Choji's bear-like paw slammed across her mouth just as he yanked his hips back and angled them *down*.

Something fat nudged the entrance to her hole just as the soldier, having not moved an inch, fell into a crouch and peered with a pair of intense and beady black eyes into the depths of the foliage. It must have been thicker than she thought, considering that as the head of Choji's shaft

hooked itself between the fluttering lips of her labia, her eyes snapped wide to meet the strangers stare *directly*.

Neither broke.

“Sumn’ ain’ righ’ ‘ere...” He grumbled suspiciously, crooked nails dragging through the remaining clump of what might have once been a beard.

Hinata was too afraid to blink, let alone *breathe* and that was what made Choji’s actions so astounding.

Mere inches from discovery, the bulkier boy didn’t bat an eye and started feeding the tube of his manhood past the opening of her thighs. As her slit buckled inwards, Hinata’s poised and ready muscles violently started to *twitch*, the sharp sting of her hole stretching to wrap around his gargantuan tip sending threads of fire through her limbs as he roughly punched forward and firmly slammed the first inch of his cock within the softly squelching walls of her soaking wet *cunt*.

“Hghhhhh!”

A convenient breeze covered up the sound of her bloated wheeze and Hinata’s eyes bulged. Thankfully, the soldier couldn’t see the intelligence bleeding from her moonlike pupils as Choji’s breath rumbled silently in his chest like the bellows of a giant steam engine and he kept. Easing. *Forward*.

It was never enough to make a sound.

Nevertheless, more of his length continued to make its way inside her fresh pink tunnel while the walls ran slick with her gushing arousal. If she’d thought she was full from just his fingers before, she never understood what full truly meant.

Choji’s cock felt like it might split her in *two*.

Mutely gurgling, her silken tongue rolled forward to slap dumbly against his palm and she shivered. Tip swirling, Hinata lapped the sweat from his skin as one inch became two, then three, then *five*. With torturous delicacy, Choji stuffed her to the brim until his hips were buried against the hills of her ass, those gorgeous mounds cushioning his hips as he grunted.

That snowy derriere shuddered where it was sat snugly pressed into his lap and as she slowly struggled to adjust, Choji seemed more than happy to fill both his time *and* hands with the rest of her body.

Despite the cool night air, her body had long become slick with sweat. His fingers left trails as they swirled around her hips before trailing toward her thighs, pinching a finger full of sensitive

flesh and dragging it away before letting it snap back elastically with a fresh blush as she silently writhed.

"Your pussy won't let go of me," His heated whisper filled her ears, causing her to clench as she felt said pussy throb. "It's like it knows this isn't really about Naruto..."

Through the haze of pleasure, Hinata faltered in surprise. Dragging her tongue from the press of his palm, she meekly twisted her head to give him an ashamed and unsure glance, the corners of her eyes already glistening as he fondly sighed.

"Honestly, who did you think you were fooling?"

Twisting his waist, Choji sent the bulbous tip of his cock skipping across her cervix as Hinata's skull shot back and she gave a heated shudder. The muffled wail barely made it out past his palm and ignoring how she instinctively tried to shuffle herself away, he tugged himself back further from her molten depths

"You're *too* cute."

Inch by dripping inch, the surface of his length slithered out into the open air before with a sudden flick. Choji stuffed himself back between her thighs and groaned as the fiery warmth of her pussy swallowed him whole.

"And this pussy's fucking *magic!*"

Hinata felt his hand as it cupped the back of her thigh and the branches whipping against her skin as he pushed her knee higher. A timely chorus of flapping wings dragged the squatting soldier's focus back into the trees as he suddenly shot to his feet, head whirling wildly as Hinata felt her knee squeeze against the curve of her breast and Choji finished spreading her thighs as wide as he could, spooning her from behind and stirring the cream coated surface of her cunt walls with the whipping of his hulking cock.

"*I think they'r' 'eaded tha' way!*"

A cacophony of voices joined the first and Hinata heard the flurry of armoured boots trampling off into the treeline. Then...

"*Finally.*"

WHAM!

"CHOJI!"

Hinata didn't realise she was the one screaming even as her tongue was thrown across her lips. The blush in her cheeks burned bright, spreading across Hinata's pale, slender shoulders as she twisted in his grip and felt it as Choji *jackhammered* his cock into her snatch!

WHAP-WHAP-WHAP!

"U-UHN! Uhn, uhn, C-C-Choji!" Her lips could barely form the words.

Hinata's world was a blur as she felt him greedily grope the meat of her thigh before using it to drag her shimmying hips back into his lap with a sticky squelch, the puddled evidence of their indecency clinging to her thickly wobbling cheeks and forming glistening bridges across her bulging crack as she mindlessly flailed for something to hold onto.

With one arm pinned against the dirt, the best she could do was the thinly braided line of a root that shrieked as she nearly ripped it from the branches above with a cry.

"W-what if they come BACK?!" **WHAM!** "HUWAH~!"

Choji hilted himself balls deep inside the tightly gripping walls of her frothing pink snatch and paused, taking a moment to drink in the lewd moan that trickled from her throat as she shuddered. Her curvaceous body felt like silk as it draped across his front and when she shivered, the echoes kissed the base of his shaft where she clenched.

"*Who cares?*"

Trapping her jaw between his fingers, he bent her head to the side and stuck out his tongue before pressing it against her pulse as she gasped, eyes rolling as he lavished the sweet curve of her throat in long, sweeping strokes before drilling it against the nerves beneath her ear as Hinata whimpered.

"We both know you're not telling me to stop."

He shoved her head forward with a snort and mewling, Hinata took great effort in peeling her eyelids open.

It took an extra bit of craning and what Hinata was sure was going to be a crick in her neck but with it, she was able to peer past the naked bouncing of her chest where it rippled with every one of Choji's thrusts, his powerful hips turning the marshmallowy sea into an ocean of raging pink waves that threatened to slap her in the chin when she saw it.

His cock.

It stroked forward fearlessly, casually dominating her hole which Hinata could see stretch as it struggled to welcome him inside. Fresh cream drooled out and around the tip as she groaned

and felt her toes curl, the pleasure leaving her breathless as she nervously eyed the freshly vacated treeline and felt her better sense finally crumble.

Her spine arched and she squealed. “No!”

WHAM!

The pleasure registered like hot white jagged lines that tore through Hinata as she struggled, tits flopping out of her vest as Choji ripped it up to her chin so he could manhandle one plump and jiggly orb while rolling Hinata onto her front as she gurgled.

Those giant tits were quickly flattened into the dust as he pinned her chin first against the ground and dragged himself over her from behind, mounting the mountainous range of her backside as she tentatively spread her legs before squealing as he swiftly hilted himself against her jiggly, upturned cheeks.

Dirt coated her nails as Hinata madly scrabbled for a handhold.

“So that means you like it?” He taunted, teasing Hinata like a cat with a toy as he lazily pumped his hips to the sound of her guttural moans.

“Wuh, wha?” She slurred.

Whap-Whap-Whap!

Choji reiterated himself by slamming forward with a meaty *smack*, putting ripples in her cheeks as Hinata squealed before a sudden heat blossomed atop her backside, the pliant flesh bouncing with a thunderous **CLAP** as his palm buckled her left cheek and he seized her hair.

“HNHGH!”

A splash of drool splashed against the middle of her back as he licked his lips. “That means you like the way we *fuck!*”

THWAP-THWAP-THWAP!

Her eyes refused to hold still, rolling wildly as he mercilessly railed her squelching core.

“I think we make a pretty great team too!”

Hinata’s mind was a mess, thoughts thrown into a whirl as his powerful crotch mashed her hips into the dirt.

Her tongue slapped loosely around her lips as she gurgled in response. “Hnnnn! W-we do?”

She hadn't meant to sound so *hopeful*.

Choji's grin was blinding.

"Yeah! You've got this thick, perfect body and I've got a cock that makes you *scream*."

With a savage twist of his hips, Hinata's thighs were nudged even further apart and he grunted, slamming up and through the entrance to her mound with a deafening squelch that paled in comparison to the muted thump Hinata felt radiate through her body as she felt him crash against the gates of her womb.

Burying her mouth in the loose soil, she screamed.

"Mmmmmhrrrrr!"

Yanking on her long, luscious hair, Choji dragged her flushed face from the dirt and did it *again*.

WHAP!

Hinata's lips burst apart. "HAAAAAAAH!"

Arousal squirted from between her thighs like the fiery tail of a firework and with a triumphant cheer, Choji tore his cock from the spasming lips of her cunny before eagerly flipping her over.

Hinata's bleary eyes barely had time to lock on his smug face before he grabbed the backs of her knees and *pushed*.

"E-e-eh? Choji?!"

Spluttering, Hinata's body strained as it was folded in half.

Embarrassment steamed from her ears as her puffy pink breasts slapped against her knees and she wheezed, toes dragging through the foliage hanging over head as her sweat coated ass cheeks were peeled from the crumbling soil and forced into the air. His gleeful face leered down at her as she mindlessly pawed his chest, eyes wide and amazed as she traced the muscles broiling underneath.

Choji finished wrestling her into position and paused. Reaching between his thighs, she saw his arm tense, dragging something *heavy* as he pulled his hand back up to reveal the red raw head of his violently twitching mega schlong lassoed inside a cage made of fingers.

Transferring his grip, Choji loosely grabbed his length around the middle before whipping it between her thighs.

SLAP!

“HEEK!”

The tip struck a *direct* hit against her clit.

Lightning blasted through Hinata’s navel in a loud and violent explosion of pleasure. Her lips peeled back and she squealed as her spine aggressively arched and shoved her hips into the air, core muscles squirming as her freshly ravaged pussy fluttered and Choji laughed.

“Maybe when we’re done here, you’ll still need lessons?”

Hinata’s words were a slur and she struggled just to keep her head straight. Still, her chest warmed and like a woman stranded at sea, she scrambled for the lifeline offered.

“Y-Y-Yesh!” The blanket of her soft pink tongue swirled around her lips. “PLEASHE!”

SLAP!

“HAH~!”

A second mind-melting climax tore through her system and Hinata instinctively grabbed for her ankles.

The thick and pillowy walls of her soft inner thighs were absolutely coated in the glistening sheen of her juices, arousal still running from the bottom of her pulsing slit and between the shuddering mounds of her freshly upturned ass as she grit her teeth and pulled, stretching the opening between her thighs even further and exposing her glowing pink core to his ravenous gaze.

“It’s a shame you’ve got a thing for Naruto...” He teased. “Just think! You and me, trapped like *this* all the tiiiiiiiime~”

The vowel stretched as he hooked his cock between her lower lips and grunted, sinking back into her liquid heat with an approving groan as she welcomed him inside with a mewl.

Hinata’s breathless voice fought to be heard over her moans.

“I-I couldn’t! We wouldn’t get anything DONE!”

Grunting his agreement, Choji shot his hips forward with a sharp snap and Hinata’s legs spasmed. Those delicate toes curled desperately as she felt the electrifying brush of his dick as it once more crashed against her cervix and the pleasure carried over, slithering through her

calves and thighs until they were rigidly locked around his waist in an obscene standing 'V' while his fingers found her hands before threading through her own.

"O-o-oh K-K-Kami-samaaaaaaa~!"

WHAP-WHAP-WHAP-WHAP!

Loud.

They were so loud.

Choji's hips struck her mound like the hammer of the gods and with every punishing thrust, Hinata felt her curves jiggle where they smacked against the dirt, the fury of their frantic, desperate fucking showering them in the leaves from above as they heard a faint, distant echo.

"I KNEW IT!"

Choji's irritated growl stirred something inside her and he jammed both lips flush against her ear.

"Scout them."

Then, he kissed her neck.

A ragged moan split her lips as Hinata's eyes bulged and her Byakugan flared to life. An instant influx of information expanded her mind past the boundaries of normal vision and she saw every leaf, every stone, every *worm* in the surrounding trees.

She could also see Choji, his growls carnivorous as uncaring for the focus she needed, he continued to trail his lips up and down the length of her throat in a series of increasingly tingly kisses, the heated caress of his mouth setting her skin alight and spurring even more lurid moans to come pouring from the depths of her being as she feebly clutched his fingers in a death grip.

"Th-" His hips sped up and suddenly, post the pleasure being hammered between her legs, she could barely form the words. "They're comiiiiing~"

Whap! Whap! WHAP!

A savage grin twisted the muscles in his cheek and Choji chuckled, tilting his balls against the quaking curves of her ass and making a point of grinding those thick, *frothing* orbs against her pillowy behind as she shivered and watched the same squad of men from earlier come charging blindly towards them.

Choji's thrusts slowed and Hinata felt that fact with a blinding clarity. The moment he stopped, all the pleasure went with it and even with him still stuffed half-way inside the squirming walls of her cunt, she felt...

Empty.

"Why... why did you...?" Her faint voice sounded almost... *lost*.

Choji's amused stare somehow made her feel like a child even with the state they were currently in, his muscular frame hoisted above her in a plank as he stayed just far away enough that she could feel the warmth from his chest brushing her own.

In response he curled a teasing brow. "Don't we need to run?"

They did. With every moment wasted, the approaching soldiers grew closer and Hinata wasn't sure the two shinobi would be able to avoid a serious search again.

Despite that, she wavered.

Cautiously, her palms squeezed his own and she panted, massive white jugs heaving through the air toward his open, slaverling lips as she tentatively tightened her knees around his waist.

"... No." Her nostrils flared. "I-It can wait..."

Hinata's thighs burned and *flexed*.

Unable to stand the sudden lack of sensation, the heiress used toned legs to slide herself back into his lap and felt the inside of her neck tremble with a high pitched squeal as Choji was driven roughly back inside her guts, shunting aside her other organs to make way for his titanic shaft to batter.

"Oh, Oh, OH!"

SMACK-SMACK-SMACK!

Choji's cock felt like it had been shoved inside the local blacksmith's forge. Hinata's delicate insides curved around his length only to hug him tight like the gloves of a surgeon as she shoved her hips up to meet him, thick cheeks clapping as they sprung up only to get spiked back down into the dirt by his hammer-like cock.

"Ugh, fuck yeah! NOW you're getting it!"

"OHHH GAAAAAHHHH~!"

"WHOOS 'ERE?!"

The first Halberd sliced through the leaves only to find a lac of flesh as Choji, in a single bound, gathered up Hinata's bucking curves, slapped them to his chest and vanished in a shunshin.

Reappearing high in the tree line, gravity reasserted itself and Choji felt his hair fall *upwards*.

A surge of chakra to the soles of his feet anchored him in place as Hinata flailed and threw her arms beneath his, frantically securing herself in a wobbling buffet of sweat dotted tits, ass and hips as Choji didn't falter.

Clamping his claws around the plump ended flesh of her hips, he dragged her face to his and froze her yelping protests with a savage grin.

"Don't scream~" He cooed into the shell of her blushing ear, right before slamming his thighs to hers with a muted splat that TORE through her being as she drunkenly fought to hold on.

"Wouldn't want all those fuckers down there to look up and see the most noble Hyuga heiress shaking her ass like any old regular *tree humper*."

He wasn't making it easy. Wave after wave of pleasure threatened to loosen her hold and as he thrust, her pendulous breasts slapped against her chin and threatened Hinata with suffocation, the screams she was just barely choking back *straining* at her lips.

Whap-whap-whap!

"Huuuuuuwaaaaaagh~"

It wasn't enough.

Hinata's pleasure centres sparked and her squelching walks clenched but no matter how much they rolled, how much they stroked, how much they glue themselves around his burly, mind melting cock as it pummelled her virgin centre, droplets of arousal raining toward the clearing below as she desperately crushed her slit to the base of his cock and whimpered.

"F-" Her glazed eyes rolled as her tongue exploded past her lips. "Fashter~"

Then, her ankles crossed against his back.

"Faster!" Hinata wheezed and with her plump tits dangling before his face, Choji saw no reason to refuse.

Cinching his thick lips around the swollen nib of one nipple, he hollowed his cheeks and *sucked* as Hinata buried her face against his shoulder, eyes squeezed shut and her teeth tasting the meat of his muscular neck as Choji flashed his in a snarl.

"Can you even *handle* faster?" He seethed.

Hinata saw *stars*.

WHAP-WHAP-WHAP-WHAP!

Down below, boredly wandering the forest floor as his superiors argued behind them, a sun hmmm e guard felt something slimy splatter against his shoulder.

Grimacing, he tried to wipe the mess free only to freeze. "Hah...?"

Then, he looked up.

In a single pump with more force than any of the others combined, Choji hilted himself against her still rippling ass meat just in time to hear Hinata's screech as his release flooded the wildly twitching folds of her pussy in an avalanche of *white*.

"Get it!" He growled, and Hinata gurgled as she did just that.

Rapture flooded her nerves. A warm blanket snapped the tension from every fibre of her muscles and with a head full of bliss, Hinata slumped back into the open air with only Choji to hold her up.

Her pale, ethereal limbs unfolded, spreading out like a priestess in worship as his spunk dribbled out from the bruised pink mound of her muff and fell...

Right onto the shoulder of a soldier who took one look up into the shadow weaved canopy above and saw two sets of eyes, one natural and one not, eight limbs and a wide open mouth full of glimmering white *fangs*.

"MONSTEEEEEEERRRR!"

Everyone froze...

Took one look up.

And *scrambled*.

"Oly **SHEET!**"

"How did-?!"

"Don't just stare, **RUN** you idiots"

"What about the money?"

"**FUCK THE MONEY! RUN!**"

Balls still churning, Choji continued draining his Piaf inside Hinata's curvy, happily shivering figure while she dangled there in a daze.

"H-haaah~"

"... Well?"

Taking a casual look around and seeing they were all well and truly gone... he shrugged.

"Guess we got more time?"

The last conscious thought through Hinata's mind was that she was really...

Really Glad.

