

# DRINKS FOR LIFE

## SEPTEMBER REQUEST STORY

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**"Here Naruto, drink this."**

**"Huh? Isn't this sake? Really?"** Naruto had wondered why Tsunade had invited him out for a meal one day. It wasn't something she technically did, not when she was so busy as the current Hokage and with so much threatening the village. At first the Hidden Leaf ninja had gotten himself worked up thinking it might have been a cover to give him a super secret mission... or something like that. But as they took a table in the restaurant she'd designated he was beginning to think it really was just a meal.

Huh? *Was this a date?* Jiraiya would have been so jealous!

But at her offer of alcohol the boy seemed a little unsure. He wasn't of age to drink and Tsunade knew this, he couldn't imagine her stooping so low as to let a minor have sake!

**"Relax, it's not."** But her reassurance more or less dismissed that concern. Their table was a very isolated one, a hidden section usually saved for high-ranking ninja like the Hokage. As such all of the drinks were on display in the corner, and there was two out. A regular sake bottle and one that read 'alcohol free', which she pointed to. **"It's just so you can give the taste a try, there's nothing bad in it."** Although the optics certainly would have been poor had a passerby seen Naruto Uzumaki sipping from a sake cup.

**"Hmm... Okay!"** He went along with the explanation, no further debate needed though he didn't try to drink it just yet. He still wanted to know what this dinner was even about. Because if it was a date-- **"So why'd you call me of all people out here?"**

**You could have invited literally anyone else you know? So why me?"** It could have been for a plethora of reasons. A favor? Was he in trouble? Was he getting rewarded?

Tsunade's reply was simple and curt. **"Sometimes you just want someone to spend time with, Naruto."** And all of her drinking buddies were off on missions, but she wasn't going to mention that. She'd just thought that, with this meeting, she might be able to temporarily give herself a new drinking buddy. But that desire was a little more literal than one might normally expect. All she needed was for the boy to finally sip the sake cup in front of him.

...which he did as she was explaining. Lips collided with the saucer as the sound of his tongue hitting the top of his mouth could be heard. **"Hey, are you sure this is the non-alcoholic stuff? It kinda burns..."** Yeah, she was sure it *wasn't*. Because that wasn't what she'd poured him at all. It was not only regular sake, but a brew imbued with a special jutsu meant to reform someone into the perfect companion for the one that served them.

There were some oddly specific jutsus out there if you knew where to look. Was it unethical? Maybe a little, but it was a scheme Tsunade had concocted when already drinking.

The tips (*and there was a lot of them*) of Naruto's hair began to darken from yellow-blond to tangerine orange, proving to Tsunade that the brew seemed to be working as intended. Slowly the tips grew longer, sheen of their quality dancing beneath the low light of the restaurant as the coloring moved closer towards his scalp. While there was an option to allow the transformee to notice what was occurring to them in the blueprint for the jutsu, Tsunade had elected not to make use of it for one simple reason: there was no way Naruto would be able to accept what was happening without causing a ruckus.

She'd seen how he behaved with his Sexy Jutsu after all, and it was likely this brew would turn him into a woman. It'd be far too much of a headache if he started randomly groping himself within the restaurant.

Naruto wasn't daft though. **"Huh? What's up? You keep looking at me weird."** Well, not daft enough to not realize Tsunade's behavior was unusual; by taking another sip of the alcohol he was proving he at least hadn't noticed something weird was up with himself. To begin with the sake hadn't carried a very good taste at first, but now he found it kind of delicious? Like his taste buds had keened on it. He was almost craving it, and that craving felt completely normal.

**"Nothing, Naruto."** Tsunade shook her head with a smile. One of the boy's eyes had begun to change as well -- baby blues graying just the slightest bit as a minor change, but it was the shape of the eye that stood out. It was becoming rounder, the lashes that slid off of his eyelids longer and more voluminous. Soon these same changes would move to his second eye, and they would come to match how his lips

seemed to have become juicier. It was only natural his head would show the most prominent alterations at first since that was where the concoction had first made contact with his body, and his mouth was no exception. Teeth cracked uncomfortably as they rearranged, and even his tongue wasn't spared as it became smaller and more agile. It just meant more sake could fit inside, right? Not quite, since his jaw was becoming noticeably smaller as well.

The orange had already bled into Naruto's roots, length practically doubled as it began to tickle the boy's shoulders. His lips had practically fully blossomed, pouty and beyond kissable in appearance even as he continued to not notice. A mole even sprouted under his lips on the right, a beauty mark he'd never had before. In exchange however the whisker-like markings he'd had since birth seemed to dip away, complexion becoming more consistent with traces of makeup pattering around his cheeks and eyes.

**"Could it be you've finally noticed my full potential? I see how it is."** His remarks came in attempt to further the conversation since Tsunade seemed to be staring off again, though his voice wasn't quite right. Adam's Apple dissipated and with it his boyish voice seemed to invite a mature, womanly tone. He didn't notice though. For some reason he couldn't keep his hands off the sake...! **"Huh? Why does my headband feel so tight?"** It felt like it was struggling against his head; not because his head had gotten bigger but because more and more hair had expanded in the crease between the two. He struggled to undo it a moment, but once he had the orange bangs that had been growing settled to frame his face.

There had also been a sharp popping sensation in both his shoulders and hips at the very moment. It looked painful from Tsunade's point of view, since she literally watched the boy's shoulders crunch in a touch (*and hips had popped out against the hem of his pants*), but of course Naruto didn't notice.

**"Are you okay Naruto? You look a little uncomfortable."** Judging by the trajectory of the effects the next area to be affected was bound. She wanted to see if the jutsu had any counterplay. It seemed to, as his hands began to fumble with the zipper on his sweater. Tsunade could see why it seemed to be more of a struggle than it should have been: the nails on his fingers had grown long, light pink painted across them. His hands bore resemblance to a young woman's in general shape now, so she could only assume his arms had fared no better.

Eventually he freed the zipper, pulling it down all the way to the bottom which allowed the Hokage to note his nipples had begun to poke up from beneath his undershirt. **"Just a little warm! Whew! This is a lot nicer though!"** Naruto had always been a casual speaker, but the way he spoke was starting to deteriorate. It was still carefree, but maybe he was beginning to get drunk? It was possible the sake was reconstructing his personality too.

Naruto's fingers moved to scratch his chest, the black shirt he usually wore beneath his sweater evidently beginning to stretch as burgeoning flesh seemingly declared

war on the integrity of its fibers. Nipples burrowed into the cloth and it wasn't long before the bottom of the tee began to slide upward across his stomach as less and less room was left inside his clothing. The stomach that was revealed was not only well-toned but bore womanly curvature that bled into the widened hips that had popped out previously.

His shirt had reached its limit not long after its bottom revealed Naruto's navel. Because the breasts were so large (*surely roughly the size of his head each*) they looked misshapen like balloons being sat on -- there just wasn't anywhere for the fat to go, and they were growing bigger still. But then the shirt finally gave, right down the front. The rip ran like a fissure without completely severing the top in two, allowing enough reprieve for a pair of breasts to rival Tsunade's own. Barely, just barely, the nipples remained hidden by the shirt's tatters. **"Huh? Why did I wear something like this?"** But Naruto seemed more concerned by his outfit than the huge rack he now had, zipping the zipper back up as far as it could go and in turn making the pair of melons look all the riper as the squeezed together with ample cleavage still on display.

Tsunade hadn't considered what would become of his clothes, but it seemed they wouldn't change. **"You have some spares at my place, right? You can get changed there after dinner."**, she offered a solution and 'Naruto' (*as it was beginning to become harder and harder to see him that way*) nodded with a grin before once again reaching for the sake.

But the *whole bottle* that was on the table now, not just the cup. Like a damn drunkard. Which meant this was working perfectly!

The button of the ninja's pants was next to give way, orange object bouncing off the bottom of the table and almost ping ponging into Tsunade's eye off the floor. **"Whoops! Guess I should've worn some newer pants!"** 'Naruto' jested, faulting the pants and not the fact that his lower body had become susceptible to change.

The fabric of the orange leg wear overall was quickly tested as certain areas began to bloom up much like his chest had. His seat in the chair turned not only higher but more comfortable as volume seeped into his cheeks, each piece of his rump inflated like through a hose and peeking out like a muffin over the top of the ill-fitting pants. Likewise his thighs substantiated with newly discovered mass, pant legs barely containing them as mature curvature gave them a seductive look that accommodated his gratuitous bust while bringing discomfort to his dick as it ended up wedged between each succulent thigh.

But that discomfort was quick to fade, said dick regressing until it eventually slid into her pelvis, thick and experienced pussy lips taking their rightful place instead. Blonde pubes that had decorated Naruto's junk curled slightly as the same tangerine orange that spilled wavily down her back took its place, leaving the physical changes complete short of momentary discomfort in her feet as toes crackled and shrunk.

**“Hey, hey, Tsunade-chan! You’re buyin’, right?”** ‘Naruto’ hiccuped. **“Pass me another bottle would ya?”** A liquor fiend indeed, it seemed. Things had gone smoothly. As the one who’d help prepare the jutsu, Tsunade had even received detailed information about this woman. Well, it was more like she’d received *‘memories’*. Her name was Rangiku Matsumoto. She was... late twenties? It was still a more reasonable drinking companion to have than Naruto, and at least she’d change back eventually.

If it staved off Tsunade’s loneliness for a while, then whatever. She could always turn her back if there was a threat as well.

...At least she’d thought as much.