

The day was sunny and warm, big fluffy white clouds drifting lazily across a deep blue sky. The sounds of birds chirping and insects droning filled the air along with the distant chatter of the Villagers. It was an entirely peaceful day... which was interrupted by a loud yawn. Shikamaru's eyes were half lidded as his yawn finished, staring up at the clouds with his arms behind his head. It had been a few years since the last Great Ninja War and things had never been more peaceful. Shikamaru was grateful for any downtime; it seemed like he was busier than ever these days. The tensions between Villages had been broken at last which meant increased cooperation among all Shinobi... but it came with a corresponding increase in missions, paperwork, diplomacy, and many, many other responsibilities. Shikamaru, with his genius intellect, notoriety from being part of the Nara clan, and his exploits in the war along with his impressive track record of missions had him in high demand for a variety of different tasks. "When was the last time I could do this?" He thought to himself. "Not since I became a Chunin, really. Life really speeds by you sometimes."

He chuckled, remembering those days so idly spent when life seemed much simpler... even if everything had been a drag. He decided to savor this moment... right as an intrusive thought sliced through his mind, destroying its peace: he had forgotten he was supposed to help clear out the Hokage's archives. Kakashi had wanted a complete inventory of everything in there. He sat up and stretched, groaning as his back popped satisfyingly. "Annnnd that's the rest of my day. Hope they assigned more than just me."

It didn't take long to reach the archives, thankfully. Unlike the Hokage's library, which was in the mansion and contained the most relevant and important documents pertaining to the laws, history, and general information the Hokage needed to effectively run the Village, the archives were in a large warehouse behind the mansion. It was a purposefully nondescript building; anyone who didn't know what it was would think it was merely random storage. It was also built in the mansion's shadow, out of sight among a large grove of trees. Shikamaru brushed the branches aside to get to the main door and opened it. Several other Jonin were there, to his relief. He approached one and said, "Everyone just get here?"

"Yes sir! We've been waiting for you. You're the leader on this one."

"Right... sorry I'm late. Give me a bit to plan and we'll get started." Shikamaru said, rubbing the back of his head.

Shikamaru pulled a scroll out of the pouch on the side of his leg and spread it out on a nearby table before walking down and up each aisle of storage, making mental notes before going back to the table and writing down notes. Once the scroll was covered in writing he picked it back up and began to issue orders. The hours passed at a clip as Shinobi moved the various books, papers, letters, and scrolls, some being dumped into a bin immediately while the others were organized in various piles. The work was slow and deliberate, Shikamaru wanting to be sure they wouldn't need to reorganize again in the future.

It was early evening by the time they had finished, the summer sun still high in the sky in direct contrast to the exhaustion Shikamaru felt. He let out a jaw cracking yawn before calling everyone over to him with a gesture, the other Jonin looking equally exhausted, smudged with dirt and dust. "Great work everyone. So long as the Hokage keeps up with this system we shouldn't have to worry about doing this again."

Everyone gave a weak cheer before filing out, leaving Shikamaru alone in the gloomy light of the yellow bulbs hanging bare from above. Shikamaru checked his schedule and nodded to himself; all his

missions for the day had been completed. “And now... time for a nice, long bath.”

He gathered a few scrolls up and walked down the aisles, slotting them into place until one remained. The design caught his eye as he was about to put it away: a stylized shadow on a forest green background. He unrolled the scroll and started reading, intrigued by the contents. Like he suspected, it detailed jutsu similar to his own shadow style, the scroll likely a relic from a branch family of the Nara clan. He let the scroll roll back up and pocketed it. Considering his own status within the clan since his father's passing he was well within his rights to take it.

His mind was occupied with thoughts about what the scroll might contain as he made his way to the bathhouse, the place empty due to the time of day, leaving Shikamaru with total peace to relax. He wasted no time in spreading the scroll out fully on a few towels before washing himself. He pulled the tie out of his hair, the spiky ponytail holding its shape until he dumped a bucket of warm water over his head. He sighed in satisfaction, squirting shampoo into his soft, silky hair before scrubbing it, the suds dripping down his body. After several more buckets of water he was completely clean, his lean body glistening in the soft light as he stood up from his stool, walking over to the bath and slipping in up to his chest. Feeling a bit more alert now that he was clean, he focused on reading the scroll. His eyes scanned the small black script, the language old fashioned and a bit obtuse. None of the jutsu within were particularly groundbreaking; as a bit of history of the Nara clan and the early days of developing their jutsu it was interesting but nothing practical stood out of him... until near the very end. He leaned in closer, eyes unblinking as he read about this particular jutsu over and over again. It was fairly simple but the range left something to be desired. “I wonder...” Shikamaru murmured to himself, memorizing the hand signs. He could easily weave these hand signs in along with his Shadow Possession Jutsu, solving the range problem without trouble. The jutsu itself was used to drain chakra, replenishing a ninja's reserves while drastically weakening the opponent. The shadow ninja *was* feeling more refreshed now but a boost to his chakra would be nice. He pulled himself out of the water and towed off, rolling the scroll back up when he was dry. It didn't take long to dress himself, tying his hair back up in its usual ponytail before leaving the bathhouse. He retraced his steps back to the archive, storing the scroll inside now that he had memorized the relevant contents. That done, he started seeking a target to test this jutsu on. Chakra was naturally replenished in the body over time so the only damage he would inflict on someone would be fatigue but he didn't intend to drain a person of all their chakra anyway. It didn't take long to find a burly man carrying a large sack of trash into a dumpster outside his shop. “He'll do.” Shikamaru thought, forming the hand signs and activating his jutsu.

Standing in shadow on the other side of the street, nobody could notice Shikamaru's shadow extend over the ground and connect with the man, his body freezing in place as Shikamaru took control. The effect was almost instant, a refreshing energy rushing into his body, melting his exhaustion away. He sighed and closed his eyes, a small smile quirking the edges of his lips as he enjoyed this feeling. He wasn't just feeling refreshed either; he felt a satisfaction that usually came from eating a big delicious meal, the hunger that had started to gnaw at his stomach after his bath disappearing. Shikamaru was only broken out of his reverie when he heard the man collapse. He quickly deactivated the jutsu, his eyes opening again... only to realize his point of view was much higher than it should have been. Forgetting for a moment the collapsed man, Shikamaru examined his own body. His eyes widened as he realized it wasn't just his height that had changed... his muscles were also larger! He flexed his arm experimentally, the muscle bulging upward in a tight mound, his sleeves straining, the mesh undershirt he always wore struggling to hold back the expanding flesh. He ran his hands down over his chest, his pecs jutting out from his body, round and firm. He pulled the zipper down on his flak jacket, freeing his pecs slightly. Down below, his pants weren't faring much better, the material clinging so tightly to his thighs they looked painted on, the seams on the verge of bursting. “Huh... well... good thing I'm

friends with Choji I guess.” Shikamaru thought, thankful that his clothes had kept up, at least somewhat, with this change of size. “Feels pretty amazing though.”

He smiled as he flexed his arms again, wondering how Naruto or Kiba would react to seeing him now. Those two knuckleheads were always getting into flex offs with each other, arguing over who was bigger and if Shikamaru ever stepped in, they tended to team up and make fun of him for having a more lithe build. He bit his lip as he imagined grabbing them both in a headlock, forcing them against his chest and really rubbing it in how much bigger he was. He chuckled, surprised at his own thoughts. Something about the energy that was flowing through him, giving him this heavy, powerful body was going to his head. Whispering voices caught his attention, his eyes turning back to the collapsed man, a few other people surrounding him and asking him if he was okay while others stared nervously at Shikamaru. He had a crooked half smile on his face as he waved, trying to appear nonthreatening while being nearly ten feet tall. He was about to leave when he had a thought; would the jutsu work on more than one person at a time? “This is a test after all so...” He thought to himself, making the same hand signs, his shadow extending in front of him, branching off into several strands that touched the shadows of the four people that had just arrived. That wonderful feeling from before returned, more strongly this time, his body expanding rapidly as he drained the people of their chakra. It didn't take long for them to collapse, loud tears audible as his sleeves and pantlegs burst, his expanding feet snapping the strap on his sandals as his toes outgrew the end of the footwear, the increasing weight of his body pressing the bottoms of the sandals into the road, flattening them. Shikamaru couldn't help but chuckle at the pleasurable feeling, the zipper on his pants opening with a metallic whisper as his growing bulge forced its way out. Another loud tear signaled the end of his shirt, a long rip opening along the back, still covered by the flak jacket which was lasting longer due it being open... though his expanding shoulders were likely to make short work of it soon! He was distracted from his task when he felt his head crashing into the branches above... though his swelling bulk snapped them like toothpicks as he continued his ascent, his height level with the nearby buildings before it stopped. He let out a deep sigh, taking a step forward, his feet hitting the ground with such force that it quaked, the seismic rumbles rippling out through the neighborhood, drawing more attention to the giant shadow ninja.

Shikamaru was now almost entirely naked, his pants reduced to rags while his underwear managed to protect his modesty... though there was nothing about the forest green clad bulge that was modest. He looked down over his chest, just barely able to see his stomach over the burly hillocks to notice something new... abs. His fingers drifted up and down each rock hard brick, counting them one by one. “Six pack, huh? Yeah, those guys are going to be pretty jealous when they get a load of me.” He thought, feeling a bit more cocky than usual. More people began to gather as he was forced to stop walking, the tiny villagers milling around his feet like curious animals, keeping their distance as best they could. Shikamaru blushed, suddenly acutely aware of how much of him was on display before bringing his hands together once more. “I've come this far... might as well see how far I can go.”

He activated the jutsu a third time, his long-reaching shadow instantly snaring the crowd, their chakra draining at a more rapid pace, collapsing in seconds rather than minutes. It was getting easier to activate the jutsu, his chakra pool expanding along with his body. His jacket was soon shredded to bits, the dark green scraps sadly fluttering to the ground as Shikamaru's body became too much for it, shadow continuing to stretch across the buildings as he grew larger and larger. He smirked as he stepped back, even these small movements making the buildings that were shrinking away in front of him tremble, more and more people leaving their homes to see what was going on, only to step into Shikamaru's shadow, their bodies collapsing in an instant. Shikamaru moaned as his growth increased, his muscles bulging bigger and heavier, his once skinny frame now buried under a physique that would make a bodybuilder hide in shame, the bulk of his body beginning to rival the nearby Hokage mountain

as he rocketed upward and outward, turning his feet so they wouldn't knock over anything, the gates to the Village shrinking away beneath his toes. He moved his hands out of position, his jutsu still engaged, his chakra levels now so obscenely high that he could, essentially, leave the motor running and never run out of gas. He crossed his arms over his massive chest, effortlessly guiding his shadow to split into more and more tendrils, snaking their way into houses, stores, basements, and more, no place safe from the invasive black snakes that soon paralyzed them and left them passed out where they stood. Shikamaru soon cleared the mountains in height, the vast forests surrounding the Village Hidden in the Leaves looking more like patches of grass as his height climbed higher and higher, his spiky black hair dispersing some low hanging clouds as the growth, finally, began to taper off. "That everyone?" Shikamaru thought, leaning forward, trying to see what was happening beneath him.

Much to his amusement, the entire Village was now about the length of his torso, the inhabitants within little more than specks. The colossal ninja slowly lowered himself, wind whipping up around him as his immensity moved. The ground split and quaked as he laid down, resting his head on one hand as he lazily gazed down at his home. His shadow now easily covered it and much of the land around it. Shikamaru closed his eyes, stretching his shadow out subconsciously, sensing more bright lights of chakra. "Guess I missed some... a problem easily solved."

He smiled serenely as that delicious energy filled his body from the top of his head to the tips of his toes, the world shrinking once more around him. He looked off into the distance, the trees giving way to plains before melting into desert, the mountain that guarded the Hidden Sand Village just visible to him. Shikamaru closed his eyes and let out a little chuckle. There would be plenty of time for travel, for seeing the other Villages, for letting his shadow stretch for as many miles as it could, for sampling all the different types of chakra in the world... for now he wanted to enjoy the rest that had so long eluded him over the years. He leaned his head back and glanced up at the sky, shading his eyes. Who knows... maybe one day he'd eclipse the sun... and then there would be no place his shadow couldn't reach. He closed his eyes again, shaking his head slightly. He didn't know how long this growth would last, how quickly he would go back down to his regular height, or anything about the actual limits of this new jutsu he had created, so for now his fantasies were just fantasies.

But that didn't mean they had to stay that way.

The End