| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death, Rape/Non-Con, Underage |
| Category: | F/F, F/M, Gen, M/M, Multi, Other |
| Fandom: | Boruto: Naruto Next Generations, Naruto |
| Relationship: | Uzumaki Boruto/Mitsuki, Akimichi Chouchou/Uchiha Sarada, Uchiha Sasuke/Uzumaki Naruto, Nara Shikadai/Yamanaka Inojin, Kaminarimon Denki/Yuino Iwabee, Namida Suzumeno/ Wasabi Izuno, Kakei Sumire & Mitsuki, Kakei Sumire/Kawaki, Uchiha Sasuke & Uzumaki Naruko |
| Character: | Mitsuki, Nara Shikadai, Uzumaki Boruto, Uchiha Sarada, Yamanaka Inojin, Kaminarimon Denki, Yuino Iwabee, Metal Lee, Mitsuki (Naruto), Akimichi Chouchou |
| Additional Tags: | Fluff and Angst, Here we die like men, Men Crying, Fluff, Fluff and Humor, Fix-It, Felix Is Suffering With So Much To Fix, Don't Always Proof Read, Pack Feels, Much Gay Very Soft, It's A Big Gay Love Story Lads, Boruto! Lightning! Sarada! (Heavy Spoilers)! Mitsuki! Protective!, Statue Of Liberty Impressed W/ Liberties I Took, Motivation Is No Longer A Flighty Bitch, Cuddling & Snuggling, Enemies You Love, Enemies to Lovers, Platonic Relationships, Sibling Love, Strong Female Characters, This Is Not Going To Go The Way You Think, looking for editor, Updates Friday |
| Stats: | Published: 2018-01-18 Updated: 2019-05-09 Chapters: 46/150 Words: 155033 |

**A Just War**

*by Story In A Bottle*

**Summary**

Boruto and the gang are all best friends and oh shit here comes evil but it’s okay because they all inspire and motivate each other. Warning: Is very fluffy, the main ship is BoruMitsu or MitsuBoru, extremely gay, what did you expect). As you can see I suck at summaries so just read it bc I high key love attention.

Or

Boruto and his comrades all team together, battle against all odds and face greater foes than they previously thought existed. The only problem is they may, possibly, kinda, be far too co-dependent on each other.

- Updates Every Friday
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Lost It on You

As a ninja, and a child of a byakugan user, you would imagine it would be inconceivable to lose anything. It seems I excel at surprising myself every day.

“Himawari!” I hollered out, banging my drawers shut, and scrambling hastily through each cabinet. If I could, I would’ve requested for mom to use her byakugan. Sadly, I can’t disclose the reason I have such an item.

Ugh.

I listened to the small footsteps smack the wood flooring before the door opened. I looked over and scrambled up to my feet as I rushed over to the door, shaking her shoulders once I got to her.

“Are you feeling okay Big Bro?” I sensed the distress and concern pouring off of her, so as my brotherly duties required, I forced an artificial smile and nonchalant attitude.

“Psh, obviously, I was, heh, just wondering if you had seen a silver key, ‘bout thiiiis long,” Himawari observed my two fingers with a certain intensity that no nine year old should possess. Himawari placed her thumb and index finger, messing with her lips.

“Mhhhhhm.” She bit her lip and folded her arms together. And it was silent, it was silent as I watched the cogs work in her head.

My chest felt a little warmer knowing that she was trying so hard for my sake.

Suddenly she started to look distraught and saddened. Looking down at her feet she apologized, “I’m sorry big brother, I - I can’t-”

Sheepishly, I placed my hand on the back of my head and waved my other quickly,

“Hey hey, don’t worry it’s not that important, I’ll probably find it later,” I faked a most excellent laugh, not wishing for her to feel helpless because of my complication.
“Ah, do you want me to ask mommy to use the byakugan!” She waved her arms dramatically, she has always loved the ability after all.

“Ah, heh, it’s fine, sorry I asked you,” I suddenly remembered something. School. I gawked at the clock. Presently, 7:24, I was due in class by 7:35.

Not that I care.

I reminded myself as I rushed throughout my den, grasping for my jacket and kunais. Today’s practice required more than what is contained at the school in my locker.

The moment I flew out my bedroom door, Himawari was gone, and so was I.

“By mom!” I hollered out as I slammed the front door shut behind me, and dashed on top of the building, jumped over the ledge and slid through the handrails of the next, maneuverability being one of my strengths.

A grin plastered onto my features, I could feel the wind whiplash throughout me, eliciting my hair and clothes to move erratically.

Earlier had the sun risen, resting high above the lush green forest in the distance. However, the leftovers of the colored sky were present still, and I couldn’t suppress the bubble of laughter that rose up. The painted sky combined with the overwhelming sense of freedom were both things I could only marvel at in the moment.

I swiftly sailed throughout the air, arms bracing for my landing on the grassy lands next to the entrance of the academy. I rolled smoothly, but with no hesitance had I charged forward, dashing, my speed blurring the things around me.

“Shadow Clone No Jutsu!”

I roared with the ox sign ending. Two more versions of me puffed out, running at my speed. With perfect coordinance, the two grabbed one arm each and used chakra to eject me two stories high, the wind moving my hair and clothes wildly, onto the ledge of the window. My shadow clones far below disappeared into smoke as I lifted the window high, jumping right in. This can’t be done without catching the attention of all 29 students.
I hastily slammed the window shut, and jumped into my seat the same second Shino Sensei welcomed the class with his presence.

That was close.

Tuesday, first period, was what I refer to as, “Hit and Run,” a task asking us to hit the target from a distance away with weaponry. The most common of which being kunai and shuriken. The targets were outside for obvious reasons.

Sensei doesn't like my nickname for it.

Shino Sensei was babbling on about safety precautions and their necessity when the tickle of something hitting the back of my head pulled me out of my thoughts. I needn’t look back to understand what it was. Neither did our teacher. He immediately stopped writing in chalk, still facing the board he asked of me,

“Boruto-kun, would you please place that in my hands?”

I sighed, immobile for a few seconds, I didn’t care about getting in trouble, I simply wished to read the handwriting on the note. After a few beats, I moved my head off of my palms and snatched the paper off the ground. Everyone was silent, the expression, ‘you could hear a pin drop’ was normally applicable to this class.

I walked over and slammed it onto his outstretched hand. Before he read it aloud, I head distant snickers from my classmates. Not something I was unused to.

“Borubaku you-” Sensei shut his mouth and bit his lip, after another second of reading it, and obnoxious muteness, he let out a low growl, and let a few of his bugs eat it up. “Furin-Kun, I know your handwriting well, see me after class, Boruto-kun, head back to your seat please.” Little did he know, I read the words in the mirror from the desk. It had read,

‘Boorubaku you always think your- Boruto mentally corrected it to you’re -better than everyone else, I bet anyone could beat you in a fight, an hour after school, see you there fag.’
I had little when it came to patients or even a remotely calm attitude for that matter, however, this was the fourth time someone from my class hated my guts but in written words.

_The creativity is dying out, shame._

In fact, this was quite beneficial. I now have a dim-witted fool to release the pent-up agony of it all. Seeing as few were capable of seeing beyond my extroverted, happy-go-lucky persona, it came as little shock that my classmates were curious regarding my indifference towards the note, or scenario in general.

Mizuki, Sarada, ChoCho, Shikadai, and Inojin all understood though, damn intuitive people.

Mizuki was aware due to the fact that I told him, and I can safely believe he would have figured it out anyway, the rest are the most perceptive in the class. I dislike their ability to read my feelings like I read the note. As if my feelings are more see-through then a window.

No doubt about the rest, seeing their confused expressions was no astonishment. Not that people like Deniki, Iwabee, or Sumire didn’t care, they just saw my outer shell more than the core, and I preferred it as so.

I can’t express the feeling of being analyzed and examined. Long story short it resembles describing something you can’t sense.

_I wonder if that's why I hate my old man so much._

I eradicated the thought and sat down, feeling Mizuki's extended arm pat my shoulder in his form of comfort. He was in the seat just behind me, and Sarada was in the seat behind him.

_Ironic seeing as we're going to be a team._

I know because when I questioned Shino-Sensei about the topic, he looked defensive, and quickly looked at me, Mitsuki, and Sarada. Furthermore, when I snuck into the class files, they had already pre-planned the teams, it seems that the exams were just to assure that the teams would work. Can’t say I’m overjoyed with Sarada, but I can grasp the idea of it. We were meant to be the new team 7, and, despite my feelings toward my father, I’m quite proud of this.
Shino Sensei was overall an excellent teacher who cared deeply for his students' welfare above all else. So while I was grateful that he left Mitsuki and I alone (physical contact wasn’t allowed in school, not even a hug), I am not surprised.

I understand that, the people here that I wouldn’t consider friends, have become very well adjusted to the amount of touchy-feely that happens with the twelve of us.

Sumire, Deniki, and Metal often hugged me when they were happy or excited. Chocho was always shaking my shoulders, normally about food. Namida and Wasabi, the two best friends, tended to high five and hug me. While Iwabee, Sarada, and Shikadai ruffled my hair.

Inojin, although a bit rare, pats my back or knocks elbows. And I appreciate it all. I couldn’t ask for more considerate friends.

After grueling hours of sitting in place, the time for action has begun.

The rest of the class wants nothing to do with me, not that I could care less. I’ve got those that I care about, and that’s all I need.

I huffed as I moved around my pouch a tad, waiting for the whistle to blow. I was in a line with Deniki and Iwabee, to the right was Sarada, Chocho, and Metal.

To my left was Mitsuki, Inojin, and Sumire. And in the distance, I saw Wasabi and Namida with a rather tall looking guy.

Deniki was up first when the whistle blew, the creeping anxiety was present but better than the first few times he’s done it, *if I don’t fight with Furin after school, I want to help him with this*. I thought as Iwabee reminded him that the thumb was supposed to be a bit further to the right.

“Mh,” Was the only response, but he was so down the rabbit hole of concentration that it was the equivalent of a proper, “Thank you, Iwabee-kun”.

I grinned when the shuriken was pretty close to the target, on the third strip out, nearly hitting the second one. Iwabee looked pleased, Deniki looked disappointed. The next two only got to the second ring.
Iwabee was next, the first around the rim of the center, and the next two barely in the center, but it was still a nice shot.

“Heh, of course he made it, I mean, he has failed the course multiple times, it would be sad if-” I shut up the pasty looking guy with a,

“Shut your mouth before I tape it shut, it’s a better shot than you’ll ever make, no matter how much better you think you are,” I growled, and pushed him to the ground, holding back my foot from slamming into his teeth.

“Hey, Boruto, Boruto! It’s fine, really, I should have had my life together, but I’m gonna make it this time, right, Denki?” He looked over at his friend, and Denki looked like he had just been given a puppy.

“Obviously! I’m ashamed you had to ask, just as I’ll pass the ninjutsu part, you’ll pass the academy orientated part!” They both smiled wide and fist-pumped.

By the time I looked down, he was gone, I’m just thankful that Sensei made no move against me. I looked as he had moved his head away from the direction I was. I could tell he was secretly pleased.

I smirked, pretty proud of myself. And now it was my turn, and before I started, I asked Mitsuki,

“Oi, do you wanna see who has the best aim?” I was pumped after my little tussle and knew we both had at least 15 Kunai each. He had on the closed-eyes-smile, and replied,

“Of course, Boruto,” When I looked to my right, it was Sarada’s turn, and if we were gonna be on the same team, then well,

“Sarada, what about you?” She looked over, clearly confused.

“And why would you want to go against me, did you hit your head on the window sill?” She spoke sharply, still, her words had no effect. I could feel the curiosity behind them. Clearly wondering why I’d talk to her and not yell or argue.
“Yes or no?” She sighed and looked around, neither of her own teammates cared much,

“Yeah, this distance though?” I shook my head and looked at Mitsuki, “At the school building,” I said, pointing around 15 meters away. Mitsuki and I headed over there quickly, Sarada looked over cautiously at Sensei, now debating the option, but before she had the chance, Chocho patted her back and said,

“Don’t tell me you’re going to lose to those two show-offs!” Sarada looked a bit more determined and thanked Chocho, who knew how to get her out of her comfort zone just enough.

We were lined up, and Sensei pretended to teach one of the girls the stance for the tenth time. I really do admire Shino-Sensei, he’s only strict when he knows there’s a reason to be, and knows the benefits of letting the kids grow.

“Three...Two...One!” I yelled out to them, grabbing five kunais per hand and flicking them with as much power as I could. “Boruto your...Ah,” Sarada smiled when she double checked mine from closer range. It spelled out the letter B, while nine of Mitsuki’s were along the rim and the last one was in the direct center, while Sarada’s all were aimed for the direct center, if any of them were half a centimeter off, they would have hit another blade.

“So, who would be the victor?” Inojin asked as we ran next to ours.

“Well my B is slightly off in the middle,” I pointed the one that was barely tiled, but still hit where I wanted, “And Mitsuki’s one,” I pointed to one that he attempted to hit the rim, was slightly off, a bit more up, by the barest amount,

“Is slightly off, and Sarada’s…” I looked at it, the only mistake I saw was the one in the middle, but practically speaking that would have hit a person better, so I didn’t feel like mentioning it.

“Perfect!” I saw a slight blush on her checks and Metal patted her back enthusiastically. This caused others to start throwing their preferred weapons from longer distances, and everyone helped each other, showing different techniques for long distance, and the proper arch it should have.

I ignored the memories I had in the forest painting targets on different trees. Not like I’d let anyone know.
I laid in the grass after school, looking at the sky, feeling peaceful. I just had to be home by sundown, mother knew how much I enjoyed hanging out with friends after school. However, this wasn’t the case today. Although maybe I should, Shikadai had only left half a minute ago, I could catch the train with him, and Deniki was about to leave with Iwabee, or maybe I could get to Chocho’s place, they had such a warm and happy home.

My thoughts were interrupted when Mitsuki laid down in the grass next to me.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hello, Boruto-kun,” He replied, and we just basked in the sun in silence. That’s gotta be one of my favorite parts of Mitsuki. I mean there were hundreds, so it was hard to decide, but he had to be the only human in existence who knew when I just needed someone to be there, but not say a thing. Mom always tried to make me feel better when I was down, but it never worked like Mitsuki’s way of knowing, when to say and when to stop.

I turned on my side to look him in the face.

“How do you do it?” His yellow eyes slid down to me, away from the sky.

“What do you mean, Boruto?” He asked, waiting for me, as he always did when I had something important to ask him. I looked at him and back at the school, then to where my house would be if I could see past buildings.

“You always know what to say to people, and when not to, I’m just a loudmouth who hopes that my thoughts make sense out loud.” He smiled brightly and closed his eyes, taking a few seconds to answer as well.

“It’s not that simple, I don’t think… It’s just a matter of feeling, if you feel like someone’s suffering silently, there are dozens of options, but in the end, sometimes people like you, just need a silent support.”

I thought about his words, but I feel like what he did wouldn't necessarily be described in words, and that’s okay. Not many things that matter can be.

“And, Boruto, you’re not just, ‘a loudmouth who hopes that your thoughts make sense out loud,’ that’s not that simple either.” He opened his eyes, finally looking up as the wind came through, ruffling both our hair.

“I doubt you’d believe it, but you are very similar to Lord Seventh, in a sense. At least, as far as I know-”
“That’s not true….” I mumbled, interrupting Mitsuki’s sentence, I did it again, my pride got the best of me.

“Well, at least with words. Boruto, you are one of the only people I know who wears their heart on their sleeve, you want the best for those you love and you’d sacrifice anything to ensure it, and the difference between you and me, in my opinion, is your heart.”

I listened to the birds call and sing, my favorite were the hummingbirds that would call every spring, they’d always fly by, and it felt so awesome to see their colors and speed, so very cool. But I couldn’t really understand what Mitsuki was saying, and at this point, I think he knows me better than I know myself.

“What do you mean by heart? Mitsuki, do you know why I’m here right now?” I asked, almost wishing he’d say no, wishing he didn’t have to know that I stayed with the sole reason to fight someone I disagreed with.

“It’s quite obvious, Boruto-kun, but it doesn’t make you any less of you, the same person who ran into a portal to a different dimension to save someone. The same person who lies when they’re hurt, to help others. The same person who brought people together in only a way that someone with your heart could.” Mitsuki looked at me again, as if to say, 'And that’s the type of person you are.' I wonder if we can start communicating just by looks at this point. That would be awesome. I sighed heavily and decided that I had no want to fight Furin. No matter what he thought, I had my friends, and that's all I needed.

So I looked up at the sky and decided to tell him that when he got away from Sensei.

So I guess you could see my surprise when Furin came out of the school. And it wasn’t me that attacked him. All of my friends, no, all of my best friends, Sarada, Inojin, Chocho, Wasabi, Namida, Metal, Deniki, Iwabee, Sumire, and Shikadai all came out by the side of the building. I swear I’d seen them leave. Looking at them in confusion, Chocho just motioned to stay there with a palm.

I looked at Mitsuki, still without a clue. He, unhelpfully, just smiled brightly, eyes closed, and the wind so strong it moved his hair and clothes.

“Once I told Sumire what the note said, she asked of them to come down when he came out,” He finally said after looking at them for a moment.

Wait…

“Wait, are they going to hurt Furin?! I…. I don’t want them to….” Mitsuki just shrugged his shoulders and I heard Deniki, the boy who used to shy away from bullies and was the human incarnation of a welcome matt, yelled out.

“Did you really write that on the note!??” I clutched the jacket piece above my heart, and an involuntary tear slipped down. I quickly wiped it off and dashed to the scene.

“No, no! Guy’s, it’s fine, really! I-uhm, I just feel that he shouldn’t be hurt when he didn’t do anything yet and-”

I felt Mitsuki walk to my side, as everyone had their eyes on me. Iwabee then declared,

“What about when you defended me, back in target practice, what if he did that right now, what would do?”

It was softer than I expected, but mine wasn’t,
“I would slam him into the wall then have him apologize at least five times before-Oh,”

“We were just planning on making sure he apologized, nothing violent, Boruto-kun,” Sumire said, a few nodded their heads in agreement, all except Sadara, Chocho, and Iwabee.

“What do you think should happen, Boruto?” Sarada asked hesitantly, clearly still trying to figure out whether or not she would already go to those lengths for me.

“Just don’t talk to him, then, don’t help him in class, I think that would be the worst punishment I could think of that wouldn’t really affect him.”

“Are you sure you’re not just talking about yourself,” Shikadai asked with a sly smile as he ruffled my hair and stood next to me.

Furin made a run for it, he set off a smoke bomb and next thing we knew he wasn’t there.

“Don’t go after him, we can’t do anything anyway,” They understood, but I was so overjoyed with the friendship that…

“Hey let’s all go get some burgers! On the house!” Chocho looked like she was about to die out of happiness.

Chapter End Notes

Boop, talk to me in the comments for fun
Chapter Three:

I looked down at my frog-shaped wallet not feeling a pinch of regret that my months savings were gone. I looked at all my of friends, my family- happy, enjoying themselves, and it was more than worth it, worth more than any amount of money could afford. And it seems I’d been in a trance, seeing as I was startled when I heard the voice behind me.

“Why didn’t you buy one for yourself?” I immediately got into my fighting stance when I heard the voice, but calmed down in a second. I was so enveloped in my emotions, that I didn’t notice Mitsuki behind me. I chuckled, and sheepishly showed him the empty wallet, only two yen left.

“I had to go into my reserves to give one to everybody, but it’s fine, it was way worth it!” I pointed to everyone outside the building, laughing together on a water fountain and benches. Then Mitsuki poked at my chest, where my heart was just beneath.

“That’s what I meant when I said, heart,” I was stunned, I didn’t know what to say, mouth opening and closing like a fish. I was only paying them back for what I didn’t deserve in the first place.

Mitsuki walked out and I followed close behind him, watching as he split his burger in two with a clean cut of a kunei and offered it to me.

“Ah, it’s fine ‘Zuki! I’m not that hungry, I’m too happy to eat!” I moved my hands frantically across my chest. I really was kinda hungry-

“You’re hungry, just take it, I had a large lunch, and... ‘Zuki’?” He asked mysteriously, with a sly smirk gracing his features while opening the door for me.

I turned into a stuttering mess, like mom when something big happens.

“Ah-I’m, I just kinda, kinda uhm, liked the, the ring to it and, and yeah, you probably don’t like it, I’ll stop, erm, sorr-”

“I like it, ‘Zuki’ it sounds... cute,” I covered my face with my hands as we walked outside. I recover quickly enough for people to thank me with sincere smiles.

“Thanks!” “Thank you!” and, “Thank you Boruto / Boruto-kun,”’s washed over the area. I scratched the back of my head, and laughed.

“No problem, just eat, I have to head back home in another hour or so,” I said while looking up at the sun, nearly hitting the tree’s across the horizon.

I sat down on a bench facing all the others, and Mitsuki layed down on the rest of it, his head in my lap. Deniki was on Iwabee’s shoulders while eating, Sarada was resting on Chocho, and the rest were bundled up close to one another, the wind made it quite chilly, and the fact that it was October didn’t help.

I listened intently to everyone, they were talking about their favorite sign out of the twelve, mine was the dragon.

“Hey, I’ve got an idea!” I burst out, nearly hitting Mitsuki in the face.
“We should make any code name a sign, there are twelve of us and twelve signs;”

I thought it would be a fun activity.

“Wouldn’t they be able to easily decipher after a while if we chose our favorites?” Shikadai reasoned, looking up from Inojin’s shoulder.

“Eh? Not unless the enemy knows us that well, and we can change them anytime we’d like.” Sarada argued and Shikadai seemed to agree, then back to resting, finishing of his own burger.

“In which case, mine would be the rat, for obvious reasons,” Shikadai declared, looking at Inojin for his favorite,

“Bird,”

Everyone nodded,

“Who’s going to keep track?” I asked, realising that I would forget them pretty quickly.

“Since I’m the class president, I don’t mind! And does anyone like the hare? It’s not often used in offensive attacks, but I know that a lot of you want to major in defence…” She looked across, everyone was fine with whatever really.

Then Namida exclaimed,

“I like all of the signs because they’re used in all of my jutsus! So I’ll take whichever one at the end.”

“Woah! That’s really cool Namida! I don’t know too much about your abilities though, which jutsus do you use most?” I yelled, an octave too loud perhaps. Her face lit up, enjoying the topic.

“Well, sense my affinity is fire, I’m practicing the basics, like fireball, and phoenix flower, but I’d love to learn the more advanced ones. And, there’s something I’d like to tell you guys, maybe tomorrow… K’?” She wrung her hands together, clearly entering an embarrassed mindset.

Everyone was highly impressed, she’d already found her affinity and was hell-bent on nailing them.

“That’s very impressive Namida-kun, for you to have already found your skill set,” She blushed lightly and retorted,

“Ah… It’s nothing compared to your wind style, Mitsuki! Where everything goes-” She jumped up and flung her arms around with a bright smile. “Whoosh Whoosh! And knocks down everything in the way. And your arms, can you do the same with your legs or stomach?” Mitsuki smiled in return and answered a polite, “Yes.” Her eye’s dazzled and before she could say anything more, Wasabi yelled,

“Well my favorite is Tiger, so I call dibs!” That’s when Namida started to become a blushing mess,

“Oh my, I didn’t mean to take so much of your time, I-I,”

“Hold on, did you just apologize for speaking!” I yelled out, this time perhaps two octave two times more than my previous yell, but like heck I’m gonna let any of my best friends apologize for talking, not if I have a say.

I gently moved Mitsuki’s head and walked up to her spot on the fountain, Namida tried to make herself smaller looking and shrunk into her seat. While Wasabi let on a protective stance. They think I’m going to hurt her?That put a hole in my heart, an ache that felt so vast and burning, so I forced
my voice down and squat down in front of her. Assuring she looked down, not to feel threatened by me.

“You’ve gotta promise me, that if your going to be my friend,” I held out my hand for a high five, it’s what I did with Himawari when she was feeling down in the dumps,

“Then you’ve gotta promise me that you’ll never apologize for talking, we love to listen to you talk, never think that you’re not gonna be appreciated here, ‘kay?” She chuckled a little, a bit of pain tinted the sound.

I watched as she high fived me and sniffled a little. Then, before I could turn away, back to my seat, she said,

“Thank you Boruto-kun….Thank you,” She looked up at me, now that I’m standing up, a slight glimmer in her eyes because of the tears that were held back.

“Hey, it’s okay to cry sometimes, got it?” I said as I ruffled her hair.

“Yeah! I cry over food all the time!” Chocho said, lighting up the situation, I mentally thanked her for that as well. I went over back to my seat, and Mitsuki lifted his head when I sat, then placed it back onto my leg. Mitsuki looked up, and poked the skin above my heart, I didn’t have to ask to understand the reference, I tried to suppress the blush rising on my face.

“So, what about you, Boruto?” Sumire asked with her phone out,

“Dragon, definitely!” I yelled out excitedly, I’d always loved the dragon, it was very common in the jutsus I plan on learning.

“Mitsuki?” The class rep asked, looking at my lap, other wise known as Mitsuki.

“Serpent,” Seems everyone was cool with this, then again, I’m likely the only one with a favorite, other than Wasabi. And I gotta admit, Mitsuki’s makes sense.

“Does anyone want Ram?” Sadara questioned, again, no qualms. This was going better than I thought.

“I want the doggy!” Chocho announced, eating the part of the burger that Sarada was too full to finish.

“Then I’ll take the Ox,” Iwabee said, swaying around Deniki, who was laughing and trying not to fall from his shoulders.

“Monkey for me, the most intelligent of the species!” Denki proclaimed, proud of his new nickname.

“Boars are the toughest by far!” Metal yelled, who had been silent as we ate.

“Then it looks like I’ve got the horse, used in earth jutsus!” Namida was pleased as well, and class rep was dutifully writing down all of the information.

I whistled and the group went to talking about jutsu’s and how they would find out their affinity, however Namida looked conflicted when that subject came up, but it’s not that important at the moment.

I looked down to see that Mitsuki was going in and out of sleep like state, so I slouched back, and put an index finger in front of everyone, a sign to lower their voices, they obliged with no resistance.
Now whispering, I talked about why the dragon was the coolest of the signs, as I brushed my fingers through ‘Zuki’s hair. I quite like my new nickname for him.
Great Person, Horrible Man

Chapter Summary

House life is easy if you think dealing with a war is easy+

Chapter Notes

Heya, it's SIAB here, I mean who else would it be but formalities seem to be the norm, anywho, I have the whole plot planned out, but if you guys have any side relationships you would like to see or even just a part you think would be cool in the story, or literally anything because this story is for the fans. So it would be nice to hear input and thoughts from other fans, you get what I'm trying to say? Anyway, you can message me via email (mad.for.wolves@gmail.com) phone (please text) (225-247-2036) or the comments below if you're logged in.

-SIAB

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Four:

It was nearly 7 PM, Deniki and Sarada had walked home, and the rest, including myself, were about to.

“Oi, Oi ‘Zuki… Wake up!” I yelled a bit and his eyes flashed open, I could feel how he tensed for a moment before he figured out where he was. Instantaneously relaxing and looking up at me.

“My apologies, I hadn’t meant to have fallen asleep on you, literally” He acknowledged while rubbing his eyes open.

“It’s fine, hey, where do you live anyways?” I asked while everyone was picking up their stuff, heading off, and saying their goodbyes.

“It’s not important, Boruto, may I walk you home?” He asked while lifting himself up and spiffing up his clothing.

“Only if you tell me where you live.” He looked off into the sunset, basking in the last pieces of warmth this day would give.

“Ah, sorry, goodnight, Boruto, I’ll see you Thursday.” He said with an eye-closed smile, only to disappear into smoke and air. That son of a snake.

I huffed in annoyance but said my farewells and Iwabee fist pumped with me before I left. I could see the storm clouds on the horizon, and wanted nothing to do with the cold, clothing-ruining rain.

I reached my home a little past 7:10 PM, the light was a great contrast to the gloomy surroundings, and immediately felt something snake around my waist when I opened the door.
“Onii-chan, Onii-chan’s home!” Before I shut the door, I grabbed her up for a big hug.

“Hey, Sis! How was your day?” I questioned, letting her piggyback while shutting the door behind me.

“It was amazing, me and mom played Hide ‘n Seek!” She then leaned into my ear, whispering,

“I think she cheated, because I was so good she had to use the byakugan!” She went back to her yelling as I entered the kitchen, practically begging for a piece of food. Himawari jumped off and got me a plate.

“And then I drew pictures of us!” I looked at the photo she handed me, there was a water stain and the artwork was messy at best. And I loved it more than any painting in any museums or any famous artwork for that matter because this one had love and was made for me.

“I love it, thank you, I’ll pin it in the middle of my cork board. Deal?” We shook hands and laughed at the fake formalities. I rushed upstairs and did just that, and ran back down just as fast.

I sat down in my seat, the one right next to Himawari, and despite the fact that I’m almost a certified ninja, I couldn’t avoid mom’s kiss to the forehead.

“Mooooom,” I dragged rubbing the place she took away what meager dignity I had prevailed through the years. She laughed good-heartedly and handed me a glass of chilled water.

“Halloween’s coming up, Himawari wants to be a sunflower this year, what about you Boruto?” Mom asked while setting down a plate above at a vacant seat. I bit my lip and ignored the fact, as tradition, he wouldn’t show.

“Halloween so isn’t cool anymore, I’m twelve mom!” I gestured at myself and she rolled her eyes in response to my self-impression as mature.

“You aren’t even a ninja yet, you still are, and always be my child,” I was going to retort until I heard a sniffle. I looked to my right to see a tearful Himawari,

“You-You think that… That Halloween isn’t cool?” She put down her metal fork and the plate, that was bigger than her face and used her napkin to blow her nose.

“What! No, I mean, ah, you get free candy and stuff and get to dress up, it’s the coolest tradition ever, that’s why I’m totally going!” I yelled before I could even understand what I had meant with my words. Whatever, I’ll just wear a red dress and say I’m dressed as a stuck up idiot. Heh, that would be funny. But I can’t. Ugh. I regret becoming friends with her, now I care about her, and can’t make fun of her.

My life choices are so difficult. I thought sarcastically.

An unexpected sound echoed through the house, the sound of an open door and a rampaging downfall of rain intensified without the door to mute the sound. And I was face to face with a man I had not seen in quite some time. Almost three whole days to be exact, Naruto, my father.

“Hello clone, I don’t know why you came, do shadow clones even need to eat?” I looked at him, and I couldn’t help it, a burning hate coursing through my veins, like a wildfire. It wasn’t just me it affected, he was a horrible husband to mom and a poor father to Himawari. And I hate him for that.

Nothing’s gonna change that.
He hung his head low and responded,

“I’m not a shadow clone, see?” His gaze reached mine, and without thinking, he took his fist, brought it outwards, and slammed it into his stomach.

“Honey!” “Dad!” They were simultaneous shouts, as the punch pushed him back a little. He groaned and quickly soothed the anguish with a,

“I’m fine, I just need something to eat,” He smiled at the both of them and straightened his back.

"Hmh," I gave a sound of annoyance and continued gulping down my food, ensuring that I avoided Naruto's presence.

“Sorry I’ve been so absent, I… The Land of Water has had quite a few attacks on by the Sound Village and -”

“It’s fine honey, just eat up, you’ve had a stressful week,” Father kissed mother on the forehead, loving stares and all, and replied,

“I don’t deserve you,” Before mom had the time to blush I angrily lashed out,

“I bloody second that, consumed for what, four days? The only time I saw you was when you were outside the office, commanding Ambu. That’s all you care about, being in power! You don’t love us, you love your perfect little village and-”

I heard the sound before I felt the burn. The pain of a mother slapping her child on the cheek, it wasn’t remotely hard, with no intention to hurt, but it hurt, it carved out my stomach and made me want to puke out my food.

It hurt me so much. That she so selflessly love such a selfish person. I bit my lip and slowly placed my plate and cup in the sink.

“Thank you, mother, for the food.” And headed back up the stairs, I heard Himawari start to sniffle and Naruto tried to call me back, but I started to run and slammed the door in his face.

I don’t need him, he ruins my family, he kicks it to the ground. He’s a great person, I'll give him that, and yet such a horrible man.

Chapter End Notes

Heya, it's SIAB here, I mean who else would it be but formalities seem to be the norm, anywho, I have the whole plot planned out, but if you guys have any side relationships you would like to see or even just a part you think would be cool in the story, or literally anything because this story is for the fans. So it would be nice to hear input and thoughts from other fans, you get what I'm trying to say? Anyway, you can message me via email (mad.for.wolves@gmail.com) phone (please text) (225-247-2036) or the comments below if you're logged in.

-SIAB
A Day In The Rain

Chapter Summary

A little part of Mitsuki's view of the afternoon.

Rain started to fall, I looked down at my watch hidden in my left sleeve. Seven Thirty. I watch Boruto as he skips across buildings, not rushing but not at a leisurely pace either. I was walking along a handrail when I heard a whisper.

“Psst, do you stalk him for fun or something?” I didn’t have to look over to know it was Sarada, I knew that she’d been following him, like me, for a few minutes now.

“You don’t exactly have much room to criticize my acts, do you, Sarada-kun?” A rhetorical question is the lowest I allow myself when being rude.

“Hmpf, but don’t you do it daily?” I moved to the next roof at a slightly slower gait.

“No, normally he asks me to come home with him, so what’s your reason, Inojin did this Monday, Denki did it along with Iwabee two weeks ago, and metal tried to a few more weeks back. When we saved him from the possession, so it’s not uncommon, no need to fret,” I looked up at her,

“What’s your reason?” I questioned again while flying off of the edge, towards a lower building.

She was moving silently, not to be seen. Little did she know that Boruto wouldn’t notice us if we started singing. Seeing hidden things was never his strong point.

“I...I don’t understand him…” I couldn’t relate.

“Why is that?” I had to shout a bit to be heard over the pitter patter of the rain crashing down, denying sunlight and warmth, the last of it anyway. Ironic. Goodnight Sun.

“I know you noticed, but I think I was one of the only ones that saw that he didn’t buy himself a burger. And he told people not to injure someone who had taken the liberty of disgracing Boruto during class and wanting to fight him, not that anyone likes Furin anyway, but...Then he goes on being arrogant, and rebellious, never listening to instructions.”

I thought about how I explain it to her, but, like many times before, I couldn’t think of the words for it.

“He’s the sun, that’s why,” Was the closest I could possibly explain it. She sighed and stood in the pouring rain, bewildered. It was a weird sight to see.

“And so what? You're the moon?” She yelled, almost accusingly, we were struggling to hear, and I’m sure Sadara would get a cold if she stayed here another moment.

“Hn,” I replied, knowing she wouldn’t understand my magnificent reference to the previous(?) moon. Sasuke and Naruto were really good at being closer to each other then their family, in my opinion, Sarada probably hasn’t ever seen Sasuke. I have, once.
Although I can’t say my parent is any better. The next team 7 should just be called ‘bad parenting
skills led to this mess’. I kept a straight face while I mentally laughed at my own joke.

“Ugh, what does that mean… Sun and Moon, they are celestial beings, not personalities!”

“Sure,” I responded, although I couldn’t find it in myself to be angered when I watched Boruto hug
his sister as she shut the door.

“Hey what are you?!-” I jumped down from the ledge of the building, and dropped down softly,
right under the porch of Boruto’s house, then, a puff of smoke arrived at 7:11, nearly on time.

“I can’t thank you enough Mitsuki, are you sure you want to come inside, I’m sure they’ve made
enough for you?” He gestured to the house.

“Thank you, Lord Seventh, but I’ll be alright, I just wish that Boruto saw all of the efforts you put
into ensuring his safety.” He scratched the back of his head and it was like looking at an older
version of Boruto.

“It’s okay, at least he has a loving mother and sister, he should be fine thinking the way he does for
now at least.”

“I still believe it to be wrong, I could-” Naruto interrupted my offer,

“No no, you’ve already done enough, and I can’t thank you enough, but really, if you want to come
in, Boruto likes hanging around you way more than me.”

“I can’t accept your gracious offer, Lord Seventh, perhaps another day?” He chuckled and held out
his fist, I fist pumped back. Yeah, if there is one thing I don’t understand about Boruto is how he
thinks he isn’t alike to his father.

“Sure, kit,” He said, and I disappear, to where I need to be.
Chapter Summary

We learn the depths of Namida's past, and what it holds for her friends future.

Chapter Six:

“Gha,” I woke up slowly, looking at my room, and the wreck it was. I had spent all night looking for the silver key, but I am now 100% sure that it must be in the walls somewhere.

I got ready for school, mentally trying to retrace my steps, where I’d last had it, last time I used it, it worked, and then I placed it down on my desk. Next thing I know, puff, gone, nowhere in this universe.
That’s when I heard a phone call.

Now you’re probably thinking. Of course, I get calls, I have a bunch of friends. So why is the fact that I got a call important?

I don’t own a phone.

I curiously peered over my shoulder, the sound was ominously ringing from my dirty backpacks which smelled of deodorant and dirty socks. My room felt slightly off as I dug through my binders and training clothes. When I pulled it out, it looked like the new version, a 2.X, newest one out there, and not even out yet.

I hit the green key, waiting to hear a voice. When nothing came I asked,

“Anyone there, hey, you called me, what gives?!” But the nervousness escaping through his own voice was anything but subtle.

“So, you’re the Boruto, eh? Interesting, interesting enough for my attention I assume,” I felt the room around me, so stiff and soundless. Only the slight pitter-patter of a to-be-storm was there as a distraction, my only grasp on the real world, too assure that this, was no dream. His voice was rough but clear enough for the deaf to hear. Like a voice in your head, it echoed and resonated in the air. My stomach restricted and my knees felt weak my mind heavy, and my body froze. Like something inside of me was tearing to break free.

An impulse, and emotion, something.

I bit and tore my lip, the silence was deafening, and I wanted it to remain like that, but wanted the voice to chatter endlessly all the same.

“Oh, you are quite perceptive, bonus points dude,” And with that he hung up, leaving me with the worst feeling. Not rage, but… The need to fight? The same urge when a competition comes around. And I was also left with a phone, an unknown caller, and no excuse for why I had it.

I knew what I needed to do, I should have turned it into the authorities, given it to my parents, ask around for who’s it was. But as I entered the classroom, with the phone hiding in my back pocket, I knew I wouldn’t be able to.
You know when you judge a book by how it looks, to see whether or not if you want to read it, and the cover just appeals to you so much, hundreds of books but you chose that book because you feel that you will like it. Well, it’s the same feeling, the unnamable emotion that comes to doing absurd things because it appeals to you. Despite how idiotic the idea is.

“Boruto-Senpai,” Inojin asked desperately, “Pa-lease tell me that you did last nights quadratics and that you’d kindly show them to me before-” While I disliked that he hadn’t done his homework, I wasn’t exactly a Saint either when it came to taking work seriously, at least, until the due date.

“It’s in my math folder, knock yourself out, change a few-,”

Obviously trying to be speedy, he interrupted me,

“A few questions so it doesn’t look like I’m copying you, thanks!,” Inojin rushed out and immediately went to work. We only studied work until the end of high school, that way, we were not complete idiot's when we came to normal education. I personally don’t see the point. Sarada cringed and is obviously attempting to not be as peeved as she was at the action. It’s the thought that counts.

It was nearly lunch, and I still couldn’t get over the anxiety that had hit me, and more then anything, I wanted to get out the phone out. Like a scratch on my back that I just couldn’t reach, or a song stuck in my head.

We were being taught about simple sign transitions, as well as the difference between a correct sign and an incorrect one. You wouldn’t believe that one thumb in the wrong place, could result in a total backfire of a Jutsu. This is why even simple moves were forbidden until at least chunin level.

But I couldn’t listen, it went in one ear and went out the other. I was restless, and am presently planning on having a push or pull up competition with Mitsuki when the clock hit 12:10. But it was only 11:48, and I was having no luck distracting myself.

I moved around in my seat, filed my nails, tapped my foot, cracked my joints, rolled my tongue, removed the led from my eraser, tapped my desk, yawned, rolled up sleeves, rolled them back down, looked around the room, seeing people watching attentively, stretched a bit, and could only watch in pain as the clock flipped to 11:49.

I might have used a bit of my chakra to bust out of the room, ignoring the homework that would surely be given to one of my classmates too, in turn, give to me.

But I could care less, I felt like I was suffocating, the oxygen, depleting by the minute and the walls were closing in. Once I reached the outside area, full of benches and the lot, I ignored the dampness and viciously grabbed the phone out of the pouch.

I was shaking a little, with no idea how it got in my house. Did someone sneak in overnight? Was it placed in there beforehand? And most importantly, who was on the other line? Were they the same person who-

“Are you feeling well, Boruto-kun?” Metal Lee asked, with a shimmer of dual determination and anxiety. Is this how he always felt? This much emotion with a slight occurrence? I feel such in explainable sympathy for him and all with anxiety now.

“Yeah yeah, I’m all good, how about you, I noticed you weren't lookin’ well back in general studies?” I asked him, looking him straight in the eye as I slowly moved the phone behind my back and into the pouch.

His shame was radiating off of him, I could feel it from a mile away.
“I...I’m doing well, I have gotten a Mastery! However, I cannot help but feel as if I’m not properly
comprehending the materials as well as I should. After all, it used to be my father's best subject, I
wish only to be half as great as he is!” He shouted out, fist in the air, wearing his everything on his
sleeve. And that’s something I truly admire about the trio, Metal, his parent, and his mentor.

“I could help you out, if you’d feel up to it,” I offered, wondering if Denki would be a better teacher.
His eyes lit up, and shone, from both wonder and tears.

“You are so very helpful Boruto-kun! I must thank you, I promise you, I will not let you down!” He
then saluted and marched off, looking happier, which is very contagious.

I smiled to myself, the urge to look at the phone had dissipated.

“Making new friends by the day,” I only slightly overreacted to the boys surprise arrival.

“Woah! The- Ah, Mitsuki,” I sat back down from my surprised stance and saw the rest of our group
head over, all chatting amongst themselves over one thing or the other.

“What? He was already my friend, that doesn’t count, and besides, I’m sure he’d do the same for me
anyways.” I added in, trying to convince my personal lie detector, that it really was nothing. I’m
guessing you figured out how well that worked out.

“Mh,” He replied, not looking convinced in the slightest. I huffed in annoyance and hoped that it
didn’t resemble a pouty face.

“I’ve gotta go back to class, be back in a second!” Chocho called out sticking out her tongue at us as
she ran away. I wouldn’t have thought twice about it, had Sarada not looked concerned.

“Sarada, you okay? You look worried?” I asked, just as Wasabi and Namida were walking up to us,
hand in hand, Namida looked distraught as well.

“Ah, Boruto-kun, it’s…” She looked over at Mitsuki, “It’s nothing, I’ve just been stressed with the
Ninja Qualifier rounds that are coming up, and so soon, it just like this year has flown by!” She
ended on a cheery note, looking pleased. Always a good thing, shame though. Shame I can read a
fake smile. Iwabee was staring at the homework just given from the fourth period, looking vacant, as
if his sole had wisped away, and Denki was trying to guide him through the slope.

“Hello, sorry I’m late,” Sumire walked up to me with a kind smile and wave.

“Here, Boruto-kun, don’t tell me you thought you’d get out of it because you didn't see it?” She
asked, a mischievous glint in her eye.

“Ne, worth a shot, Sumire,” I laughed while rubbed the back of my head and grabbing the paper. I
looked over quickly, just the basics really, as well as twenty minutes of sign practice, nothing
extreme. I shoved it down my tiny binder and placed it back in my backpack, eyeing the pouch
where mystery phone was.

I looked over to see Shikadai observing Inojin sketching out something just out of my point of view
(Ba-dum-pshhh).

“Don’t you think it should have a little more glare?” Shikadai asked, moving his right hand out of his
pocket to place it on his chin, just like his father.

“On the contrary, I think it needs a more rustic feel, so less reflection would emphasize that,”

“Your right, my apologies,”
“No problem, Shiki-chan,” Inojin smirked and his stance yelling cooky.

“Ugh, I’ve told you not to call me that,” He looked away, more exactly, up to me. His expression analytical and piercing, gave me the chills.

Metal Lee must have wandered back inside, seeing as Chocho came back with him in tow.

“Hey alla’y’al, I’m back,” It was no surprise to see her with an excessively large bag of chips in hand. Special Spicy Edition - Made in Land of Waves - was what was written in bold yellow letters.

“Obiously,” Sarada had said rudely, but anyone could tell she meant no harm. Sarada put up her palm and was given some of the chips herself.

“Dranks Chocho,” Sarada thanked her with her mouthful. I was about to indulge in my sandwich, made by mom, obviously (last time I tried to make mac-&-cheese I nearly lit the house on fire), when Namida spoke up.

“I ah~” She started to blush, and hid her face behind her hands. When Wasabi patted her back, in an attempt of encouragement, the hands left, the blush was still there, but she looked a bit more determined,

“I need to, ahem, um, I- I have something to tell you guys, it’s…” She took in a breath in and opened up her eyes,

“It’s about affinities,” She looked like an unmoving rock, a stark contrast to the stuttering mess she was a few moments ago.

“What about them, Namida-kun?” Inojin asked, interest seemed to always flare when skill sets are involved. She had everyone's attention now. I have to admit, it peaked my interest as well.

“Well… I,” She looked around, which only added to the serious tone of the information she was about to give.

“I can’t say for sure, but I have it in good authority that if people can try, they can wield not just one or two, but all affinities,” Than her determined face shriveled and she hid behind Wasabi who resembled a proud parent.

“Nice goin’ Nami-chan!,”

“Wait so like, I could control fire, water, wind and all of that stuff?” I asked curiously. I knew about affinities, everyone did, just as affinities were normally found at the beginning of chunin levels and teachings if not found beforehand.

“Ah, exactly! All elements, earth, lightning, fire, water and wind!” Wasabi encouraged supportingly, but there were two questions on people's minds. First, how can this be true, and second, how on earth could you possibly figure that out?

Shikadai was the first to voice these questions,

“Okay, let's say I believe this to be true, which it isn’t, how could you know this?” Namida had a bittersweet expression on.

“My father, he… He taught me, the way of a true shinobi. He fought in the Great Ninja War, he was from the Land of Focus,” And with that, you could hear the sound of a pin drop. The only real thing
we knew about the land of focus, was that it was in the Land of Tea, and while the ninjas were to be nothing of note, they were renowned for their ability to create traps, elaborate seals, and advanced plans that have kept them a force to be reckoned with, despite their less than impressive stats.

“It wasn’t a very well known group, however, anyone who had any basic knowledge would want them on their side, if just for their revolutionary ideas and plans. My father had- he,” She seemed to be choking back a sob, and Wasabi let her gather herself in a hug,

“Shh, it’s okay, I can tell them the rest if you’d like?” She asked quietly, looking up to match the gazes of everyone else.

“No...I have to tell them, this was my idea anyway, Wasabi-chan,” She smiled a little and sat back down.

“He was killed, no. Murdered, by a shinobi from the same land, in fear of the information being spread. My dad, he saved my life that day.” She looked bitter, fragile, and vengeful all mixed in one. I couldn’t imagine what it must have felt like. I’ve got an apathetic father, but if someone were to kill one of my family or friends…. I don’t know how well I’d be able to take it.

There was a respectful silence. Clearly in silent support of her losses.

“Then why are you telling us, couldn’t that put us all in danger? Especially you.” Chocho expressed her concerns, even moving her snack to the side.

“Yeah, Namida! Couldn’t this place you as a target?!?” Denki was yelling, his worry pulsing off of him in waves.

“Perhaps, but… If it’ll get us an edge in the exams, it’s worth it… I don’t want anyone to fail… I couldn’t imagine what my life would be like without you, I know I’ve only known you for a year, but I had a dream a few nights ago, it was all of us together, we were adults, all of us were top notch ninja and happy. I...I want that, even if it places my life at risk…. I guess I’m just selfish,” It was then that Metal Lee walked up and hugged her violently, sniffling back tears himself.

“Never think you are selfish for wanting all those you care about to be happy, it is the most selfless a human can be,” Iwabee, in a surprise burst of wisdom, called out. Everyone seemed to be in agreement.

“But...How? How does it-” The lunch bell rang and it was clear that we had more to talk about.

Okay, ah, do you guys have phones? I know it’s rare and their expensive and all but…” Denki asked, looking up shyly.
Chapter 7:

Turns out that everyone except Mitsuki, Inojin, Iwabee and I had a phone, so it seems I would be left out of the conversation, and I wasn’t talking about the mysterious phone so quick.

“I see, then just four of you guys? Okay, then wait till tomorrow then,” Denki said with a bright smile. And a clear secret. What was he planning?

The rest of school went by quickly, but it was clear what was on my groups' minds. Could the elements really all be used? Was it even possible? But my hopes were high and my determination higher, if there was even a percentage chance, I would make sure that all of us were able too. Without a doubt in my mind. I hummed along to Whispers as Mitsuki and I leisurely walked home. It was April the third, so it was rare to see sunlight, not to mention a cloudless day.

“Weather is nice, not much wind either,” Yes, we're talking about whether, no, it’s not boring.

“Wanna spar latter? I mean you might be busy, but I haven’t had a fought in a while, and I feel I’m getting rusty,” I said jokingly, but I was itching for a solid fight. Something to get rid of all my pent-up energy.

“Does 6:25 AM tomorrow work? I’ve gotten a message from my parent, and I need to get something.”

I contemplated my want for a battle and my need for at least 9 hours of sleep. I sighed, the idea of a nice fight was just too much to deny.

“Yeah, that works, right out school grounds, or should we sneak into the gym in school?” I asked, I feel like we might be going against the rules a little too nonchalantly, but I really liked the feeling the gym gave.

“Up to you, Boruto, I have no preference,” He said while leaping onto a random building.

He pointed North and asked,

“Wanna go get ice cream before I have to leave?” He held out his hand, the sunlight shining around him, he had such a kind and thoughtful expression that I had to ask myself why he called me the sun, when it was so clear how brightly his whole being shone, along with my classmates. I looked down, my hair covering my eyes, and hiding my grin,

“Yeah, I’m coming,”

“Yeah, I’ll have mint chocolate chip, thank you Tannika-San,” Mitsuki asked politely holding out enough
yen for two.

“I’ll take Strawberry, Oi, Mitsuki, I’ll pay!” I yelled and snatched the money out of his hands rudely.

I had gotten 500 yen yesterday for the excessive amount of chores I did to start regaining my money amount.

“But you paid last time, I have plenty enough,” He said looking down at my backpack pocket with the sad amounts of coins, but I could still pay for it, it was only 360 yen.

While I was busy calculating the amount costs, I realized that Mitsuki had stolen the money back with an extended arm and handed it to Tannika.

“Thanks, Mitsuki-kun, you gotta put him in his place sometimes, right?,” Tannika has had us as frequent customers for quite some time, almost since last April actually.

“Hm, I must agree,” Said Mitsuki, holding out the strawberry tasting goodness.

“Come on!” I pleaded, but it was no use, the deal was done, and so I promised to myself to go pay to her later and to slip the amount into Mitsuki’s pocket at another time.

“Three scoops of chocolate you bitch,” I heard from behind me. And I felt my stomach churn at the sound of it, the audacity of some people. It was very common for men to look down and insult woman it made my bloodlust spike. Those who see others as trash because of their gender or any other part of them that they couldn’t change didn’t deserve a place on even the cruelest of lands.

“Hey, say one more insulting thing, and if I were you, I’d have the ambu on speed dial for what I’m going to do to you,” There wasn’t even a pinch of emotion in my words, I was doing everything in my limitations not to lash out and snap his neck.

“Huh, you're a pathetic kid, what could you possibly do?” If I wasn't devoured in rage, I would have noticed Mitsuki who disappeared and came back right behind him.

I looked up, concealing every once of rage I could until Tannika said,

“Boruto-kun, it’s fine, it’s nothing to get angry about, promise!” She said, with a false light-hearted tone. I’ll kill ‘em. It was the only thing running around in my head, and the fact that this probably happened daily without me knowing.

Well, in other words, I guess you could say I felt a bit of pleasure after nailing him in the crotch.

When he winced and crumbled down, I took it upon myself to kick my opponent while he was down. Again, and again, until I brought out my kunei, and slammed it right next to his terrified, small, head.

“Next time your rude to anyone with no reason, I won't miss,” I spat out, teeth bared and arm shaking. I didn’t bother to admit how much I needed Mitsuki around me, too keep me from doing things that I know I’d regret.

“Do you need someone to walk you home, Tannika-san?” I looked up at her, my adrenaline falling down.

She shook her head no.

“Boruto, thank you, I… No ones stood up for me before, that…. Thank you, Boruto-San,” I was
shocked at both the confession and the new level of respect.

“There will be a day,” I said, looking up at the colored sky, more colors than I could name, “...where an act like this will be repulsive, and everyone will look at him in disgust, mark my words, anyone who thinks otherwise is narrow-minded, and not anyone to hang with.” I then realised that Mitsuki was just sitting on a bench, eating his own ice cream, and holding out the other cream.

I smiled, and let down my guard, only missing the wave of fire from behind me by a hair, and that was with the help of Mitsuki’s extended arms speeding me up.

“Woah, who- Oh, you’re dead,” I finished, grinding my teeth, it was only as I went in for a punch that I realised that, while his body moving, his eyes were dull, unmoving and glassy, but it wasn’t like the other attacks that had happened those months ago. It was almost like a hypnotic trance.

And it was my thinking that allowed him to twist my arm.

“Arg!” I yelled out in pain, it felt that it was fractured at least. Then a wave of wind came from my left, making everything in the general vicinity shake a little, but the target was blown far back.

I cradled my right arm and bit my lips so hard they bled. The pain was excruciating, getting worse with every pulse. My vision was hazy at best, and I must’ve hit my head as well because I felt a slick substance roll down my face. I could only watch as Tannika picked me up and started running, my throat burned, my nose flopped over when my shaky index pushed up against it. Then everything went black.
A tidal wave of pain hit me as I took my first conscious breath. I heard a groan and soon realised it was my own. I stared around, blinking rapidly and trying to hear what the voices were saying. When I tried to stretch my arms I let out a high pitched yelp.

That woke me up. I saw the massive cast that covered a foot and a half of my arm. I yawned and looked at the faces, unhappy, I could see who it was. Hinata, Himawari, Tannika, and most of my class. Metal, Iwabee, Denki, Chocho, Inojin, Shikadai, Namida, Wasabi, Sumire, and even Sarada. It then struck me, why I was there, and that Mitsuki wasn’t here.

I looked around and felt that I was in my pants, but had no shirt on. I looked down and I had a bruised arm, it was discolored and had a few stitches, but nothing hurts as much as Mitsuki not being present. I quickly get rid of the thought, realizing that,

“Tannika, Tannika?! Are you alright? I…” I looked down at my scarred hands, disappointed, so much so that I felt the bile raise up in my throat.

“I’m gonna puke, can-bucket…” I said softly, clenching my stomach which was in quite a fair amount of agony.

Metal zoomed to the edge of the door in two seconds and held it out for me. Everyone was silent, questions clearly at the tip of their tongues, but giving me a chance to truly wake up.

I burped loudly, right before I watched painfully as my lunch was now not where lunch should be, the smell cringe worthy.

“Are you feeling well, Boruto-kun?” Metal was the first to ask as I looked vacantly down at the rim of my bed, seeing a few flowers and get well cards. My stomach pains vanished when I saw Mitsuki by them, away from the group.

But I couldn’t protect her. I know people were talking, I know they had questions. But it sounded like rain outside a soundproof door. You know it’s there but you can only catch a few of the sounds.

Most of my classmates kept their distance, and when there was an opening, went in for a hug. I had to do an awkward half hug, seeing as even my unbroken left arm had three bruises. But I needed it nonetheless. The injury, was truly quite minor, but the mental toll of not being able to protect someone close to him.

So it was only because that he had done this yesterday, that it wasn’t that embarrassing when a tear slipped down, unnoticed by everyone but a few until he turned to them.

“I...I couldn’t protect you, I couldn’t, I couldn’t protect...what was close to me...” They were silent. It was as if the dumb sayings about time slowing down came true. No one was in danger. But I could feel the once empty place where I lacked resolve fill ten times over. Already wanting to devote my life to working harder, just so I never had to face something like that ever again. And it was as if it had been written in a scroll, with perfectly crafted wording that I thought.

‘Always do everything in my power, and then some, for my family,’ and it was the same time that I thought that, that I had come upon a realization. Everyone here is my family, a chosen family but all the same. And that these ties. These bonds would be my motivator, my goal, and my inspiration to live up to all the potential I can possibly unlock.
The voices came back to me, like I just woke up again. Mitsuki was re-explaining the event in more detail, to save me the problem of doing it myself. Sarada looked distracted, looking down at my bed.

She then confidently stood up and picked up the garbage can, unpeeling the wrap and heading off to dispose of it.

No one took much notice, but I did. I think it was a talent of mine, and when she looked back at me, I grinned ear to ear, as a way of saying, ‘Thanks’ she nodded her head and walked out the door. Her saying, ‘It’s the least I can do,’

I rested back into my sheets as Himawari kept jumping up onto my lap, and Mitsuki being suspiciously quiet. Not bothering to hide the hand that sat on my shoulder. I let the edge of his hand softly massage the shoulder blade of the broken arm, claiming that it was recommended after their healing to move it around if ever so slightly.

It was almost two full hours till most parents had taken their parents home, and mom had to leave to put Himawari to sleep. Everyone but Sumire and Mitsuki. Both of which used Ninjitsu to hide from the nurse at closing.

“Is she gone?” Asked a whisper, clearly belonging to Sumire, even in the dark.

“Yes, but shhh!” I yell-whispered.

“I know that today has been a long day Boruto-kun, but I can verify that what Namida and Wasabi is true, I have… a parent who had experimented with the idea, only for all of his testing to be ah, destroyed,”

All three of us understood the importance of how much a parental figure and what they do can affect the offspring is like a domino, so it made sense that neither bothered to ask for credibility nor whom it was.

“So, do you really think we can all do it then?” Questioned Sumire, but I had the same one in mind.

“I…I honestly don’t know…” Even through the dark, I could see Mitsuki’s golden eyes, looking right into mine.

“But… Knowing Boruto, I’m sure it’s possible,” He finished, and it wouldn’t take any eyes to know he said it with a smile.

“I must agree, but I have to go now, even I need some sleep, some of us plan on going to school tomorrow,” I heard the window open, a soft sound, like leaves in the fall, and then silence. Just me and Mitsuki, and that felt...

“Boruto, I don’t necessarily have any place to be, would you be okay with me sleeping here too?” He asked, pointing to a big line of chairs he planned on using as a bed.

It felt right.

I shook my head in dissatisfaction. I moved over to the right, where my arm could rest nicely on the ledge,

“There’s plenty room, here,” I pointed down, hoping that his absurd vision was enough to see what I meant. It all was silent again, and then a light scuffle of sheets with a new presents, something that, if I’m being honest, felt more like finding a lost object, then getting a new one.
“Good night, ‘Zuki,” I said sloppily, the meds and then not so dull day had me in absolute shambles, eye’s begging for 10 hours at least.

“Goodnight, Sun,” And the grasps of sleep took me hostage once again.
Me, trash writing and a day late: I don't even have an excuse, I fell asleep in the middle of the day and forgot, not that people probably even read this far but still.

Chapter 9: Theseus’s Paradox

I had been released on Friday, given the option to come to school or not, so obviously I did. My visiting hours were the same hours that school was, and I could only see them so much before they had to be kicked out.

So when the nurse advised that I stay one more day I think I scared her a little with my glare and harsh attitude.

“Are you sure you're going to be okay to go, I know that you’ve broken your arm before but your had splinters in the bone and that-,”

“Ne ne, mom, I told you!” I waved my arm as best as I could, limited range, but it was working nonetheless.

“The medics told me that it was 80% healed and that I was perfectly fine to go, no need to worry,” I didn’t want to yell at her like I did the nurse, but I know my patience was wearing thin. I was already going to be late.

She sighed and gave me one last hug, Himawari doing the same,

“Bye-bye Nii-chan!” She smiled brightly, waving her arms side to side.

“See ya’ sis!” I yelled before running out the door.

I was next to the door, annoyed that it was already locked, and they had the window behind bars now. Rude.I grunted as I headed into the office.

Iruka-sensei looked caught off guard by presents, clearly thinking I wasn’t going to show up today.

“Well this is a pleasant surprise, how are you feeling Boruto-kun?” I grinned and gave him a thumbs up, only too see a dark-haired and pale boy to the right of the room.

“Ah, this is going to be your new classmate, along with two others who just left, Kai Soumino met Boruto Uzumaki!” Iruka was clearly in a peppy mood, and what can I say, so was I.

“Welcome, Kai, hope you're strong enough to keep pace,” I said, something about his posture, how he seemed to scream determination and easy confidence put my competitive nature into absolute overdrive. I felt like fighting him right then and there.

He had a devilish grin and looked down at my arm,

“Said the boy with a broken arm,”
“I could take you with both arms crippled,” I think somewhere it the back of my head, my common sense was repeatedly hitting a big red button that said, ‘What in the 9 hells are you doing’.

“Your on, cupcake,” He said, but… despite his features, he looked more interested in just talking, no, like- wait...cupcake?

“Boys!” Iruka let out, clearly confused towards our sudden outbursts,

“Kai, I expect more from you, Boruto, I, okay I didn’t expect more from you, I’m still disappointed though.” He said sternly, glaring intently. Next thing I knew, Kai waltzed up to him with a bow of his head,

“I apologize on both of our behalves, now…” He looked back up, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes,

“We spoke nicely, greeting each other, and now we’re heading off to class,” It’s like his voice had been altered ever so slightly like I was hearing it’s vibrations more than the voice himself.

“Come on, we only have a few seconds,” Kai urgently yelled to me, I didn’t move, stuck in shock. So he was now dragging me by my good arm and we exited and went out into the main hallways.

“Wait did you just-”

“Yes,”

“How long will he think -”

“Forever, I mean, unless you want him to know we fought feel free to tell him, but I doubt you would. Having said that it’s still up to you,” He said, a lying bastard.

“Lie,” I called him out on his rubbish. He only shrugged his shoulders and turned around.

“Can you really blame me, I just don’t wanna get expelled on the first day.” He looked over and winked, walking into the classroom. I grit my teeth, but I couldn’t ignore the grin spreading across my face.

I sped walk into the class, only to see him being formally introduced. We locked eyes, and if it weren’t for the fact that I could read emotions like the back of my hand, I would’ve missed the suppressed grin he wanted to send my way.

In honor of his attempt to hide it I did the same, then I saw the other two strangers Iruka spoke of, that had come with the new ninja in training.

One had dark blue spiky hair and tanned skin with sharp green eyes, the other boy had red hair, pale skin, and bright yellow eyes, but they were much darker than Mitsuki’s. Speaking of which, he was presently sending all of them daggers. With his eyes for now.

The rest all were the same, asking a few basic questions, “Where are you from?” “Why did you move from the sound Country,” Etc, etc, etc.

I raised my hand for the last question.

“What’s your ninja way?” The class went silent, this, of course, was a very personal question that shouldn’t be asked when you’ve just met, or even afterward. But before Shino-sensei could stop me or him,

“My ninja way is to make any sacrifices, no matter the cost, to keep my enemy down, you?” He said,
as if to talk about the weather, and right at that moment, I realized that his voice sounded the same as it had earlier, when I could hear the vibrations more than the voice itself, even though they were one in the same,

“Mine is to do everything in my power, and then some, for those I call family,” I said and there was a gleam in his eye. The whole class was silent, and Sensei looked exasperated.

“Okay, I think that was a very thorough welcoming, you may have a seat now, Kai,” And so he went to the far back right corner, along with the two other aliens.

And with that, things went back to normal. But they didn’t really. Sure, Sensei was dragging on about quadratics and exponentials, but everything felt different. First, the mysterious phone, I still had no clue how or when it got there or whom the sender was. Second, I have gained something the rich can’t understand, and the gods envy. A bond between me and my teammates. Sarada, Shikadai, Chocho, Inojin, Denki, Iwabee, Metal, Sumire, Namida, and Wasabi. All of them just mean the world to me. And Mitsuki? Well… If they’re the world, he’s my universe. I feel like we’ve been friends before like this has already happened time and time again. We just fit. Like two pieces of a puzzle. Not to mention just how well our abilities balance out in battle.

And that’s just the start. I’ve become more aware of the world, the bad and the good. The narrow-minded and the world changes all exist and it’s up to me to help lessen the racism, and evil that this world relishes in. This corrupt environment was miserable at a time. And it has gotten better. But I’m going to change ‘okay’ to a paradise for all, no matter heritage, race, gender, wealth, sexuality or otherwise. We are all equal in the end, and our grave size is all the same.

And with this new information that Namida has given us. The claim of better powers. That thousands of years will be ashamed to learn if it ends up true. And I desperately want to know. Need to know. This information and power could be used to keep my comrades safe. The abstract notion that wielding all four elements is possible as long as one does not immediately close off other chakra gates to the opposing elements. But it makes sense.

It could be done. And that enough alone is enough to shake this world to its innermost core and bring about wars that are bigger than previously imagined. A terrifying thought. But I must pursue this path regardless. The limit is nowhere in sight, with hundreds of years of combat to learn, and thousands of chakra usage, I can almost taste the power. The feeling you can’t look away from. A light so bright in the endless abyss of a mind that you feel the need to charge ahead without looking back.

And the new characters in school. Kai, Juno, and Slydin. All siblings from the sound. Same as Mitsuki, who appears to despise the lot of ‘em. And the mysterious power that Kai possesses, to erase minds and place false information. And I haven’t a clue toward what the other two might be capable of.

Everything was the same in the same way that Theseus's paradox was the same.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Ayeeeee MitsuBoru Fluff :))))

Chapter 10:

It was halfway through the day, lunchtime, the best time. The time I get to chat along with my comrades and eat. What’s better than that? Well, it would have been this had Mitsuki not grabbed my arm and dragged me up to the top of the school.

“Wha- ‘Zuki, what’s up?” I asked, pun intended as we soared high, ”You could have just talked with me next to everyone else you know.” I exclaimed while pointing to the benches full of my teammates three stories down.

“My apologies, Boruto, but this had to be said without other prying eyes,” Mitsuki said accusingly, his gaze scanning the roof as we landed, his clothes swaying with the wind and all was silent.

“What do you need to tell me?” I questioned, following ‘Zuki as he walked across the length of the roof, finally looking at me, he explained,

“I had visited my parent, in search of answers, what Namida said… I couldn’t believe it at the time, but my parent is someone you would call knowledgeable when it came to these things…”

Mitsuki pondered his wording as we sat on the edge of the building, out looking the sky, colored brilliant shades of light blue, orange, and yellow. The clouds were few and far in between, like drops of white paint on a colored canvas. A stark contrast to the previous weather in Konohana.

I looked down to see the normal, my best friends were conversating and laughing below, while the rest of my class hid away, keeping a larger than necessary distance between themselves and my family. And they better. But that wasn’t the point. The problem is that, today wasn’t normal, we had three new students and they were nowhere to be seen in the grassy lands below.

“And my parent… he… He had previously experimented on this, the only reason it didn’t yield the desirable outcome, is that his subjects had all already closed off their body to the other elements by focusing on their first and best one. And by the time he had gotten a hold of people who haven’t yet found their element… The land of tea had steeped in and promised an all out war between them and he had he not stopped.”

Mitsuki, looking westward, at the sun which had only fully risen not to many hours before, and seemed deep in contemplation, as if to decide the Elemental Countries politics and war outcomes.

“And so long story short, the three kids from the sound, I can only assume are present to see the outcome, and before you decide to yell at me for revealing this information to someone, who transpired it to another, you should keep in mind that they don’t want others to know more than we. If my suspicions are correct, then they just plan on gathering intel to relay to my parent, and knowing them, they likely don’t plan on using this information for at least a decade, if at all.” I stayed silent. Now, more than ever, was I curious onto who Mitsuki’s parent is.
“Might I ask, just who is your parent, I understand if you can’t tell me. But just know that I wouldn’t tell anyone, no matter what,” I said, observing Mitsuki’s careful expression, and I meant what I said. I’d never lie about things like that.

“Boruto, before I can tell you, you must understand a few things,” I was silent, listening, attentive to what Mitsuki had to say.

“Mh,” I gave a response for no other reason than to show that he had my full attention.

“Firstly, you must know that I trust you.” He looked down, soundly swaying his feet and messing with his oversized sleeves. Of course I knew that.

~Flashback~

“MITSUKI!” I hollered out as I darted threw the air, throwing kunai at any blind spot I could find. Anko sensei was very quick for a woman of her size. And much more experienced than I could fathom. So I knew that the only thing close to an advantage was that there was two of us and one of her.

Snakes crept upon me, locking me in their slimy, air-restricting hold. I looked over at Mitsuki, unconscious on the ground a few yards from where I was being held.

“Now that you’ve learned your lesson- wait those snakes…” The snakes, fasted then I could blink, sprung from my body to Ankos, capturing her just long enough for me to side sweep her and watch as Mitsuki’s clone, which had laid unconscious, reappeared with a puff of smoke and a log in his place.

Mitsuki held a kunai threateningly behind the woman as she swiftly flipped before landing from my kick. But before the metal reached her neck, she clasped her fist into a hand, and plowed her elbow into Mitsuki’s stomach.

A dangerous blow. She must of been on her last legs then. I mused right before I could panic about how Mitsuki was feeling. I created four clones, bigger than my previous record. But the intensity of the battle and Mitsuki’s injury boosted my power by a considerable amount.

However the tide of the battle was clear once she had taken them all down without a scratch, she had me pinned down.

“Nice job kid, that would have worked on a lesser opponent.” She exclaimed boastfully, speaking of the snakes Mitsuki summoned, in order to mislead Anko into thinking that they were her own.

~End~

“And I think that our trust is greater than I could have ever asked any godly being for,” He said, so still and delicate that I felt that I could poke him and he’d crumble into dust.

I didn’t say anything. And that said everything I needed to say. We shared a few moments of blissful silence, until he spoke up again,

“Another thing you need to know, is that you won’t see me the same way after I tell you,” Mitsuki looked so...dismal, heartbroken, almost. As if his parents identity said a single thing about the Mitsuki I know and -

“Gibberish, you wanna know what just came out of your mouth? Trash, garbage. Your self worth isn’t and never will be dictated by your parents identity,” I spoke, so calm that it bewildered myself. I
was so sure of what I had said that I see it as utterly obvious.

As mom had once told me, “Just as a flower can decide where it’ll bloom, a child can’t decide who their parents are, and never should be ashamed for this,”. I took this advice, as well as many other things, close to heart. My mother had a poet’s heart and wisdom beyond her years. I’m an idiot, but even idiots know when to take intelligent words to heart.

Mitsuki had a bittersweet smile on, clearly not believing a word I had said. believing a word I had said.

“And lastly, if you choose to unfriend me, per say, I completely understand, and have no qualms if that is what you feel is appropriate,” I was ticked off now.

“Oi, you, stop talking like that before I kick you in the guts! If you really think that your ‘parent’ is going tear our friendship apart then you’ve got another thing coming ‘Zuki!’” I said loudy, pointing an accusing finger right at his nose.

“You mean more to me, to them,” I pointed down to our teammates below.

“For your bloody parent to destroy the bond we have with you.” Mitsuki looked at me, really looked at me. I sat in silence, the wind softly tugging at our hair and clothes. I could only hear our quiet breathes, as I observed Mitsuki as he went over every mole, every little speck that was me. No other noise invaded my senses for minutes. We just sat, as if being alive was all that was needed. A conversation between unmoving faces.

It felt like a world of time and none at all when Mitsuki said the name of his parent, “Orochimaru,”

People say that, in life, when something unbelievable happens, time slows down. But I didn’t find that true. My mind was slowly comprehending it, but I noticed that the rest of the world was moving at the same pace, almost faster, if possible.

I sat in silence, and noted that Mitsuki was looking skyward, as if he was absorbed in a breathtaking book. I didn’t say anything. Of course it was crazy, but it made sense. From what I did know. Orochimaru was a evil man, who had planned on taking the land of fire to the ground. A legendary sannin, along with Tsunade, and Jiraiya. And really sadistic. Studying and experimenting on anything no matter the cost.

But I meant what I said. His parent, didn’t matter to me.

I leaned my head onto his shoulders. He stiffened, not expecting the contact, but slowly relaxing.

“Are they a guy or a girl?” I questioned, it was the only thing I wanted to know really.

He let out a laugh, and it turned into a howl of laughter, I didn’t have to look up to see the relieved expression his face must have held.

“Hell if I know,” He finally replied, leaning his own head on mine.
Chapter 11:

Juno POV - Jiriki Diner - Friday - 5:28 PM

“I’d just prefer Miso, thank you Ma'am,” Slydin leaned slightly to the left when the waiter inched closer.

“Are you sure? Our specials today include-”

“I said,” The red-head glared at the quirky waitress, clearly in a foul mood.

Note to self, try to stay away from his bad side. I, aware I wouldn’t heed my own advice, tried to determine the likelihood of balancing my pennies on top of each other. Failing miserably might I add.

“Thank you,” And it has been awhile since a polite expression sounded similar to that of a death threat. And I’ve heard a lot of both.

The altercation appeared to shift the mind state of the waitress, as she scurried off to the kitchen.

“So rude, she was all over you, just one date man, won't kill you,” I drawled, grinning at his distaste in my word choice.

“As if you have any leverage, your pitiful face hasn't even attracted a single person yet,” Slydin finished off by flicking my penny off of its side. Not with his finger, but his Kobon chakra.

“Petty,” I growled, picking it up and placing it in my pocket.

“So what, are we not going to talk about it?” Questioned the kinda-leader of our ragtag team. Kai. The least civilized of us by far.

“What’s there to talk about, we just need to report back to Ori-chan, and watch the world fall into chaos.” I bragged, moving my feet to the top of the table.

“Shouldn’t we at least attempt it ourselves?” Ever questioning our abilities was Slydin, unfortunately, I agree full-heartedly.

“Duh,” Not my most intelligent wording, but it got the thoughts across.

“That group… They’re going to be terrifying if they could master all elements, this will undoubtedly place the world a few years back at the very least. The repercussions of this information will be disasterly.” I concluded, imagining which Countries would wage war first and who would try to halt the chaos and bring peace.

Then again, the term disasterly has always thrilled our kind. The kind bred for war. What commoners can’t grasp nor understand, is that to us, war is our home, it’s how we’ve lived, it’s where we feel authentic.

“Hallelujah, I was worried this world would become too cheesy!” Kai exclaimed a gleeful expression adored his exuberant posture as if he wanted to inform the entirety of the world at this moment.

“Slow your horses’ dude, we gotta wait, Ori-chan’s promised at least a year of experimentation to assure of it,” I said, but my devil like grin betrayed my words. The sooner the world new, the
tougher the fights would get, and the new generation would be lethal. 
Once our food arrived, we scarfed it down, and Kia ‘convinced’ the waiter to place it on the house. 
The night was quickly coming, and the orphanage had a bedtime, we had to be present by 8:45 PM, 
no later or no warm water for a week.

We were about to enter room 24 when Mitsuki was waiting outside our door.

“Long time no fight, Mitsuki,” Kai’s ability to rile people up without trying has always fascinated 
me. But we were all quiet when his glare gleaned blue. Sage mode. He was pissed.

“I can promise you a one-sided battle if you wish to test your luck this time around,” Had I not been 
able to read chakra better than anyone here, I would have assumed it was pure bloodlust that was 
seeping off of him. But I knew better. It was surprising in all honesty, to think that the killer I once 
knew him to be, would be so frantic to protect someone.

The only problem, we don’t know who this person is.

“Hey hey, calm down Bloody Boy, we don’t want to fight, we want to sleep, do you have a reason 
for coming here?” I questioned, making a mental note to tell my brothers this information once we 
were alone.

“Don’t call me that,” He shrieked, biting his tongue while counting to ten. We were silent, we knew 
what he wanted. He knew we knew.

“I came here to warn you, hurt anybody I care about and it might be the last thing you do, I’m not a 
killer, I’m better than that, but I’m not beneath protecting those I’m close to,”

He finished looking at the setting sun as if it was that he was speaking too.

“Hey B-Mitsuki, were ninja in training, it isn’t surprising if we end up in a-

“I’m well aware, but I know how far you should all take it, an inch further will be an inch in the 
grave,” Mitsuki finished, vanishing into nothing, but his room was a story below ours, and the creaky 
old doors were a dead give away.

“Guys, I’ve gotta tell you something,” I whispered, pointing to the room. They unlocked the door 
and locked it back up once we were in.

Seeing as Mitsuki could be listening in, I wrote down what I learned, and just how protective Mituki 
had been feeling.
Poems Part 1

Chapter 12:

Boruto POV - Friday - 2:17 -School

English actually wasn’t boring this time around, Moegi was enthusiastically reading out Pluck, written by Siril Rainn

"Pluck

She loves me, She loves me not,
I ponder-
Piece by piece, I shred myself down,
Crumbling by the other misfits,
Other outcasts,
I don’t fit in here,
Surrounded and alone,
Never have I felt so close and so far,
So off and on par,
As I do around the average,
The predictable,
I was born with hell in my blood,
And angels on my shoulders,
An ego to rival a king,
And may I rise too far above my beholders,
Too far to hear them sing,
Of their petty paths they’ve carved,
And the sadness they bring

"I found myself intrigued by the writing, the flow and rhythm seemed to enchant the beholders. I wasn’t the only one captivated, the words had stolen the attention and commanded the silence throughout the entire class.

“Beautiful…” Metal spoke out, and many nodded their heads in agreement. Moegi was delighted, to see a class of attentive students, wishing to hear more was every teachers dream.

“I’m glad to see you all enjoy it, now, our assignment will be for each of you to create your own poems, bonus points if I read it aloud to the class. Y’all got until the end of the class period to finish it, may the odds be ever in your favor,” Moegi giggled at her own reference and went on to grading papers as we begin our own word voyage.

“I can kill a man but I can’t find a word that rhymes with lost that fits with the stanzas,” I heard a mutter from the back of the class. Silent chuckles died down and the chatter soon boomed, this was the one class were getting help from your teammates was practically begged off, all thanks to the ever gracious Moe-Sensei.

And I had to admit, I adored the way the words flowed onto my page, it took ten minutes and I had created something that I was genuinely proud of, it read
'Mask

True rivals don’t battle, Eye for Eye,
Dare they be so simple,
They battle, mask for mask,
Because they are the ones, that evoke your truest self,
Bringing forth your face to the world, as you do theirs,
It’s the highest price one could pay,
More than to, die,
So you see it’s not as simple as,
Eye to Eye.

I handed it to Mitsuki to read over, and by the rise of his eyebrow and sly smirk, it was clear he was happily amazed, my heart felt warm at the high praise, of that alone. So when Mitsuki said,

“It’s very adequate Boruto-kun, I’m impressed,” I was rolling on cloud nine. And I feel onto the pavement and then transcended into the depths of hell once I read Mitsuki’s,

Your eyes,
Deep in the ocean,
Blue as the sky,
Light in the middle
Shined so bright
That wolves howled every night.

“Woah….” I whispered, looking up at Mitsuki’s curious glance,

“It’s… Extraordinary,” I breathed out, meaning what I said. I hadn’t gotten into poetry, like, ever. So I had little to compare it to, however, it painted emotions through words better then any advanced dialect could.

“What else?” He asked, Sarada walked around and read it herself. I didn’t give her a second glance.

“Ah, well, I feel that it really paints a feeling of admiration in the face of something so beautiful,” I concluded after a moment. Sarada looked like she just tasted something slightly sour.

“Boruto-kun,” She said, looking at me with a very serious expression.

“You're a dumbass,” Sarada’s vulgar wording threw me off, rarely had she even accidentally let something slip, let alone so blatant and condensing. I felt myself heat up from embarrassment, annoyance, rage, and the fact that I had no clue as to why she had admitted the (painfully true) statement.

“Whoa! What?!?” I yelled, catching Moegi’s attention,

“Oi oi oi, kids, no fighting, that was hand-to-hand combat last hour.” And went back to work.

Mitsuki looked like he was trying to hold in laughter, and the dam was bound to break in 3...2...1…

He let out a howl of laughter, using the desk support to steady himself. And this was only gasoline to my fire of rage.

“You too?!” I had no idea what they found so amusing. Was it something I said, do I look funny? I
looked at my clothing and checked my hair in the mirror. Everything seems fine- Oh my-

“I’m a bloody idiot I am,” I said while deadpanning, looking myself dead in the eye as Mitsuki let out another bundle of laughter. I sighed and tried not to feel like the worlds biggest idiot.

“We should write more, I mean, we’ve got a lot of time, and I must admit, this is really fun!” I grinned, and Mitsuki happily obliged.
Poetry Part 2 - This was so hard too make guys I didn't sign up for this

Chapter 13:

The forty minutes were over and mostly everyone had finished, leaving us to just chat amongst ourselves and wait for her to pick her favorites.

“I must say, all of these are much better than I expected, while I still need to go over the importance of stanzas and the use of repetition, they’re good.” She coughed and began her read over,

“I’m reading over from the least to best because I didn’t expect there to be so many I would read aloud. Ahem, this one is written by Shikadai,

Bias

Understanding shape, and life,
Is a worldly power,
But it can take lives- lives of those,
Who don’t listen

We were all born with shackles,
The rich, the poor, and everyone in between,
For,
Knowledge is one of the only things,
That doesn't discriminate

“ The class was silent, and Shikadai was just looking out the window, chin on his palm, clearly not enjoying the attention. Once that was over, the class focused back on Moegi, awaiting the next one.

“This one is written by Slydin,” She gestured to his spot, reminding people who he was, as he was new it wouldn’t be surprising to forget the name, “

Loop

The cunning ones,
Always two steps ahead,
And it seems
You are but to daft to understand,
That it is your own mind,
Unfolding your end.

This one I really enjoyed reading because it brought a clear and concise story, however, the rhyming words were very far apart, easy fix really,” She declared, flipping to the next page, and the class was still silent as ever,

“Sadara has made many short, clean, poems, so I’ll read them all!” Few complained, the people in the back who did, however, got death glares from half the class, “

"
I play - the songs in mind
To the rhythm, of my soul -
My heart, too kind
And my brain, too cold

II
I follow the footsteps
Onward they go
Into lands of fire
Toppled in snow

III
Sharp as a knife -
Quick as a dagger -
They hate my life,
Is something the matter?

IV
Fly to fast
Swim to slow -
As I watch ice
Form a meadow

V
The night sky howels
Wishing for a friend,
I wish to be united
Forever, and again

VI
A mind to quick
A thought to fast
I play by the rules -
but they won't last

VII
Smeared and shattered
Broken, they say
But why don’t you try,
To look another way?

Sarada, I must say, I really felt like you placed your worries and doubts into them, haven’t you?
Beautiful work, Sadara, full points!” She ended with yet another smile, and her smile was known to be contagious.

“Now, Namida’s, this is my personal favorite, however, it has a few technical errors, so it won't be taking first, unfortunately,” She looked vaguely bittersweet, and read on,

“Journal

Pen to paper, a delightful sound,
Cursive letters fill each line,
Enchanting the plain
With something profound.
They say - Your imagination
Is the limit, but that, you see,
Just isn’t true, in a world
With no view-

So my books, align the walls
Collecting dust, millions of words,
But what's the point of an adventure,
If no one recalls -

Oh, my gosh, Namida, that was wonderful, I felt like crying when I read it!” Moegi was always happy-go-lucky, but this was crazy even for her, this must be her favorite standard to teach.

“Okay, Juno’s is up next, taking fourth place, and this is a reminder, if I didn’t read your’s aloud, don’t be discouraged! I just couldn’t read all of them with such little class period left, I will tomorrow! Okay, Juno’s,

Flash

If a photo captures a moment,
Every emotion, look, and color,
Of the nanosecond,
Then what of a story?
Written with hero and
Opponent.

What does that tell us,
Millions of years charting the
Universe, With nothing to show,
Had it not been for the words written
So long ago~

Had it not been for the symbol at the end it would have been beyond perfect! Although I must admit, I feel that this must have been a part of you when you wrote this, you knew what you were doing, am I correct?” Questioned Moegi curiously, Juno looked like sensei said something humorous,

“With all due respect, I just let the words do what they wanted,” I had no idea as to how I knew what that meant, but I did. That worried me, but not as much as it thrilled me. I guess there was much more to writing then I previously assumed.

“And third place goes to Mitsuki, with A Poem In A Person,

Your soul, infused with ink-
Story’s, thoughts, and people alike-
To write stanzas - composed of the softest
notes one could think,

You favor the book,
Clean and cut, But your deep soul,
Oh, your soul,
How it dreams of unwhole,
The adventures of this scroll-

Time passes, but your being has not,
You yearn for the taste of life,
The taste of adventure,
That the past has stole,

But head my warning,
Oh, Little reader of mine,
The tales I string are not of life,
And in the real world,
In quicksand,
You sink

And this is more than one could see at first glance, as it has many references to The Secret Scroll, an old fairy tale that originated in 1200, regarding a lost boy who had to find the antidote for his town before the hourglass ran out! Oh what a beautiful piece Mitsuki, well done, well done!” She repeated, grinning ear to ear. “Okay okay, time for second place, Boruto! I must admit I didn’t expect such a heartfelt work to come from your hands,” She said while looking over at me. I only took a little offense to that.

“Okay, second place is Pioneers, by Boruto, ahem,” She cleared her throat and glared at the kids who ‘booed’ in class, I wasn’t exactly a favorite amongst my class.

“Hearts pound in unison,
We dawn our gear,
We pave the road to secession
The pioneers of this Era

Blood, the only thing faster than we
As this battle takes the lives of Courageous
Of the strong-willed and young, as we are
The pioneers of this Era

The ones that stand last
Have sacrificed the most
Soul, body, mind, we’re
The pioneers of this Era

I stand alone
In this vast, empty field
I see the visions of our battle, our war, I’m
The pioneer of this Era” Moegi squealed and placed the wrinkled paper close to her heart,

“Boruto, if becoming a ninja doesn't work in your favor, the writing department may be the place for you,” She said while re-reading it. But when she saw the clock she pulled herself together.

“First place goes to Kai, with Reality, as his work, okay,

These chains made of silver,
Iron, and gold
Can not hold back
The stories left untold.

The grime and sweat form
As, a grim reminder
Of what I’ve done
And, this ceaseless storm
You walk past,
Blind of your fortune, family, and love,
Blind to yourself and others-
“Who are you?” She asked.

“I’m reality, born only to be Ignored,”
angered, the lady looked at me,
“Why were you born?”
She roared.

I smiled,
“Oh, darling, so young yet so human,
Quite sad,”
Oh, little one.

This takes first place because of the proper use of English tools, has a quote, which is a very high leveled technique, a rhyme pattern, has a story one can follow along and a theme. Overall, A++ Congrats!” She smiled wide and told us all to pack. This whole day had been a roller coaster, and my arm felt a little sore, but nothing unbearable.

First, I came to school with a mostly healed broken arm to meet three new students who were from the same place as Mitsuki, second, they were kinda devious, third, I had a weird need to actually fight one of them. Then, I found out that they were here for information and the idea that all elements could be used was confirmed, and at last, I had found a new talent and enjoyment. And it wasn’t even 2:30 PM. But what else could happen in one day?

That's what I thought for a full ten seconds until Denki came and told me to meet them by the forest by 4 PM and to tell my parents that I was training in field 3 if they asked.
Family Isn't Who You're Born With, It's Who You Can't Live Without

Chapter Summary

The quote comes from: “The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb.” This actually means that bloodshed in battle bonds soldiers more strongly than simple genetics. Although we commonly use it to suggest the strength of family ties, the original is opposing that.

Chapter 14: Boruto POV - 3:02 PM - His house

“Hey, mom I’m home!” I yelled as I shut the door behind me, but not sliding my shoes off as per normal.

“Shh, welcome home sweety. Himawari is feeling a little under the weather and is fast asleep right now. I made you a snack,” She said while pointing to the apple slices on the counter.

“I figured you’d be hungry after a long day,” She smiled and whispered everything, despite the fact that her normal voice was already akin to a whisper. I sheepishly rubbed the back of my hair and asked,

“Do you mind if I eat it on the way to training, me and my best friends are going to be at the training grounds,” She placed a forced smile and I could tell she wasn’t agreeing.

“Which training grounds?” I could understand, I really could. It was weird, first, they get called about a minor fight at school involving a lot of kids (Courtesy of Furin’s parents), I got home a lot later than I was supposed to, then the argument with Naruto, and then the time mom thinks I was talking to myself. And what happened next? I got into another fight with a man over twice my size and broke my right arm.

Not to mention, while I was at the medical center, I was moody and babyish, even off drugs, because my best friends weren’t there. And to top it all off I scared the nurse when she asked me to stay another day.

I must look like I’m a teenager entering the rebellious stage.

But it’s her fault for not seeing my side as well.

“Field 3,"

“How long are you going to be gone?” She is on a grill, this happens when she isn’t 100% sure of where I’m going and what I’m doing. I can almost hear the blades of the helicopter (1).

“I’ll be back before nightfall.” I don’t know what the right thing was to say, but judging by her reaction that was definitely not it.

“No,” She commanded, looking like she was the Hokage, I saw her mentally counting to 10.

“What?!” I shouted, I knew that wasn’t going to help anything, but neither was reasoning with her. And I felt that I just needed to see them like there was no way around it. They’re my best friends,
they are my chosen family, and like hell would I not see them because my overprotective mother
deeled it necessary due to her own misconceptions.

“You know what? I don’t care, ‘m going to go and finish my homework while you make one plate
too many.” I growled throwing my hands up in the air. And before she could fire back, I was in my
room and creating a clone.

“Oi, me number two, just do my homework while I’m gone and act like me, er, us, and you can have
those bubble baths that you love so much,” I reasoned. I had studied the shadow clones in depth, it
was one of the few things I learned from my father, and so I was going to make it better than his. I
am going to be more powerful than him, fox or not.

And so I’ve been studying jutsus, which signs could be changed in order to receive a different
outcome, and I had also dabbled in seals, a very unused and underestimated art.

And when it came to basic jutsus, I can now summon different parts of my personality, my ambitious
and hard working part would always listen as long as he got a nice long bath.

And my clones could also be more powerful, or more resilient, or more intelligent. It was all up to
me. And I wasn’t even close to done. Every day since Furrin wanted to attack me out of school
grounds, I’ve spent at least an hour in chakra building.

I wasn’t born with the same amounts of my father, not even close. But my will is stronger than his
(And the natural intelligence doesn’t hurt), which is why I’m developing a way to exercise my chakra
while I’m sleeping. All efforts thus far end up with dark dreams and me lacking oh so precious sleep.
But every day it gets better, every day I read more about sleeping patterns and how to control not
only your dreams and be aware of them but my own body.

I’m so close to it working, I just need to get adjusted to it.

It was 3:53 PM and everyone was there except Mitsuki, Namida, and Denki, key people in the
reason for this meeting, Denki had something he wanted to ask or do, but I’m not sure. And Namida
had to teach us (If even possible, I can’t help my skepticism), and Mitsuki’s…’Zuki, he should be by
my side.

Having said this I would have come even if Metal said there was a 5% chance that he would be here,
along with the rest of my best friends.

Inojin was the first that spoke up,

“Hey in art, does anyone know who trashed my drawing, I’m just really peeved, such spiteful people
in art. I feel like throwing the culprit into the abyss and never seeing them again,” He seethed, next to
fuming and I had half a mind to take a slight step back, I’ve seen Ino just slightly annoyed and he got
90% of his personality from her, contrary to popular belief.

“I’ll pummel everyone in your ap arts class until I get a confession then,” I said, maybe a little too
honest and a little too nonchalantly. Or maybe I was a little self-conscious of the sentence because I
knew I’d really do it. No one else even batted an eye at the statement.

But it was Shikadai that really shocked me.

“I would just question them until they messed up but I’d go for Boruto’s plan, or perhaps we just find
the culprit and then pummel them into the truth, would send a message.” What, who are you and
what have you done with Shikadai.
Iwabee seemed to look a little unnerved by both Shikadai’s turn of emotion and the fact that Denki was nowhere to be seen. Chocho was complaining about something while eating chips, head resting on Sarada’s lap. Sadara was listening intently, giving feedback and brushing Chocho’s hair methodically and smoothing it out. Wasabi was hanging upside down from a tree, arms crossed and eyes closed. It reminded me of the sleeping bats we studied in biology. But I didn’t question it, she looked like she was trying to figure out something, and I did the same will trying to sort out my problems.

Metal was staring at a sheet of homework and seemed to be troubled by some of the quadratics. I was walking towards him, but was halted on the account of Denki and Namida’s simultaneous entrance.

And that’s when the day went from good to great.

Denki’s bag was leather, had enough room for a small dog, and he carefully unzipped it told us, rather loudly, that

“Boruto, Inojin, Iwabee, and Mitsuki, I…. I took the liberty of refining our latest product, the Generation 5 Lo-Phone.”

I let out a gasp and gingerly reach out my hand. That was the newest LoPhone, in fact, it wasn’t even out yet. And then the back of my mysterious phone was just that much scarier because that mysterious phone looked identical to the four that Denki held in his hand.

“And once there are more LoPhone 5’s, I’m getting everyone one, no charge, the company that provides the wifi and security are also on the house!” Denki smiled brightly, and everything was quiet for a full second. And then an absolute hurricane of, “THANK YOU DENKI-KUNS,” washed over the forest and he was tackled to the ground (the phones were safe courtesy of Shikadai) and everyone was laughing in pure happiness.

And thank God for Shikadai to be reasonable at these times.

“Wait, guys listen,”

The loud commotion stopped almost instantly, it was clear that the group had a respect for his thoughts.

“From what I do know about our parents, many of them lived in times where people didn’t take expensive gifts from correct?” It was a well-known fact that many of the most powerful ninjas went through a great tragedy. And those who went through hell gave and didn’t normally take.

And then it dawned upon all of us, almost none of our parents would allow an over expensive new generation phone without paying for it.

“That’s going to be an issue, I guess,” I said, and before Sadara could say, ‘You guess? Now, this is impossible!’ or something along those lines, I finished,

“It would be an issue if our parents knew,” I noticed the thoughtful silence, the contemplated looks and then downcast eyes because I was right, and there was no way around it.

“It’s not like we haven’t lied about something like this before guys, chill,” Wasabi said it as if it made perfect sense. And to me it did, I was hiding bigger things then just one (legally given, unlike my other one) phone.

“I agree,” Said Shikadai, no longer contemplated and sure with his plan. Everyone had things they
didn’t even tell their parents. And there are things that the parents don’t tell the children. So was it really that horrible? No. It wasn’t. And my group realized this, no longer feeling guilty for their to-be rightfully given phone.

The next to speak up was Namida, and I figured out the main reason we were here, secluded away in the woods before she even opened her mouth.

“I know that you guys have doubts about the elemental chakras. I wouldn’t believe myself either. So I’m here to show you.” She said it so confidently, and at that moment I didn’t even care if it worked, I was just so proud of her confidence.

“I’m here to help you all,” She said with an edge of otherworldly knowledge, and it fit perfectly. We were all on the edge of our feet as she lifted her hands up and closed her eyes in concentration.

“Wind Release: Scythe Expanse !” Was the last thing I heard before my life took a head dive into the deep end.

1) The term helicopter parenting refers to parents who hover, hence, ” I can almost hear the blades of the helicopter”. 
Chapter 15:

The air felt alive and moving, shaking the trees, hair, clothes, random twigs, and shaking up everything thought they once knew. Wind was Mitsuki’s affinity, and it smelled like flowers in bloom. But when the wind passed me in smelled like warm chocolate, I guess it fits seeing as she loved chocolate as much as Mitsuki loved resting in meadows and nature.

And we all knew fire is what Namida favored. Not to mention being this powerful with it, it was a notch below Mitsuki's average power. Then as if she had read my mind,

“It’s not nearly as powerful as Mitsuki when it comes down to this,” She looked all of us in the eye and Wasabi was looking like a coca bottle before it fizzed over, ecstatic with her best friend.

“Dude,” Iwabee sounded in utter awe, and Denki was literally jumping up and down,

“Oh, my gosh oh my gosh! It worked!” Denki then frantically apologized to Namida for not fully trusting her. She blushed and said that it was, “Totally fully fine!” They were two peas in a pod.

Chocho stopped eating her hot pocket she was so impressed and watched Sadara gulp roughly, the cogs in her head moving a mile per minute, likely deciding the repercussions of such a thing and how it worked, Shikida was in the same boat as her.

Inojin’s expression was priceless so I decided to walk over too him and wave my hand in his face, my grin taking up a solid half of my face.

“Earth to Inojin, you okay in there?” I questioned as he tried to make an angry face but the whole of everything seemed to all pile into him at that moment,

“How! Why hasn’t this been known before but, WOW,” He grabbed his head and tried to wake himself up, thinking that this must be a weird dream.

But he was still there.

And so was I.

And so was everyone else.

And seeing as I was never one to keep in emotion, I let out a yell and jumped to the ground, laughing harder then I had for a while.

“How, amazing!” I grinned as Mitsuki hung upside down from a tree limb right above me.
“How’s it hanging?!” I questioned loudly, overwhelmed with joy and happiness.

“That was horrible, how dare you speak that way near me?” Sarada asked, finally recovering from her frozen state, and already incredulous at some horrible pun I made. I flashed a toothy smile, and she simply sighed. Before Sadara could say anything else about my outstanding pun, Chocho jumped on her back and started to giggle, Sadara never could be truly mad at something while Chocho was around. I really wished that they could’ve been on a team together, they balance each other out well.

Sumire was chatting up a storm with Namida, about how the different elements could only fully form if practiced from an early age, while a ninja’s body was still growing and haven’t honed any element to much.

Then it hit me. Metal. This wouldn’t really affect him at all. He’d been quiet the entire time. So much so that I almost forgot.

“Metal…” I whispered, confused with what he would be thinking about all this. He, along with Mitsuki, must have heard me as Lee looked up and Mitsuki’s eyes widened in realization.

“I...I’ve got to go, don’t worry I won’t tell anyone about what’s happening. You have my word.” And everyone watched as he walked off. It’s not that I thought that he would give us out. It’s just that, he was always so dedicated to following in his fathers and mentors footsteps, and he must’ve felt so conflicted with this. The power to take on everyone but at the price of betraying a part of him.

I don’t envy him in the slightest.

“I just need a little time to think, that’s all!” He called over his shoulder and tilted his head to show a bright smile.

I wanted to believe it.

\ 7:23 PM \n
The sky shone like a grand canyon, bright colors traced half the sky, and deep blue silk with studded diamonds claimed the other half.

I should have left the moment the sun fell past the horizon. But I couldn’t go home. To what, a clone, a woman who has traits of a Stockholm Syndrome, and... Himawari. She always saw the bright side of everything. I hope that lasts for at least a few more years.

But I can’t think about that now, I need to think about the soil under my skin, the rocks the surround me of all shapes, sizes, and colors, the tree my back is against, ruff and flakey, the smell of wood in the night with insects and bats embracing their time.

I was in meditation, hearing only the deep breaths of my best friends and the wildlife, each cricket, each hum, the wind tossing leaves and seeing my chakra. I imagined browns and greens, mentally sculpting grand environments, letting my being melt into its subconscious. To hear the hmm of my own heartbeat.

We’d been at this for almost two hours now, yet the concentration of everyone helped keep me seated, ignoring reality.

I started to taste what I would assume rocks tasted of, like sediment and something else, something sharp and cold, unnameable. And maybe a few vegetables and fruits as well. The smell in the air was crisp, decorated with nature and everything you would find around a campfire. A bit of fire, cool air,
and the dirt coated people who didn’t have access to a proper shower.

The feeling of late night conversations and unsaid things expressed in looks. Little pieces of a person, like how they did their T’s, or what their laugh sounded like. All the puzzle pieces that made a whole. That’s what earth chakra felt like.

“Oh my god oh my god it’s so late!” I heard Denki shout, knocking everyone quickly back into reality and now fully conscious.

“Ugh,” I groaned, getting up after what felt like a marathon, I felt good but I also didn’t want to move at all. Everything was sore and I leaned against a tree for support. No one really knew what to say and everyone was in pain, so it was silent goodbyes and curses at staying out too late.

It’s no shock that I got an earful from mother when I get home, apparently, my clone annoyed Himawari to the point where it got hit. That sucks. No shocker that I didn’t listen to any of mothers prattle. And it was a pleasant shocker when I looked at my newer new phone to find that it was exploding with texts that were already named and numbered for me.

God, I love Denki. I love all of them so much.

I was laying in bed, watching everyone text, it seems I wasn’t the only one who’d gotten into a pile of trouble.

Denki - I just wish my father wasn’t so strict sometimes, I know he means me well but…

Sarada - Same here, mom’s always on my tail for good grades and to do well in courses. I shouldn’t even be up right now

Shikadai - Say i if u were yelled at by 1 of ur parents, i

Inojin - i

Namida - I

Wasabi - i

Denki - I

Iwabee - i

Metal - I

Sarada - i

Sumire - …

Chocho - i

Mitsuki - Ha.

Boruto - i

Denki - Hi Boruto-kun!!!
Wasabi - Glad to see that ur in 1 piece after getting home ;), I’m sure being a son of the Hokage n all means alotta rules 4 ya

Metal - Hello Boruto, I’m glad you’re here!!!!!!!

I smiled down at my phone. I felt in it my chest like a net around a catch but the net couldn’t keep all the adoration I had for these people in.

Boruto - Glad I’m here too man

Mitsuki - Boruto, please tell me you didn’t forget to do your homework again.

Boruto - How in the hell did you figure that out???

Wasabi - Psh, he gets you more then you get you sometimes

Shikadai - chocho the bet still on?

Chocho - u know it smartypants

Inojin - You know I’m going to win this

Boruto - ???

Shikadai - as if today i watched you try n pull a rotating door

Shikadai - highlight of my life

Inojin - At least i didn’t look 4 my phone w/ my phone flashlight

Iwabee - BRO DID U RELLY

Wasabi - I CANT

Metal - That is simply a sign of absent-mindedness! Not one of idiocy!!!!

Shikadai - how could u do this to me

Shikadai - i trusted u

Inojin - “TRUST NOT THE REAPER”

Sarada - I’m never going to let you forget this moment YOU LOOKED FOR YOUR PHONE WITH YOUR PHONE

Iwabee - Inojin your such a nerd

Sarada - *You’re

Iwabee - *Salad

Chocho - I’M DEAD

Chocho - AMAZING MEME QUALITY

Mitsuki - Hey what do you guys think of the three new students, Juno, Kai, and Slydin?
I hovered over the keypad, deciding not to respond. Not to tell him in the group chat, I’ll tell him what Kai and me did later.

Chocho - Idk they seem pretty cool to me
Shikadai - theyre hiding something aren’t they
Inojin - guys, Juno and me like all of the same memes we were meant to be
Namida - They’re really nice!!!
Shikadai - hell no ur mine Inojin don’t even think about it
Iwabee - They’re all cool with me - WAIT YOU TWO ARE DATING
Chocho - HOLY HECK
Sarada - WE SHOULD HAVE BET WITH THEM WHAT A WASTE
Boruto - You guys didn’t know???
Inojin - Shikadai plz tell me we didn’t forget to tell them
Shikadai - ….
Shikadai - wait Boruto how do you know???????????
Inojin - Boruto you knew? Since when????
Mitsuki - It was fairly obvious
Sumire - Maybe to you gay mortals but we had no idea
Boruto - Oi I’m not gay!?

I smirked.
Shikadai -????
Inojin - wat
Chocho - i would bet on my potato chips that you are the gayest one here
Sarada - Chocho we all know that’s you
Chocho - Fair.
Chocho - Lesbian*
Mitsuki - Boruto
Boruto - Yes
Inojin - Oh no, now your in trouble boruto
Mitsuki - Why are u like this Boruto-kun
Boruto - ;)

Sarada -???? Are you gay or not??????

Sumire - I GOTTA KNOW

Boruto - Pansexual and better than all of you

That was a lie, the better part. I laughed at the fact that THAT was the lie in that sentence.

Mitsuki - Lacking a sense of humility as always

Wasabi - Wait, you guys are gay too??? Who here is fully straight???????

I stared down at my phone. Nothing happened. No one said anything.

Boruto - NO EFFIN WAY

-Boruto changed the name to ~AsStraightAsMyHair~

Boruto - It’s actually so curly in the morning you have 0 idea

Wasabi - DUDE

Sarada - Boruto why are you like this

Sumire - WAIT REALLY, WhaT ABOUT YOU METAL

Metal - My sense of youth is limited to guys,

Wasabi - IWABBEEE???

Iwabee - Ha

Iwabee - Ace, Biromantic

Wasabi - SarADA?????

Sarada - guys I’m so gay you don’t understand, bi

Sarada - I’m also fluid gender, but you probably don’t know what that means it’s fine

Inojin - U TOO

Sarada - WAIT ARE YOU-

Inojin - AYEEEEEEE

Boruto - …

Boruto - So this is why we get along so well

The chat went silent for a moment, seeing as they were realizing this all at the same time that I was.

Shikadai - im actually not okay with this cant be real

Namida - The DaVinci code has been cracked
Namida - Shikadai what are the percentage chances of this happening

Metal - IS ANYONE ELSE FREAKING OUT

Shaiakadia - give me a moment

Shikadai - also I’m agender + Polysexual

Mitsuki - This cant be real

Sumire - BORUTOS RIGHT

Sumire - WE ALL HAVE AN OBSCENE AMOUNT OF COORDINATION

Sumire - AND ALL OF OUR QUEERDARS ARE LITERAL TRASH

Namida - Do you mean Gaydar?

Sumire - It’s too gay I need an umbrella term

Namida - Makes since

Namida - What about Denki

Namida - Are you straight

Denki - I don’t rlly know but I’m not straight

Denki - Were 10-11 how do you people have this sorted out?!?!?!

Sarada - I realized when mom was telling a story about Hokage-sama and dad

Sarada - I asked if they were gay (Hokage-Sama had a heart attack or something because people were going to kill my father, while mom didn’t and planned to kill him, rude)

Sarada - And mom just laughed and said, “Probably,”

Boruto - WAIT HE HAD A HEART ATTACK??

Chocho - No offense Boruto but your dad is pretty gay

Boruto - How is that offensive, that’s probs the best quality he has

-Boruto changed the name to ~AsStraightAsTheHokage&ShadowHokage

Sarada - Beautiful.

Metal - I MYSELF LEARNED WHEN DAD TOLD ME TO ENJOY MY YOUTH

Metal - AND TO SEE GIRLS

Metal - NEVER HAD I BEEN SO CONFUSED

Metal - I ASKED WHY I NEEDED TO SEE GIRLS

Metal - AND WHEN HE TOLD ME TO DATE THEM
Metal - IT WAS FUNNY TO PRETEND TO HAVE A GIRLFRIEND WHEN I WAS REALLY TALKING ABOUT DAICHI NOT DATCHA (I FORGOT HOW TO CLOSE CAPS HELP)

Iwabee - metal for gay president anyone?

Chocho - IS THAT WHY LEE ASKED ME HOW WAS DATCHA THAT ONE TIME

Chocho - I CAN'T

Chocho - I THOUGHT I JUST HADN'T MET HER

Chocho - IT WAS JUST YOU BEING GAY IN SECRET

Chocho - Re hit caps lock and it should turn off, btw metal for gay president say i

Wasabi - i

Iwabee - i

Mitsuki - You guys should hear about how Boruto-Kun came out to his parent on accident

Wasabi - BORUTO

Wasabi - TELL

Boruto - Mitsuki I came here for a nice time WHY WOULD U DO DIS

Mitsuki - Because you’re hiding something and I can’t figure it out

Mitsuki - Meanwhile I’ll torture you with this

Boruto - *Looooong sighghhhhhhh

Denki - BORUTOO-KUN TELL NOW

Sumire - BORUTO COME ON NOW YA GOTTA

Inojin - I call next

Shikadai - don’t you bloody dare Inojin, I’ve nearly got the statistic

Boruto - I was pranking father by writing GAY in his office the second he left with anbu

Boruto - And when father found out he took a picture of it and showed it to me askin

Boruto - Like father like sin huh?” SARCASTICLY - HE WAS MOCKING ME

Boruto - *son

Boruto - AND I SAID YEAH WITHOUT THINKING

Mitsuki - I watched it was art

Boruto - He promised not to tell mom she’s… not as accepting

Chocho - WHAT
Inojin - YOU'RE MOTHER IS SO NICE HOW IS SHE HOMOPHOBIC

I bit my tongue trying not to let out an annoyed yell. I felt the same way.

Boruto - Yeah but it’s whatever

Mitsuki - I wished I recorded it, I’ve never seen Naruto laugh so hard

Boruto - I will kick you into tomorrow

Mitsuki - Looking forward to it

Shikadai - OKAY

Shikadai - there is a total of 31,000 people in kona.

Shikadai - 4,340 (est.) people in Konoha are queer

Shikadai - and around 14 percent of the population is queer

Shikadai - umbrella cause I can’t be bothered to find individual stats

Shikadai - so it’s .00004518109 over 100 chance that this would happen .00005 percent if u will

Shikadai - Around 20x greater than the chance of being hit by lightning at random ( So someone would be hit by lightning for every random 12 people who were queer 20 times ) . This could happen 20 times, and one person being hit by one thing of lightning, but lightning excluding ninjutsu.

Wasabi - BRUHHHHHHH

Metal - YOU'RE SO GOOD AT THIS SHIKADAI-KUN

Boruto - Thats crazy

Namida - Guys it’s 1 i’m going to bed, night

Iwabee - Oh dang u right

Iwabee - Night yall, same place before 6 AM right?

Inojin - Yeah, night to everyone who goes to sleep

Chocho - Yall dont know how to party

Sarada - This isn’t a party

Chocho - Not with that attitude it isn’t

Denki - Good Night everyone! Sweet dreams!

Metal - Good Night Denki!!!!!! Good Night EVERYONE:

Boruto - So who’s left

Mitsuki - Yo
Chocho - How ya doin

Inojin - Me too, okay lemme tell you the story and then I’m going to bed

Shikadai - u dont have to do dis

Inojin - SHIKADAI DIDN’T KNOW HE HAD FAMILY COMMIN OVER

Inojin - MEANING THE HOKAGE AND THE KAZEKAGE AND A BUNCH OF EVERYONE ELSE

Inojin - AND THEY ALL WALKED INTO THE LIVING ROOM TO SURPRISE SHIKADAI (HE CLAIMED TO HAVE KNOWN BUT THEN FORGOT, CLASSIC SHIKI

Shikadai - u r so dead

Inojin - AND SO THATS THE STORY OF HOW TWO OF THE WORLDS MOST POLITICALLY AND PHYSICALLY POWERFUL PEOPLE WITNESSED ME AND SHIKADAI KISSING ON THE COUCH

Shikadai - youve got all of your body parts so deep in the grave that maggots and insects are eating you alive within seconds

Boruto - AND I THOUGHT MINE WAS BAD WITH ONE KAGE / FATHER

Mitsuki - This is golden

Chocho - I

Chocho - IM CRIN

Chocho - GUYS

~~~~~~~~~~

AN: Sorrrrrry I didn't post yesterday, made up for it with a lllooottt of writing ;)

-SIAB
The Chakra's Beginnings

Chapter Summary

The middle of the beginning.

I woke up Saturday morning in a rush, the sunshine had abruptly shown through the window, well not really abruptly, I mean that's what windows are for after all. Not the point, the point is MY window is always closed with curtains draped over.

I jumped out of bed with my kunai (previously hidden under my pillow) and pointed it at the first thing I saw. That, “Thing,” was Inojin.

“Yo,” Was the only reaction he had, the kunai was at his throat and made no move to get away from it. My vision was a bit foggy but his-her-THEIR (god this is gonna confuse me) voice brought my hand away as quick as it came.

Wow, I’m tired.

“Yo, what time is it dude,” Dude is a 100% good term to use because I use it for girls and guys, perfect.

“5:27 AM,” They said like the dude was fully awake on a SATURDAY before ONE PM. As if.

“Why in the hel-”

“We’re all going out to practice, soon we're gonna change it back an hour, 5 AM until school starts on Monday through Friday. 5 AM to 1 PM on weekends. Everyone is up and the only person who hasn't agreed so far is you, what'd you think?” The ringing was going down and my vision had adjusted. I was starving and tired and more than anything I wanted to start training instantly.

“We’ve brought rations and training supplies, you can borrow and use your own, but we're going to be late if we stay for much longer.” I giggled, feeling a high of excitement.

“Of course I’m coming, hey, Inojin,” They looked back from my poems that I had begun to write. Seems I like poetry way more than I initially intended too, like, a LOT.

“Mh?” I smiled and hugged him. He didn’t expect it at all, and even though all I could see was his shoulder, I knew there must’ve been a confused expression. It took a second, but his arms wrapped around as well.

“Thanks,” Was their only response, and I didn’t have to ask for what. For being apart of this, for being accepting, for everything from the homework assignments I let them copy to the time I saved his life. (Do not trust kids with kunai they are demons I have three whole conspiracy theories on this). The hug lasted for another ten seconds, and then I collected all of my free weaponry. 12 kunai, 5 small shurikens, three sets of makibishi spikes, three flash bombs, and three smoke bombs. Then changed into my normal attire.

I wrote down a note, saying I was out with the gang on training ground 3 and ran off with Inojin.
It was when I walked in on everyone meditating that I could feel the difference. Yesterday we were all seated at random, spreading across the length of this patch of woods. Now all of them were in a circle sitting style being criss-cross.

“I’ve got the sleeper,” Inojin called out. My best friends opened their eyes and welcomed us with high spirits. I saw a clearing where a tree had been holed out to place weapons and the like. A stream wasn’t too far from here and there were bars and gatorades to keep us full.

Soon enough we were all settled back and it was only when I sat down in the same position that I felt the difference. The air yesterday night felt like nature, obviously. But here it felt like something more. It was like being placed next to a fan, a light breeze to keep you cool, and then you moved closer with the setting higher up.

I meditated and felt the earth. I felt the soil and heard the crickets and whines from insects, but now I can almost feel them.

Not just their sound but where they were, I could almost feel what they were feeling at this point.

I could smell the different flowers that groomed the landscape, the pollen floated through the air but it felt like it was all I could breathe.

My skin toughened, shaky, but sturdy. Parallel to the idea that the skin I had was lead and now it was turning to diamond. It was ever faint, but the essence of the earth chakra felt like it stemmed from my legs, arms, and feet. Although there is a high chance of that being purely my imagination.

My lips tuned chapped and the air felt humid, I was slightly sweaty even with my jacket off letting my scent spread even more into the surrounding area. I haven't the slightest idea on the present scenario, but I could feel all of my friend's chakras like my own.

Sarada’s was flowing and sharp, like a rushing river, light blue and the sound of slow breathing. Mitsuki’s was calm and gripping, like a story you couldn’t put down and adrenaline coursing through your veins like a wildfire, neon lights at night and bright white, blinding light.

Chocho’s was almost gloppy, a punch to the face and the feeling of accomplishment, the feeling of laying down after a long day, a shade of violet and some orange, sarcasm dripping from her mouth and it matched her to the inch. Inojin’s was abstract yet focused, poetry but as a feeling, ink blots and staying still for hours on end just imagining things. It was like stepping into an alternate reality and embracing all of the unique parts and quirks. Shikadai's chakra, not to my surprise, was calculating, graphing paper and old books with dust covered covers.

But there was something more.

Shikadai, contrary to popular belief, was very much like their mother. A fifty-fifty balance of flying high and keeping their feet on the ground. A sunset with dazzling colors and the midnight sky. A part of it, however small smelled like ink and newspaper. I wonder if that’s why the dude and Inojin get along so well despite their many differences, or maybe it’s because of those differences that they match so well. I’ll figure that out later.

Denki wasn’t art or math, more like science. Like studying changes in the weather, plants, and animals, a step by step process with leeway, designed for the sole purpose of gathering intel on the world around him. A tinge of madness, like broken test tubes shattered on the floor and experiments gone wrong. It smelt like nature and antibacterial cleaners at the same time.

Iwabee was something else entirely, like rebellion and graffiti, an adrenaline spike and doing parkour
across the roofs to get away from Anbu. But there was also a soft side, like bringing your favorite stuffed animals and doing all those bad things to protect the ones you love. Neon red and a dark shade of silver paint the feeling of it all.

Metal, to my amazement, was joining in. His chakra was smaller than the rest for understandable reasons and felt confused, but there none the less. Like coffee and a warm fire, the feeling of doing something so much it becomes habit no matter what it is. Landing a good punch and laying in the sand, it was a color of pink and mint green.

Sumire likely had one of the greatest chakra reserves out of all of us, it was overpowering and commanded attention. I could imagine her as a good Hokage. Her aura felt like when one of your limbs fell asleep on you and the static that came of it, like shattered glass and color-coded homework. An empty canvas with the tools and work ethic to create a masterpiece. Stunning.

Wasabi’s was the most violent, she was having an issue with keeping still but her resolve kept her in place. She smelled like dry blood and rotting flowers, she normally looked very agreeable and joyful but she was easily the cruelest among us.

I could feel her killing intent and loyalty brimming out of her every move.

I’m sure she would be the best torturer out of us. Her aura glowed like melted gold, dark yellow and slippery. It felt dark and… assuring? Her chakra was almost confused in itself as if her chakra differed slightly from the actual person, it’s not unheard of but still fairly rare for the person and chakra to differ slightly in terms of personality, this could often lead to mental illnesses like schizophrenia in the ninja world.

Her chakra felt like a fall, like a rollercoaster going almost too fast.

Namida’s chakra was the pure opposite, cheery in every form, the only same thing was perhaps the sheer will. Namida’s felt like taking a bubble bath or nestled right next to fire with a warm mug of coffee on a chilly night. So delicate and strong-willed. A flower just waiting to bloom, just waiting to reach its full potential. It was beautiful colors of violet and magenta.

And each of the chakras, even the pure ones like Namida, felt threatening in their uprising.
Chakra Senses

It was when I walked in on everyone meditating that I could feel the difference. Yesterday we were all seated at random, spreading across the length of this patch of woods. Now all of them were in a circle sitting style being criss-cross.

“I’ve got the sleeper,” Inojin called out. My best friends opened their eyes and welcomed us with high spirits. I saw a clearing where a tree had been holed out to place weapons and the like. A stream wasn’t too far from here and there were bars and gatorades to keep us full.

Soon enough we were all settled back and it was only when I sat down in the same position that I felt the difference. The air yesterday night felt like nature, obviously. But here it felt like something more. It was like being placed next to a fan, a light breeze to keep you cool, and then you moved closer with the setting higher up.

I meditated and felt the earth. I felt the soil and heard the crickets and whines from insects, but now I can almost feel them.

Not just their sound but where they were, I could almost feel what they were feeling at this point.

I could smell the different flowers that groomed the landscape, the pollen floated through the air but it felt like it was all I could breathe.

My skin toughened, shaky, but sturdy. Parallel to the idea that the skin I had was lead and now it was turning to diamond. It was ever faint, but the essence of the earth chakra felt like it stemmed from my legs, arms, and feet. Although there is a high chance of that being purely my imagination.

My lips tuned chapped and the air felt humid, I was slightly sweaty even with my jacket off letting my scent spread even more into the surrounding area. I haven't the slightest idea on the present scenario, but I could feel all of my friend's chakras like my own.

Sarada’s was flowing and sharp, like a rushing river, light blue and the sound of slow breathing. Mitsuki’s was calm and gripping, like a story you couldn’t put down and adrenaline coursing through your veins like a wildfire, neon lights at night and bright white, blinding light.

Chocho’s was almost gloppy, a punch to the face and the feeling of accomplishment, the feeling of laying down after a long day, a shade of violet and some orange, sarcasm dripping from her mouth and it matched her to the inch. Inojin’s was abstract yet focused, poetry but as a feeling, ink blots and staying still for hours on end just imagining things. It was like stepping into an alternate reality and embracing all of the unique parts and quirks. Shikadai's chakra, not to my surprise, was calculating, graphing paper and old books with dust covered covers.

But there was something more.

Shikadai, contrary to popular belief, was very much like their mother. A fifty-fifty balance of flying high and keeping their feet on the ground. A sunset with dazzling colors and the midnight sky. A part of it, however small smelled link ink and newspaper. I wonder if that’s why the dude and Inojin get along so well despite their many differences, or maybe it’s because of those differences that they match so well. I’ll figure that out later.

Denki wasn’t art or math, more like science. Like studying changes in the weather, plants, and animals, a step by step process with leeway, designed for the sole purpose of gathering intel on the world around him. A tinge of madness, like broken test tubes shattered on the floor and experiments
gone wrong. It smelt like nature and antibacterial cleaners at the same time.

Iwabee was something else entirely, like rebellion and graffiti, an adrenaline spike and doing parkour across the roofs to get away from Anbu. But there was also a soft side, like bringing your favorite stuffed animals and doing all those bad things to protect the ones you love. Neon red and a dark shade of silver paint the feeling of it all.

Metal, to my amazement, was joining in. His chakra was smaller than the rest for understandable reasons and felt confused, but there none the less. Like coffee and a warm fire, the feeling of doing something so much it becomes habit no matter what it is. Landing a good punch and laying in the sand, it was a color of pink and mint green.

Sumire likely had one of the greatest chakra reserves out of all of us, it was overpowering and commanded attention. I could imagine her as a good Hokage. Her aura felt like when one of your limbs fell asleep on you and the static that came of it, like shattered glass and color-coded homework. An empty canvas with the tools and work ethic to create a masterpiece. Stunning.

Wasabi’s was the most violent, she was having an issue with keeping still but her resolve kept her in place. She smelled like dry blood and rotting flowers, she normally looked very agreeable and joyful but she was easily the cruelest among us.

I could feel her killing intent and loyalty brimming out of her every move.

I’m sure she would be the best torturer out of us. Her aura glowed like melted gold, dark yellow and slippery. It felt dark and… assuring? Her chakra was almost confused in itself as if her chakra differed slightly from the actual person, it’s not unheard of but still fairly rare for the person and chakra to differ slightly in terms of personality, this could often lead to mental illnesses like schizophrenia in the ninja world.

Her chakra felt like a fall, like a rollercoaster going almost too fast.

Namida’s chakra was the pure opposite, cheery in every form, the only same thing was perhaps the sheer will. Namida’s felt like taking a bubble bath or nestled right next to fire with a warm mug of coffee on a chilly night. So delicate and strong-willed. A flower just waiting to bloom, just waiting to reach its full potential. It was beautiful colors of violet and magenta.

And each of the chakras, even the pure ones like Namida, felt threatening in their uprising.

I’ve read about sensor types and have read about Karin. While she was never a gifted fighter she was vastly intelligent, had it not been for her infatuation with Sasuke Uchiha, I’m sure she would have been a good role model for non-fighters who wish to assist in battles. So much so that when I read up on Spider Web Area, I’ve been practicing it in my house for half a year.

I’ve been good at knowing people, I know many people better than myself, I know when people lie, I know what people think, and why they think things. But it isn’t that accurate, just a general awareness when someone is doing something off, and I can normally guess what it is by body language, the tone of voice, and people eyes, peoples eyes always tend to look at where they want to go.

But chakra has always been my forte. In the library (that may or may not be restricted to jounin level and higher) I’ve read up constantly on healers and sensor types. (And really everything to be honest). I’m very adaptable and learn quickly, I don’t have as much of a chakra reserve as father, but one
larger than mothers. My chakra control is better than many I know, and I can learn quickly, but I also have enough ninjutsu to exceed the front lines in battle.

I was so deep in thought that when the timer went off (we have a timer?) I literally jumped up. My heart was beating fast and I heaved in and out, not expecting the sudden noise at all, didn’t help that it was loud and blaring.

“We need to find a calmer sound for it,” Said a frightened Sarada.

“Agreed,” I replied, just now calming down, seeing everyone else do the same.

The sky was no longer a platter of bright colors but a light blue.

“How long was that?” I asked anyone in general.

“Two hours and Thirty Minutes,” Sumire replied dusting herself off. I looked at the mess of food and materials and decided there was gonna be some organization to all of this.

“We should create seals, or perhaps cubbies-” I was stopped by Sumire.

“Already ahead of you,”
Chapter 18 -

“I’ve been thinking of creating a ‘house’ which will be more like a base of operations. I have researched different types of seals to protect this area, created by using wood style, we’ll need Yamato for that, and if not I’ve already made three other plans, two of which are expensive, and the third is illegal so I’d recommend getting Yamato on our side on this one. Anyway, I’ve constructed a design plan right…” She plucked up a long scroll that nearly reached the ground when she held it up.

“Ahem, there’s the resting and medical room at the left once you walk in. There will be two bunk beds, with three beds per bunk bed and two people per bed, each is placed on the opposite side of the room. There will be medical equipment is placed in all cubbies in between the two bunk beds, everything from first aid to on the brink of death. I’m still working on when and how we will get some of the more higher end supplies, but rest assured we’ll get them.” She looked around making sure we were all still paying attention. Of course, we were.

“To the right of that room will be our kitchen, I’m placing Namida and Denki to research on how to create food and blood increasing pills as well as high-end nutrition meals that can be made with surrounding wildlife game and plants. Shikadai is going to find all game and wildlife plants and figuring out what they are, where they are, and how they can be reproduced as too not hurt the environment. She looked up hesitantly. “Are you guys cool with it? It matches your strengths and I thought it would be.” Denki interrupted her.

“We agree obviously. It’s both enjoyable and uses our separate talents to work towards a common goal!”

Shikadai nodded his head in agreement and Namida gave a grin with a thumbs up.

“Perfect, okay, behind the kitchen - weaponry room. I’ve placed Iwabe in control of the lists. We are planning on gaining multiple scrolls and keeping a tally of all weapons in position, that’s what the lists will be, everything from kunai and explosion tags to fans, puppets, and pills. Our main source of weaponry will be created by Iwabe, who will learn the skills of a blacksmith. Seeing as many weapons are expensive the more time into peace we go the less they are manufactured, I’d rather invest in an anvil and a few books then waste 1,000’s of dollars. He will completely oversee the amount of what we have and will create. All of us will be on the lookout for any areas around the forest for caves and metal to farm from. Iwabe?” She asked, and Iwabe had literal sparkles in his eyes and he ran over and tackled Sumire,

“Thanks Sumire!!!!!!” He jumped up and started to bounce off the balls of his feet as Sumire patted herself on the dust and dirt after the hit.

“No problem dude, this is your area,” She said with a smile. That’s… the first time I heard her say dude I think. And his area? Denki seemed to understand but I was at a loss.

“Huh?” Not my most elegant sentence but it seemed to get the point across. Iwabe explained for me,

“My dad is the second best blacksmith in Konohagakure, second to Tenten. I’ve always wanted to go into it, but dad wants me to become a ninja before I even thought about it,”

I understand now, but it’s a bit hash to deny someone what they want to do. I just nodded my head and smiled, because at least he could now do it. Better than never.
“M’kay, to the left of the weaponry room, there’s going to be our library. Possible the most important room. As you guys know, our parents were, at one time, the people who forged through war, for peace and prosperity. And there is one thing that will come of the information that we have attained in courtesy of Namida.” She looked around, we all knew this, but it had to be said. It had too, we had too bare this weight for this information to be known. We had to bare the weight of everything our parents did, potentially ruined.

The peace they worked so hard being tossed away because elements are often hindered when one focuses on their easiest element.

“A War of mass proportions fought by children. Innocence in their blood as they’re forced into battle, and young adults. If anyone wants to stop operations here and now and leave, I will understand, but people deserve to know. I’ve done some looking into and it’s not just Namida’s father who had to suffer due to his knowledge.” Wasabi let Namida's head fall onto her shoulder and in turn, patted down her hair.

“There have been at least two hundred and eighty-two casualties seeing as this information turned into a web, unbeknownst to Namida.”
Our First Step

Chapter Summary

Sorry it's late! In response, I've doubled the size that it is normally, and we're getting ready to kick this story into gear!

It was almost a blur what happened next if I had to say why it would be because of how devastated I was to hear the number of people’s deaths who were ordered just to keep something quiet.

Namida looked heartbroken and said something along the lines of, “All those children without parents…” But the whole group, including me, walked around to her and had the biggest group hug I’d seen. A pile of sad kids who were just trying to make the other feel better.

And at that moment, the peace that was enforced by our parents and others was just that. Enforced.

Despite their wishes, the peace they had was a charade, a fake. Who knows how many were killed for similar matters, it wasn’t really peace and my resolve to tear the world down and build it up anew, it hit a new height.

I’m sure the rest felt the same. Even if the war happened and lives were lost it was for the prosperity of dozens of future generations, and the burden we had to carry wasn’t as much of a weight as a feather.

We are aware of the repercussions of our actions and that is exactly why we're doing this.

Once the group dissolved, Sumire continued to inform us of her plan that she made from here from yesterday at some time. I think she’s the unofficial leader of this group.

“Okay, apologize for going this off topic, anyway, library, our parents were the change of an era, and the Nara’s have an entire medical encyclopedia to their name. They all have countless books. Some we will take from our houses, some we’ll buy, from the library we’ll borrow books and each of us has to borrow at least three. Next write it down word for word onto the website Denki has made a few days prior when I proposed to him the idea of a website that we can quickly sort all of them. We’ll write the title - author - and an accurate summary including any sorting points. All of this so when can sort each of the books into categories in alphabetical order then print them out.

“Our Library will be the biggest room in the house to hold all of it, as well as a planned underground layer but that’s for later. I’m placing myself in charge of the sorting and maintenance. Denki has offered us 6 prototypes, of 21-bit computers, previously the max had been 16. This will allow for extreme efficiency, and each of you needs to write the full body of three informational books each week. Print them out of course. Anyone with an injury or anything else that will interfere is obviously excused.”

Asking three wasn’t a lot, but it depended on the book, and this system would allow for the memory of an entire library and more in no time, so no one disagreed.

“Behind the library is the showers, they will be maintained by everyone, and the way to get water is
to use the water element to connect the stream outside to the fossettes that we will build ourselves, and I’m going to find a paint plaster that I can coat the wooden walls with to prevent from rotting with the water. There will be 12 showers, three baths, three sinks and five toilets which will be the only thing with a curtain. Each shower is less than three feet wide and we have no need or use for barriers, if we can see each other bloody and crying in agony seeing each other without clothes should pose no issue.

“Regarding clothes, there will be a schedule to who takes all of the clothes and places them in the wash and has to shower last, I’ll get to clothes and work out material once we get to the armory. But with everyone good with everything else?” Maintained by all, cramped, with a shower for each, three baths for resting, likely going to be filled with ice, five toilets. Everyone was pleased.

“Okay, were over half done, three rooms left. Next will be our study room, will be right of the showers. The study room will be for the use of everyone. We will be creating jutsus, critiquing workouts, planning when and how to evade our parents, seals to protect this area, new inventions, and to study previous jutsus to use as our own. Simple enough, and anything you research and or find will be placed in the journals. Our journals will have everything about your abilities. Any little thing you may need help with and everything your good at, jutsus you plan on learning, jutsus you know, workouts you hate, something that seems off, the most important parts of your training and so on to keep us on track with a goal. There is one thing that I already have, 12 journals as well as Denki’s companies C.R.A., Chakra Reservoir Analyzer.” She picked up a simple looking silver ball, the size of a baseball.

“This is twenty pounds, hold it in both of your hands and move all of your chakra into your palms. If you don’t have a decent chakra control, this won’t give as accurate a reading, keep that in mind.” I heard Sadara laugh from behind me.

We all got our journals which were color-coded to our personality. Mine was a deep purple, white. Mitsuki’s was sky blue, a cloudy purple. Sandara’s was a clear water blue, a fiery orange, Chocho’s orange, violet, Shikadai was black, deep forest green, Inojin’s bright yellow, teal, Metal’s lollipop pink, his suit green, Iwabee’s a dusty brown, golden, Denki’s tattoo black, deep paint green, Wasabi’s blood red, hot orange, Namida’s lavender, sugar pink, and Sumire’s is a light brown and dark midnight blue.

“Wow talking can make someone tired, okay,” Sumire prepared herself for the last stretch and picked up a whole new paper that also hit the ground.

“Above that, I was thinking an Armory, a place to place all and any manufactured protective equipment, everything from our work out clothing, knee and shoulder pads to full out chainmail.

“I was planning of having thorns and backlash jutsus placed on them but after I’ve done some reading I’ve seen just how difficult that can be, as most of them either don't last more than one or two hits or taking immense amounts of chakra to make anything more than that. We’ll hold all of our normal and, as I said, work out clothing there and will have a schedule to clean and wash them via water and wind affinities. Anyways, I’m unsure as to what I will use the room on the left of the armory. Perhaps a minilab, or potions room. I’ll think of it later. I have a faint idea of what I want to do with the surrounding area, but first, let's go and ask Yamato.”
EXTRA BIG UPDATE BECAUSE I’VE BEEN SLACKING (like.... 10 pages?? It's ya birthday)

I noticed how dreadful and hopeful everyone looked, one one side, there was a 99 percent chance we’d catch him on duty, on the other side, well, that didn’t matter, in comparison to the world we're building for ourselves and soon for everyone else, this was less than a pebble on a trek up the mountain and we were hungering for the summit, for the view of the top.

We decided that, before we would head to Yamato, we’d try water elemental next. We all sat in the same circle, everyone's other sitting next to them. Me and ‘Zuki, Chocho and Sarada, Denki and Iwabee, etc. And I have to admit, the water felt more...friendly? Earth was rough and calloused hands, what I was used to, but water was a stream that cleansed, while true, if I felt enough, it may resemble a rapid current, enough to cause broken bones and scar tissue, at the moment, it was at peace. With this I’ve come to learn the water that surrounds me, it’s in the tall blades of grass and the flowers that circle me, it was in the air that enveloped me day to day it was everywhere, I felt it in my blood, coursing through every part, I felt my lungs inhale the humidity and let it out, my hands reached for the grass that had a meager layer of dewdrops from last nights sprinkle.

It was everywhere and my chakra wasn’t becoming water, it felt more like it was realizing it was there all along. But my chakra still believed it wasn’t my infinity. This was receptive, welcoming, but like an old friend, not a close comrade.

The chakra waned and waxed like the moon in its cycle, like waves against a shore, it flooded my senses and rocked back and forth. The chakra itself felt much agiler than earth, so sturdy, a pillar of support, this felt like a dazzling dance and the ninja who dunge attacks like it’s nothing, swift and flowing, if an element would be cursive writing it would be water, or perhaps that was wind, they felt like they’d be the same to me, even though I had never done it before, I always adore the way Mitsuki, seemingly cold and calculating, performs such an elegant element, one that flows past a field moving everything in its path, one gust can be detrimental once it’s built up.

It had been two hours of honing the feeling, no doubt we were bound to end the session when out of nowhere,

“What the…?” As it had been so quiet, we could hear each other's heart beats with little chakra in our ears, this put us topside turvy. Sumire held up her hands in disbelief and whispered,

“I’ve had it wrong all this time…” I, as I’m sure everyone else, was mentally pleading for Sumire to inform us of her new observation, but we kept still. We waited.

“Sorry, I just realized, each chakra has a place in the body.”

And man I thought it was quiet before, the silence felt like a tangible person or thing, crowding the air and even our lungs.
She held up a hand and pointed to her legs arms and feet,

"After we did earth training, I noticed that the next day, I was sore in these places, along with most of my bones. And I was an idiot to think that a coincidence. I remember reading something vaguely like this when I was going through books I'd read and write. Earth must come from the skeletal structure. Mostly legs, arms, and feet if I had to guess."

"Oh man, so water would be... Veins perhaps? They contain the most fluids." Shikadai offered and Sarada shook her head,

"If we're basing this on water, it would be the brain, organs, and veins. But I don't feel a headache, in fact, I can think quite clearly after that. The brain is likely in lightning because Lightning infused chakra relies on a balanced mind and high-frequency vibrations." Denki picked up on that and from there, the conversation had everyone's total attention,

"If it's vibrations, wouldn't it include the nervous system? Where electronic impulses are already sent?" Sumire, Shikadai, and Sarada nodded their head in agreement. But I wasn't planning on holding back my own knowledge either,

"The electrical signal would have to travel down the axon, which would explain how it gets to our body, after all, the axon is the battery part per say. And if so, what is fire, air, and waters body parts?" Mitsuki explained that while doing wind releases, he often felt power come from his lungs and skin. It made sense - a heated discussion between Mitsuki, Sumire, Shikadai, Sarada, and I on not only how blood oxygen affects skin color resulting in the argument in whether or not one performed wind techniques to a lesser degree as time in a battle went on because more oxygen was needed for muscles (which then included a few more people of the group who weren't bone tired).

"Look skin is a tissue membrane that consists of layers of epithelial and connective tissues, so it has to go through all of them!" Sarada cried out, and there had been ten bloody minutes of this so far and they were showing no sign of stopping, in fact, it was quite relaxing for us. It kept the mind working while the body was at rest and those to mentally and physically dumped after the hours of accumulating water chakra a break. (Denki hit the floor 5 minutes ago, poor guy wasn't ready for training to be this extensive).

"But if the wind release comes from our chakra system, and it goes past the dermis, then it won't affect the color if you just release it from your pores!" Mitsuki hollered back and I could see the grin on both of their faces.

"But the epidermis is avascular! If our veins don't reach it our chakra pathways won't either!" Shikadai retorted, hands flailing in the air. A grin was on his face too.

"Shit," Mitsuki and Sarada cursed in harmony.

"Yes, but out chakra pathways are meant to go out, so it doesn't matter if our veins, filled with BLOOD, that ISN'T supposed to escape from our pores, they're hardly comparable!" Sumire tried to reason.

"That's true but it takes 25-30 days for a new epidermis to come back, meaning the layer is used as a cushion, once it's gone our skin still looks the same!" And from there I lost track of who was yelling.

"It doesn't mean the function changes, the skin would still turn a shade blue in combat with wind because the wind requires air force from surrounds, yourself, and muscles need it to move, if you don't have enough the skin will turn blue it's common sense!"
"Hold on, I'm the wind one here, and I can assure you I stay as pale as toilet paper as always because when you use to wind it brings air into your skin while releasing it with your muscles!"

"So then would it just be a matter of how the wind is distributed and controlled? You'd have to understand how much air is in the respiratory and the cardiovascular system while also maintaining the chakra conversion of wind in your chakra - if you accidentally took to much from the red blood cells WHICH HAVE A JOB, that if interrupted, would cause a delay in all actions and stamina! Muscles need as much air as possible in a fight!" Shikidai yelled and it hit me. It hit me like a train. And I couldn't surprise my excitement, blood rushed to my face and I screamed, waking up some of my sleeping best friends,

"Shikadai! You're a genius!" He gave me a bland AND surprised look. CLassic Nara. Mitsuki gave me a curious glance and I shook my arms uncontrollably.

"If we can take air FROM the red blood cells, can't we supply our muscles and blue blood cells with the same air chakra conversion we use to push it out? It would take us dozens of hours for our muscles to even higher!!!!" I screamed out jumping up and down because taijutsu training and our stamina was about to increase fivefold if this was right.

It went silent for a full second, and then Sumire, Shikadai, Mistuki, and Sarada jumped up quicker then I've ever seen them do before and we just SCREAMED.

"HOLY FUCKIN' DUDE I -" Shikidai screamed out, fully waking up everyone at this point

"I KNOW"

"HOW HAVE WE NOT THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE????!" Sarada yelled to no one in particular and we all just cheered, causing everyone to look at us like we were possessed and at that moment I felt possessed.

After everyone yelling at us to calm down and that we were about to, "break the sound barrier", we calmed down and in a synchronized frenzy we explained what we thought could happen.

Then everyone was screaming.

It took us ten minutes to stop screaming. We decided to practice the theory tomorrow and continue on with today's plans as to not mess with anything just yet. And so we went right back into the different chakra conversions and their place in the body with a newfound luster, like we needed motivation, we were hyped already.

“So, if each chakra has its own place in our body…” Inojin begin, Shikadai finished for him.

“Then that means, to better control our chakra natures, we’d need to focus and train on those body parts, with both taijutsu and accumulation,” Shikadai seemed proud of his idea, even if his face didn’t give it off.

“And if earth chakra runs through our arms legs and skeleton, lightning through the brain and nervous center-" Wasabi was cut off by Sarada's OCD,

"System,"

"Yeah, that, nervous system, and the wind goes through the skin and lungs, then other chakras must have their own parts of the human anatomy, yeah?"
I looked at my body and imagined the chakra systems that ran through my body. The idea made sense, in a way, but the idea had to have a reason and purpose for it. And I still didn't know why each body part symbolized a chakra source when it should just run through the body equally.

“Yeah, we just need to figure out which,” Muttered Sarada as we all took this into account. The fact that this would change our way of building chakras was obvious and we were still working out those kinks. Especially with our Wind to Muscle Theory.

```` ONTO YAMATO, MY BOI `````

“Yo, Yamato!” I shouted from the tree on which I perched. The cave that held Orochimaru didn’t look all that secretive or daunting as I’d imagined it would be. With Mitsuki and Sarada by my side, I nearly laughed when his immediate reaction was to fling a kunai right at my face, but I could see the regret once it was thrown. I didn’t make a move to avoid it and as it neared my nose Mitsuki caught it with his left hand.

“Careful, Yamato-San, your reactions are going to get the best of you one day,” I smirked at ‘Zuki’s daunting response. The gang had left us three in charge of convincing Yamato while the rest smoothed out all ideas and plans for our base.

“His name isn’t actually Yamato, you guys realize that right?” I felt black lines streak behind me and ‘Zuki, because no, we didn’t. Sarada knows too much for her own good.

“Hold on, how did you three find me?” Ordered the apparently-not-Yamato.

I rolled my eyes and dropped down the tree in sync with the other two.

“How do you think, you’re a tracker nin yourself, I’m surprised you didn’t sense us even from the distance we were following you at,” Yet again my arrogance is getting the best of me, and Yamato looked absolutely befuddled at our arrival and defensive to the cave.

“Don’t worry Yamato-san, we have no wish to see my- ahem, Orochimaru, we just need you to build a wooden structure next time you’re free, if that is alright with you,” I had to cough when Mitsuki had nearly said ‘parent’ in front of Sarada, I had a feeling Yamato was well aware of their relationship and that was why he had been so defensive once he saw the three of us.

“What kind of structure, like a tree house?” I wanted to gag and cry, because no. Not a treehouse, were building training grounds and plan on using it to better ourselves and therefore the world. And his assumption that we would create something so futile because of our age made me feel so… what's the word, to be looked down upon, treated like a child.

“Yeah, something like that, just on the ground. We have the measurements and rooms design, the roof will be flat and no windows.” Sarada smiled as she said it but it was tight, forced.

“Ah… Well, I can ask Hokage-sama to- Can you wait until Monday?” He tried his best not to mention the fact that he would get someone to sub his position because we weren't supposed to know his position was.

“Of course, thank you Yamato!” Sarada finished and we all flicked away. Meaning I pretended not to hear his,

“ Weird,” Comment.

````

Once we got back to base it was 8:23 AM and everyone but Inojin was present, he had been sent to
go and get some of his art pages and supplies so we could fully blueprint the area and turn it into a proper training ground. Everyone was laying on what looked to be multiple colorful blankets across the area, everyone was chatting about ideas and challenges, like a big dog pile of intellect, most writing little things down in their own notebook.

“Okay I’ve made a list of things we need to focus on,” Denki said, sitting criss-cross in Iwabee’s lap, the latter's chin was on Denki’s shoulder as he read aloud,

“One, we need to create individual training grounds for each chakra type, two, we need to build and have our house fully functioning, three, we need to collect and write out all of the books on ninja techniques we can get our hands on, four, figure out a top-notch barrier seal for this area, five, craft weapons,” He tilted his head to Iwabe who smiled back down warmly.

“Ah, six, cultivate our own physical and mental prowess, seven get summons, this will be handy in the long run, eight, test out as many theories as possible” He finished. There were dozens more, but they were minor whereas he had listed the top most present issues. The group hummed in agreement as Denki surprisingly kept it up.

“Lately, I’ve been doing research into puppets, you see, they are basically mechanical humanoid looking fighting weapons that are normally controlled by chakra threads, and I’m diggin into the idea because, if I understand correctly, I can make puppets that require no assistance or chakra strings.” He mumbled on about his creation but once the overly large explanation kicked in I just looked at ‘Zuki with a saddened face, showcasing my defeat.

And the bastard just did his close-eyed smile and pet my head like I was a dog. Rude. (But I made no move to stop it because of reasons that you don’t need to know so shut it).

“Fascinating,” I heard Sarada mutter. Denki blushed and chatted with her and Shikadai on how the mechanics would work and something about panels being destroyed in battle. I leaned my head on ‘Zuki’s shoulder as Inojin flickered next to the hoard of blankets.

“T ook you long enough babe, come here, everyone's got ideas, we can discuss them and compose a draft of The Area,” Shikadai said, meanwhile Inojin had rolled his eyes and was recently laid out on his stomach in front of his boyfriend.

“ Ugh, just be happy I got out here alive, dad used to be a torturer and it shows when he drills me on everything I do,” And I had serious 'deja vu' when Shikadai pats Inojins head while going over the graphs and supplies that Inojin had brought.

Is patting someone's head romantic? Condescending? Affectionate? All of the above?

I decided to ignore it because of reasons.

“You know, I wanna get a summon, those are pretty cool,” I said while writing down some ideas for the shower room.

“Boruto, bro, do you know how much work that takes?” I looked over at Iwabe who was still nestled in Denki’s shoulder.

“Yeah, but I think it would be worth it to have a snake I could call on at any time,” I mused, thinking about how Mitsuki got his snake summons right off the bat, if there was a more efficient way then tearing my skin off via teeth to summon the grand snakes.

“Heh, what do you think Mitsuki is for?” Chocho gave me A Look, and the entire group burst out laughing, and I, as dignified as I am, hid in my hands like Himawari.
“You guys are horrible,” I mumbled, not daring to look up.

“Idea, what if we turned the spare room into a potions lab?” Questioned Wasabi with a questionable amount of enthusiasm. Sumire placed a finger into her lip in concentration, pulling the pros and cons of the idea. Pro, if Wasabi can pull this off properly, we can have a pool of usable and measurable poison, handy in close combat and stealth maneuvers. Con, poisons in a wooden house full of people, you get the idea.

“Hm, I see where you’re going with this, it would become valuable in missions and fights, not to mention, it’s near impossible to get hands on any type of position if you’re not a Jonin rank or higher. However, if we're going to use this house and surrounding area, it will be necessary to almost quarantine that room, meaning daily checks on whatever shield or extra wall structure we place between that room and the others. Can I leave it to you and Namda to figure out a type of barrier, chakra or whatever, to use as a protection measure?”

The two smiled brightly, although Wasabi’s looked a tad demonic. Wasabi mock saluted and said, “Roger that, captain!” Sumire blushed - her eyes darted away with a hint of a blush creeping up. Aw.

“Yeah, speaking of which, aren’t class representative re-elections coming up?” Chocho asked while chewing on chips I hadn't even known were here.

“Yeah, I think Sumire would be perfect again, after all, she has orchestrated most of this!” Denki cheered while jumping out of Iwabee’s lap to hug an awkward and blushing Namida.

“Aye, group hug!” Wasabi yelled and tackled the both of them.

“Dogpile!” Hollard Iwabe as he did a boxing looking crush into the pile. Shikadai smiled and I guess the joy was contagious, as everyone joined one by one. I felt a tug on my jacket sleeve to see Mitsuki looking at the pile with anticipation.

Regrettably, I don’t know much about Mitsuki. I don’t know where he lives, who both of his parents are, what his past was like, I don’t even know why he hates the brothers that joined our school.

But I do know what his eyes look like when they admire the stars, I know his favorite song (an Indie song called Youth by a band - Daughter, that nerd). I know that he hates the smell of tires and loves the smell of lilies. I know that he keeps a diary that he writes in at the end of each day as if trying not to forget a moment of his time on earth. I know Mitsuki, who he was and what he did in the past? I couldn't care less.

And I also know just how much he adored all of our friends, more than gold and I doubt he would pass up such a peaceful mark of kinship. And so I smiled and jumped along into the pile of people and grinned at the blue-haired boy who’s forever changed my world for the better.

It had been ten minutes and it seemed that, we are all lazy trash. We’d stopped trying to put everyone's heads into the ground and so we just laid there and adopted a crippled knit with everyone over and across others as our resting position. We took up the middle of a blanket, only one. There were ten in total around us and we were all comfy just the way we were.

I’m sure if someone were to look at us from the sky we would look like a large mass of dirty laundry. We didn’t say anything either. Just enjoyed the sound of the world. The critters and birds, the heart beats were almost audible. I heard Sarada sing to "Best Friends,"

"I think that I keep loving you way past 65, we made our language for us two we don't need to
describe, every time you call on me-
"I drop what do!" Chocho sang and from there it was chaos.

"You ARE MY BEST FRIEND AND WE'VE GOT SOME SHIT TA' DO!" In seconds all of us had rolled out of the pile and sung along.

"I know you wanna' meet me at the bar!" I hollered out from a tree upsidedown while Denki blared the song and the rest sung in perfect harmony,

"Ya'!

"Know ya' wanna' met me at the land of--" And I watch as all of them did dramatic moves and looked atrocious, Iwabe was saving all that was good with hip hip, but we were used to stabbing not shit nevermind, Mitsuki flows like a ballerina. He seems so immersed in his flow that he didn't notice me staring, I nearly missed a beat because I was trying to figure out how he managed to dance gracefully to Best Friends. Mitsuki only ever looked at me when we were talking, and I've never before seen him so entranced in something as much as he was in me. And it was beautiful beyond compare, his soft face and the blue sleeves that flew with him as he lept caught my heart and I doubt I had any left that he hadn't already taken.

My only saving grace from the fact that 'Zuki just got 10x prettier (somebloodyhow) is the fact that he hasn't noticed me.

Mitsui's POV

I knew he noticed me.

AN_ ITS 3:02 AM AND I'M SEEING THINGS BUY THATS OKAY BC THE CHAPPI IS DUNNI

~SIAB
“Mh, hey, so now that we have the house down.” Said Denki,

“I think we should configure a barrier, seals, and jutsus ya know? If we really do become even half as powerful as we're aiming to be, we're bound to be targeted, not to mention it would be best to keep an illegal poison room, probably semi-illegal library once we get books from the chunin and jonin restricted area well out of the public eye.”

Everyone sobered at the thought. It would be dangerous had anyone, including people like our parents, found this base. Barrier seals it is.

“And ideas?” Sarada offered to the dogpile. I grinned ear to ear. After learning a bit about Uzushiogakure and their affinity for seals, I had decided to study up on the idea,

“I think we should use the Self-Repairing Barrier, basically it’s a cooperation ninjutsu that, by linking chakra from a team of ninja, will create a barrier.

“And it will constantly repair itself with said chakra that emanates from our bodies. The barrier also prevents those outside of it from sensing anything inside it through traditional methods so it’s a win-win, but I’d like to see if I can add to the seals. You see, I’d like it to drain the chakra from any intruder, while they attack the barrier, so quickly that it can be used into the barrier chakra reservoirs,” Mitsuki had a smirk on his face, clearly proud about my knowledge regarding sealing.

“So,” Mitsuki offered,

“When an intruder tries to attack the barrier we’ve forged with our chakra, the chakra will be drained so quickly from the attackers blows that they won't be capable of breaking it?” I grinned, even though there was a major kink, it was still next to full proof.

“Yeah, there are two problems with the idea, one, which would be if my father and uncle were to attack the barrier at the same time. Dad and Sasuke’s full force would most likely tear the barrier down so much that the 36 layers wouldn’t be able to absorb the blow as it’s already shattered. The second issue is that it’s chakra based and so taijutsu attacks would be very effective, as their power couldn’t be placed into the barriers own power.” I thought about how to get around the second problem.

“So...how would the barrier know who the attackers are from us?” Questioned Chocho as she rested on Shikadai’s stomach, and her leg was on Denki, wait no, Iwabe’s, leg, nevermind it’s a mess of limbs.

“I was thinking two things would be required, chakra recognition and a tattoo of a seal allowing for us to pass, and if the barrier requires a few drops of blood we could all place it into the seals, which would be the triple requirement for someone to pass.”

I thought back to other seals that could help. The only ones were the Sealing tag barrier, which seemed a bit redundant at this point, with the Barrier Gate Five Seals Technique being even more so.

“And can you create the seals yourself?” Questioned Namida, clearly intrigued. I hummed out a yes and everyone seemed rather impressed.

“Although I have to admit, it will take at least a month to get the basics down, each line has to be
immaculate, and since I’m combining Infinite Embrace and the Self Repairing Barrier, I assume that will take some experimentation, adding a month and a half. Adding that with the double-checking analysis and research that will go into this I’d say three and a half to four months,” I shrugged, it was something I’ll have to divert a lot of attention to, but I have no doubt that I can pull it off.

“Doesn’t Infinite Embrace require multiple ninjas as well as a blood offering? If so, the kanjis should be arranged to absorb chakra from us while we're in standstill, a well as when we feed it to hold the chakra. That would allow for a type of chakra pool for the barrier to use to blind others from the area and add to its enforcement. It would have to mix in with Self-Repairing, which does just that, so it would take, giving the area, 8 seals, correct?”

Mitsuki said with a sly smile and god I didn’t know if I wanted to punch him for (probably) being better than me at this and a part of me wanted to kiss him for it. I decided to go with neither and ramble on with the idea,

“Yes, eight would be the ideal number given this,” I gestured to the forest area,

“Area, the experimentation should be held in another part of the forest, the risk of it exploding on us is nearly 70%, not to mention if we have to mix them both together-”

Mitsuki decided to finish my sentence like some sort of kindred spirit shit,

“We should test them both individually first and then study which kanji’s on each seal reacts to what, then once we’ve decided it-” Like hell I’m giving Mitsuki the last word,

“We can place them together like the system of equations we were doing in math a week ago,” I grinned and, to my surprise, Mitsuki smiled right back. So he wasn’t trying to get the last word in.

“You have any idea what they're saying?” Chocho asked no one in particular.

“No idea, must be gayanese,” Replied Wasabi with a shit-eating grin. I just rolled my eyes and tried to calculate how much time it would take if I had Mitsuki’s help, two to three months depending on how efficiently things run.

“M'kay, one out of seven underway, now, summons,” Sumire said, judging what was best to say.

“Summons can be of much use from small to large missions, competitions, and battles, clearing getting some at our age would give us another upper hand. So my idea is this. Once we have all somewhat mastered the elements, no matter how long it takes, a year or five, we should next all go out and recruit a summon that fits our needs best.” Sumire tapped her index finger on her lip.

“Meaning that some of our first written books in the library should be on lists of summons and their abilities, requirements, disadvantages, and also to try and met people who have the summon were looking for first-hand advice.” Denki was glowing, shimmering in Iwabe’s lap at the idea of summons. I and a feeling he was drawn to things like puppets and summons because they balanced out for his lack of ninjutsu and physical prowess. (And Iwabe but who said that not me ohohohoho).

“Okay, anyone have a preference for their summon at the moment?” Sumire asked while pulling out her notebook. Mitsuki, Sarada, Chocho, Denki, and Namida’s hands all sprung up with mine, the rest just stayed still in their stack.

Sumire pointed to Sarada with her blue pen,

“What are you thinkin’, girl?” Sarada practically gushed and went on a five-minute rant on Lemurs and Tasmanian Devils, and if Sarada’s was this long I fear Denki’s. Next, she pointed to Chocho,
she said Panda’s, Mitsuki’s turn was next,

“I’d like cats as my summon,” Simple and to the point, and if I had a drink in my mouth, I’m sure I would’ve spued it right out.

“A cat summon?! Why?” I gasped at his close-eyed smile, cats, while vicious, were still just cats. Why about his snakes? I thought that was his whole persona after all. Why add cats?

“Well, Boruto, cats have heightened senses, such as highly attuned sense of smell and hearing. Are capable of roaming undetected much more than a bird or dog summon, not to mention they have poisonous claws, extreme flexibility maneuvers, with the most elite of the cats being said to see occurrences minutes before they happen….And they’re really cute,” Mitsuki’s head was to the sky as if imagining a bloody cat. But he did have a point. Not one I would acknowledge.

“Whatever you feline lover,” I grumbled as Shikadai and Sarada got into a debate about cat versus dog summons.

Next was me, I grinned and belted out my choice with pride,

“Snakes and Crows!” Crows could be used in so many more ways than they were given credit for, and snakes struck fear into even the most determined shinobi, they are, after all, the most likely to kill their pursuer. For some reason, Sarada shivered.

“I see, what about you, Denki?” And to my surprise, he’d kept his excitement in, for the time being, laughing with joy and replying,

“Chimpanzee!”

And that’s roughly how the weekend went by. We finally trained all elements, even if they were poorly done, and we finally figured out that different chakra elements coordinated with separate body parts. Lightning was most memorable because, well, it was my affinity apparently.

Flashback__ Sunday Afternoon

We were all panting, hand to hand combat was difficult in itself, let alone with weights, all for themselves, and we had to incorporate a skill we were bad at. (Mine was using more than four shadow clones).

“Times...Times up guys,” Sumire managed to get out, and like that, we all flopped down, like a wave washed over us and knocked us downs like pins in bowling.

“I want to DIE,” Whined Iwabe, practically army crawling to his jug of water. We all nodded in grim agreement, but it still had its rush. The excitement of getting higher every day, it was invigorating. And I can easily speak for everyone with this because even if we were all covered in sweat and blood, we all had dark grins. It fit us.

“Okay, twenty-minute break, we’re meditating and accumulating lightning,” Said Sarada as she shakily stood up, walking to Her Spot. We all had Spots, and no one took anyone else's.

“Sure, just let me melt first,” Chocho gulped down some water and got to Her Spot as well. Soon enough we were not only sweating, stinking, slightly bleeding trolls, but we were sweating, stinking, slightly bleeding trolls, in a circle.

“Here goes nothing!” Hollered Metal, hyper to practice a new element.
“Oi, Boruto, you haven’t found your elemental affinity yet, have you?” Questioned Wasabi slyly. I knew too, we tried wind, fire, water, earth, and I was the only one who hadn’t found their affinity left.

“Wait isn’t lightning the most deadly for beginners?” Questioned Mitsuki suspiciously, looking at me like I was a suspect.

“Yeah, most people who say they have harnessed lightning really just learned to possess and release it - if done wrong, it can burn most of my nervous system and my brain,” I said grimly, because lightning was apart of the brain and nervous system. Earth is legs, arms - skeleton structure. Fire is heart and chest, Water is the veins and organs, air the respiratory system (the one I desperately hoped I got but to no avail). Why couldn’t I get those? They rarely had any horrible side effect. But hey, if my mother can use it I better too, besides it has its perks. Like being the deadliest of the main 5.

“Ouch, try not to hurt yourself, K?” Said Inojin cautiously.

“Mh,” Was my response and it started. Or should I say it started with a bang?

“Sugar SHIT!” I hollered out instantly, the chakra to element conversion left slight scorch marks on my skin. I had everyone's undivided attention. Lightning was deadly but not this bad, and no one had water flying around them when we converged water or any of the other elements.

“Fascinating,” Sumire said in awe. Of what - I don’t know, this was crazy.

“That. that felt intense,” Seemed to be the only words Shikadai could make at the moment and that’s better then what I could say.

I stared in mute horror and fascination at my body, it had tiny black marks that almost looked like a neat pattern, but the thing that caught me off guard wasn’t the pain, but the lack of it. Without looking up from my hands I asked the others to back away for a second. They, understandably, took a few seconds but listened after all.

I took in a breath of air, and let the energy out my body, a ying and yang, it felt cold and hot, good and bad, smoothing and harsh, breathtaking and terrifying, a rollercoaster and a rocking chair. It felt like me.

Only when I opened my eyes did I see the bolts literally flying around me, like one of those orbs that you touch.

“Ha,” I said, everyone looked incredulous.

“I’m callin’ BS, how’d ya do it you trashy natural talent!” Chocho called out with a grin.

“Hell if I know,” I said, bringing the chakra back in, like they weren't elements, like they were extensions of me. The other elements seemed so plain in comparison. I chuckled at my arms that seemed to have healed with the lightning when I got whacked over the back of my head.

“One, you dumbass, two, ow, you shocked me you imbecile, three your hair is all standing on end,” Shikadai said with a grin. I paled and patted down my hair as I listen to the laughs of my best friends coming back to me, I couldn’t explain it. But I felt surreal and very happy. They asked questions, some I could answer, some I couldn't, and really, I found that I…. I was more than content.

I was always content, father was bad but mother and Himawari balance it out, there were bullies at school, so many that wished me unwell, but I had my friends there too and good teacher so I was
content. But now… the bullies? I realize I don’t even know their names, and father? Mother being bossy? I wasn’t used to it, I never will be, the pain that is parental disagreement. But it seemed minuscule in comparison to the love, yes, love. Not platonic, not romantic, just… love, that surrounded me and became me while I was with them. I was so busy being addicted to their smiles that the lightning ability I had went right over my head. (Not that I wasn’t going to study this later) (Maybe the civilians were right)(Maybe Hinata and Sasuke had Sakara implant some of Naruto’s genes in too)(Wacky). (AN: This is a joke).
“Mh, hey, so now that we have the house down,” Denki said,

“I think we should configure a barrier, seals, and jutsus ya know? If we really do become even half as powerful as we're aiming to be, we’re bound to be targeted, not to mention it would be best to keep an illegal poison room, probably semi-illegal library once we get books from the chunin and jonin restricted area well - far out of the public eye.”

Everyone sobered at the thought. It would be dangerous had anyone, including people like our parents, found this base. Barrier seals it is.

“And ideas?” Sarada offered to the dogpile. I grinned ear to ear. After learning a bit about Uzushiogakure and their affinity for seals, I had decided to study up on the idea,

“I think we should use the Self-Repairing Barrier, basically it’s a cooperation ninjutsu that, by linking chakra from a team of ninja, will create a barrier.

“And it will constantly repair itself with said chakra that emanates from our bodies. The barrier also prevents those outside of it from sensing anything inside it through traditional methods so it’s a win-win, but I’d like to see if I can add to the seals. You see, I’d like it to drain the chakra from any intruder, while they attack the barrier. Quickly enough that it can be used to fuel the barrier chakra reservoirs,” Mitsuki had a smirk on his face, clearly proud about my knowledge regarding sealing.

“So,” Mitsuki offered,

“When an intruder tries to attack the barrier we’ve forged with our chakra, the chakra will be drained so quickly from the attackers blows that they won't be capable of breaking it?” I grinned, even though there was a major kink, it was still next to full proof.

“Yeah, there are two problems with the idea, one, which would be if my father and uncle were to attack the barrier at the same time. Dad and Uncle’s full force would most likely tear the barrier down so much that the 36 layers wouldn’t be able to absorb the blow as it’s already shattered. The second issue is that it’s chakra based and so taijutsu attacks would be very effective, as their power couldn’t be placed into the barriers own power.” I thought about how to get around the second problem.

“So...how would the barrier know who the attackers are from us?” Questioned Chocho as she rested on Shikadai’s stomach, and her leg was on Denki, wait no, Iwabe’s, leg, nevermind it’s a mess of limbs.

“I was thinking two things would be required, chakra recognition and a tattoo of a seal allowing for us to pass, and if the barrier requires a few drops of blood we could all place it into the seals, which would be the triple requirement for someone to pass.”

I thought back to other seals that could help. The only ones were the Sealing tag barrier, which seemed a bit redundant at this point, with the Barrier Gate Five Seals Technique being even more so.

“And can you create the seals yourself?” Questioned Namida, clearly intrigued. I hummed out a yes and everyone seemed rather impressed.

“Although I have to admit, it will take at least a month to get the basics down, each line has to be immaculate, and since I’m combining Infinite Embrace and the Self Repairing Barrier, I assume that
will take some experimentation, adding a month and a half. That with the double-checking analysis and research that will go into this I’d say three and a half to four months,” I shrugged, it was something I’d have to divert a lot of attention to, but I have no doubt that I can pull it off.

“Doesn’t Infinite Embrace require multiple ninjas as well as a blood offering? If so, the kanjis should be arranged to absorb chakra from us while we’re in standstill, as well as when we feed it to hold the chakra. That would allow for a type of pool of chakra for the barrier to use to blind others from the area and add to its enforcement. It would have to mix in with Self-Repairing, which does just that so it would take, giving the area, 8 seals, correct?”

Mitsuki gave with a sly smile and god I didn’t know if I wanted to punch him for (probably) being better than me at this and a part of me wanted to kiss him for it. I decided to go with neither and ramble on with the idea,

“Yes, eight would be the ideal number given this,” I gestured to the forest area,

“Area, the experimentation should be held in another part of the forest, the risk of it exploding on us is nearly 70%, not to mention if we have to mix them both together—”

Mitsuki decided to finish my sentence like some sort of kindred spirit shit,

“We should test them both individually first and then study which kanji’s on each seal reacts to what, then once we’ve decided it—” Like hell I’m giving Mitsuki the last word,

“We can place them together like the system of equations we were doing in math a week ago,” I grinned and, to my surprise, Mitsuki smiled right back. So he wasn’t trying to get the last word in.

“You have any idea what they’re saying?” Chocho asked no one in particular.

“No idea, must be gayese,” Replied Wasabi with a shit-eating grin. I just rolled my eyes and tried to calculate how much time it would take if I had Mitsuki’s help, two to three months depending on how efficiently things run.

“M’kay, one out of seven underway, now, summons,” Sumire said, judging what was best to say.

“Summons can be of much use from small to large missions, competitions, and battles, clearing getting some at our age would give us another upper hand. So my idea is this. Once we have all somewhat mastered the elements, no matter how long it takes, a year or five, we should all go out and recruit a summon that fits our needs best.” Sumire tapped her index finger on her lip.

“Meaning that some of our first written books in the library should be on lists of summons and their abilities, requirements, disadvantages, and also to try and met people who have the summon were looking for first-hand advice.” Denki was glowing, shimmering in Iwabe’s lap at the idea of summons. I and a feeling he was drawn to things like puppets and summons (And Iwabe but who said that not me ohohohoho) because they balanced out for his lack of ninjutsu and physical prowess.

“Okay, anyone have a preference for their summon at the moment?” Sumire asked while pulling out her notebook. Mitsuki, Sarada, Chocho, Denki, and Namida’s hands all sprung up with mine, the rest just stayed still in their stack.

Sumire pointed to Sarada with her blue pen,

“What are you thinkin’, girl?” Sarada practically gushed and went on a five-minute rant on Lemurs and Tasmanian Devils, and if Sarada’s was this long I fear Denki’s. Next, she pointed to Chocho, she said Panda’s (see Sarada, that simple), Mitsuki’s turn was next,
“I’d like cats as my 2nd summon,” Simple and to the point, and if I had a drink in my mouth, I’m sure I would’ve spued it right out.

“A cat summon?! Why?” I gasped at his close-eyed smile, cats, while vicious, were still just cats. Why not just snakes? I thought that was his whole persona after all.

“Well, Boruto, cats have heightened senses, such as highly attuned sense of smell and hearing. Are capable of roaming undetected much more than a bird or dog summon, not to mention they have poisonous claws, extreme flexibility maneuvers, with the most elite of the cats being said to see occurrence minutes before they happen….And they’re really cute,” Mitsuki’s head was to the sky as if imagining a bloody cat. But he did have a point. Not one I would acknowledge.

“Whatever you feline lover,” I grumbled as Shikadai and Sarada got into a debate about cats versus dog summons.

Next was me, I grinned and belted out my choice with pride,

“Snakes and Crows!” Crows could be used in so many more ways than they were given credit for, and snakes struck fear into even the most determined shinobi, they are, after all, the most likely to kill their pursuer. For some reason, Sarada shivered.

“I see, what about you, Denki?” And to my surprise, he’d kept his excitement in, for the time being, laughing with joy and replying,

“Chimpanzee!”

And that’s roughly how the weekend went by. We finally trained all elements, even if they were poorly done, and we finally figured out that different chakra elements coordinated with separate body parts. Lightning was most memorable because, well, it was my affinity apparently.

Flashback__ Sunday Afternoon

We were all panting, hand to hand combat was difficult in itself, let alone with weights, all for themselves, and we had to incorporate a skill we were bad at. (Mine was using more than four shadow clones).

“Times...Times up guys,” Sumire managed to get out, and like that, we all flopped down, like a wave washed over us and knocked us downs like pins in bowling.

“I want to DIE,” Whined Iwabe, practically army crawling to his jug of water. We all nodded in grim agreement, but it still had its rush. The excitement of getting better every day, it was invigorating. And I can easily speak for everyone with this, because even if we were all covered in sweat and blood, we all had dark grins. It fit on us.

“Okay, twenty-minute break, we’re meditating and accumulating lightning,” Said Sarada as she shakily stood up, walking to Her Spot. We all had Spots, and no one took anyone else's.

“Sure, just let me melt first.” Chocho gulped down some water and got to Her Spot as well. Soon enough we were not only sweating, stinking, slightly bleeding trolls, but we were sweating, stinking, slightly bleeding trolls, in a circle.

“Here goes nothing!” Hollered Metal, hyper to practice a new element.

“Oi, Boruto, you haven’t found your elemental affinity yet, have you?” Questioned Wasabi slyly. I knew too, we tried wind, fire, water, earth, and I was the only one who hadn’t found their affinity
“Wait isn’t lightning the most deadly?” Questioned Mitsuki suspiciously, looking at me like I was a suspect.

“Yeah, most people who say they have harnessed lightning really just learned to possess and release it, if done wrong, it can burn most of my nervous system and my brain,” I said grimly, because lightning was apart of the brain and facial parts of the body. Earth is legs, arms, feet, Fire is Heart and chest, Water is the veins and Organs, Air (The one I desperately hoped I got but to no avail), lungs and skin. Those rarely had any horrible side effect. But, if mother can use it I better too, besides it has its perks. Like being the deadliest of the main 5.

“Ouch, try not to hurt yourself, k?” Said Inojin cautiously.

“Mh,” Was my response and it started. Or should I say it started with a bang?

“Sugar SHIT!” I hollered out instantly, the element left slight scorch marks on my skin. I had everyone's undivided attention. Lightning was deadly but not this bad, and no one had water around them when we did water or any of the others.

“Fascinating,” Sumire said in awe. Of what I don’t know.

“That.. that felt intense,” Seemed to be the only words Shikadai could make at the moment and that’s better than me.

I stared in mute horror and fascination at my body, it had tiny black marks that almost looked like a neat pattern, but the thing that caught me off guard wasn’t the pain, but the lack of it. Without looking up from my hands I asked the others to back away for a second. They, understandably, took a few seconds but listened after all.

I took in a breath of air, and let the energy out my body, a ying and yang, it felt cold and hot, good and bad, smoothing and harsh, breathtaking and terrifying, a rollercoaster and a rocking chair. It felt like me.

Only when I opened my eyes did I see the bolts literally flying around me, like one of those orbs that you touch.

“Ha,” I said, everyone looked incredulous.

“I’m callin’ BS, how’d you do it ya trash!” Chocho called out with a grin.

“Hell if I know,” I said, bringing them back in, like they weren't elements - they were me. The other elements seemed so plain in comparison. I chuckled at my arms that seemed to have healed with the lightning - then I got whacked over the back of my head.

“One, you dumbass, two, ow, you shocked me you imbecile, three your hair is all standing on end,” Iwabe said with a grin. I paled and patted down my hair as I listen to the laughs of my best friends coming back to me, I couldn’t explain it. But I felt surreal and so very happy. They asked questions, some I could answer, some I couldn't, and really, I found that I…. I was more than content.

I was always content, father was bad but mother and Himawari balance it out, there were bullies at my school, so many that wished me unwell, but I had my friends there too and good teacher so I was content. But now… the bullies?

I realize I don’t even know their names.
Father being bitter as of late? Mother being bossy and so hateful? I wasn’t used to it, I never will be - the pain that is. But it seemed minuscule in comparison to the love, yes, love. Not platonic, not romantic, just… love, that surrounded me and became me while I was with them.

I was so busy being addicted to their smiles that the lightning ability I had went right over my head. (Not that I wasn’t going to study this later)(Maybe the civilians were right)(Maybe Hinata and Sasuke had Sakara implant some of Naruto’s genes in too)(Wacky).

(AN: This is a joke - didn't actually happen in this AU). (Flashback over)

We had all practiced elemental powers, along with strength training over the two days, not to mention the hours spent planning and strategizing our house and planning for our future.

But today was Monday, oh sweet Monday, hours before the sun was gonna shine in the sky. We were all at The Area, all of us were hyper and chatting like it wasn’t 3:24 O’clock in the morning, we were supposed to be here later but today was a version of Christmas. Who wakes up at a normal time during Christmas? Not I.

“What in the seven hells are you kids doing up at this time of night-” Yamato’s bewilderment was cut off by Sarada,

“Morning actually, not night, I can’t believe it took you this long to come here we’ve been waiting for thirty minutes.” She got up along with Denki, Sumire, and Shikadai to show Yamato the building idea, square footage, the area itself, air vent areas, where we would need the wood hardened, and the different needs for each room.

I’m not surprised to say that he started sweating at the complications of the structure, he was probably thinking that we would have left a note, and that’s why he could be here so early and go to get his job over with and back to his actual job.

He was expecting a tree house.

Not an over the top intricate design that would take difficult precision and craftsmanship.

I could see the sweat starting to form and he hadn’t even started. I myself was starting to feel the effects of only getting 3 and a half hours of sleep, and could barely overhear the measurements. We had worked so hard on fitness yesterday that I didn't even flinch when I glanced over to find half of the group laying down and the other half massaging, some were massaging two people at once. I could see the bliss on their faces. Yamato, unsurprisingly, sent over questioning glances.

I looked at Mitsuki sleeping, head in my lap, I myself was leaning on Chocho who was massaging Sarada’s calves. ‘Zuki hadn't gotten any sleep, but he hadn’t bothered telling me why. That trash.

I massaged his shoulders and shoulder bone area while Deni offered to do the same to me. It was nice, it was peaceful, sleepy, drowsy, silent, and more-then-content peace.

Yamato looked like he needed a beer half way through the construction, Sumire was being insanely thorough with the project and with good reason, we had a lot of stuff placed precisely in an area for a multitude of reasons.

I counted the stars in the sky, shining diamonds in an infinite absence of life. It was surreal, to be so blissful, to gaze up at the stars with a future as bright as them, to be with the people I love and care for. It was beautiful, the greatest masterpiece.
Seven and a half pages my dudes, hope you enjoyed :D

~ SIAB
I opened the wooden door to nearly crash into Inojin, who was walking into Shikadai, which had had a considerable lack of collateral damage as this situation happened so many times that we were adept at sensing each other's chakra’s as well as their next movements out of necessity.

“Morning Boruto. I see the parents caught your jutsu?” I sighed and leaned my head on Shikadai’s shoulder.

“I’m under-” I used quotation marks, “‘House Arrest,’ Until I can, ‘See what trust I had broken,’” I groaned and headed into the kitchen doing the same,

“Like father doesn't do the exact same thing! She finds out that I had set a clone back home instead of me and she loses it! I wouldn’t need a clone if she wasn’t such a helicopter parent!” I opened the cabinet that had energy bars- got one - slammed it shut out of rage, and did the same to get a bottle. I struggled in doing so, but I used my chakra to pull the water into the sink, and filled it up.

“You know,” Chocho started eating two bars at once with lemonade she brought from home,

“If we could find a technique that would be like a clone but like, more permanent? If that makes sense, we could use those and spend wayyyyy more time here.” She took a deep slurp of her lemonade bottle and tossed it to Metal to who was now using the sink, without looking back, caught it and placed the bottle into one of the trash bins we had under the sink.

The only person absent was Iwabe, who was using this time of day to roam the deeper part of the woods, mapping out and looking for resources, Denki, who was in the study, he had slept here and wouldn’t shut up about chakra threads and puppets, it was endearing, and Namida was helping him research the topic.

I went to sit on the left booth, next to Mitsuki who looked like he could use a coffee or two (Probably 7). I bristled his arm with my knuckles which meant,

“Hey, are you okay? Do you need me to beat someone up?” ‘Zuki looked up at me with bags in his eyes and a hunch in his normally perfect posture. His tight-lipped smile and closed eyes meant,

“No really, but I will be,” And I don’t care for that shit at all.

But for now all I could do was be a pillow to rest on because Mitsuki wasn’t telling me what was wrong, and it had been three days and I was planning on stalking him home to make sure he got some god damn rest. In fact, I’ll just make a clone and use the transformation technique, therefore, Mitsuki can just sleep here during school hours (And I might join him but what). I bit into my breakfast and gazed at a contemplative Inojin who was working on a sketch.

“Inojin, how’d the talk with your mom go?” He looked up and his face gleamed.

“Unlike you lowly humans, I have kept up a pretty good track record with my parents recently, and she said “Of Course,” Plan Sync is a go.

“Woah!”

“That’s what I’m talking about!”
“Yaaaaas Inojin!”

“You didn’t fudge up a-Aron,”

The group smiled fondly and started chatting back and forth. Inojin was going to learn as much as he could about the Yamanaka clan mind Jutsu's as possible, with that we would also collect/ write out the books. After we had a sense of it it was a very possible idea that we would be able to talk to each other mentally. It would take a few months, not to mention everything else on our overcrowded plate.

But mind-reading? That was worth hours of working for. We were also trying to learn many of everyone's clan traits, in hope of using them all collectively and not individually. We could use the Akimichi clan jutsu of turning calories into chakra (Calorie control) by simply eating calorie infused pills before battle, we could use the unique footwork and shadow transportation of the Nara’s. It was all at our fingertips and we’d be positively idiotic not to wade our feet in all of them.

I looked over at the two booths filled to the brim with people as metal came to sit down me and a dozing ‘Zuki. I sighed and flickered him to our bed in the room over.

“Bor… What are you doing?” I placed my index finger to my lips to tell him to be quiet.

“I don’t know what the hell happened to you, but you’re getting sleep, doctors orders, I’ll make a clone and make it look like you for the day, if you’re well rested by lunch you can come back,” I said protectively while laying down the blanket I brought from my actual bed in my house. I really should call it my second house at this point. I belong here, I belong with and to my friends.

He tried to look annoyed, but I didn't miss the small smile,

“I saw you try and heal a duck before, it died within ten minutes, it was one of the most tragic experiences of my life because you’re chakra control is shit, I don’t trust this doctor,” He was nestled into the pillows by now, eyes nearly closed and blinking slowly.

“Night moon, get some rest,” I said as I shifted the blanket more around ‘Zuki,

“Goodbye Sun, go light up the day,” It was ironic that, if there were windows, we would see the sun climbing the trees as the moon disappeared through the distance.

I flicked back to the kitchen and engrossed myself in the chat about ideas for different pills they could create, along with foods and poisons with the surrounding wildlife. I promised Metal that I’d help him with Quadratics if he’d teach me some taijutsu techniques, not that I had to give him something for the pieces of information as I he, but it was just for a good time.

I then chatted up a storm with Sarada and Shikadai about the metals we should use for the vents, wall plaster for the bathroom, and the pros and cons of a few barrier ideas. I enjoy intellectual conversations, as much as I do many things, training will always come first on my To Do list, but runner-ups would be poetry, studying the world and creative ideas, puzzles, crosswords, video gaming, and most important, being with all my best friends. And I could do that while training, it was paradise on earth for me. I watched Wasabi leave, probably heading to her poisons room to continue sorting through her supplies and figuring out what she will need. Sumire said a five-minute version of brb I’m going to go check on the library. It’s Chocho’s turn to wash clothes which have to be done via a mix of water and wind chakra mixed in with some soap. Metal went to check to see the illusion barriers we had bought Tuesday were still working. Only people left in the booths are Inojin, Shikadai, Sarada, and me.
“It’s so surreal isn’t it,” I said while looking at the cabinets and sink we had installed Monday with use of money and genuine construction and building. The bunk bed skeleton was crafted by carved would we cut down and structured then polished, the mattresses were going to be made once we learned some chakra enhanced knitting and sowing (Good for stitching wounds).

“Hm?” Shikadai questioned, head in a Nara written book that read “Torae Ononai - Elusive Techniques.”

“This-” I waved my arm in a dramatic gesture over the width of the area, “The house, the progress were all making, the fact that elements can be used in harmony as long as you don’t block the other elemental systems with the one you’re good at.” I smiled, and they seemed to grasp just why I felt so overjoyed, sympathizing well.

Inojin held up his sketch. It was so detailed that I could imagine that, colored, it would look like an authentic picture. It was of the group, Chocho is giggling while holding up Sarada, yelling to let her down. Metal was in the air while doing a jump-side kick.

Sumire -laughing - was in the middle of Namida and Wasabi, who threw flowers and grass on top of her head.

Iwabe and Denki were standing on an earth-chakra raised piece of dirt, doing the infamous Titanic scene when they were overlooking the sea.

Mitsuki and I are arm wrestling in the middle of the photo, there was lightning surrounding me, and both of our clothes and hair were clearly being tossed around by Mitsuki’s wind.

Inojin had placed a vertical index finger to his mouth while holding a bucket of paint over Shikadai’s head, who was the only one actually posing for the picture. And everyone was smiling, the sunlight, even in pencil, seemed to light us up. The Area was at our backs and apart of me was so inexplicably happy. That this, in fact, was the reality. It was like looking at the universe. Because they were mine. Every star in the universe didn’t hold a flame to the worth of those close to me.

That’s when I got a news alert on my phone.

“Sumire get your ass in here!” I called out, staring at my phone in disbelief.

It was an article with a live video feed, on a man possessed, in purple chakra. I felt my eye fizz with electricity. It was the same feeling as when I saw them before, but I hadn’t known at the time what electricity felt like. It was pure black and white buzz, like a TV screen without a channel.

I heard the door open and a rush of silent footsteps.

“Is everything okay, did someone get hurt?” She asked but while looking at everyone, but they were as confused as her.

“Nope,” I said, popping the P, “Some villain needs to get their own style is all,” I finished by slamming the phone face up on the counter, the news feed running.

“Boruto your-” Sarada began, but we didn’t have time.

“I know, come on, it’s just North of the Hokage’s tower.”

Wednesday - 6:08
“Ah hell,” I said, looking at two jounins trying to sedate the purple ensnared man, who was not a civilian, but a chunin.

“Watch your language boy,” Said one of the bystanders. Sarada glared at him along with Shikadai and Wasabi. I was about to tell him to mind his own business when I was blissfully reminded of how cool the Sass trio (Minus Chocho unfortunately) were.

“Ah,” Sarada began with a sly smirk and from there it was a train,

“Motherfucking old man, recently divorced, cheated on his wife, works in rebuilding company and rips people off for fun,” Shikadai bite out,

“And just adores the feeling of superiority, so much so that he condemns children in a dire situation to help his ego that's the size of his.” Wasabi pointed to Sarada, let her have the final bang,

“Many things, for example, your dick, and your bank account once I have something to say to the board of directors if you don’t apologize and give us 300,000 Ryo (30,000 thousand American dollars) by tomorrow.” She ended it with a polite smile.

“You’d be wise not to doubt the threats of the Hokage-sama’s son,” Pointing to me, “ Shadow Hokage-Sama’s daughter,” Pointed to herself, “And Avicer of the two Hokage’s,” pointing to Shikadai.

Man, I don’t normally abuse the fact that my close friends and I have a grand amount of political power, but it feels good to pummel the guy into the ground, even if it’s not with our fists.

“Y-You demonic children!” He screamed out, but no one heard his cry while the fight had yet another explosion. I could feel my eye fizzing again, and I decided to be the cherry at the top. With the eye, I easily resembled the monster he imagined us to be,

“And what’s so wrong with that? Huh?” I asked, tilting my head to the side and feeling chakra erupt from my best friends. But it wasn’t normal chakra, it was killing intent in chakra. Killing intent to chakra ratio being around 3:1.

I knew that my right eye is glowing (courtesy of the Nue’s powers less than two yards off) and that Sarada activated the blood red Sharingan, Shikadai clocked himself in a shadow-like appearance, and Wasabi let her fangs loose along with her dilated pupils.

We all looked like monsters.

He screamed and ran off pushing people and frantically slamming into the smaller ones. I could see some dampness in the bottom of his pants and we laughed bad naturedly.

“Who needs a genjutsu? We’re terrifying,” I said with glee, gazing at the fight and analyzing the scenario. I had Sumire stay back and check on Nue, and to not get her near any ninjas, god knows what they would do if they even thought she was behind this.

So I came up with a full proof plan in seconds.

“Wasabi, I need you to use your speed and wires to pin him down, possessed, he seems powerful, but still a zombie and I doubt he’ll have his normal reaction time. Use the wire you have to tie his hands behind him and both of his legs together, think you can swing that even with the jonin in the way?” I questioned as the possessed chunin broke a jonin’s arm.

“Sarada, I would’ve had you place everyone under a genjutsu, but there’s over a hundred and fifty
civilians, ‘n most masters can’t even take over ninety people.” She grit her teeth but accepted reality and looked up at me expectantly,

“However, you still have the best chakra control out of us, so I’ll have you quickly knock out the Jonin, a quick swing to the nerve at the top of the spin you know-”

“Yeah I know that technique, and from there you want me to play reinforcement with a genjutsu if backup reaches us beforehand as to not hinder the attack?” She read my mind and it was almost as good as Mitsuki. I nodded my head and turned to Shikadai.

“Shika, see the red flaring chakra near the center of his chest,” I pointed to it as the possessed chunin knocked the jonin with a broken bone out cold, just as I had expected,

“I need you to send a wave of yin chakra through him at that exact spot once we have him pinned down,” Shikadai looked at me questionably, but then it clicked and he was raring to go.

I can sense reinforcements ways off, now’s the time.

“Team Salt, mission Nue Part Two is a go,” I said and with that, Wasabi looked like an actual terror as she sprung so fast into there all I could see was a yellowing blur and before I could exhale, the possessed chunin was laying on the ground, a kitty claw nearly as long as a knife blade was at his throat.

Before I took my next step the rest of them ran into the fray, Sarada was done before my step and I glared at newscasters who were trying to get their cameras any closer, now all attention was on the Hokage’s son, a mix of “What are you doing here,” “What’s wrong with your eye, did you unlock the byakugan?” And my favorite that I overheard a few paces away, “What’s a kid doing up before six thirty?”

I refrained from sighing and let my eye fizz dramatically, lightning sparks and all, as I engaged in their questionnaire for no more than ten seconds.

“Boruto!” I heard the three call out to me, and with that, I body flickered out with them less than half a second before the reinforcements came. And I so wish that I could see their faces when they saw both sides on the ground.

Once I got back, to The Area, my best friends were near the door, waiting for our return, a few with their phones out with the news reporters live. And with that, I explained the whole scenario.

Wednesday - 9:23 AM

I was in the middle of spell checking a poem I had made for English (Mitsuki) class when I was called to the office. I’m surprised it took them this long.

My group all gave me The Look, that meant: If anything goes wrong were charging in to help, I smiled brightly and escorted myself down the halls while still working on the paper.

I opened the door without looking up, finishing a final part that needed a coma when it was snatched out of my hand and slammed on the counter. My mind went into fight or flight because of who I am as a person, and a fight is an answer 100 percent of the time, but even I surprised myself when I glanced up with literal killing intent and lot of static coming off of me.

“Boruto Uzumaki! Just what do you think you were -” I vaguely heard my mother talking, or yelling, probably yelling, but all I could think about was how she slammed the paper, causing some of the ink to splatter and I. Am. Pissed. Me being pissed increases my observation and deductive skills
because it gives me a chance to do what I’m about to do.

“Give. It. To. Me.” I spaced out the words, holding my anger back was like keeping water an inch above the cup from falling out said cup.

“What are you-” Father, no, a clone, the clone said then stopped realizing what I was talking about.

“Listen, Boruto, this is nothing serious we just need you to explain a few things to your parents right-” It started as a small chuckle, and then it erupted into a maniac of a laugh. I got bewildered looks from all three adults and wiped a tear from my eye.

“Ah, Iruka, you’re too good for this world, parents, ha,” I said while drawing out two kunai, and before anyone could figure out what they were for I charged them with lightning to increase their speed and damage, and flung them at my two, ‘parents’.

AN- Ayyye cliffhanger :P, hope y'all enjoyed the read! Much more is going to unfold in the next part of the story.
~SIAB
Train Wrecks From Hell

Chapter Summary

Ayeeeee the author has decided to bash the main character for fun :) Don't cry in future chaps (or get tissues):D.

I watched my father/clone, I watched it as I flung the Kunai into both of them. A look of painful disappointment in not only me but in himself was obvious.

The kunai hit two different walls and the smoke dissipated into the air.

Hinata had the byakugan and would have definitely been recruited to the case of Nue as soon as it came up. And father is, well, father.

Iruka looked conflicted, I could understand, really, I could.

His favorite students who had helped himself and the world grow and were still doing so - but at the price of me. I guess I’m very expendable, I knew that from the start.

I patted Iruka on the shoulder and said, out of sympathy as he truly was a good soul,

“Don’t blame it on them, I’m not a first priority type of person,” I sighed and decided that I would deal with the media coverage and paparazzi when the time came, but for now I just want to get to class.

“Wait!” Iruka called before I left the office. I hummed in question and he took a second to collect himself.

“I-” He sighed and decided to make me happy like it was the easiest thing on the planet.

“Do you mind reading to me what you wrote?” Because Iruka just always knew people better than they know themselves, and so I pretended like I wasn’t torn apart every time I saw the smoke coming from my parent's clones.

I cleared my trembling throat and began,

“I’d cut my soul
Into a million different pieces
Just to form a Constellation
To light your way home.

I’ll write and sweat
To make love poems
To the parts of yourself
You Can't Stand

I’ll stand in the shadows
Of your Heart,
And Tell you I’m not afraid
Of your Dark.”
I took a breathe in and felt a piece of tranquility and worry. Peace for getting to say it and terrified that he’d figure out who it was about. But he had a sunny smile on his face that made my chest holding butterflies of anxiety, calm down.

“A very deep work Uzumaki, I’m very proud to see that you’ve found something that you can find clarity in, I imagine it’s for someone you care deeply for?” He questioned, no ideas on who it would be, just simple and kind curiosity.

“You’ve gotta be more specific,” I replied because really - I need to say that to myself. I just can’t figure out Mitsuki’s relationship with me and I for him truly is.

I would die for all eleven of my friends in a heartbeat, no question about it. But for Mitsuki… I’d live on for Mitsuki. I’m well aware that it doesn't make sense, that’s my problem.

One among many at the moment.

“Well, I don’t know much about romantic relationships...”Iruka started, and I don’t know how I felt about that term. Romantic Relationships. It seems to...simple? Average? Sarada’s parents were in a romantic relationship - as are my parents. Neither poses even close to what Mitsuki and I have. Our bond isn’t a romantic relationship. One thing’s for sure, this langue needs some better words.

“But one of the boys I taught long ago seemed to have a similar predicament,” Iruka said while placing some papers to the side to see me better.

“I feel bad for him,” I said, feeling very tired and exhausted, even though I hadn’t done anything but stand.

“Hm, where do I begin, here, take a seat.” I did just so and prepared for the story.

“You see, this boy had a crush on someone else, someone he was very… different from. But he hated the term crush, he was a very picky boy,” He said fondly, gazing into the distance, “And I understood, their relationship was... raw, they argued and said whatever was on their mind, and reckless in their attempts to better themselves to protect each other. Like a magnet brought them together, and the other boy,” Iruka looked at me warily, as if I would have a problem with their crush being a boy.

But, despite myself, I let a warm smile place on my face for a second too long, he must've seen it and figured out that, I too, am queer trash. Lovely, he knows that not only am I a gay (Pansexual but he doesn't have to know that), but I’m a gay wreck. Isn’t that an oxymoron? Happy wreck? Ugh.

“The other boy needed a light, and that’s what they were for each other, they were each other's soulmates. And, maybe I read whatever you feel wrong, but I feel like soulmates are what you’ve found.

“Or, as the Land Of Paper would refer to it, Aloi Re Kidra, a word that roughly translates to, “Finding beauty and belonging in another person's true soul,” Iruka finished with a close eye smile, I couldn't refrain from saying the term for myself,

“Aloi Re Kidra...” Something about the long, tiresome day, all forced my weakness into a moment of Oh Shit Hell No, because I felt the tears coming, the burn and the sniffle, and they wouldn’t stop. I placed a hand to my mouth, shut my eyes as hard as I could and hunched over.

A weird emotion indeed.
It was one pain and relief, sorrow and joy, walls and bridges. The tears were seeping out anyway, I wanted to let out a cry because my chest hurt and my lungs were begging for the sound.

I was a right mess and Iruka just held me, like he was some sort of bringer of heavenly wisdom and light or some shit, because I’m 99 percent sure he was. He let me cry until the tears dried. All I could offer him was a thank you before flickering into the boy's bathroom near my class to pull it together.

Not to my surprise - because MY life is some sort of funny whack-a-mole game to the gods - (AN: He’s talking about me, the author, I did this to him, poor guy, almost feel bad), Kia, of all people is washing his hands right next to a red-rimmed Boruto who was about to just go to sleep next to Mitsuki back in the Area - because if this day gets any worse he was going to fight a bitch.

“Yeah, laugh it up, I’m a wreck,” I said, not bothering to even look him in the eye. I heard a chuckle but it somehow was… empty? I glanced, seeing that he had the same red-rimmed eyes as me.

“Yoooooo!” I held my hand up for a high five - he shared the enthusiasm.

“So, what train wreck happened to you?” He asked blowing his nose in distaste. I sighed and banged my forehead on the porcelain sink.

“Dude, all of the trains just, trained, they trained so hard. It bloody began at 6 O'clock. SIX AM! A friend of mine is presently being accused of treason again, this isn’t even the first time, my parents came to yell at me, but they were both clones because I’m just not first priority material, and then Iruka sensei, who knows how to deal with kids way to well, hit the last piece of sanity I maintained by making me rethink some personal life questions.” I sighed while jumping on top of one of the doors because I can.

“What about you?” I asked as he joined me on our perches.

“Eh, my parent is wrecking my life even from the grave, many of my…. Acquaintances decided that nap time was over and if I can’t get them in line there will be hell to pay, not to mention, there’s a strong possibility that Slydin won't see the sunlight tomorrow and it’s all my fault.” I cringed, I don’t know them very well, but the death of a friend? A brother? If that happened I’d-

“Hello, Boruto, care to explain?” I know that voice. Dammit, when I said, “...if this day gets any worse...” It wasn’t A BLOODY CHALLENGE.

AN: :)))))))))))))))))))))))}
Romantic Bathroom Encounters

I looked Mitsuki in the eye with a mix of emotions: Joy because I was unexplainably sad - and he always made my day brighter.

And bitterness for him to see me with the person he, arguably, hates most.

When I explained what happened today his hate just got worse and he wanted me to not talk to any three of them. He wanted to pull me away while pushing them back.

After a long peaceful conversation between us - we decided that we don’t get to control the people the other person is allowed to see, however, if there is evidence, then yeah, we should.

“Mitsuki, at present, were bonding about our shitty day, feel free to add on,” He looked conflicted and confused when Kai spoke up,

“We already know he’s your Sun. Even though I can hurt him, for me he’s a possible ally - I wouldn’t want to jeopordise that,” And that had me shook. I know that he calls me sun, but normally in private settings, and I had thought it was a nickname per say, so how did Kai know it.

Why did Sun sound more like a term than a pet name?

“’Zuki-” I was about to ask him as much when Kai bust into a fit of giggles.

“The nicknames went from Bloody Boy to ‘Zuki, sorry. Continue.” He said through a laugh.

Man, I thought I was confused before. Ha.

“Hold on, ‘Z-Mitsuki, why does Kai already know you, why is there so much you’re not telling me?!” I really want a nap. So bad, to just lay down without a care, but right now I was clutching the door of a bathroom stall so hard a heard a crack.

Despite his clear reluctance, Mitsuki knew that we worked best with each other because of our honesty, and he wasn’t about to ruin that now, so he gave a glare to Kai and told me everything.

“You know how my parent is Orochimaru? Well, I was more like an experiment than a son, I-” Within 5 seconds ‘Zuki was interrupted by Kai,

“Oh, you were the experiment? You? Did you see the pods we were all in? All in but you, you lucky son of a bitch. You were special, the favorite child.” He barked out bitterly like tasting lemon.

“Yes, we all were experiments, and now that you, Juno, and Slydin are all here, I’m assuming everyone in the self-sealing technique is going to emerge?” Kai sobered at that and nodded his head, picking at his nails and still looking bitter as ever.

“Who and what now?” I clued in that Orochimaru had basically scientifically produced them, one way or the other. Therefore making all of them siblings (Ish??). However, I was still confused on who the people in the pods were, why Mitsuki hated the trio, what the sealing technique was, and most importantly, what sun really meant.

It was Kai who decided to elaborate,

“Orochimaru has been using us three as intel pawns, however, once we told him about the Chakra Passages Theory, CPT, he dropped us and began to awake all of our stowed away siblings.
"You see, before he was taken to his jail, he hid all 18 of his human creations underground, and in a Self-Seal Technique that accumulates a person's chakra over the years as they have turned to stone.

"Only test subjects that weren't placed through this was Mitsuki, who had already escaped, and us three, who had been sent to help gather civilization intel, five years passed and here we are. They’ve had five years to accumulate chakra, it will be far past Jonin level, Anbu at least. And now that Orochimaru knows CPT is possible, they’re gonna all have all elemental affinities per person.” He rubbed the back of his head and seemed very distraught, that I couldn't blame him for.

"Well,” I said, contemplatively,

"I think we’ve all had the shittiest day possible, but I’m still confused on what Sun exactly means exactly,” I looked over at Mitsuki who had a light blush.

"Heh, he hasn't told you?” Kia said it like it was the funniest, most unbelievable thing in this world,

 "It means- ah, how to put it - when Mitsuki’s DNA and chakra details were being crafted, Orochimaru realized that, to have a perfectly working team, he’d need his… what’s the word?” Kai seemed contemplative and Mitsuki found his feet the most interesting thing in the world at this moment.

" Aloi Re Kidra?” I asked, thinking back to Iruka-sensei's words, and I wish with everything I had, that I had a camera.

"Yeah, precisely. Mitsuki, are you.... your blushing!” Kai pointed at him with a laugh and raised eyebrows. Before I could get over that Mitsuki was blushing, he’d used a silencer on Kia.

"Whoops, what a shame,” Mitsuki said like it totally wasn’t a shame, tossing his hands in the air.

 Kia tried to retort, but his lips were glued shut.

I smiled warmly and at that moment it really felt like they were old friends or even brothers.

"Okay, then one last thing. The Bloody Boy nickname, what happened?” I looked cautiously over at ‘Zuki, he looked regretful, pained, and more than anything nauseous.

"You don’t have to tell me if you don’t-"

"No, it’s okay I, remember when Kai said 18 kids were there?” Kai took it as his time to leave, the jutsu would wear off in a few minutes. I watched him as he flickered away, solemnly, and a bit thoughtful.

"Well…” I gave him as much time as he needed, secrets buried this deep needed a massive shovel and a lot of strength to bring back up to the surface,

"There was originally 40 experiments. 40 kids. And they were human too, and-and I.” I wasn't an idiot - 40 down to 18 with Mitsuki seeming to be a complete wreck with the nickname Bloody Boy? Yeah, I got the picture. He looked to be choking back sobs, so I hoped down the door with him, wrapping him in a hug.

Because no reassuring words could tell him that it was okay, I knew that well.

All that I can be is a listener, a shoulder to cry on, and a promise that he still deserves everything he has.
Then the sobs came, he tried to make them quiet, but I could hear the hiccups, and runny nose, I could feel the wetness of his tears on my shoulders and him trembling head to toe.

I held him tighter and tighter yet, despite the fact that one of the kunai blades around his waist was digging into my abdomen, I ignored the pain because I couldn’t feel it anyway.

After a few minutes of that, he seemed to settle down, red-rimmed eyes like mine and Kai’s.


And so I pulled out my poem as he blew his nose into some of the toilet paper and threw it away.

“What’s that?” He questioned, frail and shakeable.

“For you,” Was all I replied and he read through it. And bloody hell the waterworks came for us both.

I’d cut my soul
Into a million different pieces
Just to form a Constellation
To light your way home.

I’ll write love poems
To the parts of yourself
You Can’t Stand

I’ll stand in the shadows
Of your Heart,
And Tell you I’m not afraid
Of your Dark.

“How romantic, a heartfelt poem in a bathroom,” I said and we both burst into giggles while the tears streamed past our checks.

AN: :DDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD : D : D I hope you enjoyed the double chappie in apology for the lack of update last week!
"God damn it Boruto"

Chapter Summary

MWHAHAHAHAHAHA (9 K words in apology for the lack of updates!!)

Sarada’s POV - Wednesday 10 - 1:23 PM - DONA

To care or not to care, that is the question most days. I’ve learned well from my mother's teachings, and I take them all to heart. Each sentence she says is laced with battle experience and intelligence beyond her years. However, one thing that mom hasn't taught me is Genjutsu, as she could never really do it herself, and so I was studious with what I could find from my books.

But, despite my parent's intelligence and adaptability, I find it difficult to learn something by just reading it. Experiencing it and doing it, feeling each vibration to my core, every swift movement and all their repercussions are more explanatory then thousands of words.

So the answer when we had our first genjutsu related class that wasn’t being read on nor about escaping them, was an easy 'care'. I was tapping my pencil and gnawing on my bottom lip, eyes attached to the board, the scribbles that are Anko’s handwriting dancing its way across the board on the Genjutsu we were to be practicing.

Demonic Illusion: Hell Viewing Technique, a D-Rank.

It was subtle, but I could feel my group’s chakra flare at the idea. We’d gone over ninjutsu, chakra expansion, build a home and way of living, taijutsu, and chakra flow, but we still had many empty slots that we need to work on, genjutsu being one of them.

And it was almost humorous, the idea that we were the outcasts. The more time we spent with one another, the less we spent with others - to the point that we're only each other's friends. We didn’t need or want more. The majority of kids hated us for our status as kids 'born from legends' and the idea made me nauseous, being so narrow-minded must be miserable.

I hummed in delight when Chocho gave me a knowing smile. We both knew my father was a natural at this, and I aspire to have the same abilities.

“Alright misfits! I’m going down the row, keep in mind the fears you see aren’t real, and I’m just doing it so you can get a better grip on it, yeah? Don’t care! Let’s go!” She went by two’s, started the first row, then went upwards.

Some clamped a hand around their mouths, some had prickles of tears. The first person that I knew anything about was Kai. Anko did snake to rat hand signs and waited for their reactions. The girl jumped a little, grasping the table and staring in terror while whispering something about her mom. But Kai’s reaction? The last thing anyone expected, his eyes were filled with bemusement and he began to laugh, a bittersweet laugh that had him hitting the desk and booming sounds that came from his throat. Anko looked close to petrified and amused all at the same time.

Because if you can laugh at your worst fear there is nothing you can’t laugh at.

Everyone was in silent befuddled at the situation and so was I. This possibility, admittedly, never
crossed my mind. But I, as Shikadai and Sumire stopped looking at him and looked for something else to fit the puzzle together. And we found it. Mitsuki and Boruto sharing thoughtful and saddening glances. Whatever it is, they were in on it.

A few more goes with people I don’t know the name of and it was Denki’s turn along with Iwabe. (In the betting pool there was up to 2,500 ($250) Ryo on just when they would start dating). I subconsciously held my breathe and grabbed my pencil hard enough to have it break if I hadn’t gotten pencils to stop exactly that from happening.

I was filled with curiosity and anticipation as to what their worst fear was.

The first to react was Denki, he was shuddering head to toe, obviously held tight in the trap.

“You guys… you guys can’t possibly, Iwabe tell me it’s not true… Ple-please I-I,” Denki had tears running down his face and that when I turned to Iwabe, analyzing his every move. He wasn’t shaking nor a sniffling mess as he sat with his arms crossed, trying to look strong, which was a very hard thing to do with silent tears streaming down his face and twitching shoulders.

It was over after a while and I didn’t miss how Iwabe played with the back of Denki’s jacket as he calmed himself down.

Juno was with another guy and he looked more than sleep deprived at the moment.

After the process, the unknown boy was shivering like he was in a blizzard, clearly, his worst fear was dying in the cold.

But Juno? He gave a small bitter chuckle and then went back to messing with his nails. The same look was shared between Mitsuki and Boruto, and now…I believe Kai? Curious indeed, I also noted that Boruto, Kai, and Mitsuki weren’t in class at the same time, after Boruto was called I believed him to be in the office, and Mitsuki to still be in bed. I also noticed that Juno was on top of the school building looking up as if there were constellations, lacking both of his brothers.

All very curious.

I watched as Shikadai placed on a mask of indifference and Inojin looked more excited then they had any right to be before seeing ones worst fear.

I observed closely, once the jutsu had taken place it took a few moments for the reaction to set in. Inojin gasped in wonder?

“Fascinating, it truly feels real, handy - mo - brandy!” The phrase I had no idea of, but Inojin’s intelligence was different from ours, an alertness, a hyper-awareness onto the world around them. I fancied the idea that, perhaps, those who can admire the world- to paint and draw it, may know better when it is really in front of their face.

Shikadai was shell-shocked, frozen in the seat, eyes the size of golf balls. The hands who had made their homes in the pockets had were now gripping the desk. If I had to guess, it probably took away his prize possession, his friends, and his intellect, perhaps a butterfly effect.

A few more passes until it was Boruto and Mitsuki’s turn. I glanced at Chocho and be both scooted back some. Them two are the most protective out of all of us - both would make people bled to death in agony if any of us even got a paper cut.

And if someone hurt their other? Chocho and I scooted further back.
Anko grinned,

“I can’t help but wonder what you’d be afraid of Mr. Lemme Crash A Train Into A National Monument On My First Day Of School,” She laughed and Boruto laughed with her. I could be incorrect and underestimating him, but I don’t think he himself knows what his worst fear is when it’s so obvious to everyone else.

“Let’s find out then!” He cheered. That idiot. Mitsuki was smiling sweetly at his behavior, not expecting the jutsu to happen right then.

And the name of this Jutsu is 'Demonic Illusion: Hell Viewing Technique,' and I think we just saw a glimpse of what hell would look like for someone the second Anko released it unexpectedly.

“YOU’RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT!” Bouto hollered out - jumping up into a standing position, finger pointed at nothing and trembling.

Not to my surprise, the stupid imbecile brought his lightning chakra into this. It was wild and erratic and scorching everything in a two feet distance. The desk was in ashes already, the metal melted and the floorboards were as black as my eyes, the lights in the whole school went out, the chakra was so condensed I was having a hard time breathing.

What I hadn’t expected was for calm, cool, collected Mitsuki to have been WORSE.

And Boruto took out the electricity for the whole damn school.

I’m not exactly sure how, but Mitsuki was high key glowing brighter than a glow stick. I would think I was dreaming but I knew well that I wasn’t.

The blackout Boruto caused only made Mitsuki’s bioluminescence more obvious. Gasping, I analyzed the new features, a horn for one, glowing, never a good sign, his skin looked cracked, and bloody SNAKES were wrapped around him like a shitty cocoon. That’s when he formed one of his main attacks.

“Wind Release: Break Through!” And the walls were absolutely shredded, the only unaffected layer was the ceiling which was scorched and falling apart, and the floor, which was relatively unharmed.

While all of our classmates were huddled in a corner in the back right of the room, shivering, crying, and overall being wusses, my group just sighed in synchronization and sat on the top of our desks as to keep them in place. Anko was literally in the 6-foot thick wall with cuts and gashes that probably needed medical attention, bleeding out was a pretty good chance at this point. But before Sumire could get off her desk to go and heal her, Mitsuki and Boruto, as the little shits they are, call upon some unholy god of synchronization and perform an attack together without knowing the other would help because they don’t ever listen to common sense.

“Water Release: Surging Sea!”

“Lightning Release: Snake Thunder!”

And with that the whole classroom was filled with 4 feet of water that, as aimed at Anko, was narrowly dodged, only to step into the water, being hit by Mitsuki’s Lightning Release, effectively knocking out all classmates and Anko. The only people left were me and our group, as we were all on the desks. That’s when Shikadai sighed and used his clan ability to hold the two lovebirds of possible doom still.
“Holy Shi- Agh, Sumire, c’mon, they’re moving already I can’t, agggg!” The two powerhouses were absolutely hellbent on going after something that wasn’t there, so much so that they were still signing, event at a sloth's pace and growling like they were being tortured, still signing.

Our group immediately went to them now that the electricity had faded out, and the two were knocked out in a second flat, courtesy of Wasabi and Iwabe, who are clearly very pissed at them.

“You two idiots!” Wasabi chastised as she picked both of them out of the water by her hands.

Denki, Inojin, Chocho, Metal, Namida, and I rescued the classmates out of the water so they wouldn’t drown.

“Hey aren’t we missing two?” Questioned Inojin after a head count. At the next moment, I heard clapping. I looked at the back wall to see the two pitched horizontally, watching the scene unfold.

“Wow, that was impressive,” Kai said while Juno let out a whistle.

“Bloody Boy’s still got it, yeah? Ha, ta’ think he had tamed was a fool's idea,” Juno said while jumping on top of the water, next to Sumire who was pumping the water out of Anko’s system and healing her most dramatic wounds.

Surprisingly enough, Juno let out a wave of green chakra over her minor wounds that were still bleeding, and Kai used his chakra to help take the water out of some of the classmate's wounds muttering,

“They probably should choke with how much they look down on people.” And with that phrase, I think we all grew a little closer. We were all freezing in water that was slowly pooling out the room and getting a slight electrocution whenever we touched metal. I know that the teacher's first response to something going wrong was to get the class out of the school. I looked out the window, that part was done, and I saw ninja not so far away coming to see what the attacker did this. Ha. This would be quite amusing to explain.

All of the classmates that were not apart of our group (or Kai and Juno), were laying down peacefully on tables, unconscious, along with Anko, Mitsuki, and Boruto. All without wounds or a drop of water in their lungs. Wasabi was using fire to light the place up, it was raining outside, so no natural light was really helping.

Metal opened the door so the water could pool out and now there was only an inch or so of water still in here. Me, Chocho, Inojin, and Wasabi used wind to blow the glass, paper, and fragments broken from the wall, broken desks, shattered board pieces, bits of cloth and so on into a pile. Sumire actually began making a checklist of things that needed to be fixed by the time Anbu had arrived. I used my Sharingan to assure they were all actual affiliated Anbu who’d been sent out from a distress call. Multiple actually.

“Is that a kunai in your pants or are you just happy to see me?” Inojin bantered with one of them and even though Shikadai was presently laying down on a desk (He was sweating in a 60-degree room because trying to keep Boruto and Mitsuki still when they don’t wanna be still is harder than fighting a Jonin head on I must confess) he stood up and whacked Inojin in the head. Most of our classmates were next to shitting themselves because they were trying not to laugh so hard, I myself even had a dilemma with it.

“I formally apologize for my boyfriend's behavior, my name is Shikadai Nara, and I can assure you there is no attacker. But before I explain, the classmates on the tables and our teacher Anko-Sensei next to Boruto Uzumaki and Mitsuki are all unharmed. I’m sure you want to confirm their health.”
They seemed to calm down a little at that, but perhaps a different type of wariness laid on their shoulders. If there was no attacker, that means that someone here had to have done it. Shikadai promised an explanation once they had assured the health of our classmates and teacher.

I don’t know what I was thinking would happen if Anko-Sensei made the duo see the others death (worst fear but we all know that it would be that). But I didn’t expect Mitsuki to go into a sage mode (which I was planning on investigating/ making him tell me later), cause a blackout and knockout most living beings in this class.

God have Mercy on anyone who threatens Mitsuki or Boruto because I know we’ll turn into actual demons, ripping anyone in our path apart.

Shikadai was explaining the whole scenario, detail by detail, not missing out on even a single piece of dialogue or movement. The Nara’s are well respected, so it’s no surprise that there was only a lot of skepticism. At least they thought it was possible.

I really pitied the duo of doom because I understand that this can’t be held under the radar, the whole school and perhaps the population will know that it was Mitsuki and Boruto who destroyed a whole classroom and apparently, caused village-wide blackout after being placed under a fear Genjutsu. I cringed at the idea and laid on Chocho’s shoulder who was presently eating chips.

“Those two always cause so much trouble ya know?” I sighed in agreement and took one of her chips.

“You know something is probably going to be done, the town will be worried for another occurrence like this, and if they are to be sedated something has to happen.”

Wasabi, who was using her fire to illuminate the room, joined us on top of a wobbly desk.

“I bet it’s going to be solidarity, like- keeping us locked up in jails for days on end!” She cried out, I would have rolled my eyes at her lovable antics, but there was truth in what she said. For the town to be comfortable and unafraid, it would have to be drastic.

I looked out of the window, and even in the rain, I could see hordes of parents coming to take their kids away.

I don’t know Temari all that well, I know of her influence in her Country and that she is a powerful nin who is also Shikadai’s mother. But I don’t know her personally.

“Oi, Shiki, you get in trouble?” I heard from the front door, the Anbu must have sensed her ways out, and clearly had respect for the woman (who was somehow dry after coming through the rain?). Shikadai looked like a deer caught in headlights. Backing up with his hands raised in panic.

“He-Hey, listen this wasn’t me, promise,” The Anbu explained her how helpful he’d been and she softened a little, a tiny piece. But it was more like a dull sword, still pissed and ready to do damage, just not as sharp.

“My dinner is ruined because of the thunder and rain, you’ll-” And that’s when I laughed harder than I’ve had this whole day, it was just too funny.

Chocho, Denki, Iwabe, Inojin, Wasabi, Namida, Sumire, Metal, and even Shikadai were busting their guts. Because people were soon gonna find out it wasn’t the storm that their blackout happened, it was the duo, and people thought it took a natural disaster for what the two of them did. We all got damp from kneeling and leaning on things because we were laughing that hard.
Although, I still need to work on my genjutsu, and I’m fairly disappointed that I didn’t get the chance.

Wednesday - 6:57 PM

Once the day was coming to a close, and most kids had woken up, including Anko, but not Mitsuki and Boruto, we all had been interrogated by the Anbu, the stories checked out and Anko asked them not to press charges as they were all kids. And when I say asked, I mean she placed multiple snakes along her body and asked in a sweet tone that promised death. Even the Anbu had a healthy fear of the woman prodigy.

What I didn’t expect to happen was for, after the collateral damage, the minds of the classmates that were electrocuted to have forgotten the entire day and then some. Meaning Mitsuki’s secret was still safe. The luck of those two is horrendous.

It was seven AM when we were allowed to go home, and all of the parents or some kind of guardian, excluding Mitsuki, Sumire, Juno, Boruto, Iwabe, and Kai had arrived. I was about to go home, tired and on guard with mother until I saw the look on their faces. Tired, and not a person in sight to give them warm food like I knew my mother would.

And so I did what my instinct told me to do. A thunder crashed and the winds got larger outside while I asked my worried mother an unexplainable question,

“Since their parents aren’t here yet, can we bring them to our house? I know you're tired, I promise we won’t make any noise and I’ll personally call all of their families the second the power goes back on and inform the Anbu to do the same. I’ll even make food,” Mom gave me a proud smile and agreed with a fist in the air,

“No problem, just don’t stay up too late!” She ruffled my hair up and I was ecstatic. I looked over at the interrogation room waiting quarters and smiled at all of them. The outside storm was gloomy and dark - as were their faces, I wanted to change at least one of those.

“Guys, who’s down for a slumber party? Mother’s said it's okay,” There were obviously a bunch of problems with it but in the end they were mostly smoothed over, so I picked up both Boruto and Mitsuki, and the guardianless all ended up at my house, mother told us to be careful and sweetly threatened us if anything ended up broken.

Boruto’s POV -

I woke up with a start - grasping what I thought was going to be a Kunai but was just my pants, devoid of my Kunai holder.

“What,” Was my intelligent response as my eyesight tried to fixate on the surroundings. I heard whispered chatting around me and noticed that I was in a house. The problem was it wasn’t my house. And I’m really tired even though I just woke up.

“Aye, look who's joined the party, come on, we need your help to beat them,” Iwabe called out to me, I couldn’t tell what he was holding but it looked like paper.

After I rubbed my eyes, I mentally facepalmed for not realizing it was cards, duh you idiot. So uncool man.
That’s when I kinda realized what had happened.

“Ah, please tell me the reason I can’t remember anything past Anko signing for the genjutsu is that I fell asleep,” I pleaded while holding my head, a light headache making itself known.

I heard some snickers and prepared myself for the fact that I might have cried so hard I had gone to sleep.

“Try you and Mitsuki going over 9000 and causing a village-wide panic slash blackout - Iwabe, bullshit on your two kings,” Juno said with glee.

“Bitch,” Iwabe grumbled whilst picking up the pile in the middle.

Mitsuki, where is he? Is he okay?

I glanced around the room instinctive and frantic when I saw Mitsuki sleeping peacefully next to me.

“Mother hen,” Sumire giggled and high fived Sarada. I sighed. Wait, hold up.

“Wait I did what now?” A blackout? Like, for a few seconds?

“Kai, there’s no way you have three Ace’s!” Sarada whisper yelled looking questionably at her cards then at the pile.

“You gonna call me out on it honey?” He baited her, Juno looked over at me and answered, “Yeah, it took around seven hours for the power to come back with all technicians working on it, that’s the gayest thing I’ve ever seen dude, ha” He said with a shit eating grin.

I sighed and decided we had become friends enough to know, besides, my sexuality was probably last on his list of things to be worried about.

“I’ve probably done gayer,” I replied nonchalantly and I didn’t miss the light grin.

“It’s only three cards so yes you see through fool, B.S,” Sarada announced with a glare.

“Take em’ you gullible human,” I let out a bark of laughter at ‘human’ because he was a synthetic human and literally not fully human, amusing.

She groaned about not being able to use her Sharingan.

“What are we playing?” Sumire placed down two cards with a sly grin.

“Dos doses, interesting,” Iwabe said while holding up his nose. (AN: I’ve played this ALOT with my friends, there was never more cursing in my life, we begin betting with food, and dos means two and we always say dos when it came around ;) dos does were the magical cards)

“We’re playing bullshit, me Kai and Slydin always play it when we're bored,” Juno said while arranging his stack.

“Ah, I see your dos doses and I raise…” Juno picked off thee from his own cards and placed them face side down like the others

“Tres Treses,” The circle exploded and looked at the cards with a gleam in their eyes.
“Butterscotch,” Sumire said like it was a trophy and annunciated every piece.

“Damn-it, I knew I should have called it…” Sumire gave Iwabe a devilish grin. (AN: This game brings out everyone's evil, I swear I turned a Hufflepuff into a gambling maniac). The group eyed Juno suspiciously - if she lied then it was an even bigger chance that he did, but fours have been placed down with authenticity before.

“Man I love that game,” And before I finished ‘game’, a chakra flare next to me went from 0 to 100 real quick. I looked over to see Mitsuki in a crouched position, analyzing the situation, confusion was first, then desperation and an animal like the protection that made his features go absolutely jagged.

“Calm down Mr. Helped Turn The Town's Electricity to 0 because your boyfriend died,” Juno said, happily staring everyone in the eye, daring them to call BS, but it was also used as blind, to fool them.

I suppressed my blush and unfaceable infatuation with Mitsuki with a meme.

“Oh my god, Mitsuki, we're dating? I would’ve put my book down!” I whisper yelled and the entire room rioted. Some of them even dropped their cards from laughing at the meme reference.

“God I hope they never find Tumblr,” Sumire whispered whilst using the carpet to muffle her laughs.

“Ahahaha-” Sarada clamped her mouth shut but I could still see her lungs attempting to laugh,

“K, new game, winner takes all,” Juno said collecting all of the cards. Mitsuki and I scooted into the circle.

Once the cards were divided up evenly between us, Mitsuki looked confused.

“How do you play?” He asked while looking at his cards.

“I'll teach you, but it’s easy to learn on the go, whoever has the ace of spades places it down first.” On cue, Sarada smirked and placed it down.

“ Mkay, now it goes clockwise in ascending order.”

I explained as Iwabe placed down a single two, and looked up blankly, not an emotion to be seen.

“No dos does you're a mess,” Sarada said bitterly, he just shrugged.
I honestly don’t know how well I’d fare against them. Iwabe excels at poker faces, Sarada, despite not using the Sharingan, can see through deceit well, Kai shows an uncanny ability to make people second guess themselves.

Sumire tamed an entire chakric beast and controls it like a pet, she knows well on how to get her way, not to mention her empathy allows her insight on people's true emotions.

Juno, present Meme master, shows a type of change in every part of himself everytime he places a card, not letting a single tick go by without alteration, better then a poker face because if he wants people to think he’s telling the truth he can go into the position from where he did, in fact, tell the truth.

Mitsuki doesn't know how to play this game and I honestly don’t know how well he’ll fair, but I think his slippery and sly movements in battle will be used in this game of liars. I myself can easily sense people's chakras and bad feelings.
This ‘ada be good.

Kai placed down a three and looked at Sumire, who was up next.

“Butterscotch,” Iwabe said, and I explained to Mitsuki that that was the word used after the next persons play for when you tell a lie and you get away with it. He nodded his head in reply and diligently analyzed the battlefield.

Sarada cursed as Sumire placed down two cards,

“Two fours,” She gave a pure smile that dared people to question it.

“I’ve got two fours does anyone else-” Iwabe quickly let out in a quick attempt to see if she was lying. Don’t tempt a konichi who has no desire for bullshit,

“Iwabe-Chan,” She said sweetly, holding a kunai to his throat,

“Don’t be like that,” She did a closed-eyed smile that resembled Mitsuki’s. I shivered at the dark aura coming off of her.

“Bullshit,” Mitsuki said innocently. She grinned a devilish grin and pushed the stack to him.

“Yeet,” Juno hollered and Sarada silenced him with a librarian style ‘shush’.

Mitsuki curiously stared at his cards. Juno was the next player,

“One Five,” He was nonchalant and dull, again, a tempt, a dare in the eyes of the intelligent, to call him out or accept his truth.

It went by soon enough, and Mitsuki asked me,

“What if I don’t have the next card?” Curiously, so innocent I cringed and thought that this may end badly.

“Ah, wonder what he has?” Iwabe said with a chuckle. He had just told everyone that he didn’t have the cards that he needs to play.

“Oh, ‘Zuki, you just place down a low number of cards and pretend that you have it,” I said and the group was just waiting to call bullshit. Although the brothers looked… intrigued?

“Ah, I see,” He said, placing not one, not two, but three cards. I facepalmed, and the others chuckled,

“Bullshit,” Sumire called out and there wasn’t a chance in hell I was prepared for what happened next.

“Pick ‘em up, you dumbass,” He daunted, the room grew darker, his eyes illuminated. His hunched over posture whilst sitting criss-cross applesauce changed into his right leg laying on the ground in a triangle and his left bridging the right in the same shape. His right arm behind him to support his weight while the left arm dangled off the left leg. I heard a silent chuckle from Kai as he flipped them all over, showing three sixes.

“I knew something wasn’t right, King of Cards. You won next to every card game back at the lab.” Kai bitterly lets out. Juno elaborated.

"It was used as a measuring stick for understanding human emotions and actions. Mitsuki only lost to
Orochimaru, Slydin, Juno and I once, and we all technically cheated.” Mitsuki raised the cards to his mouth in resemblance to a fan,

“I know,” Was his only reply. They both grinned and I took the fact that none of them reacted to the ‘lab’ part that either Juno or Kai had told them all while I was unconscious.

“God damn it, I’m surrounded by bloody prodigies,” I groaned and Mitsuki just gave me the close-eyed smile.

“They say secrets make you sick,” Sarada said bitterly, spitefull that another pro was playing now, Mitsuki looked her in the eye and replied,

“I should be in a 110 degree fever with cancer going through cardiac arrest by now,” I giggled at that.

“What time is it?” I asked looking out through the stormy lands beyond the window.

“Ah, past midnight, that's for sure,” Iwabe said watching me.

“Ugh, two sevens,” I said placing down two random cards, a three of spades and a six of hearts. But no one called me on it because I was the only one so far who didn’t care if people didn’t care or not. To create clones, and be a good senser nin, chakra control is mandatory, and if that's what I was telling myself, my chakra and overall appearance would say that.

I wasn’t called and it was now Sarada’s turn. And so the game went on, wins, loses, and a lot of cursing, it was an hour later when we finally are at the end of our rope.

“You guys are all fuckin’ trash, look at my hell sent deck, I HAVE the entire deck,” Juno moaned as he placed down three threes, nobody was arguing with that, so clearly nobody else had that card. Mitsuki was up next with only two cards to his name.

“Three fours,” He said placing them down and making everyone calling out bullshit with confused looks.

“You’ve only placed two cards mate how-”And Juno sentence stopped as he figured it out first. Me? Still very confused thank you very much.

“How in the 7 hells did that even happen?” Sarada stared down at the three fours. It all came together after Juno laughed himself to death, and said,

“Butterscotch,” It hit us like a wave. Not only had Mitsuki seen the fact that his ending move would be fours, so if he ever had to lie, he used anything but that, and that combined with the fact that he figured out that Juno had lied, but not said anything as to keep the cards there.

“Then how did you know that the last one he would place was going to be a four, that was a one in thirteen chance!” I was really tired and so was everyone else, bags under our eyes as we cursed and played,

He just gave me that closed eye smile that should be bloody outlawed and banned because it made me forget everything but him and that was a very dangerous thing.

“Luck and magic,” Was his response as he waved his hands like the SpongeBob meme rainbow.

“Bullshit,” We all called out in harmony.
And so it was safe to say that, at two twenty-six AM we didn’t even make it to the beds to sleep, not like it was warm there any way (My bad, apparently, AC requires working electricity, who knew right)(Although I did get blankets).

We were all piled near the fireplace, the only warm place in the house, even the air condition couldn’t make the house warm after the storm blackout (whoops). I couldn’t help but think of the mounds of shit I was going to have to deal with after tonight. My parents must have their heads in a constant facepalm. In just twenty-four hours, I managed to lie about my presence, attacked a possessed human before school, next I ‘killed’ both of their clones, and last but not least, I caused a town-wide blackout.

But here and now? I couldn’t even sleep because I was too busy cherishing the scene in front of me, along with Mitsuki.

We waited for everyone to fall asleep to talk.

“Do you really hate Kai and them?” I asked softly, watching Mitsuki leave for another blanket. Once he came back with it, he had a contemplative face, but it wasn’t bitter so I’d say that was a step up from last time.

“I think they’re telling the truth, but I still don’t trust them per say, I still remember the ruthless ways they were taught, the look in their eye right before they kill. Remember the time by the Ice Cream truck?” Life had been so busy, I’d forgotten about the incident almost entirely.

“Yeah, we should go back sometime, hopefully, there isn’t someone there like last time,” Mitsuki hummed and said,

“You had the same look in your eyes, yours wasn’t taught or perfected, it came from hatred and determination alone, all the more terrifying,” Mitsuki said while placing the blanket over the two of us.

“Zuki, were...were you scared of what I was going to do? The day I nearly killed the civilian,” Mitsuki gave out a low chuckle, and said,

“Scared, I think captivated would be a better descriptor.”

I looked over at him in shock when he tapped the place where my heart was, and I knew exactly what he meant. The room was dark, the only lighting was the dimming fire that cast low rays of orange and yellow across Mitsuki, his hair looked nearly white - I held his chin in my hand. We were both facing each other - my back facing the fire behind the blanket that entrapped our warmth - and at that moment... In a time that wasn’t midnight or morning, I looked at the boy who loved every part about me, even the parts I hate about myself. I hazily gazed at the yellow of his eyes, the pink flush in his cheeks and lips, and kissed him. Even better than that, he kissed me back.

5:00 AM - Thursday - Day after the previous - Sarada’s P.O.V.

“Morning everyone! Rise and shine!” Mom belted out, opening every window in the room. I groaned and rolled onto my side, stretching all my limbs, only to knock into at least three people. I apologized while rubbing my eyes and said a good morning to everyone.

It was only when I got up that I realized that most of them looked more sleep deprived than the Hokage.
“Wow, how late did you stay up?” Sakara asked innocently, she remembered how it was to stay up late with her friends, she wasn’t about to get them in trouble for it.

But slowly everyone got up. Kai had been laying his legs on Juno’s chest, my head had been on Iwabe’s stomach, and my legs on Sumire’s waist, her legs had been on Iwabe’s as well. And astray from the group were the two blackout birds cuddled up beneath a blanket.

“I knew Boruto was a little spoon!” I cheered because that meant me and Chocho won the pot of 1240 yen. Sakara glanced nervously at the two boys.

“Hey, you guys never explained exactly why or how they caused the blackout,” The two were blissfully unaware of the whispering that commenced.

“Well…” Iwabe begin while yawning because this was going to be hard to explain to mom, let alone the public. Juno decided to go right along and tell her without a care in the world.

“Anko-Sensei was teaching us about genjutsu, so she placed each of us into a D rank genjutsu, Demonic Illusion: Hell Viewing Technique, and when they saw each other die-”

“Hold up, Demonic Illusion: Hell Viewing Technique? How do you know they saw each other?” I pleaded with everything that I had that Juno wouldn’t let her think they were (Very) gay for each other. It was outlawed for a reason. The only adults that I was sure were okay with it are the Nara’s, and Hokage-sama.

I never brought it up to mom because I didn’t want to know the answer. I was afraid I’d have to hold a mask on my face even once I got home.

“Well, for one, they shouted, ahem,” He cleared his throat to make way for an impression of them, “YOU’RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT! And then Boruto covered himself in his electricity, sparky boy that one, anyway, Mitsuki got stronger in a way only jonin and higher ups know,” Juno said with a wink and Sakura looked a mix of surprised and confused,

“How did you know-” Mom was interrupted by the storyteller,

“Hold all questions till the end please, okay, then Mitsuki did that windy break through thing and shredded the walls and things went flying, they say humans can’t fly but Anko-sensei did that day,” He smiled contently to himself,

“And so by now Kai and I have decided to go up to the walls, the trashy people all hid into the corner, like the wimps they are. Sarada, Chocho, Shikadai, Inojin, Denki, Iwabe, Metal, Sumire, Wasabi, and Namida got annoyed and sat onto their desks, to keep them from flying ‘n all. Then Mitsuki and Boruto did a team attack-” Juno was ranting on and mom just looked even more confused,

“Wait, hold on, I thought they were in a genjutsu that made them see each other dead? How’d they do a team attack?” Sakura looked at us in confusion. Psh, like we know.

“Duh, they’re the sun and moon, that’s how, now-” Juno said like it was obvious. And I know that mom is going through some serious Naruto and Sasuke flashbacks.

“Sun and moon? What-” Juno sighed and rolled his eyes, clearly annoyed with her lack of understanding, even though her lack of understanding was, well, understandable.

“Yes, sun and moon, opposites, for example: Boruto’s chakra densities are low, but his emissions are
high, meaning that, if he didn't struggle with control so much, he'd easily be capable of using every
drop of chakra perfectly. Mitsuki has chakra in spades, however, unlike Boruto, he has low
emissions, meaning too much uncontrollable variety of how much chakra he is capable of using.
With Boruto the greater the emotion the more he can call on his large chakra reservoirs. With
Mitsuki, he doesn't rely on emotions but his logic and statistics of his situation. Not to mention their
unnervingly good yin to yang ratio. Just stand next to them and it feels like you're standing near and
heater and cooler that can change settings and always balance out the other, I don't know any other
two people who are capable of fluctuating their yin and yang ratios to match someone else's. I think
that's part of the sun and moon, why they work so well anyway. Get it now?" I could feel Juno’s
inpatients grow, and luckily mom snapped her fingers and replied,

"That actually makes a lot of sense! But then, if that's true, why don’t people look for others with
ratios that match their own?" It was a valid point, does everyone have an opposite? Is it a lucky few?
What if they never met?

"Are you kidding me? I'd never want to find my sun. No sane person who wants to remain sane
should." The distaste and hatred that laced his voice was almost scary.

"Why is that?" Sakura looked hesitantly at the two who were still cuddled up under a blanket.

"Well, a few reasons actually. If you find a perfect other, and then grow together? You'll only need
to truly master half of the ninja world lessons. If one can’t create genjutsu easily, the other will have
it in spades, meaning they never try to master it themselves. You know the phrase jack of all trades,
but master of none? Well, if you’re a half, you master half and utterly fail the rest. Which serves to
benefit their teamwork, but a jack of nothing.

"If the two battle together, it’s a terrifying force. But if you lose one, it’s like losing half of your own
body. Losing an arm, leg, and half of your senses. And if the pairing doesn't have some sort of
insane godly self-control, codependency to an extreme level is the result.” Juno finished and Kai
shivered at the idea of being so close to someone.

Sakura POV

I couldn’t help but be reminded of my husband and his rival. The words rang in my head, “Losing an
arm…” And I remembered all the times I had to sow Naruto’s back on, and how lonely he always
looked. And I’m not an idiot, I knew well that they were each others opposites. Godly control? Not
good at Genjutsu while the other nails it? It was as much Boruto and Mitsuki as it was Sasuke and
Naruto.

Sarada’s POV

“So, those two,” Iwabe pointed the sleeping beauties,

“Will likely become so dependent on each other, they can’t function without the other?” Kai laughed
like he had just said the funniest thing, Juno started to play with Kai's eye scope while Sumire
messed with Juno’s pitch -black staff.

“Ah, you don’t see it, do you? That’s already happened, now we’re just watching how far down the
rabbit hole you go. You aren’t a perfect other, but your damn close to it,” Juno said while looking at
Iwabe through the eye scope.

“You and Denki? Brawns and brains, your violence and his clarity, you want to create weapons and
him - puppets. Guess what puppets need? Weapons.” Juno explained and looked at Sakura, who
seemed a little out of it.
“I’ve done my research on all of you,” Kai said like he was talking about the weather,

“You really missed out on a fighting partner,” Kai said matter-of-factly while snatching his eye scope back and whacking a pout-faced Juno,

“Who?”

“Ino, she was master of the mind, a back line fighter who was also a sensor type, guess who’s master of brawns and can’t sense for shit? You. You two both had a sharp mind and both went around the tree instead of through it. Both of you could have competed for the betterment of yourself, and not for a victory.” Sakura nodded solemnly, clearly understanding this before but getting a better view of the truth.

“Who are you exactly? You’re too wise for you age, wisdom always comes at a price. And you still haven’t told me how they caused the blackout,” Mom added as an afterthought.

“I’m Kai Kastil, my two brothers are Juno and… and Slydin, my half brother is Mitsuki, we’ve come from the sound village as a show of peace as there are many independent parts of the Sound that many believe are conspiring against the Fire Country.”

Mom looked skeptically at Kai, but she had been informed of that before, and just shrugged off the weird feeling that I knew she had.

Juno finished up the story,

“Then - with the joint attack, Mitsuki used a water jutsu and the room filled with said water, while Boruto electrocuted the f- ahem, the crap out of it, hence, blackout.” Juno ended with a dramatic wave of his hands.

Sumire seemed to take a liking to the staff in the background, swirling the thing around like it was part of her, Iwabe looked like half of his life was a lie, he must still be wondering how tied he is to Denki, which is a lot. But I can’t be one to talk. It hasn't been but a few hours and I already miss Chocho, it was tragic. But what I didn’t expect was how much I miss the rest of them as well.

I missed Metal’s enthusiasm just to be alive, I missed Wasabi making inappropriate jokes, I missed Namida’s generosity and kindness in everything she did, along with her ability to turn stone cold the second someone hurt a person she cared for. I missed the art I saw in the world while talking to Inojin, it was everywhere I looked yet I was blind before him. I missed Denki and Shikadai, with all of our intelligent conversations on everything and the debates we had were just so… charming.

I cared for them more than I thought I would. And I’m terrified because I don’t know if that’s good or bad.

“Oi, Boru-baka, wakey wakey eggs and bakey,” Kai said while lifting his foot to lightly kick Boruto. Before it could land, Mitsuki’s arm extended out and gripped hard enough to halt the kick in its tracks. A glare in his eyes and frown on his face, Juno snickered and said,

“You’ve been up this whole time haven’t you?” A mischievous glint in his eyes. I blushed a little at not noticing that it was all a fake. I should have known, stupid Sarada.

“Hm,” Was all he’d replied and growled when his stomach rumbled.

“Listen, we’re gonna have to deal with hours of interrogation, negotiating, public humiliation, and hopefully a lack of jail time without lawsuits. Just give us another twenty minutes,” He said sourly and let his heavy lids shut softly.
I have to admit, with both fighting a civilian as academy students (Even though he was clearly being a very bad model citizen), and being warned not to do it again. Now Boruto had been involved in that and this Blackout thing. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw mom smirk and I couldn’t figure out why.

We all walked into the wide kitchen, Kai and Juno surprisingly argued over who would cook.

“Simple brained, I clearly have more experience in making eggs and bacon, I’m the one who makes them from scratch for you two every day,” Kai argued with a kunai to Juno’s throat,

“Man, listen up, you get so baffled when you make one mistake, you need to have some leniency, we’ll live if it’s a bit burnt!” Kai huffed and took the Bo stick that Juno was holding at his abdomen while arguing.

“Fine. Wanna you argue with me? Do you really?” Kai said while cupping his brothers’ cheeks sweetly and actually fucking twisted it to break the bone. I gasped and tumbled back with the rest of our group as Juno fell to the ground with a thump.

“What did you-,” I began to yell, feeling myself tremble and shakily grab my kunai.

“Oi,” Mitsuki broke in while glaring at ME.

“Don’t be loud,” He nonchalantly looked over to where all of us were staring at in utter horrification. Juno was gone just like THAT. No warning and the life had been over. It was terrifying, all of his life just… gone.

“God Dammit Kai, you know how long it takes to revive from that,” Mitsuki said while grabbing some orange juice. Sakura walked down the stairs after hearing my scream,

“Is everything- Ah!” Mom dropped her book, and rushed over, green chakra blaring, “Who in the HELL!” She raged, letting the green dim, it was too late. He was gone.

“Chill,” Was all Kai said and he got what he deserved, a punch to the chest so hard it shattered his bones and sent him flying through the wall. But then my brain backtracked, ‘…you know how long it takes to revive from that,’ What does that mean…?

And then next thing I know Mitsuki is WHEEZING. Laughing so hard that his knees hit the ground and I can see tears forming in eyes.

Boruto dazedly walked in with a blanket wrapped around him eyeing the collateral damage without much care.

“Morning everyone,” He slurred while yawning and rubbing his eyes. Despite the crash and the dead person, he seemed very… light? Like he was moozing on cloud nine without a care in the world.

Mitsuki looked the same as normal but after last night’s round of bullshit, I don’t trust a single facial expression he’s giving.

If I wasn’t trying to hold Iwabe and Sumire back from murder, while trying to figure out if Juno was actually dead I would have given it more thought.

“Wow, nice punch,” Kai said while stepping out of the wall, a fuming mom in his wake, now holding him up against the wall.
“Why’d you kill him!?” He was choking a bit but still looked amused. He reminds me of Boruto.

Mitsuki was still cackling on the ground, and mom was so stressed she slammed Kai on the ground and dug her heel into his gut,

“If you don’t tell me why you killed him I’m placing a hole through you,” She spit out. Mitsuki, cackling, used Boruto for support. Sumire and Iwabe were starting to catch on.

“Wait, something’s off-” And before Sumire could finish, Kai laughed out,

“First, you wouldn’t kill me, second, he can’t be killed, he’s coming back in like, twenty minutes. If there was a way to kill him I would have done it by now,” And I think that’s the longest I’ve heard Kai talk. Mom then kicked him across the face anyway for making her so riled up.

“How?” Kai sighed, I assume Juno does most of the talking for him anyway.

Sumire and Iwabe stalked over to Juno’s (maybe) corpse in hesitation. Mitsuki was finally pulling himself together and I didn’t miss the painfully domestic smiles the two blackout birds gave each other.

I took my phone out my back pocket and texted behind my back.

Sarada: Chocho we’re gonna collect soon

Wasabi: Which Pair?

Shikadai: We got the money from that old man we Salted at the Nue part 2 fight

Wasabi: Ching ching bling bling everyone gets a thing thing

While the others were absorbed in the chaos that was Juno’s revival, Kai, despite his injuries - begin cooking sunny side up eggs, and I was behind a table texting my best friends.

Sarada: All 300,000 yen???????

Shikadai: Yep

Chocho: I smelled money and came to the chat

Chocho: WE HAVE HOW MUCH MONEY

Chocho: ?????????????????

Chocho: ?????feuinfiwfiuewnhiuweufneuiwruwighWHAT

Shikadai: I’ll explain

And so he did, about what Boruto, Wasabi, Shikadai, and myself had done, how we scared that man to shambles and threatened to bring down his multi-million dollar corporation.

Shikadai: He left a note as well

Metal: I HAVE ARRIVED

Metal: GOOD MORNING

Metal: I myself have just gotten back with my two-hour morning workout :D What about a note?
Namida: Good Morning Metal! I’m happy you're happy about your work out!

Namida: A note?

Shikadai: Scroll up

Denki: WAT

Denki: NOPE NOPE NOPE

Mitsuki: I leave you guys alone for twenty minutes and you're already terrifying Konohana

Mitsuki: And scamming people

Mitsuki: I’m so proud :~)

I looked up from my phone to see Mitsuki huddled in a corner, seemingly reading a book next to Boruto who was also reading. In reality, both of them were holding their phones in the book so no one could see them. That’s when I saw a glimmer of Boruto’s phone in his back pocket.

Oh my god. They’re to domestic they’re only using one phone so they can snuggle against on another. Disgusting and I want that to happen to me like right now.

Sakara seemed to have fully realized that he was, in fact, coming back to life, if not skeptical. And I gave a chuckle at the fact that Kai killed his brother to make some eggs.

Yeah, they’re brothers alright.

Namida: Back up

Namida: You telling me

Namida: You’re**

Namida: That we have 300,000 yen

Namida: Because you four decided to be Scary Saltly?

Chocho: I’m fully pissed, how dare you not invite me to a Saltly group

Chocho: I am the saltiest of them all

Metal: She shall rule over all other salts!

Chocho: Damn right I will,

Sarada: We’ll get you Limited Edition Barbecue Flavored Chips imported from the Land Of Tea

Chocho: Have I ever told you how much I love you guys?? Bc I do so much

I rolled my eyes with a smile, a part of me knew that she loved food more than the world but another part knew it was more of a big hobby than anything. She was so much more than that. She loves ice skating, and going to the beach, she loves zoos and especially the aquariums, she loves wildlife and hates that it’s being undermined by civilians.

And most importantly she loves her friends.
I looked up when I heard Mitsuki pace towards Kai.

“Hm?” Was the question.

“I need to make Boruto’s food, he likes them scrambled,” Kai rolled his eyes and told Mitsuki that,

“I can do them, what, do you think I can’t?” Kai tightened his grip around the pan and I swear I saw black chakra-like mist float around his form.

Then, Mitsuki ramped up the chakra, and was on the brink of the Sage mode he explained to us. It sent shivers down my spine, all my hairs were on end, and I felt so explicitly cold. So cold I tasted iron on my tongue, while Kai flinched and had a scowl on his face.

“Let. Me. Make. Boruto’s. Food.” And Kia, despite ramping up his own chakra, moved to the side of the stove, letting Mitsuk use the burner on the left side. Their chakra levels were off the charts and Sakura gave them a glare, saying, ‘No battling in this household.’

Instantly, the elephant was off my chest (That seemed to be on everyone's but Boruto as he was oblivious as ever. ) and the two looked peaceful, simple clattering of pans, the frying eggs, eggs cracking and being thrown away, the sound of coconut oil sliding around the pan and everything was unnervingly quiet.

Soon enough everyone had their food, the kitchen stovetop and counters were cleaned off. Everyone thanked Kai (and Boruto to Mitsuki) for their food.

He gave a polite nod and we all chatted about yesterday. Mitsuki looked normal, but every ten seconds Boruto would blush on the topic. School was coming back up soon, but I had a feeling Boruto, Mitsuki, Anko-Sensei and many more were going to be pulled for questioning.

“What did I miss?” Juno asked from behind us, successfully getting a scream from Iwabe, and the rest of us to jump.

“Here,” Kai said while giving the spare plate to the now alive nin.

“Ugh,” Was all he's replied and everyone went their separate ways in a few minutes flat.

“Sarada!” Mom called out to me right as I was at the door,

“Yes mama?” I asked, only using that term when others weren't around.

“Are...Are Boruto and Mitsuki, ah, do they like each other?” She said it like it was something gross, something to only be touched with a ten foot pole. I reigned in a scowl and replied that,

“In what way?” Even though I knew exactly what way she meant. She scowled, a face that said, “Don’t play with me.”

“You know, like, homosexuals,” I didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. It was like calling a black person African American, we don’t call white people Caucasians in normal conversations, just white people.

“Is that really any of your business?” I snapped out, because as much as I loved my mom, her generation and the few following didn’t understand that love was love, (and we’re not going to talk about gender, nope), and the idea of mating was for the progress and improvement of the next generation, not out of sentiment.

I had to remind myself not to activate my Sharingan as mama yelled back,
“Well, yes actually, if they get together, it’s....almost ruining love isn’t it?” I grunted and stomped my foot hard enough it broke a board,

“Sarada!?” Mom yelled at me as I slammed the door on her face and flickered away.

AN: :)))))))))))))) HaHaH
In which my week gets worse despite all logic

Kia’s Pov - Thursday 6:56 AM

I scratched my arm so badly that drops of blood were forming, but it was all I could do from breaking down our miniature apartment's door and running full speed through the forest to catch up with Slydin. The self-sacrificing idiot.

I groaned out loud and gripped a baseball, set here by the orphanage committee. Probably meant to toss around or play with. Tragic.

I let my electric chakra rip it to its core and turn it to dust.

“You’re going to burst a nerve doing that, you know, if Slydin wasn't going to The Lair, we wouldn’t know when they were coming, and how to prepare, so-” I stopped Juno in his tracks,

“But WE’RE not THERE,” I yelled out, feeling the tension seem out, the burning sensation that’s been eating me from the inside for the past two days.

“Yes, and you know he’s the stealthy one, they wouldn’t be able to catch him with his hands tied behind his his back, we’d just get in the way,” A seemingly permanent scowl on my face rested as I snatched my Gatorade bottle and refilled it with water from the faucet.

Juno sighed and tried to prevent me from wiping my own mind if just for a single precious moment.

“He hasn’t been in contact in 39 hours, I know, but he’s in the middle of nowhere, it makes sense, there's no need to worr-"

No need to worry? Are you mad!?

“Yeah, east of no shit Sherlock,” I replied, grabbing my self-made school bag while flickering to school alongside my brother, and I wasn’t going easy in Anko’s fights today. God I hope it’s Boruto, he has the chakra control of a baby on drugs, but the bonus side is that you can never predict what a baby will do let alone a baby on drugs.

I placed on my nonchalant facade and began this dreadful Thursday.

Boruto’s POV

Mark me down as confused and ready to cry. Wednesday had been a roller coaster put in a blender with two pounds of shit and one ounce of Mitsuki.

Today has had only a few hours, I’m in Sarada’s house and there are no Anbu pulling me, Mitsuki, or Sumire, and you know what? Anyone else in my group, because after Wednesday I think we’ve all had to deal and take a lot of shit.

And now I’m leaving Sarada’s house alongside Mitsuki, and surprisingly, there is no more storm. The day is warm, the sun’s rays are casting all of the buildings in a brilliant golden haze and the windows are like jewels reflecting into the sea around them.

It’s beautiful, and I felt like it shouldnt be. The early birds are shopping in the markets, and none seem to care for either of us. Which they would have been if they knew we caused the blackout for sure, meaning one thing.
The fact that we caused a town-wide panic had been kept under wraps.

“I know what you’re thinking, and I agree,” ‘Zuki said while walking with me to my house to get my school supplies. As there was a massive storm, it would be hard to cover up our tracks, but why would they? To tell the public would be a sentence of mass proportion, indicating...

“They must have something prepared for us,”

I sighed, comprehending full well that he was correct.

“Shows their waiting, cowards!” I yelled, because, even if I couldn’t sense them, I’m beyond sure the Anbu are watching, observing from their shadows - only Inojin could sense Anbu as of yet. Waiting, observing, tracking. Mitsuki must have gotten the idea because we talked about how insignificant the Anbu were the entire way to my second house.

“Big Brother!” Himawari shouted out the moment I opened the door, and I caught loud and rapid footsteps in following. I grinned ear to ear, falling to my knees to hug her.

“Heya Himawari, it’s been a while! I had a fun sleepover because of the storm, but I’m back now!” I stroked her head and let her cling to me as I stood up, Hinata shuffled up to me with a concerned face just as Himawari betrayed me, saying,

“Hello Big Brothers boyfriend!” She cheered and tried to monkey crawl onto him as well.

“Silly Himawari, boys don’t date other boys,” Mom sweetly explained while taking Himawari into her own arms, I felt Mitsuki’s chakra laugh I swear it on my life. I desperately wish that could say that it was a lie, to tell her that she could be anything. But I was already in enough trouble and -

“Why so?” Mitsuki questioned innocently, like he wasn’t doing this to make fun of her. Mom did what any mother would do when they saw a child who needed to know something.

“Well, you see Mitsuki, in a family, there needs to be a father that can work, while the mother stays at home and watches over the children to have a functioning family,” She said with a smile and it hurt. I wanted to yell and so I did because I’m sick.

I’m sick of her. I’m sick of the way she thinks, I’m sick of the way I still care for her.

But Mitsuki beat me to the punch line.

“But you and Aunt Sakara both are married to men, yet both of you have a dysfunctional family.” And shit, if that wasn’t the sickest burn I’ve seen I don’t know what was. I snatched Himawari back before Hinata could shout.

“How dare you, you don’t know anything about our lives!” Oh no, the byakugan was out and I just wanted to go to school. Wow, that’s a thought I just had, wacky. Never thought I’d want to go to school of all places. I'd bring Himawari with me.

“Oh..” ‘Zuki said, again, the surrounding lights seemed to dim and his eyes shined like lanterns on a dark path, the same way they did in Bullshit,

“I know plenty enough, and your own husband was raised without either, I’m sure he would rather have been raised by two men or two women then no parents at all, wouldn’t you agree?” And I shivered because his chakra was brinking on deathly. Himawari looked star-struck and even though I knew some shit was about to go down, I couldn’t help but smile at her, at her wonder and curiosity, at her untainted mind.
“Himawari, go to your room, I need to have a chat with your brother, alright?” Again, she said it sweetly, it was all a facade and I was so proud that Himawari knew it too.

“No mama, it’s okay, I wanna be with big brother!” She said, being defensive even against her mother, and I didn’t notice I was crying until Himawari looked at me with confusion and pulled a thumb over my tears.

“Himawari,” Mom- no... Hinata’s voice grew stern, and I could see the veins around her eyes come back,

“I said, go,” She was glaring at her now, but she just clung harder with a pouty face. My little angel, who was now sticking her tongue out at m- Hinata, was nearly stolen away from me with a close jab to my shoulder blade, Hinata actually… hit me with malice and the intention of hurting me.

“Agh!” But before Hinata could grab her back, Mitsuki used his extending arms to grab her away from me.

“Mama! Don’t hurt Big Brother! She cried out, tears rimming her eyes. That’s it, I dealt with Hinata for far too long. It was fine, it was all fine until she made Himawari cry.

“You, bitch,” I seethed, pointing at my little angel, so pure and sad because of her. Before she could slap me across the face I grabbed her palm, she hadn’t fought in a year, but still stronger than me.

“You BRAT, I AM YOUR MOTHER!” She boomed, pulling her hand back and, because we’re way too in sync, all it took from me and Mitsuki was a glance and a nod to flicker outside with Himawari.

“Wha- Why did mama hit you!” Himawari cried out, absolutely devastated, tears pouring out. Mitsuki held her tighter into his chest as a comfort. I sighed and hugged Mitsuki, placing her in between our warmth.

“Because she didn’t want you to be happy,” Was all I said, and when Hinata stepped outside in a rage I haven’t seen before I panicked, it was fine if she hurt me, but Himawari would see that. I can’t do that to her.

“Hokage’s office, now,” Mitsuki nodded and I grit my teeth as I heard my Angel sniffle and whimper and it wasn’t because of the speed.

I entered from the front door for once. And I was beyond pissed. So pissed even Mitsuki was noticeably quiet with my sister in his hands.

“Uzumaki!” I called out, ignoring the Anbu who had their swords at my throat.

Naruto looked up with hooded eyes. He hadn’t been home in at least a week, it probably didn’t help Hinata today. When Naruto didn’t signal them to drop their weapons I set myself aflame with electricity, causing the two unsuspecting Anbu to drop their swords and slam me on the ground.

“Son, why must you complicate things. Fox, Hare, you may leave, I have this under control.” The two swiftly nodded and disappeared with their smoke. A part of me felt nice to know there were people who could take me down even when I felt invincible and seething with hate.

I pointed a shaky finger at my proclaimed father and yelled,

“You need to do something with your wife, she physically hurt me and made Himawari cry, had I not left, she would have tried to hurt me more!” I ground my foot into the floor and grumbled about
He lazily looked over at Mitsuki who nodded in agreement,

“God I was right to put you guys into counseling, tell me what happened,” Was his bland response. He looked on the edge of depressed and I could swear something was amiss about the room. And while Mitsuki cradled Himawari in his arms, explaining what happened, I didn’t miss ‘counseling’ and decided not to laugh. Because I figured it out. The payment for the blackout was me, and probably my 11 best friends, going into counseling.

The further into the story he got, the more the room felt amiss.

“Oi,” I yelled, interrupting ‘Zuki and grabbing both of their attention spans.

“Who’s in this room?” I demanded, I just wasn’t having a good day today.

“Very perceptive of you, Sun,” And holy shit, I didn’t expect that hearing a three letter word out of Mitsuki’s mouth make my day barrable but boy was I wrong.

Naruto eyed us two and sighed,

“Come on out, Itsuki,” I watched the room, waiting, until a form came out of thin air.

“I understand now, they are quite curious beings, most sensor nin can’t tell I’m a foot away from them,” I growled at Itsuki because he was oozing arrogance and I wasn’t having a great day. Or week.

“Oi, were not sensor nin, we can just smell shit when it’s there,” I was prepared for an assault, and watched as Mitsuki spoke to Himawari in tongues, having her drift off to sleep. But none came, and I could only glare at Itsuki as he chuckled,

“You’re weird, you don’t even smell like a normal Anbu, are you even from here? You smell like...A summer storm,” I said sniffing and staring, but the sniffing was odder. Clearly, the Anbu hadn’t expected that,

“Itsuki, do your thing,” The Ambu nodded, even if I could see his face, I could tell he had sobered up. This dude was weird and I just couldn’t pinpoint why.

“Boruto, is everything Mitsuki and yourself said about the situation regarding Hinata Uzumaki true?” Why the hell was he asking me that?

“Of course! You take me for a lier?”I pushed him in the chest, feeling my chakra flare again because Hinata is supposed to be kind and caring, yet I had to run away because, in her desire to control me, she got violent.

“Son, calm down, listen we’ll-” My father was still bloody rational. RATIONAL. His own wife who he married for, I don’t know, her kindness? Was now physically (And if we count the gay conversation, mentally) abusive and he was talking like it was another Thursday.

“No! God damn it! Put your crown down and look with your own eyes! Look at your crying daughter and do something!” I marched up to the desk and I smelt Ozone. Only noticing it was me when Itsuki stood in between me and my father.

And then the world went black.
“Morning sleepy head, that’s the second time you’ve blacked out in two days, third time's a charm right?” I vaguely heard a feminine voice say as I tried not to move. I had a migraine and didn’t even want to open my eyes.

“Shhh, ” I whispered and curled up to whatever heat was next to me even more. I vaguely realized that the voice was so… familiar. I couldn’t even remember the FIRST time I blacked out, I needed a few minutes.

Sumire.

The voice was Sumire. I was at The Area. There was a News report on a chunin who had a lot of the same attributes as the Nue case. I fought it with Wasabi, Shikadai, and Sarada after we scared a man into giving us money. My parents came to get me but they were both clones. I read my poem to Iruka Sensei, he told me a story about two soulmates. I talked to Kai in the bathroom and a lot of things were explained. I was placed under a genjutsu, I destroyed one of the classrooms. I woke up in Sarada’s house with Iwabe, Sumire, Mitsuki, Sarada, Juno, and Kia. I learned to never try and beat Mitsuki in BS. We - oh man - we kissed. Then I woke up with Mitsuki to had some eggs at Sarada’s house. Juno died for a few minutes, Kai somehow isn’t dead. Then I walked home with Mitsuki and was- ah, that’s why I went to the Hokage's office.

Okay, so it was probably that Itsuki dude who knocked me out. Rude. The only reason I bothered to open my eyes was my insane hunger.

That’s when I saw my blurry heat source. Mitsuki.

“And shit, why are you the big spoon now, way to mess with our bet,” I looked up and squinted, stretching and rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

“Where and why?” I asked my brain too sore to really say anything else.

“Hm, well, the Council thinks me and Nue here,” I looked up to see the tiny chakra beast snuggling in her lap,

“Were the cause of both the Chunin attack and your mom.” I might have found it funny, I’m not sure. It wasn’t normal of her to hit me but I could she was beyond fed up with me for the past few weeks. Either way was probable.

“And because you two caused the blackout, they decided to get all twelve of us into therapy and us three will be in this civilian prison until Saturday 8 PM. While you were out of it, we were interrogated some more. I swear I’ve explained these past few days more than I have anything in my life.” Sumire hummed to herself while braiding her hair in a way I haven’t seen it braided before.

It was two braids, and her bangs were gone, so the braid ran down her left side and another down her right. It suited her well. I think it was called an Italian (French?) braid or something.

I just sighed and snuggled into Mitsuki some more.

“You know, S’mire, I know you hold Nue in you, but you're chakra reserves almost match Mitsuki’s, and he’s been synthetically crafted.” She looked out the barred windows with a nod of her head,

“My father, Tanuki Shigaraki, trained me even as a kid, he fancied me and manipulations and it was all done in order to avenge Root. I didn’t know why or what Root really was, but if it made my
parents happy…” She shrugged her shoulders and looked at me with a sad smile,

“Then I listened and followed along. With that I became ambitious, I studied and trained, bleed and sweat if it made them proud. But, their both dead now. And the person I ended up being hurt others. So, I try and place on a facade, it keeps me calm, I don’t feel like I could accidentally hurt others in the facade of sweet, innocent Sumire Kakei. I know it’s lying to others and myself. But…” She gripped her purple dress in her hands and I could feel the indecision coming off her in waves.

I sighed and sat up rubbing my head and trying my best not to start begging the guards for food. She looked at me, confusion clear and I opened my arms up, she gave a warm smile and walked over and fell on top of me.

“Ah, couldn’t have done that smoother could we?” I asked, laying across the metal bed with a gloop of purple who was going through a midlife crisis. Which was amazing because she was in no way middle-aged.

“Nope, Mitsuki’s awake you know, has been since midnight, couldn’t go to sleep.” I followed my eyebrows and looked over at the not-so-sleeping-beauty.

The light chuckle and rustle of clothes proved exactly what she said.

“You trash,” I mumbled as I had a Sumire on top of me and a Mitsuki on my left.

Friday - 2:34 PM

“This is actually pretty fine, we get to meditate our chakra, and we can do any workout, were given free food, and if something goes down, we would probably get rewarded for ending a tussle.”

I ate the not half bad mashed potatoes while sipping water, Mitsuki and Sumire seemed to agree with me, we were in the cafeteria and it was dead quiet, every pair of eyes were on us. Not that we cared, these old civilians couldn’t place a scratch on us.

And many if not all crooks knew I was the Hokage’s son. They knew that for better or for worse. I had a feeling a fight was coming up and I was itching for some action.

“Well well well, look at what the cat dragged in, I get to meet the shitty kage’s son,” A man in his late thirties, ripped, greasy hair, bad breath, and too many tattoos to count said with his prison posse behind him.

“Oh my god guys,” I said excitedly, poking Mitsuki over and over, “It’s like in the movies!” I cheered and Sumire placed a hand over her mouth to cover a laugh, Mitsuki just gave me his closed eyed smile, wanting to find out what I did next.

“Wad ya’ say, mate, listen ‘er, you a few rats to a big ‘mount a bulls,” The main dudes' henchman lookin’ ass said.

“Yeah, bullshit,” Sumire daunted.

“Ya’ listen ‘er girly-” The second henchman dude said, only to be interrupted by Mitsuki,

“How about this?” Mitsuki pointed to the point where some men were playing cards to be and wager cigarettes.

“You choose any game, beat me at it and…” Mitsuki took out at least 15 cigarettes out of his sleeve,
Mitsuki wasn’t associated with snakes for nothing.

He probably got them within an hour, and everyone knew that cigarettes were the equivalence cash jails. People respected them. The few that were still watching gave an audible gasp, some didn’t care and some couldn’t look away. I’m sure that Mitsuki felt both bored and curious. There was no promise that the jailer would take him up on the bet after all,

"Huh, and what would a rookie like ‘ya want from me? Ya’ve already got all I can offer up,“ Mitsuki did his closed eyed smile,

“You’re the leader of this place, am I correct? When you talk, people shut up. If I win, I ask you to treat us, and any of my friends who walk into this jail with respect. I heard they were thinking of joining this jail with the ninja jail due to declining population sizes, and many of the high rate ninja are now being sent to Land Of Lightning to be prosecuted.” The main guy smirked and laughed like it was the funniest thing he’d ever heard.

“ ‘Lright kid, I like your fire. Blackjack, just ‘now you won't be winnin,‘” Mitsuki smiled politely as I asked for the man's name, Sumire flickered and got the cards for the two. If people weren’t paying attention before, they were now. Soundless glares and glances. The closer ones watch in apprehension as Mitsuki with one fell swoop placed all of the cigarettes on the spread in long stretching row, he’d 15 while ‘Yamano,” was the name apparently, just watched in secrecy.

“‘De game’s against ‘da house normally, but ‘en ‘dis Blackjack, we play to see which of us gets closest ta 21, ya’ bust it’s a lose, everything’ from ‘da split ta standing is ‘loud, there’ll be 5 rounds ‘a this, and the dealer will give ya any card you ask, al’do you may not know it’s valua’, any questions?” A third henchman out of the horde defined as Mitsuki and Yamano sat across from another.

“So I assume there is no Doubling Down?“ Mitsuki suspected with a thumb on his lip, evaluating, assessing. Smartassing.

“Nope,” The henchmen said, popping the P.

Sumire dealt them each one card face down, and another to where they could see after both of them fancied, and from there the games commenced.

MITSUKI'S POV (YAAAS) - Friday - 2:43 PM

If you ask a known Blackjack player, they’ll tell you something similar too,

“It’s about strategically considering all the possibilities, and choosing the move that will, statistically, supply you with the largest return value.” I know because that’s what Slydin said to me a day we were playing. And he just couldn’t figure out how he had lost four times in a row after heeding that ideal.

It’s a shame I was the only one to figure it out. Cards aren’t and never will be about statistics. It’s about manipulation, it’s about getting into peoples heads and making them doubt every move.

As they’ve let Sumire be the dealer, and asking us to choose the card without knowing it’s value, I can assume that their time in prison has shown them this. Their already a step above professionals.

However - to add to that it's clear they’ve only come that far.
On top of that, if you can make them think their doubt is from themselves, well, it’s all too easy.

And while it will be used in this game, I won’t need it to win, in fact, I’ve already won.

Boruto POV - 2:46 PM - Friday

I’m gonna be honest, I don’t know shit about blackjack. I know it’s an elementary game with some difficult prospects that every card player knows but other than goldfish, war, and BS, I don’t know many card games.

All I knew was the skeptical look Yamano had on since round one.

“‘Ain’t no way you got 21 on your first go!”

“Ah, must be beginner’s luck,” Mitsuki gave his closed eyed smile and I swear if there weren’t people heatedly watching I would have grabbed him by the back of his shirt and kissed him right then and there because having a boyfriend who can scare civilians with nothing more than chance is hot.

Yamano complained about lies and continued to the next round. But even I could see past that, he wasn’t mad, he was masking that the second round he had a good hand.

“Stand,” He said, scratching the back of his head in annoyance. Fake annoyance, he probably had anything from a 18-21, all I can tell is the goal it to get close and not over, so these numbers would supposedly make sense.

“I’ll stand as well,” Mitsuki said, confidence withheld with a polite smile, but I could taste it from miles away.

When they flipped the cards around I’d thought I misunderstood the rules.

“Yamano had a queen and jack, making his score 20 points, Mitsuki has a five and a seven…. Mitsuki has a 12? Making Yamano the victor,” One of his henchmen stated as Sumire played with the deck, letting each card hit the other after pulling them all up. Good to know I wasn’t the only one confused here.

“Why didn’t ‘cha hit?” Questioned Yamano, staring at the cards like they had started to burn. Mitsuki held his finger up to his mouth in a ‘Shh’ manner, his opponent just cringed and rolled his eyes,

“Whatever,” And the round begins again, they both chose the cards they wanted, Mitsuki didn’t ‘Hit’ or whatever but Yamano did, looking fake excited, trying to get others to assume his hand was bad. It means his hand is good. Ah, migraine was coming back and strong, this tension was wearing me thin.

“Ah, a shame you didn’t get 21, Yamano,” Mitsuki said, he was still sweet, still polite and inconspicuous and it made me shiver from the lies. He was up to something that would throw me off so bad, I just know it.

Yamano looked up in a panic - ‘Zuki only chuckled with his cards to his mouth, they had both Stood, meaning everything was irreversible. Yamano placed down a 19, I could smell Yamano’s chemicals, his worry, fear, through his sweat. It was disgusting. I tried to get my chakra from out of my nose, but it wouldn’t leave, only worsening my headache.

Mitsuki grinned and placed down… a total of 15. Low number, so what was my little Moon doing?
“Yamano has Three, King, and a Seven, Mitsuki… Mitsuki has a Nine and Six, Yamano is the victor,” The man doing the talking looked confused. I assumed it was because hitting would have gotten him a much larger number, anything would have been better than 15.

15 was a sure loser, and now it was one win to two, all it would take from Yamano was one more win. And it would take Mitsuki the next two to win. But the part of me, deep in my unconscious was laughing because it knew well something was adrift and that Mitsuki was orchestrating the game like puppets.

I couldn’t doubt him if I tried.

Sumire once again handed them the cards from the deck, the cards of their choosing and I couldn’t help but wonder. Was Sumire giving the cards on purpose, slipping a card wouldn’t be all that arduous and we’re in a prison gamble I doubt her morals would make an appearance any time soon. Oh. So that’s the game. Play dumb. Win the next two with Sumire’s hand-picked cards.

It was so simple that I should have seen it all along.

The next round Mitsuki didn’t play anything, just took his two cards. It was the fourth round and he had to win.

“Heh, sorry, Mitsuki, but the day was not in your favor, Split,” Yamano took his two cards face down next to each other and chose two more cards on top of them, after looking at them both he asked for a Hit and got another card. Five cards in total with two stacks.

What the hell is a Spilt, I haven’t the slightest, but it’s not in Mitsuki’s favor. But that absolute Richard (AN: Think of the shortening name of Richard, Boruto called Mitsuki that, you get the picture.) just did his ever kissable closed-eyed smile and wow I have to stop thinking about kissing him.

I sighed and grabbed my head, Sumire tossed a glance my way, but other than that nobody noticed.

Once they both were done, Yamano placed his three carded stack up, showing 17 points in total.

“Yamano has a Three, Four, and Ten, Mitsuki has an Eight and a King, 18 in total Mitsuki is the victor,” The henchman looking dude said and I felt it in every fiber of my body, I felt Mitsuki’s devilish aura locked behind bars and I don’t mean the ones I’m physically surrounded by.

It was a bomb about to go off, it was an alcohol bottle before the cork was off, it was hell under a plain, dainty surface.

But I was also worried, clearly, the man wasn’t dumb, he could easily guess that Sumire was helping, and if he requested to use someone other than Sumire as the card dealer, he was screwed.

The fifth game went by quicker then I expected, but I’m starting to see things by now, and my brain was pounding with every beat it was pure agony. But I had to watch till the end. I had to.

Everyone was staring now, even the brutes who tried to pretend that they couldn’t care less. Everyone.

And everyone watched as Yamano broke into hysterical laughter, even the guards were surprised and staring. Because they had both already Stood, and Mitsuki only had to cards.

“Oh, ya’ sweet summer child, ahaahahahahha, it’s been a fun game I’ll give ya that but-” He stopped and slammed his three cards on the ground, a twenty. Mitsuki hadn’t hit, he only had two
cards, meaning the two best things he could have were two face cards or a ten, 20 in total. A tie at best.

Wait… when did I learn…? You know what I don’t care.

And it felt like my migraine whipped away with a wave when I saw Mitsuki look at me with a smirk to rival the devils.

“Ah but you’ve forgotten one important thing, Summer Man, Ace cards…” Mitsuki drawled out, the room felt darker and I so desperately wanted to crawl over and just hold Mitsuki in any way I could, it felt like gravity on an unexplainable scale.

“Can account for ones… or elevens, it depends on whatever the user wishes…” Mitsuki actually stood up from the table and held up both cards in front of his face, and ace and a king. His chin was high, and his aura was so dense the nin guards and civilian prisoners shivered and held on lookout, the blue shine tinted his body but he was avoiding sage mode if only by a hair.

“It is possible to get 21 if you have a Ten or Face card, and an Ace,” Mitsuki began to cackle and I ignored a headache as best I could and went on a one-way road to Mitsuki, and was stopped by Sumire, who pulled me back.

“Boruto…” She whispered while eyeing my cackling boyfriend warily.

“How did he do that?” And my face went blank, the blood fell from me down along with all of my organs, I felt a weird butterfly because if Sumire didn’t know how he did it-

“And you were so blind to your confusion that you didn’t notice something,” Mitsuki said cunningly as Yamano slowly inched back unconsciously. Aw, my baby's already terrifying inmates. How adorable.

But even I was surprised, if he wasn’t telling him about how he cheated, what else was there to notice?

“Ah…” I held my head tightly, trying not to cry out, and vaguely heard Sumire call my name. I saw pictures of cards, Mitsuki’s cards, I saw them over and over and over until I realized.

“12, 15, 18, 21, 12, 15, 18, 21…” I chanted slowly, looking up just in time to see ‘Zuki say,

“I went in three’s, 12, 15, 21, didn’t you notice? And I did it in three’s because that's the way you killed!” Mitsuki said, his eyes wild and arms flailed out.

"You killed your three family members, then your three best friends, then three innocents, just for the sake of OCD,” Mitsuki glided over the cafeteria lunch table and handed him the cards.

“Good day - I hope you keep your end of the bargain, Yamano,” Mitsuki said while walking away, the lunchroom was quiet, there was muttering and whispering about how Mitsuki cheated, I wouldn’t be surprised if they came to the same conclusion I did.

That Sumire took part.

But I was the only one who’d thought that and was asked by Sumire on how Mitsuki had done it.

I watched Mitsuki walk away - back facing everyone - as he knew for sure that he wouldn’t be attacked in a room full of murderers. And the best part? He wasn’t. I chuckled in spite of a migraine and only slightly wanted to kill everything that made a noise after that.
The cell wasn’t half bad. It had a metal slab with a single sheet (we don’t think it’s been washed so Sumire cleaned it with her water nature and Mitsuki dried it.) It wasn’t all that cold and the floor was made of metal as well, letting us all meditate in a circle because it was roomy (4 by 7 feet), and if it wasn’t for the fact that I accidentally shocked my best friends every time I touched them, it would be better than school.

We’ve been meditating our fire chakra, one none of us were particularly fond of. Sumire was water, air, and earth, with lightning to back her up. Mitsuki was air, lightning, and water. I, like Mitsuki, am wind and lightning, however, I can perform many fire techniques, as can Sarada.

It has been over three hours, I can feel my every heartbeat, I can hear the clangs and pounds of every cell in the whole Civilian Jail. Fire is a very unpredictable nature, it grows from the chest, the heat, you feel enveloped in warmth but also burned. It’s like the meme, he protec but he also attac.

We were all sweating profusely and an hour ago, when Mitsuki coughed, ash came out and I haven’t laughed so hard in my entire existence.

I couldn’t help but feel sore all over, not only from fire training but from my migraine. It stopped growing and by the time we got back from the cafeteria, it’d mostly subdued. But it left a pain and it was still there, still going through my vision and messing with my chakra, right before the guards let us back into our cell, I heard Mitsuki’s voice when his lips hadn’t moved and I was sure I’d gone off the rails.

But now all of my thoughts are back to being tame, thinking about my friends, I wonder if Sarada finally got into Genjutsu? I wonder if Inojin finally found the guy who’d trashed his painting? Anko’s Friday battles (Which I so loved) happened without me being there and it feels like a small hole in my day. Like I was there but I can’t remember it.

“Ugh, I’m getting slee- Arhh!” I yawned out while rubbing my eyes.

“I’ll join you in an hour, I’d like to work on my fire chakra, and physical strength combined with chakra control.” I grinned at her while getting up I placed a kiss on her forehead,

“Goodnight then, make sure to kill anyone who gets in for us,” I replied tiredly, I hadn't really done anything too physically exhausting other then my morning workout, trying to cultivate chakra while at sleep (I have to practice that before and while in sleep for it to work while I’m at rest), and this meditation and chakra accumulating, however, that Migraine really took it out of me and my mental clock said it was nearing either nine or ten.

The bed was just big enough for one adult, as these cells were ordinarily for that. The blown blanket was long enough that it went off the metal panel in the wall, and fell to the floor.

I slammed onto the top and couldn’t bring myself to bring the sheet over my sweat-filled body. I wish I had a toothbrush to rinse the ashy flavor, but I don’t know where it’s been and I know that it will not go in my mouth if I have anything to say about it.

I curled up after a minute of thinking, letting Mitsuki fall to my left, I let my back hit the wall while Mitsuki snuggled into my chest, as I felt Sumire’s chakra warm the room from a few feet away I fell into a blissful sleep.

~

~
April 26, Saturday - 1:32 AM - Sumire’s POV

I was on the brink of tears and every muscle aches but I pushed again and again and again. Push-ups were never my strong suit so I worked on them rigorously, not even using Chakra modified into air to help my muscles, I was dripping in sweat and finally done. I decided too cool off before dogpiling on the two sleeping guys, but I noticed something weird.

The bars, unlike every other metal in the room, went cold.

I had been shocked three times at least by Boruto, and most times he touched a conductor, it traveled.

But that never happened with the bars. I gingerly placed my right hand on one, still heaving - still out of breath, and pulled it straight off.

And while I was strong, and used chakra, it wasn’t as weak as a metal bar that was enforced with seals, in fact, I doubt there were any seals to begin with, huh.

I looked at the metal bar, almost a foot long, and threw it at the two sleeping.

Everything was quiet past 8:30 PM, and now, at midnight, there's a, "OW, WHO IN THE FLIPPING HELL DID THAT!" Boruto announced, Mitsuki didn’t even open his eyes, but he turned away from Boruto with a sigh of annoyance.

"Me, and keep your mouth shut, we’re gonna get caught," We weren’t escaping, that would be insanely dumb.

"We’re escaping?" I followed Mitsuki’s lead and sighed with a palm to my forehead.

"No, just come to look at this, you too, Mitsuki get your ass up here," I ordered, I couldn’t blame him, I’d be reluctant to get up as well. He glared one golden eye and me and followed Boruto out of the bed.

"The bars aren’t made of metal like the others are, and I can’t figure out why," I explained because it didn’t make sense. I’d wager we were the strongest most capable in here as it was still a civilian jail and we were sent here because we are still technically civilians, but I was planning on the strongest jail and to have our powers stripped for the days with seals.

"That explains the lack of electricity being transmitted," Mitsuki said, clearly having been zapped more than a handful of times in here.

"Huh? Whatever, isn’t it obvious?" Boruto said while yawning and stretching out.

"What’s obvious?" Mitsuki and I questioned simulations,

"Ayeeeee," We said, both sleep deprived and gave each other a high five,

"Ugh, they’re testing to see if we'd try to escape, didn’t you sense the cameras around our stretch in particular?" Mitsuki frowned, furrowing his brows while looking down,

"No we don’t, there's ten in each sector, there 5 sectors in all with a total of 113 prisoners, not to mention the number of cells that hold no one." I said, Boruto sighed and we officially became the sigh gang.
“Exactly, look at the sector we're in, there’s no one in the cell left, right, or adjacent of ours.”

“What does that have to do with anything?” I questioned, looking at all the activated video cameras when it clicked.

“If there’s no one in those cells they’d deactivate them until someone took residence. But they’re on. Meaning the reason their on is to watch us only. Making sure not a move goes by without being watched, in fact..” Boruto dragged off, waving and smiling sleepily at the video cameras.

Then he started to use sign language, signing,

‘We won't escape if you bring us burgers,’

I couldn’t help the soft chuckle that escaped me. What a weirdo. The same person who pulled me back to my senses while drowning in revenge that wasn’t my own was threatening security cameras and then trying to bribe them with burgers.

Amazing.

I’m really tired. And apparently, I’m so sleep deprived I said that 'Amazing' aloud. Fascinating.

Boruto POV

“You get the bed, I’m too awake now, I’m going to work on chakra control,”

Sumire yawned and dumped herself onto the bed, and for a few seconds, I sent a light breeze her way.

“I still can’t believe how your such a dumb smart person,” Sumire said pointing her index finger in the air,

“EH!?” I yelled, turning wind to full blast accidentally, leaving her to hit the entire wall.

Mitsuki giggled and I apologized around 20 times.

Soon enough, Sumire was fast asleep and I was practicing chakra control with Mitsuki.

“Oi, ‘Zuki,” I was focusing on keeping my half on the iron bar that Sumire THREW at me on my forehead, but it had been five minutes and it wasn’t that struggleome. Mitsuki didn’t seem to have as much of a problem either.

“Yes, Boruto?” I took the bar off my forehead with a dramatic huff.

“You know how we can walk on walls because of our chakra control, and keep things up in the air?” I waved my bar around for exaggeration. He nodded his head after taking his own metal piece off.

“Then like… what if we could do that with people?” Mitsuki paled, clearly thinking that he was going to be the test dummy, and knowing that I often use too much chakra then is necessary.

“Wait! Wait, like, what if we could do it without feet?” Mitsuki looked more dumbfounded then before.

“Just give me your foot,” I mumbled and placed it on my one, sole against sole.

“Now, pretend you're standing of a cliff,” And when he stepped up, I felt his whole weight on my
foot, but he fell in two seconds.

“That was… very difficult,” Mitsuki said, still not understanding why this would be useful.

“It builds muscle, whichever part the climber is on, the carrier will feel the weight of. It builds teamwork, as you have to receive the amount of chakra the climber is giving off, if you take in too much you get injured, to little you fall. Hence teamwork. And it’s one thing to stand on water versus a body of chakra.” Mitsuki blinked in realization.

“Do all of your good ideas come at 1 am or something?” Mitsuki asked and I felt black lines behind me as my whole body went grey.

“It’s a curse,” Mitsuki just gave his close-eyed smile and we practiced it again and again and-

Saturday 7:23 AM - Boruto’s POV

And again and again and again until we had it.

AN - I’m Posting hundreds of pages within the weekend bc I have so much and I hav to go so far back to get and and I’ve stored up way to much so :) allllloooooottt of content coming your way (Editing over a hundred pages is a bitch )
And again and again and again until we had it. I heard the sound of most prisoners waking up in the distance when I realized we had spent around 6 hours on this at least.

“Boruto?” Mitsuki questioned perched horizontally on my shoulder.

“Yeah,” I replied, holding out my arm as he jumped off,

“I don’t think we should’ve been able to do that,” He said, deep in thought as always.

“Huh? But we totally did!”

“Yeah, that’s my problem, you see, we can walk on things because they have almost no chakra of their own, we must adjust our flow and amount in our feet to the area were placing on the surface, to let a stream of chakra keep us in that position,”

“Your point?” I asked, crossing my arms because so far it was fine to me.

“Well, if we stay on a being with chakra, that means that our chakras must have a perfect yin to yang ratio that can adjust based on sense of touch alone, and that’s not possible, if Sumire were to try and walk on me, our different yin to yang ratios would repulse, no matter what they were unless they balanced perfectly,”

“Well, isn’t that what we just trained?” Now I’m confused, you can’t alter the yin and yang chakras you have, that’s impossible.

“No, chakric systems are entirely different from plane surfaces that only hold natural energy. We’ve been taught to disrupt these systems and physical body, not haromozine with them, and that’s for a reason, it can’t be done.”

“Well, bitch, on the contrary, we’ve been doing just that for the past six-”

“Seven”

SEVEN hours,” I used my chakra to enhance my jump and land stably on Mitsuki’s head,

“Maaaaagic,” I said and I could feel the eye roll.

I sighed and put myself in a piggyback ride position and then let my body flop back.

“I miss my friends,” I say desperately because the main reason I trained for si- seven hours was to get my mind off of them, and now I haven’t seen them in two days and it’s stressful.

“It’s been less than 48 hours,”

“It feels like ten years, what if they’ve moved on, they’ve already forgotten us Mitsuki!” I said over dramatically. Placing a hand on my heart and the other across from myself, although he couldn’t see it because, one, I was upsidedown behind him.

“I don’t like these clothes either, they’re like Inojins clothes but his are cool, these are rags I tell you,”
“Are you drunk?” Mitsuki asked offhandedly. I stuck out my tongue out at him, realizing only now that it was out that he couldn’t see it.

“You’re tired, that was some intensive training, not to mention the headache you had-” I froze, calves pushing into Mitsuki’s chest more than before.

My face was pink because of the blood rushing down and my hair was flowing upside down as well.

“How’d you know that?” I asked, glaring at the ground, I’m sure he could feel it,

“…”

“Oi, Mitsuki!” I let my hands fall to the ground as I did a backbend to reach the floor. I edged around his pensive state, a mental looking facepalm if you will.

“Oi,” I poked his nose, not missing the slight smirk that was gone as quick as it came. I sighed and shook his shoulders,

“Mitsuuuuuuuuu,” After ten seconds of that he grabbed my arms and put his forehead on my chest.

“Jezz, Mitsuki, it’s not that big of a deal, I just wanna know how you figured out that I had a headache,”

“Orochimaru told me this would happen,” I furrowed my eyebrows, confused, but deciding silence was the best response. Seconds turned into minutes, and I wondered if he was going to explain until,

“As you know, Orochimaru is the reason I’m in the Land of Fire, and I’d thought him a parent, still do, and I think he wants to be one for me, but he is also clouded with hate for the village. So much so that he set up the rest of the synthetic humans for that sole reason, as far as I know.

“But, perhaps it was the small caring part inside of him, he let me go and find my opposite, my sun.”

When he said nothing else I was still confused, I knew all of this already.

“What does that have to do with the headache?” I knew it was more than a headache, I felt like I was seeing double and wanted to get violent with anything that made a noise.

“The Yamanaka clan is profound at using mind Jutsu’s, they’re capable of reading, entering, and controlling minds. The parent technique to it is sending chakra into another person’s chakra system, however, one can do something similar when two minds are in a spiritual type of harmony with each other as well as having perfectly matching ying and yang levels.

“It’s a secret technique that requires a lifetime of work and harmonizing, I personally thought that it would happen at our 30’s if ever,”

“Fuckin’, are you telling me I’m going to have to live with headaches? Trashy.” I tried to pretend that there wasn’t a pout on my lips. But a headache whenever we were around each other? I’m sure others have had perfect harmony before, why am I just learning about this?

“You won’t always get headaches - it’s because you’re chakra and mind aren’t used to it, akin to a new workout that uses muscles not previously used,”

That makes sense at least, well, as much as this could possibly make sense anyway. But honestly…. I’d be more surprised if this hadn’t happened. It’s been a while since we’ve been without the other,
not to mention how advanced our teamwork is. Even Anbu have a difficult time putting us down at first.

“But like…. This must’ve happened to others before if you know about it, we can’t be the first, can we?” We were in sync but people were in sync with others out of love, relationships, war, battling, necessity or other reasons.

“Many have come before us, your grandparents were as well as all of the original sanin and next-gen sanin. There are plenty more, few have fully woken it, and those who have normally just see and feel things the other can feel and - thoughts and memories as well.”

“Well, shit,” I had no response because what in the hell do you say to that?

Itsuki’s POV -

After watching those three kids on the security cameras for over 24 hours, I’ve fully convinced they were eating steroids in lieu of meals.

It started off weird, not that I could really call anything weird at this point in my life anyway, but weird nonetheless.

Anyway, started off with the girl, Sumire K., I had all of the files on her and I was still impressed when she spent next to the entire first day and night in training, taijutsu movements, physical strength, and what appeared to be meditation used for chakra accumulation and breathing techniques. Mitsuki did something similar but spent an uncanny amount of time working on his index finger or a palm. Both basic techniques that were rarely used unless training for a specific set of offensive moves.

Then once the day was upon them, meditation right before falling asleep, and there was the kicker, Mitsuki just fell down in front of Boruto, still knocked out and on the bed, and Boruto managed to bring his arms up and around the boy unconsciously. Sumire laid across the top of them like they did this on a day to day basis.

Because they were promising and threatening ninja, if still civilians, and with the prodigy-like abilities and work ethics, I expected nothing of the sort. I haven’t been in this assignment for long, I wasn’t even born in the land of fire, but I could still count the amount of prodigy’s, Jonin, and quality ninja who DON’T flinch when you get near them all on my right hand.

I’ve been (And perhaps had one too many beers) in the ninja bar and there’s a reason that there’s at least a six-inch space between everyone there. Ninja - especially back in the Land of Lightning, even in my home village Suroogado, with the Chakric Truth, people are never upfront and touchy.

If ninja held hands they’re viewed as weak, I can’t tell if it’s the same at Konohana, or these kids are weird.

And that was the least interesting part.

A few hours of sleep passed, with Sumire K. jumping out of sleep at every time a bump in the night sounded. Mitsuki joined on occasion.

I would’ve disregarded it because of their surroundings, but I had eight siblings, all prodigies, we all did the same, I wasn’t a fool. Animal instincts were with those two kids and that was for sure.

Morning came along with trays served and food eaten. Boruto awoke hours later with Mitsuki STILL asleep and now the little spoon.
I ate my yogurt with my feet propped up on the desk because I couldn’t figure out if they were gay or way to touchy-feely. Honestly, my gaydar was going off and I decided they were in a relationship.

I tapped on the intercom to hear what was said,

“...cil thinks me and Nue here were the cause of both the Chunin attack and your mom’s ‘rampage’.”

In honest, I was surprised by the honesty she shared. She held nothing back and told the whole truth from beginning to end,

“And because you two caused the blackout, they decided to get all twelve of us into therapy and us three will be in this civilian prison until Saturday 8 PM. While you were out of it, we were interrogated some more. I swear I’ve explained these past few days more than I have anything in my life.” The blackout meant hours of paperwork for the Hokage and I still remember his pained face with clarity when the cause wasn’t the rain but his son.

True it was an accident but a major one nonetheless. I was actually hired that day to watch over them by chance they decided to wipe out the city electricity.

But because we managed to keep it under wraps - the village wouldn’t be hateful towards them, not that I care either way.

And hey would you look at that, it got gayer. I had been expecting Boruto U. to jump 5 feet high when he noticed we was cuddling with another boy in a prison in front of a friend. True they all piled on last night, but they were tired.

He seemed to snuggle more, 0 shits given for any prisoners or guards (or the cameras) that watched. I like him already.

“You know, S’mire, I know you hold Nue in you, but you’re chakra reserves almost match Mitsuki’s, and he’s been synthetically crafted.” She looked out the barred windows with a nod of her head.

Wait, so Boruto U. knew that already? Mitsuki (who’s devoid of a last name) had already told not only him and Sumire K.?

Had he not told his past, it would have lead to nasty arguments and hate for keeping such a thing secret. They're avoiding arguments that tear relationships apart with honesty and friendship.

I felt as bitter as my coffee.

But how are they all so painfully honest?

“My father, Tanuki Shigaraki, trained me even as a kid, he fancied me and manipulations and it was all done in order to avenge Root. I didn’t know why or what Root really was, but if it made my parents happy…” She shrugged her shoulders and looked at Boruto U. with a sad type of smile,

Okay, now they're just making everyone look bad. And I come from a family with a truth Kekki Genki - people hate how honest I am.

“Oh then I listened and followed along. With that I became ambitious, I studied and trained, bleed and sweat if it made them proud. But, their both dead now. And the person I ended up being hurt others. So, I try and place on a facade, it keeps me calm, I don’t feel like I could accidentally hurt others in the facade of sweet, innocent Sumire Kakei. I know it’s lying to others and myself. But…” She gripped her purple dress in her hands and I could feel the indecision through the screen.
And now they were hugging. So this is what I missed on the next season of my little pony.

You know you're probably just jealous that you and everyone you were close to were not this open.

Yeah, but isn’t it too much? Being this honest is walking a tightrope - some things should stay buried.

This is why you still don’t have a partner.

Not the whole reason but valid point.

I had a whole mental conversation on the matter until I had remembered that I had children to be watching.

Wow, that came out wrong.

“Nope, Mitsuki’s awake you know, has been since midnight, couldn’t go to sleep.” I turned over to Mitsuki, I haven’t been paying attention to whether or not he’d been fully asleep I had just assumed over 24 hours of working would make anyone snooze.

Their stamina was unnerving for their age, it was slightly better than my siblings, and I couldn’t figure out how they managed that. And as a proud bounty hunter, who can gauge arrogance, ability, and abnormalities, these little shits didn’t care about that and somehow found a loophole. I couldn’t figure out how they managed such an impressive stamina that only a top Jonin and Ambu would have without pills.

And all they had was scraps of prison food.

“Huh,” I said, tossing my yogurt into the trash bin and grabbed the next yogurt.

They didn’t do anything other than truth or dare, 20 lies and one truth (And that’s a game apparently), mockingly played eye spy (I spy...something grey’ ‘everything?’ ‘the locals aesthetic’ ‘my morals’), and then practiced some until lunch.

They seemed very excited to be surrounded by criminals, then again, ninja’s main job is to gain intel and kill, maybe they felt at home, I know I would.

~

~

I watched the others while standing on the ceiling, looking between them and my other targets. Sarada U. was presently working on genjutsu (for four hours straight now), she’d read 5 books on the matter in the past 24 hours.

Chocho A. is in their hideout kitchen (I may have 9 mystical balls along with video feed from the prison, hey, being a S rank bounty hunter has its perks), studying every plant, animal, bacteria, and chemical that went into food, she had 18 stacks of paper that were roughly 100 - 150 pages each.

Her clan is one that consumes calories and uses chakra conversion to turn the calories into a larger physical size. So you can imagine my amusement when she turned smaller - not back to a normal size but shrunk in height.

That hasn’t ever been done before, I know because I’ve killed at least 9 people with a similar bloodline and capabilities.
It wasn’t by much, but she shrunk down to at least 4,10 and looked insanely fit, I could see the six-pack under her clothes and had bulging calves along with slim, muscular shoulders and arms.

Ah, I see, if she compacted her own body by using fitness related foods and chemicals with the chakra transformation, she still had the same chakra amount, so a punch in this form would be so compact that it should slit a tree without trying, versus a large mass which lacked weight.

Inojin Y. was inside his room, he has recently asked his mother’s permission to have and read some of her family clan scrolls. I’m guessing he’ll ask for her help soon, and then turn their mind jutsu’s into a surprise attack if the tricks he had equipped with the illustration jutsu’s don’t score.

Meanwhile, Denki K. was in the BOO's (Base of operation, as I’ve decided to call it) area full of Knick knacks, deep philosophy on jutsu’s and overall studying material.

He has been researching the use, craft, direction, ability’s, advantages and disadvantages of puppets. Not to mention the book he himself seemed to be writing, or per say, after he read a line on the book, he typed it out on a laptop, what I'd seen Chocho A. and almost all of the others do multiple times.

Iwabe Y. was in the room over of Denki’s, again, reading and writing out from a book, but his were on weapons, the craft of blacksmith, different ores, (with their advantages and disadvantages), and other related topics.

Metal L. was outside his father’s house, wearing 200 pounds worth of weight while nearing the 10 thousands of a kick, his stamina had no end and neither did his enthusiasm. He's been doing this since 10 PM.

Namida S. seemed to be going over BOO’s library? The room catered to scrolls, books, stacks of paper that were stapled together, newspapers, weapon and armor magazines and more. She had a few seals and organized each of them by subject and by title, adding in relevance to filters which was actually not a horrible idea.

And I call my own idea's horrible so that's saying something.

Wasabi I. was also handling seals, she was in the far back left room and had covered the place with enough seals to contain an A rank jutsu.

Where did they get all of these resources? How'd they get the money?

Shikadai is presently asleep, and I can commend the fuck out of that because it's 4 bloody AM and no one should be up. These kids are some early birds eating steroids for meals and I feel the need to knock their peg down a few notches.

For mature reasons, of course, it's not like I'm petty.
(Your nose just grew so much)
You can actually not exist thank you very much.

Back to the star of this drama film, the baka trio who haven't realized that the bars are purposely weak and there are video camera's watching their every move.

“This is actually pretty fine, we get to meditate our chakra, and we can do any workout, were given free food, and if something goes down, we would probably get rewarded for ending a tussle.”

Actually, Boruto U. isn't far off, but I'm guessing he'd never heard about the fact that if you go past a
few tussles, you're killed, even as civilians. (And that's if you aren't killed before you even get there. There are reasons the jail has such few prisoners).

Their lunch was horrendous but clearly edible as the trio were chomping down on it. From the plethora of camera angles I had, at least 90 percent of the population were staring at them.

This place wasn't for kids, the kids were always sent to rehabilitation. A program courteous of Lord Sunny boy.

“Well well well, look at what the cat dragged in, I get to meet the shitty kage’s son,” A man in his late thirties, ripped, greasy hair said with his prison posse behind him.

“Oh my god guys,” Boruto U. said excitedly, poking Mitsuki over and over, “It’s like in the movies!”

He’d cheered and Sumire K. placed a hand over her mouth to cover a laugh, Mitsuki just gave me his closed eyed smile.

Now comes the drama eh?

Boruto U. seemed to be having a field trip with all of this and they didn't seem fazed by the threat, they were nin, after all, I would expect that from them.

“Wad ya’ say, mate, listen ‘er, you be a few rats to a big ‘mount a bulls,” A henchmen daunted.

“Yeah, bullshit,” Sumire K. smiled sweetly after the nonchalant proclamation.

“Ya’ listen ’er girly-” The second henchmen said, only to be interrupted by Mitsuki,

“How about this?”

Oh? A challenge for a game of their choice in exchange of cigarettes he'd collected. In reward for acceptable treatment, the lead jailor agreed. The game was blackjack against each other, not the house, and they had the freedom to choose the cards from the deck, but couldn't see the value, a psychological play, when you just get the top it's chance, but now you have the ability to choose correctly if you just knew which one it is.

Like multiple chance tests with 52 answers and one question...

Will you win? Can you bare the defeat if you could have just picked a better card?

With Sumire K. as the dealer, it will install a false glimmer of hope, choosing wrong despite that will be the end of you're hope and you'll question out of winning out of five turns.

Mitsuki didn't have that problem as he scored 21 on their first turn.

Their next go was 12 to 20, and Mitsuki hadn't stood with that hand.

I scratched my head and stared at the screen in search of answers.

It was a sure fire way to lose, and I knew something was off since the beginning.

For my Kekki Genki, When people are unsure, their chakra pathways dim, if they know it they glow, if they don't, it turns dark.
And in a game of chance, you'd imagine their chakra to be dim to me, uncertainty.

So why on earth was Mitsuki’s chakra so bright?

It was the third round, Mitsuki lost again with 15 to 19. Chakra still bright as ever.

My first assumption was that Sumire K. was doing this, but when I checked her chakra, she was just as confused as the jailed leader, Yamano L..

Fourth round he'd won despite Yamano L’s split, 18 to 17

Fifth round Mitsuki won with two cards, a king and an ace, 21 in total in comparison to Yamano L.’s 20.
12 - 15 - 18 - 21

And if it wasn't Sumire handing the cards, there had to be another way. Option A, he had some ability to see into the future, b, an ability to see through things. But neither of those felt right.

He has to be exposed to all the cards to have known what to pick. I rewinded the video three times before I could figure it out.

Every time Sumire K. shuffled the cards, Mitsuki's eyes were glued to them. It was off chance, but the brightness of his chakra leads me to believe that Mitsuki memorized every card and their place in the stack.

Which is literally impossible according to my laws of common fucking sense.

"Ugh, there are memorization techniques that people work on for years, but 52 cards in less than 2 seconds? They'd need at least 5-10 seconds. Not to mention not all cards could have been shown, does that mean after memorizing them, he used processes of elimination to figure out the ones he couldn't see?" I voiced my thoughts.

Fascinating.
And I hadn't missed the pain Boruto U. seemed to be in, a migraine by the seems of it, curious indeed.

Mitsuki walked off with a grin that I've seen plenty of times before, a grin that I wore before every kill.

This boy was a ninja indeed.

Hours had passed after that, the 9 others had attended school, and set up clones to head home while they themselves went to the BOO. They started off with everyone vs everyone in an area that had been dig out, scratch that, they previously used earth chakra to greater a (roughly) 40 times 40 ft area far from their house(?).

I didn't know why they had or needed such a large hole until I saw the jutsu's these kids were creating, they were roughly C level.

Lightning Release: Lightning Beast Tracking Fang, a jutsu used by Kakashi H. and was being used by Wasabi I., only to be crushed by mounds of earth courtesy of Iwabe Y..

Wind Release: Gale Palm, used by Sarada U. to shatter the mound and send dirt into peoples eyes and act as a screen.
And one look and her hand sign made my eyebrows raise. A B-Rank Jutsu,
"Fire Release: Great Fire Annihilation!" Her chest doubled in size and was rushed out.

I heard a string of curses when a wall of water was placed in front. "Water Release: Surging Sea!" I heard three people call out, Namida S., Shikadai, and Chocho A.. The C rank technique with their combined powers are enough to evaporate the brunt of the attack, but a few had scorch marks on their clothing.

I eyed the four of them, they were breathing harshly, and all was silent, and then, well...

"Sexy: Boy on Boy technique!" Inojin called out at the same time as Chocho's, "Sexy: Girl on Girl technique!"

And in a puff of smoke, there were roughly 7 people of each gender with a severe lack of clothing and hot enough that I felt a bit of blood drip down my nose before I knew what was happening.

I've never been this surprised before, and that's saying something. I grabbed a tissue with a huff because the group didn't even flinch.

How did they not even flinch at that?

"Why, Chocho, you know well that that won't do anything to us?" Sarada questioned and the B rank jutsu made sense in comparison to this, because... she was right.

None of them seemed to be ogling them.

This is messed up, where are their sex-drives? Their 12-13, this is the beginning of their hormone mess, and I saw Iwabe yawning.

"Oh it wasn't for you guys," Inojin Y. said for her,

"You know how we've been feeling watched since the beginning of the day? Me 'n Chocho decided to test that, if anything was going to throw the people off it would be this, and if they lost control of whatever they were using, we'd be able to detect it, and so..."

Inojin Y. placed his hands in his pockets as he locked up at where the mystical ball was peering through.

My eyes widened and I immediately closed off the space-time connection, no longer giving them the ability to detect where the mystical ball could view.

I couldn't see them, and I sat alone in my apartment cackling because, they got me good, point one for the Gen Z kids.

Inojin's POV - Friday, April 25 -

I tapped my pencil to the sound of my heartbeat and worked on slowing it down and picking it up. Sensing nin don't just grab location via chakra, as chakra can be suppressed, so I was using the time in class to focus on suppressing my body's sounds.

"-Inojin, what did you get for the equation?" The substitute asked me, I haven't bothered to solve it (even though I can) so I did the hand signs under my desk and stooped into Shikadia's brain.
'The answer is 94,394.38 but that's if we ignore the fact that you can't have a percentage in the real-life situation.'

"94,394, in real life, you would round down because the bacteria can't be a decimal." Everyone was surprised except my pack, normally I just gave a sarcastic answer, but my people knew well that math was my second best subject.

"Well, could we count the decimal if the bacteria was in the prosses of multiplying?"

The substitute paled, the kids were taking this far too seriously.

"Duh, but then if that were true, don't you think it would be .3 or .6 and up because the stages of multiplying are longer lasting in the formation," Denki gave, being the genius of biology and chemical make-up (second to Wasabi, on both subjects).

I just had to listen to Sumire's rambles for four minutes to get the different intelligences.

My beloved was best at strategy and quick thinking. Capable of playing a field while seeing all possibility's, good for Anbu captain, intel gathering operative, and a good follower (perhaps the most important according to Sumire). 'General' and whatever that means, is what she dubbed the dude.

Denki is best at mechanics and having a hawk eye view, not to mention musical, mathematical, and emotional intelligence. Shaping him to be best for decoding, analysis, producer, and 'behind the scenes power player' was the one for Denki.

I have interpersonal intelligence, I know who I am and so it's easy for me to understand other people and their weak spots. Excellent for helping chart, graph, distract, and fool enemies. The 'poisonous smokescreen'.

Sarada has tactical, organizational, and linguistical intelligence, making her good for front lines, medical, back up plans/loopholes, and gathering intel without being caught. 'Eather Crow'

Mitsuki was the OP ace next to Sumire (although she wouldn't admit her power), he had chakra resource through the charts, with a naturalist intelligence paired with a quick/underhanded moves, bodily-kinesthetic intelligence. Making him perfect for front-line mass devastation attacks, guerrilla tactics, and intel gathering, and abuse. 'Fabricated Bluff'

Chocho is the perfect mix of offense and defense, her family's jutsu aside, she had a jack of all trades style, large stamina, strength, tajjutsu, ninjutsu, and according to Sarada, genjutsu.

Her intelligence was in the details, observant, spatial, and naturalist intelligence. (To test her ability of time we placed her in bed for 16 hours, and before letting her see any time or the sky, she guessed it right). Making her a natural at out of the box idea's, fully capable in front, middle, or back line, a cooking-nin, and samurai. 'Fireshield' was her nickname via Sumire.

Namida is a versatile nin as well, so far she's shown great potential in every element, in every range of jutsu - not hindered by any preference, like being ambidextrous in everything she did. Easily next to Sumire when it comes to weapon usage. "Bungy Blade"
Sumire was cut off before I could listen to Boruto's, her own, Metal, Iwabe, and Wasabi's but I had a good grip on their abilities other than Wasabi's and Boruto.

Both wildcards.

Once the dull class was over I focused my chakra into my mind, after the hand sign I dug into Shikadai's mind with ease.

'I was wondering if you'd come back,' I jumped back, knocking over my desk and causing everyone in and leaving the room to stare.

I glared at them and they all snickered and left the room, minus my group, who all stayed behind to talk, it was lunch anyways.

His smirk pissed me off.

"Oi, how long have you known?" I demanded, arms crossed.

And his side glance held enough confidence to pull me to a kneeling position in front of such a mind.

"Emm, why don't you figure it out, hm?" He stood up and sauntered toward me, the others rolled their eyes and commenced their own conversation.

"I gave you the answers in history, biology, and now math, now get them yourself," I grinned and went in.

'Well, shit,' Was my first thought.

"Ah, finding it difficult, are we?" He taunted me and I stepped closer, a few inches between us.

The InoShikaCho formation had lasted for generations, and I would assume our companionship lasted not only because of expectations and ability, but also our beings, each generation growing closer to the next until we landed here. Even though I grabbed much of my father's side, snarky, arrogant, disregarding and an overall ass, I felt my mother in everything I did.

She gave up the life she adored to take care of me, and I don't take that lightly. Her will of fire drove her into battle time and time again, I heard stories, some good, some bad, but all mother.

I felt her in the way I placed flowers in my room, I felt it in the way I care for the details and my love for arts - it is jagged at best, and I can only enjoy the colored versions - I was utterly fascinated with my mother's ability.

Point is, we all had the InoShikaCho in our blood, and so Shikadai long ago theorized that our brains were hardwired to understand the others.

I hadn't known what he'd meant at the time.

But now, trying to get anything in his head was impossible.

I tried it on Denki, who had percentages running through his mind, occasionally sidetracking to Iwabe and what he would look like without his hair up.

Namida was presently arguing with herself about a point it seems the group was conversating on, stolen test papers or something.

And when I went to Shikadai's - It felt like I would see a tumbleweed stroll by at any second, I had
previously wondered if this technique could be halted or blocked, at least my question had been answered.

But I grit my teeth and decided to though him off his loop - And so I kissed him, I held his chin and gave a lasting and fluffy kiss with lidded eyes. He melted into the touch and I took the moment to slip into his mind.

And all he was thinking about was me, the way my hair looked so soft in the window light, the paint stains I had and had deducted by the colors alone that I was working on abstract thoughts. And with closed eyes, all he could think about was the soft way my silver-tongue mouth felt on his.

"Heh, gayyyyyyy," Iwabe called out. I smirked and watched him grunt in annoyance, his last thought before blocking me was, "Motherf-

Shikadai sighed affectionately and pet my head.

We stalked out of our own space and went to sit on the desk that the others were sitting on (Half of them using anyone in their area as pillows.

"So what do you think we should do you two - oh and were re-electing Sumire for president this term. That was a given." Chocho said while eating what looked like a triple sized bar.

Do about what now?

"I assume you all are speaking about the upcoming trip to the Land of Water. In that case, I'm quite excited to attend, it will be a fun bonding opportunity along with a chance to form and fix political relations with new faces. I've done some research on them, although once being known for its violence, the hidden mist village has transformed rapidly in the past five years.

A beat of silent contemplative thinking,

"I say we take it as a normal field trip with some caution added on." He finished, even though I know he wasn't finished because he was thinking about everything that could go wrong, from the boat to the people to the land he had already sort out 30 variables and I didn't need to see it in his mind to know that.

A gasp from a familiar blond shocked us all.

"Does this mean I can work on my 'Sensing Web Hexagram technique'!"

"BORUTO!?!" The group shouted, who in turn vigorously nodded their head. This child is supposed to be in jail, for the time being, what the hell.

"Clone..." Sarada whispered out with her Sharingan activated.

"They didn't seal your chakra? - Why would they-" Denki mumbled until Boruto was laughing and sitting on the desk with his legs crossed and combed his hair to the side with a dramatic flair.

"It's all just a big test to see if we'd break out, to test our loyalty's or whatever," And god damn he sounded girly.

"Which Boruto am I talking to?" Sarada said innocently.

"I was wondering who was going to figure it out love," And after he winked Chocho said,

"The girl part of Boruto, I see, I like it gurl, ambitious and can fool a town with your fake
innocence," Boruto cheered and Denki rolled his eyes affectionately.

"My partner in crime has more moves then I thought, you should help him date Mitsuki around the time of the trip, that's where my bet is going,"

I realized immediately that Boruto and Iwabe were both the rebels of the class, and all the pranks he'd pulled with a shocking amount of earth jutsu's made a lot more sense.

"EH!?” Boruto hollered shoving his hands where his face is, a blush so prominent I just had to take a picture for blackmail.

"Hell no, they're gonna realize their true feelings around the time of graduation obviously," Metal said with a dramatic wave of his arms, nearly hitting Namida in the face.

"I wouldn't be surprised if they are in that jail cell enjoying the privacy right now," Wasabi said with a cheeky grin.

"Sumire's there so it's not that private,"

"What jutsu are you talking about anyway nerd," Iwabe questioned, and Boruto quickly delved into a jutsu he'd been practicing for the past month and a half, and that when done could presently sense anyone in a 12.9 mile radius, their body structure, gender, chakra impression, abilities, locations, and movements.

"Sounds impressive! I congratulate you, my friend!" Metal laughed with Boruto.

"Oh yeah and -" Boruto held up a scroll the size of a pinky.

"Boruto didn't directly summon me, but chakra is infused into this when I want it too. He has the rest of us in the same situation. He has 12 others,"

My eyes widened at that,

"I thought his limit was 5 two weeks ago," I said while nuzzling Shikadai.

"He finally mastered accumulating chakra while asleep, since then his chakra reservoirs have been an exponential function increase, how far along are you getting with it now?" He asked with a tilt of the head.

"Hm, I can normally get a good hour or two, but the rest of the night just turns into nightmares, I don't have that good of a chakra control my dude," Wasabi offered out while scratching the back of her head.

"I can get half of the night, but then I wake up and I feel shitty, I'm close though," Sarada exclaims with a grin.

Then each of them talked about how far along they got and what each of them did to help and I don't think they got the magnitude of what they could do.

Or maybe they did.

Maybe we all believed that the throne belonged to us and us alone, that we've already accepted rigorous training and consent pain and out of the box thinking as our style and that it is more than enough to surpass our parents.

Because we were all attention starved, it went without saying that the nations that had gathered with
a sole purpose - that have been achieved by our parents - all expect us to do better then Anbu, better than the talented.

And so after coming together, we've begun our treck, were saying we're doing it for us but we're also human.

Chocho has loving and doting parents but they don't need her to do well for them to be proud. She hates the lack of standards and had decided to create her own.

Namida has civilian parents, who don't understand the importance of becoming a ninja.

Wasabi has elite Anbu parents, forced to live a life of absence and secrets, her personality was build as a defense mechanism. She's in pain that only the happiest of people feel. She's happy so she doesn't cry herself to sleep at night.

Even though it never works.

Metal has anxiety about his anxiety, he loves his life but feels guilty beyond words about how he can't live up to criteria he and others placed on himself. When he shakes of worry he shakes of rage to, and, I hope, in time, he can find himself and be at peace.

But life is never so easy.

Iwabe's father is second best at what he does, expectations through the roof since birth. Not to mention he has to bear watching his father get drunk and yell next to every night.

I see it in his head and in his eyes. He's a child of mother abuse. The mother was killed by his father but was never caught. And now his father has turned into what he'd hated most. It's a nightmare that just keeps on taking.

Sumire - poor girl - has probably had it the worst. She cares for others because no one cared for her. So desperate for the recognition she turned off her morals and killed the girl she'd been born as. A girl of love and joy breed to kill without mercy and she would never get her fully back, but I guess all ninja had to do that at one point.

A difference from civilians we all had to endure. Our hashtags had body bags, and we were all destined to give many last breathes.

Mitsuki was bred in a lab, made for the survival of the fittest. I like to imagine that Orochimaru truly cared for Mitsuki - 'the heart of evil' has two meanings.

But when I met him - just looking at his oozing gold eyes made me wanna puke. I could taste his bloodshed, he didn't even know the purpose of a soul or morals, and, whether others noticed it or not - he was clawing at himself. Trying to bring forth reason and humanity for the sake of those he cared for.

And morals don't come with a receipt.

Boruto is a weird case. I know better than to just assume that it's just his father's absence. Boruto is many things - and someone who lies about his true pain for others is definitely one of them. Boruto isn't weird because of a tragic backstory, its because when he sees someone with one he feels guilty that he couldn't help them, that he can't make them feel better - so he slaps on their shoes and feels their pain with them to attempt to make it better. I know for an absolute fact that, if given the option, he'd immediately take all the pain for himself.
Not to mention the recent chaos.

He breaks himself to fix others and it's going to be the death of him.

Sarada, a case of the absent father and busy mother, a perfectionist terrified of failure and standers so high above the bar that being talented isn't enough.

Denki is attention staved as the rest of us, absent mother, left because his father was and still is a workaholic who cares more about profits than his son. No explanation needed there - a desperate and delicate human so touch starved that I'm sure he'd chop his own hand off for a truly proud smile and pat to the back from his father.

Me? My mother loves me to pieces as I her, but I see the way she looks when she does mundane chores - cooking, cleaning, changing the sheets and washing the table. She looks lost.

I heard when she was younger, she dreamed of being a housewife. I know myself that not being on the battlefield is destroying her from the inside out. She refined her being and never noticed she was an adrenaline junkie until there was no adrenaline to be had.

Shikadai is a beauty and not for his looks, for his intelligence. Like a work made by a depressed artist, beautiful in all of its pain, you see the finished product by not the hours of sweat and screaming and crying. Just as he prefers. He likes a shield, a comfortable distance. He hates when he lets out the outbursts and overprotective attitude he's so inclined to have. So he covers it up with a laid-back attitude - little does he know that he is a masterpiece on his own.

'Aw, how sweet - you should tell me these things more often,'

Leave it to Shikadai to mind block you, and then read your own mind.

'How in the hell-

'The day I saw you looking through the parent jutsu - mind-body technique, I thought about all of us learning the ability'

'So you're thinking-

'Telepathy between all of us...

"...and that's why we should all bring at least our basic tools in seals,"

Metal explained while Sumire was chatting and writing down the estimated weapon amount we should spend with the mad cash Boruto, Shikadai, Sarada, and Wasabi picked up while they fought off the possessed Chunin - attacked most likely by a superficial human who has been hibernating and created by one of the legendary sanin.

Man, it must be a Wednesday.

I sighed and snapped my fingers - providing me with all of their attention.

"Shikadai and I have an idea..."
Where's Waldo?

Chapter Summary

Slydin returns, Naruto struggling to break out of his shell, Sasuke returning to the leaf for a brief moment (Y CANT HE JUST stays GOD DAMN IT) Sarada practicing their SKILLS BRO

Juno's POV - At lunch as well -

"You think that guys who have the byukagan use it to peer into women's bathrooms?" I thought aloud, I wouldn't because I have basic human decency (despite the fact that I'm lacking in the morals department).

Kai did nothing - as expected - but I can feel the mental facepalm.

"Or maybe people with the Sharingan can speed read through all assignments, it would explain the Uchi-,

Alteration.

27.4 miles northeast a chakra I knew too damn well reached me. My mind zoned in on that point, it's him.

Slydin is back.

Kai glanced at me, walls build around his posture, not wanting to become too hopeful, not wanting to assume what we wanted most.

"He's back,"

I knew Kai like my own hand - so the fact that he didn't move a muscle said,

'Thank God'

I grinned and we both flickered out of school, not before creating clones.

_____

"Status?"

"Not good..." Slydin cringed as he continued,
"They didn’t detect me, as suspected, but there are 17 elemental synthetic humans, along with them are weapons crafted to suit their ability’s - some using puppets, swords, poison etcetera, I calculate that by their pace, they'll arrive between May 22 to May 24."

"Aye the more the merrier is what I say!" I tried to chill the atmosphere.

"You've never said that before,"

To no avail.

"You've been absent from school for a while, you should show up to assure you're not kicked ya' know? I've been analyzing Shikadai and I swear he has the same intelligence as you - if a bit unmatured!" I smiled and jumped while dancing my hands for emphasis.

"Oh please - not a soul has Intelligence similar to mine - and even if he did..." Slydin glanced at Kai - who wrote down everything, about to grill Slydin on every weapon, ability, level, skill, intellect, leaders, jutsu, etc. he is remotely possible of detecting from what he had seen.

"No one beats Kai," The small smirk from Kai kept its place, I'm 90 percent sure his kink is being above everyone in bed and in life. If only he wasn't ace he could probably be the perfect broody sarcastic male interest in all of those romance novels.

"It's satisfactory that you're cognizant of your place, now..." He looked up at the tallest and commanded,

"Everything," Slydin dutifully nodded and soon enough there were 23 pages of notes written in immaculate handwriting,

"Thank you Slydin - by tomorrow I will have our work out regimens and counterattacks as well as each of their ability's. Go to school - we can't risk being kicked out for now."

"Understood," Slydin and I said simultaneously and flickered away.

Boruto's POV - April 26, 8:23 PM

"Freedom!"

The day had been interesting, a rematch between Mitsuki and the leader had ensued, with one of his henchmen as the deal this time around.

He won easily again.

"Actually it was quite nice there, free food and all," Sumire said and I paled at that.

"But there is no Sarada, Chocho, Shikadai, Inojin, Metal, Iwabe, Denki, Namida, or Wasabi! There's no point!" I hollered out as the guard's assisted us to the outside area where, surprisingly, father standing there in wait, not Mother.

"You're such a sweetheart," Sumire cooed and I crossed my arms,

"Am not!"

"Are too,"
I sighed and looked my father in the eye, he seemed... Apologetic... remorseful, guilty, and a general sense of ew-y-ness.

"Yo," I said, mood darkening a little.

"How's Himawari feeling?"

"She's doing just fine, she's at aunt Sakara's house, mom is being questioned and... Boruto I'm... I tried too-" There was just such a pain radiating off of him that I wanted to hurl. I stilled him with a pat on the back and I settled right behind him.

"I know, dad, I know, do you mind if Mitsuki and Sumire stay the night?"

Sumire looked confused and curious whilst Mitsuki more resembled a deer in headlights.

"Yeah, yeah that's okay, I need to talk with the head -"

"You don't have to explain yourself, do you want me to go and pick up Himawari?" My face blank and voice monotone. If I showed emotion here I doubt I would be able to stop it. I can't blame him, I can never truly, no matter how much I wanted to.

I just want the people I care about around me, I would shadow clone and go to the Area to join up with the group but Himawari came first.

"Yes...please, thank you, my son," He scuffled my hair with a glimmer of tears in his eyes and I felt myself break a little.

Why him, why did he have to become the Hokage. Mitsuki and Sumire stayed in respectful silence as we went our separate ways.

Naruto's POV - April 27, 6:57 Saturday

"Shikamaru I'm about to Rasengan my entire desk,"

"Hokage-sama, as your adviser, I would hold it in high regard to stop you, as your friend I'm saying I'll make a cover story,"

I gave a light chuckle and looked at my piles of work and could physically feel the dark lines under my eyes, I was tired, but not in the way hours of sleep could ever fix.

"That's fuckin' it,"

I grabbed Shikamaru and flickered us to the edge of the woods.

"SASSSSUKKKKKEEEEE!"

"There's no way that's gonna -"

"NAAAAARUTOOOOO," A yell at least 200 miles out sounded - I know the space is 200 because it started 300, halfway through it was 250, and near the end of the yell, it could almost be heard from an average chunin with immense chakra control focused in their ears.
"You two are going to be the end of me," Shika told me as I forced a grin and the wave of wind brought my emo who's lacking an arm (my bad) and his dramatic ass katana and cape.

"Ya' know, Sakara has been writing for you to come back for... one.. two.. three and a half months -"

"That's not what you brought me here for," I had the permanent smile on whenever Sasuke was around (Shika's "troublesome" was also another part of the smile - not to mention Sasuke laughing on the inside about 'of course you would do that to get my attention, dobe)

"Yeah, I normally wouldn't bother you-"

"I know this,"

"Oi let me finish-"

"Hey, I'll oversee the office and go check up on the Ambu headquarters," It wasn't a question, Shika flickered off and left me, rude.

"Meanie, anyway look-"

"Teme,"

"What was that for I-!"

"Every insult that comes out of your idiotic mouth is slightly directed toward me, hence, teme,"

"Can I just-"

"No,"

"Okay now your just doing this on-"

"No, I'm not,"

I sighed and face planted into a tree out of admiration and annoyance.

"You shouldn't talk to the Hokage like that, ya bastard,"

"You shouldn't talk to the Shadow-kage like that, teme,"

"I LITERALLY made that up for you,"

"You were just worried I would take your spot,"

"Says who!?" I crossed my arms and raised my chin.

"The reason you called me here today,"

I sighed, he knew,

"Bastard,"
"Teme,"

"Alright, fine, I need you to do some paperwork, I'm dealing with a lot of family issues and as a shadow kage I feel like you've had far too much field work,

"Are you finally admitting that I am the intelligent one,"

"You're the stubborn one with a big ego yeah,"

"IM the stubborn one with the big ego?"

"Yes, you are, have you looked in the mirror lately? Or is your personality and common sense clouded by your emo bangs,"

"I literally live in the wilderness, and you can't talk - look at that half a centimeter hair and receding hairline,"

"I'm in my 20's, you turd,"

"Piece of shit,"

((((Shikadai's POV, whos watching this all unfold with Inojin on top of a roof next to the Hokage's tower -

"Will you be my turd?" Inojin asked me from the roof we were sitting on.

"Will you be my piece of shit?"

"You know it babe," )))))) (Nards POV again_)

"You need a more," I waved my hands around to add flair,

"Creative insults ya know?"

"How about an illiterate child who thinks using a fire jutsu to warm his tea is a" Sasuke put up the bunny quotation marks with his fingers,

"Brilliant idea,'"

"At least I-" Emphasis on the I, "Didn't try to use a genjutsu on my child to calm them down,"

"Well, at least I didn't blow down an entire HOUSE the last time I sneezed,"

"Oh come on that was ONE time! And are we not gonna mention the mission we had in the Land of Wool where they asked you to deposit all of your weapons and you took 2 hours and 23 minutes,"

"Why did you keep count?" He mocked and I just felt so unreasonably nice, the bickering we were shunned for as kids would probably become the talk of nations if ever published - I mean, were the Co-Hokage's in the greatest nation. Yeah, that would definitely be a riot and utter embarrassment. Not that I'm capable of being ashamed of Sasuke, more ashamed of our 5-year-old behavior.

Only then did I notice that we both had walked to the Hokage's office by foot with reports and
camera's shoved in our face when we reached the door guarded by 12 (only six noticeable) Anbu who all had a sweat drop.

I blushed madly and keen on the idea of punching the grin on Sasuke's face right off.

I ignored the reports and let the Anbu handle them, Sasuke and I flickering into the office.

I gestured at the 17 piles with at least 47 pages each that needed reading and responses as well as issues and none of them sorted.

"Wow you really are fucked, you couldn't even get a C- in reading comprehension in the academy," Sasuke mocked and I groaned.

"Please, I need today off but there's just so much-,

"Don't have to repeat yourself teme,

I watched in awe, with his Kekkei Genkai activated, he used a jutsu to keep all of the papers in place as he speeds throughout the room, I watched and felt wind turn and twist in the room as the stacks lowered in size to be placed in an organized pile.

That took him 12 minutes.

"The land's D-Rank missions are here, C's here, B's here, A's here, the tops being most important and bottoms least. It's your job to assign squads based on their qualifications but I placed a few recommendations on sticky notes on ones I was sure of - the paperwork of them is finished, you just need their signature and your stamp.

"With the out-of-village missions I placed here - as there are 23 of them, eight being fairly urgent - I would focus on these first. The establishment of trust between countries has laid its foundations but many are still concerned and untrusting.

"Now all asking's of conferences, including media and interviews have been sorted here - I burned 134 of the 213 - with 17 I'm unsure about, again top being the most prominent.

"Building renovations and plans are here, I've replied with the no or okay, why, how I think it should be done, when it should be done, a few projects that should co-op due to similar interests and structure ideas. 8 in-between that seemed possible that I wrote down notes and questions.

"This pile are askings from military, jail, and general nin foundations - again, ranked, I've left this for you with many sticky notes as I'm sure your plans contrast starkly to my own, but I've okayed and denied the basics."

He went on for another five minutes, jobs, declining food availability, trade, ideas on how to increase the populations general welfare, hospitals, increased wages and why it could lead to inflation in this point in time, working to convince the village elders and jonin council to start closing the wage gap between men and woman. As well as the idea of foraging proper tracks to close districts.

"Sasuke," I said once he finished and burned some more of my paperwork.

"I could kiss you right now," I said it like the idiot I am - forgetting the line we carved with blood and years of pain.
I felt myself mentally recoil as his eyebrows rose, face not moving but his eyes glancing up.

"Hn, you'd regret doing that, teme," He dragged the sharp quill onto the side of the prestigious and passed down desk between the great leaders of this nation.

He carved in the word, "Dobe,"

That’s my delinquent.

“I wonder what would happen if you were the true Kage - if only people saw you as more then the traitor,”

Because he went through what would take weeks- no - months for me to get through in minutes. He couldn’t possibly fit the job better. I - while I’d never admitted it despite its obvious - was never the smart one. I understood emotions and people like Sasuke understand the world and much of the knowledge in it.

Sasuke is renowned for many things and his intelligence in battle strategy is one of them. But not many knew he is a top-tier medic nin, or that he is considered the third most knowledgeable in philosophy on the entire globe - not to mention his understanding of economics, business, writing, and the only human Sasuke can’t negotiate with is me.

He says it’s because I’m simple-minded.

I say he’s just salty.

“Am I? My whole existence was devoted to revenge - and therefore, my whole existence is only that,”

I sighed and walked up closer, a warm smile on my face,

“Maybe you can fool Sakura, maybe you can fool Kakashi- hell, you’ve fooled an entire village-most importantly, you’ve fooled yourself,” I drawled on, getting closer with each step, but his guard didn’t raise.

“But you can’t fool me, you never could,”

“Perhaps, I still don’t know whether to despise you for it, or to thank you for it,”

“Do I get a choice?”

“Hn, I’ve got your work done, so now I need you to do something for me,”

Oh, a request? Sasuke's allergic to asking for help (and hugs) so I doubt it's anything like that.

“Anything - you saved months of my life,” I gestured to the stacks of paper that were cut to a third of their size with the majority of them mostly finished.

“First, I’m doing this at least once a month - I... I see how - This paperwork is..” And for all of the big fancy words and long ass sentences he favored around everyone who wasn’t me, he couldn’t string them in any way to say, ‘because I hate seeing you doing something you hate so much’ because that crossed the line we made oh so long ago with sticks and stones.

I was tempted to sing London Bridge is falling down but I had a desire to see the next morning from a view, not six feet under.
“I get paperwork done efficiently enough for you to run the village and still have a life, as I can never fully repay you-“

“Sasuke you know you don’t have to re-“

“I’m not finished, and this isn’t just because I’m repenting, it’s because you’re... you are my... I-fucking hell Naruto because I’m your friend and when you feel like shit I feel like shit.”

Ah, there’s my emotionally stunted best friend.

I grinned and nearly knocked over a perfectly good stack of papers while trying to hug him.

He had one arm and he used it to stab me in the solar plex.

“Sasuke is a mennie pants...” I growled from my fetal position on the ground.

“Secondly teme what family problems could you possibly be having?“

I sobered at that and explained everything.

Boruto's POV - April 27, 5:18 AM - The area -

"Heya guys, sorry we overslept by a few minutes!"

I called as I entered the household.

"Aye guess who finally decided to show up!“ I heard Chocho call from the kitchen, where the rest were bound to be.

Mitsuki and Sumire followed suit as I barged in - there were cheers and questions about how it felt, what was it like? Was the food all that bad? Did people try and fight you?

And the weirdest thing had to be my own face.

"Oi, Ayu, is something wrong? Why'd you escape?” She looked up at me, a mirror image looked bak, and yet so different. Her posture flirty and eyes that promised seduction. I wanted to puke.

"Big brother-“ The clones all took to calling me big brother - It made me question a lot of shit for two whole weeks.

"It's just so boring in there - I get a whole world of creation, but I felt like pestering you would be soo much more fun,"

"I love her so much...“ Sarada said with so much emotion I did a double take,

"Hmmm,“ Ayu (also known as B #4) hummed while nuzzling Sarada, it being normal for me to do that but it felt akin to watching a video.

The rest of the girls seemed to share the same feeling, adoration. I'm surprised to find that it's the polar opposite for the guys.

Inojin's cringing, she smells of deception even if she wasn't lying at present. Damn sensor nin.

Shikadai had long ago deduced her personality and spent his time ignoring her and tweaking out a blueprint for something.
Denki, a saint who wouldn't even hold someone's hand without their permission feeling a little weirded out - it didn't help that this version of me confused him.

Metal is, more or less, in the same boat. Iwabe straight up didn't give a shit.

Ayu is more like a part of a whole - so in my personality, it normally showed itself via my deceptive tactics and normally got placed in with my arrogance when I acted like her.

Iwabe had a good feeling when it came to the human emotion spectrum, I wouldn't be surprised if he'd shivered the second Ayu waltzed into the room.

I wonder what Mitsuki thinks of-

Woah.

I felt a chill go down my spine and goosebumps form

A chill rattles through me as goosebumps haunt my skin because the feeling is so abstractly violent.

His eyes, slightly narrowed, were holding back the weight of hell.

If anyone decided to peer at him, he looked like normal curious Mitsuki.

But the hidden anger, concealed protectiveness, so condensed the vessel nearly bust was only felt by myself and Inojin.

Inojin fully high tailed the situation claiming need of the bathroom, running the way out.

Mitsui is a sensor nin, perhaps subpar but a sensor none the less. But even his skills held to flame to the instinctual protective aura that came from a flirty version of me with a T-Shirt practically showing my abs the V cut ran so low.

I bet you a part of his brain was facepalming at his own overreaction.

Shit shit shit shit-

"'ello, Mitsuki," Ayu dragged out the name: mee-tssu-key, in a seductive manner - I swear I heard Wasabi whisper a curse at the lack of attention.

'Cause with Mitsuki in the room they weren't getting it back.

His eyes narrowing while his body stiffens at the sudden attention. Ayu had changed my clothing, a white T that's collar - a sharp V, and had shimmery lips with winged eyeliner that can kill.

"Awe, don't leave me hanging, 'Zuki..." Her voice so sweet.

When Mitsuki finally stepped closer to her, he jabbed her stomach, letting her dissipate into a cloud of smoke, then left without a word.

And the headache gradually crawled back, the same headache I had at the jail.

Sage Mode, Mitsuki had been seconds away from entering the sage mode.

Soon enough chat went back to its usual self, I joined in and Inojin joined us shortly. After a calming 10 minutes, Sarada asked if she could recite some genjutsu on us.
Her claim is that it would help ourselves if we're ever placed under it as well as her own abilities.

Soon enough, we all (Mitsuki included) strolled into the ground in front of the house. Iwabe and Sumire went through the precaution of strapping Mitsuki and I to a tree for all of our safety.

We stood, an audience to a performer.

Silent.

A deep breath and then Sarada opened her eyes, a shining ferocity reflected in the morning sun.

Dragon, Boar, Monkey and the world feel from beneath my feet.

"Black Dream!" A call from an unseeable source, the abyss was cold, empty and anxiety-inducing. Sane enough to know I wasn't in trouble, crazy enough to feel panicked anyway (I ignored my own tremors).

It's final, when I fall, I'll look upwards for holds and not down to the ground.

I let myself become enveloped in the abyss (AN: What a mood) - if you were in it for (what felt like) fifteen minutes - and were aware it wasn't real - it was almost calming.

Having said that this would be a great torcher technique.

I shifted my chakra flow with the sign and was brought back to life - the shining world a great contrast to the nothingness brought of by her genjutsu.

When we all came back to our senses - she tried another - and another - and another - and another, for what felt like a month of pain and fear (even if it was less then forty minutes). We all were thoroughly shaking and if this went on for much longer I'm sure we would buckle. Mitsuki and I were the only two who weren't huddled with the others when it ended. And the second we were released from the rock barriers all 11 of us sat together, wordless, silent.

Sarada nearly knocked herself unconscious with all of the chakra usage, she hadn't used her Sharingan the entire time.
A Battle To Remember

TWO WEEKS LATER - 10th of MAY - Boruto's POV

Violence was always something I, while admittedly, tried to avoid, fell for. I’m an adrenaline junkie, I get high off of attacking and being attacked at, I’d rather take a punch then listen to seminars I could figure out in five minutes and take time-consuming tests about tactics when I could place them in action. And so I wasn’t surprised when I found myself wanting to yell and break something yet again in Shino’s class.

I nearly jumped through the ceiling when sparring came around, what felt like six hours was only sixty minutes, but it was here at last and I still haven't pulled out my hair which was impressive.

I was racing through the halls, sending a breeze behind me, I took turns like I was on ice and was in field 1 three minutes before anyone else.

I take that back.

It seems out of my friends and the newbies from the sound, I was the last to arrive, damn my biology class, they have physics and KH History. Finishes a few minutes after mine, however, so I can only assume they raced her faster than me.

It was silent, the only people talking were the sound ninja, whispering between themselves, Kai, being the devious bastard he is, was talking to them while staring at me. Slydin was at least four inches taller than both of them who were roughly the same height. Huh, the two are the same height as Mitsuki.

Anyway, Slydin was tall with toilet paper white skin, rough red marks on his knuckles like any fighter would, from what I’ve seen he doesn’t say much and his dark hair, slicked back, is more threatening than my mother when I get home most days.

Kai has black hair, and a white stripe down the right side, slicked up and all in all reminds me of Red Hood from Batman. His skin is almost black, an amber color with multiple tattoos traced down his right arm and neck. But it’s his eyes that got me, they looked exactly like mine. A shining blue, the blue Mitsuki wrote about in the poem I now keep tucked away in my room, along with my other Precious Things. And Juno looked like a combination of the two, beige skin tone with one blue eye and on black one, black like the night sky and blue like the seas that separate the nations. His hair, however, is dyed electric blue and pretty curly. They all looked so different and so alike.

Anko came out looking better and more excited than normal which was saying something.

“Allrighty Shrimps, time for lineups!” All of us filed into our lines quicker then I’d ever seen. The only kid that I didn’t know here was Kiri, a girl with bright orange hair and a very quiet attitude a teachers pet if you will, but if I had to choose anyone outside of my present friend list to join, it would be her, she’s witty, clever, and a massive bookworm.

As my people promised to use our weakest element in small fights like this, it’s time to show off my few earth jutsus. Yeah, this isn’t going to end well for me.

“First off, Boruto Uzumaki, paired Against Kai Kastil, nice last name newbie.” I rolled my eyes, it was clearly a changed version of foreign land common names, probably the Land Of Sound.

And I also put together that Kai must’ve done that weird brain thing with Anko to put us together,
cheeky fella’s gonna get caught one day.

“Oi, shrimps, standard rules, no breaking, pulling, straining, or slicing each other, hands-on and refrain from brutal knockouts, unless they're funny,” She ate some chips and sat back in her chair to watch.

People were silent still as we dawned the center court, it was the same place I fought with Iwabee, good times.

“You ready to beg for Mercy, Kai?” I asked darkly, something about him just made me want to take every bloodthirsty part of myself and let it out on him, all my pain, yeah I lived an amazing life, but I have to listen to the silent cries of my mother alone in her King sized bed and a cold spot next to her, and Himawari's drawings are losing a lot of their color, the color I so cherished, was slowly slipping away. Fighting is my drug, beating people and being beaten is my escape, my addiction.

Being physically numb dulls the pain of home.

“I’ve never begged for Mercy in my life, Uzumaki,” I honestly couldn’t tell if this was borderline sex talk, I chose to ignore that part.

“Boruto,” I heard Mitsuki drawl from a stadium away, yet it was only a whisper.

I cringed, Mitsuki would come down here himself if he thought this was going too badly or Kai was stepping out of bounds. Distracting myself ever so slightly, Kai took the chance he looked for.

Before I knew it the white strip in his hair was a blur that crouched sideways on the ground centimeters from my own feet, a foot launched up nearly faster then I could grab.

The second my hand made contact, he swept his whole body up and swung his left foot flying at the side of my head.

My first mistake was assuming that he wouldn’t use sound as his only weapon. My second mistake was not thinking ahead at the moment. His first mistake was forgetting that I am presently letting all of my stress onto him.

I caught the foot, and the other, presently holding both in the air and I was the pole to his flag. He pulled his self into a mid air crouch and pushed back up, sending me flying back as he rolled now where I used to be.

“Dirt Bullets: Earth Release!” Pieces of the ground shook and rose up slowly, surrounding my form and faced toward Kai who was presently licking the blood off his lips.

“Interesting, Earth huh?” He asked as he knew more, which I wouldn’t be surprised if he did, douche. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw everyone but the Sound nin and the Kiri girl on the edge of their seats, even Anko, who’s as surprised as a deer in headlights.

We both charged, bulls to the red cloth, dust flying behind us and adrenaline pumping with each beat. I ducked his punch and tried to elbow his right shoulder, the one he used as a punch, but he had seen it coming and leaped above me with some hale chakra and whispered something as his head was a few inches above mine, and feet at least 10 feet in the air.

“Call out defeat,” It wasn’t a suggestion, as he landed, back facing mine, I had to use every muscle I had to not call out quits.

I bit my tongue so hard it bleed and swung my arm around like a whip, hitting him square in the jaw,
which would leave a nice bruise. I tasted the iron in my mouth but the compulsion had lessened to a simple want.

“Nah, I’m good,” I felt the rocks floating around me flash to Kai’s body, sticking to him like chewed gum,

“Sure you never begged for mercy?” I offered,

“‘Cause this can be a learning curve for ya’,” He laughed mercilessly,

“Begging? It seems you don’t know me as much as you thought.” Right as I was planning on sending him sky high he said,

“World Tremble: Vibration Release,” And with that all hundred or so of the nickel sized pellets were dust and most of the ground cracked open, like dried up sand that chipped.

The audience was just as shaken as me, literally. And I had no time to prepare for the knife hand that hit the area above my leg and below my pelvis bone, the tips of his fingers dug in and made for a painful attack. I saw his hands blur once I got to my feet.

“Godly Chains: Earth Release!” Had that been it, I’d be fine right about now.

Chains sprung from the ground, light brown in color and rapped my figure more times than I can count. I was pinned to the ground like a photo on a cork board, and of coarse Kai has an outrageous amount of chakra,

“Demon's Scream: Wind and Vibration release!” Have you ever done something and thought, this is gonna end up worse than the time I thought I could wing this test? That’s what this moment felt like. Had Anko not stepped in in the nick of time and stopped the fight, I doubt I would still have my hearing. Demon’s scream sent a shockwave aimed for my head, which would’ve ruptured my eardrum at best. Anko’s cancellation jutsu is something I should definitely keep in mind.

Anko was going over something, but I couldn't listen, I want to stand back up and fight until I couldn't move and then some.

I think he knows just what I want.

I guess both enemies and your other half have more differences and similarities then countable. Kia and I were always at each other's throats while Mitsuki and I were always tending to each other's wounds while I blabbered on and he'd listen. And yet here they are - so different and yet they could read me better than anyone else in the room.

Anko set the arena up for Sarada, the logical and precise and Inojin, the random and creative.

She often paired me and Mitsuki up do to our complex and opposing fighting styles, I found all my attacks by combining everything I read and everything I saw, no particular style, but I was normally on the ground with my feet beneath me, aiming for a pressure point and using a Jutsu to get to it, not to mention a flair of unpredictability. Meanwhile, Mitsuki was either above or below, using the art of stealth and flexibility to attack.

Once the fight began, Inojin drew out three human-sized worms that dug underground.

The worms filled the dirt behind them as they traveled below, as the holes they left already sealed. The ominous sound of rolling gravel haunted the arena. Nonetheless, Sarada charged ahead in a blaze of speed - the green flag Anko held flapping harshly due to the current Sarada produced.
“Cherry Madness, 12 Palms!” Sarada called out right as she was hitting range to Inojin. Of course, she won't hit him, she’s planning on eliminating at least two of the worms beneath her before she’s gonna do that. The bull change is a diversion meant to get Inojin caught in the crossfire of the debree and prevent any thought Inojin has regarding her attempting to attack his drawings first.

To no surprise I’m correct. Kinda. Didn’t expect a snake.

Sarada slammed the ground beneath her with a chakra charged fist resulting in a mini explosion of dust and dirt clumps floating in the air. Three separate glops of ink were obvious once the area was clear, but Sarada was held by a squeezing boa constrictor.

“Sarada, you gonna call quits? You’ve got 10 seconds to get out,” Anko called out, but I can already see why that was unnecessary, as she was breathing just fine with the use of her wind centered chakra.

“Oh no….” She drawled, “What will I-” She stopped mid-sentence to breathe in enough air to pop the drawing.

“What will I-” She stopped mid-sentence to breathe in enough air to pop the drawing.

“Ever do,” Sarada smirked, activating her Sharingan, two on one eye, one on her left. She flickered and slammed her fist on the ground, causing a haze where she had once stood. The flicker technique meant she was already somewhere else, a basic move that is extremely valuable she's mastered beyond the rest of us.

But there are more unexpected complications.

Sarada was found, frozen, standing behind Inojin, who had his back to her.

“Gotcha,” Was his demonic tone sounding response.

“Didn’t think that would work so well, apologise,” Sarada was shivering and sweating, mouth agape, genjutsu. Nice.

“Y-I’m mel, I- I’m melting!” She yelled but her whole body didn’t move another muscle.

Then Inojin was knocked across the room so fast he left a whole damn crater in the wall. The whole crowd gasped as I laughed maniacally. Sarada is the least likely person to fall for a genjutsu in this room, probably campus.

Her Sharingan matched with her willpower and intelligence, she could see through even one of Itachi’s genjutsu, maybe not be strong enough to stop it, but see through it? Definitely.

Inojin was betting on the idea that since no one has really tried to place her in a genjutsu, this would be hassle-some for her to figure out. She’s an Uchiha, so no one dares an attempted genjutsu on her - but due to that inexperience, she should have been stunted even if she had this power.

She placed this entire room in a genjutsu, she flashed her ring in all the right angles, he saw her crying and tumbling on the ground, hence, he felt remorseful enough to go walk over and end it. Which was when she made the final move.

“SARADA!” Anko hollered, looking annoyed at what she’d done. Dull. If she couldn’t see that he had our plates of armor under most of our clothing and that Sarada aimed for the least damaging area, I didn’t even want her teaching.

“Chill Anko-sensei, he’s fine,” I yelled from a few seats above.
“But Sarada wins so feel free to move on right about now we have places to be,”

I yelled as well, and boy I’ve seen many teachers look appalled in the face of something I’ve done and or said. But Anko has a ting of horror as she flicked to the walls new extension plan A.K.A. the human-sized crater Inojin had caused.

After a thorough explanation of why and how Inojin was just dandy, we finally moved on.

Chocho and Iwabe were up next. Ironic seeing as both of their worst elements are fire, totally contradicting their personalities.

Anko was looking a little uneasy and skeptical, but she still brought the green flag down and yelled, “Start!”

Each of them flipped through signs at a blurring speed, but I saw that Chocho’s were rat, tiger, dog, ox, rabbit, tiger, meaning she planned to use-

“Fire Release: Phoenix Sage Fire Technique!” Her belly expanded and her hands reached for her staches of small shuriken. But Iwabe was quicker to the draw as a snake-like flame wrapped around her ankles, he’d clearly taken out the ox and boar of ‘Fire Release: Hellfire Vine, and placed in the hare, as to make the burn less and speed quicker, both showing off and lessening the opponents’ injury. Quick thinking.

Her feet were tied as she crashed, mid-fall she chucked the fire at him, missing buy a large margin, but that, of course, was what she was hoping for. Iwabe chuckled at the missed flame and turned his head to look at her in the exact moments the small shuriken finished their crescent path, five stabbed into his left side, pouring out trace amounts of blood.

Iwabe tensed, eyes widened and a cringe was all automatic.

“Smart, but you’re still on the ground,” Iwabe didn’t take the shuriken out, and Anko stayed still.

“Am I?” Chocho questioned devil-like tone as Iwabe charged forward. He twirled around, looking for the real Chocho. Only to be side kicked in the back. That was the real Chocho, and the expansion technique was enough to get her out alone, but she’d brought him in close instead and made sure he’d look away from her instead of just getting back up.

Clever. Chocho doesn’t show it much, but behind her flaunty personality, she was incredibly crafty.

The blow alone knocked the air out out him, Iwabe was now gasping on the ground. If he could breathe properly, a quick earth jutsu could change the tides, but I’ve seen Chocho use her chakra and expansion jutsu on her leg before, and you don’t even wanna know what she did to that poor tree. It was utterly demolished, she complained that her foot hurt the rest of the week, but that was an entire 340-year-old oak.

10 seconds passed by and Anko called Chocho the winner.

“Yeah! Alright, alright, it’s my birthday, uh huh, cha!” She partied around Iwabe’s body, he was laughing at her antics as Anko yelled that Iwabe should be going to the infirmary to get both his spine and left side checked up. I heard she was fun once upon a time. What a shame.

“Okay, we have time for one more,” Anko announced, looking like she needed more than coffee.

“Shikadai and Slydin!” I gripped my seat and ignored the twing of pain. I think we all felt that, as
Sumire was the unofficial leader of the group, Shikadai was perhaps the brains of the operation, and Slydin was the tall, most mysterious of the trio.

At least, at first glance, and I knew full well the smoke that came out of Kai’s mouth as this happened wasn’t cigarette smoke.

It didn’t smell like it anyways, it smells like abandoned alleyways and burning landfills.

Which was as threatening as it was sad.

A chakra texture and smell, it’s overall aura, was normally based on the foundation of someone’s life. A.K.A. their childhood, and seeing Kai, Juno, and Slydin wandering through darkened alleyways, going through dumpsters in search of any food available was almost too easy.

Because I didn’t want that to happen to anyone, not even someone I’d consider my enemy, loneliness and abandonment can break the strongest of shinobi, and a kid? It rots people, it places on the lens that makes the world seem darker, filthier in its ways and maybe, just maybe, he was right.

They all were.

Because it was a filthy world and I guess, we had that in common.

But it wasn’t all bad, there are stars in the midnight sky like it is good amongst the bad.

“Ready?” Anko called out as the two were standing on the red tape that was placed, designating the two places the opponents had to stand.

“Go!” But nothing happened. Or at least, not anything I could’ve predicted. The two walked toward the other at a leisurely pace, not a care in the world.

“You think like me, don’t you?” Slydin asked with a dark grin.

“A battle seems too placid to you, how about it, would you like to settle this feud?” Shikadai matched Slydin’s upturned chin, and they both glared at the other.

“Fine by me, as long as you’re challenge is agreeable,” Slydin hummed in amusement.

“Oi, ref, is this allowed?” Belted none other than his own brother, Juno, the meme king of the group probably. Loud and extraverted. Although he seemed a perfect mix of confused, curious, and annoyed with the lack of punches thrown.

“The rules state that one person has to whether, A, force one opponent to the point of exashton, or B, one person admits defeat, no matter their state of being. If neither occurs in ten minutes, the round is a tie, and the game should be, therefore-”

Shikadai was cut off by Slydin, eager to finish the sentence and compliment the sentiment,

“Allowed, as it is not going astray of the guidelines, or do you have something against it, Anko-sensei?” Shikadai was hiding a smirk, so painfully that his lips twitched up every few seconds. I didn’t have to be sitting next to Mitsuki to feel the hostility radiating off of his form in waves.

“’Zuki, I swear if you’re going to kill someone, please make it the tree’s outside of Konohana and not a breathing person I want to see how this match plays out.”

I restrained a laugh at Mitsuki’s puffed out cheeks and almost missed what the two were saying below the bleachers because I was so busy cherishing the Annoyed Look #23.
“Ha! Do what you want and no killing each other, got 9 minutes now.”

They faced each other yet again and Slydin seemed to already have a plan in mind.

“Quickfire Chess, the same exact rules as normal chess, the catch is that you have one point nine seconds to respond to each move, while you grab the piece and move it to the designated spot does not count in your time.” Shikadai grin was now permanently etched into his face,

“Sounds like my cup of tea, have any earth chakra in you?” Shikadai’s main chakra elemental was fire, worst was water, therefore he was using the later. Everyone has earth chakra, it’s simply normal chakra molded. Due to recent information, clearly, anyone can have it. We should have known that if one were to use their affinity it would shut off the other chakra passways, like unworked muscles that only get worse as you practice others. Like always doing arms and not legs, doesn’t work out well.

But by practicing them all equally, and opening the chakra passageways at a steady pace until they break and are fully usable, it’s a piece of cake to have all chakra natures available. While it is true that shinobi have affinities due to one being more easier than another, it caused generations of unutilized potential.

“You know it,” Slydin said while holding up a sign I couldn’t see, the ground shook and out slide a table with a perfectly crafted chess table and chess pieces, which were all the same color. But that didn’t seem to phase Shikadai, so there must be something- ah, a slim line carved into Slydin’s side.

“Let the odds claim the victor,” Slydin said, knowing full well that would grind Shikadai, the boy who believes more in skill than luck and odds, to a pissed level.

“May the victor take the crown,” Was all he said in response and then the pieces went flying.

First was Shikadai, pawn moved to allow both the queen and bishop an escape, Slydin moved the pawn allowing for the rook to be loose and after that I could barely see a thing, the chess board became a blur with flying hands gliding over, something with a knight in place to attack a king only for it to be taken along with Slydin’s rook, but even that was a trap as Slydin ended up taking his queen, the game continued at that pace and I only caught every other pawn movement.

And then it stopped, both stood at a standstill, the time had gone past 1.5 seconds yet neither had done anything, almost as if they were marveling in the face of what they’d done, and I can’t blame them because the game had only two kings left on the board, and as one king couldn’t kill another, (as they can only move a piece at a time) it was a draw. The two kings were left likely because Shikadai rook was a move away from the king, as it had to kill Slydin’s bishop, and now the draw was somewhat awe inspiring.

“Simultaneous admittance of defeat?” Asked Shikadai.

“Simultaneous admittance of defeat.” Was Slydin ’s answer, was InoShika not already one of my OTPs I probably would have shipped it. Man, I’ve been around Sarada and the rest of the girls if I’m shipping people now. Eh, it’s probably a bonus, to be honest.

“I forfeit,” The two said in harmony and walked toward their seat after a high five and a,

“We should play again sometime,”

Anko looked like a walking sickness and I decided to take the opportunity to lay on Mitsuki’s shoulder as this was now the least of her concerns.

“Sumire,” Anko said blandly, everyone's eyes were glued to the scene, her eyes were round and her
hands had quickly shuffled to her lap.

“Please tell me you haven’t just healed most of Iwabee’s wounds in the three minutes.” Anko sighed and both culprits grinned sheepishly at their teacher.

“I apologize Anko-sensei, he said he had better things to do and I told him I would kick him into next week if he didn’t get help so I just did it myself to save time, I’m not that good, in fact my chakra control isn’t that good, Boruto, Sarada, and Mitsuki are the best healers here but they are all the way over there so I tried my best.” Anko just said her third ‘whatever’ of the day and grinned mischievously at all of us,

“You are monsters, and I thought the Rookie Nine and the Triple Kill Squad were terrifying.”

I smiled warmly at that, it was a high compliment. Onto next class. Writing.
10th of May

May 10th Boruto’s POV

After school, we headed to The Area, had protein bars and snacked out on berries with lemon water.

Then hell rang and asked Sarada if she wanted to practice her genjutsu today and she replied yes while I wanted to say yeet.

~

Sarada was sweating profusely, ragged breaths and weak knees - we all shared a look that said, “I wanna die,”

When Sumire finally got both of us out of our binds I cheered for the showers.

No one complained.

After a few seconds of silence and mourning for the burn in our muscles, the chatter rose up once again.

“What a beautiful wedding!” Sung Metal at a higher noise level which is what caught my attention - within seconds we all were belting each of our favorite songs, splashing water into the others face, and pretending we knew how to dance.

Within a few minutes, the shower was over - it took longer because of our performance - and we all had warmed towels and fetched our clothes.

“Hey - hold old are all of you guys?” I asked the girls and Sarada (AN genderfluid, I use she in the story because it’s easiest to follow as a reader and she normally feels more female than male or the in-betweens)

“Around 11 to 12, why?” Chocho asked with one brow raised.

“Doesn’t menstruation-”

“Just call it a period dude,” Inojin told me while trying to find his shirt.

“Oh, sorry, don’t periods start around that age?” With that question, it wasn’t the boys that got uncomfortable, but the girls.

“M, yeah, around that time, sorry,” Sarada said with her eyes glued to the floor, I’m not sure why though.

“Why did you apologize? It’s not like you can choose it or anything,” I, despite my many weird talents, can be stunningly opaque when it came to basics.

The girls and Sarada all stood, silent, some playing with their hands, all looking away from us.
“It’s just that it’s kinda unfitting for a wanna-be shinobi to have such a human trait, er, no that's not it, it’s that guys see it as weird and we don’t wanna make you feel awkward or anything,” Said Namida.

I didn’t know what to feel, utterly bamboozled. Awkward? Who in the hell thinks periods are awkward? They’re literally part of life - scratch that, month, for half of the population.

“You… why? That’s not even-,” I tried to express my bamboozlement, but the guys were cracking up at me while the girls looked concerned.

“Boys we’ve broken him,” Iwabe said between huffs of laughter. Shikadai, what a Saint, expressed my thoughts for me.

“Boruto can’t figure out how people would consider something so natural so taboo, hence,” He vaguely gestured to all of me,

“Confusion,”

“Shikadai you're a godsend,” I admitted with absolute honesty, he remained nonchalant.

“I try,” Was what he replied,

“More like devil-sent,” Inojin countered. We went into a fit of laughter - and as the conversation around how and where we’d stock up on tampons and pads went on, the girls and Sarada slowly climbed out of their shell and I couldn’t help but smile for the rest of the day.

(And maybe plan out the deaths of ignorant guys but what)

"... and if anything goes wrong, consider this field trip to be canceled,"

I yawned as the class worried about past relations. In actuality the land hidden in the mist was far more dangerous than any of the kids knew, as Sumire had all 12 of us read the History of the Hidden Mist by Baniki M. - we were all....well versed.

I glanced around the room and finally began to understand why Shikadai could be so condescending toward classmates.

They look so small minded, like a rock to a carved statue. They looked simple, and us humans don’t take pity on ants.

I heard a few of the guys in the back betting to see who would fight the most nin once they got there, who would try to get on the Kage's good side.

"Means no class, that's all I care about," I heard a girl below me say with her feet on the desk. Revolting, all of them.

"This trip isn't just for fun simpletons," I heard Shikadai mutter as I sat my head on my arms, Mitsuki - now sitting next to me, rolled his eyes when a guy looked up at him, offended and clearly beneath the average IQ.

"Oi, trash face, can you not be such a downer?" I want a full dollar for the amount of ill-created insults we get, we'd get back the 180,000 dollars we've spent on Denki’s program, scrolls, ink, scrips,
new and higher quality sandals (250 each I swear the industry these days).

Jonin level guides for poisons, armory, puppets, blacksmith tools, mapped areas of every place known to man (That cost us the most, over 90,000).

We also bought medical supplies, so far we just have the basics - stuff you'd find in an advanced first aid.

We've got miniature scrolls that hold 2 medical sheets to lay out while working, hold all the blood inside a single area, and prevent any smell - surrounding wildlife or sensor-nin can easily sense a mess of blood, besides it maintains a sense of sanatorium.

Boxes of alcohol swabs, disposable gloves, large band-aids, gauze bandages and wraps, tongue depressors, strips, Clorox wipes, a plethora of antibiotics, anti-inflammatory, antifungal, anti-insecticidal creams.

Not to mention folders contain the major sicknesses causes, what we do - explanations, symptoms, and how to fix it.

This alone with the (fairly) large quantity we got was 15 K, we could have spent much, much more, however, Sarada, me, and Mitsuki seem to have taken a liking to it all. We wanted to study more of it and assure what we got was top quality. Maybe more than a liking. All things considered, I spent all Sunday night researching the respiratory system.

Oh, reality, nearly forgot.

I looked up from the desk to see Shikadai holding Sarada back from pummeling an overconfident boy.

"SAY THAT TO MY FACE YOU INBRED!" Sarada yelled while trying to break free of Shikadai's shadow jutsu. I hummed with a soft smile on my face. I patted Chocho's shoulders meaning: I've got this.

She shrugged and went back to a 429 paged textbook about the digestive system next to a smaller, but thicker book about the chakric system.

I stood up in a manner that meant, "Not again," as this was the 5th time in the past month someone has insulted Sarada, it's been happening a lot to the girls, more so than us guys.

"You know NOTHING about what it means to not-" I stood directly between the wild crow and the smelly rat.

"Sarada," I said deeply, I blame it on the sleep. I tilted her head back with my index finger. As I'm half a foot taller she was now looking into my eyes.

I could fell the rage - pure hate, man this dude was an idiot.

"No killing people in public, we've agreed on this," She twitched in anger, killing intent making Shino rush into the room, only now realizing that a small trip to the bathroom would obviously end in disaster.
I watched her countdown from 10.

"He's an idiot - they all are - " I said while ignoring the glares from half of the class, my half either smirked or laughed in agreement - Denki nodded his head soberly like it's horrible and true.

At this point when I say they I mean everyone on this planet except for my people.

"I know you want the satisfaction, but we can't scare away prey too easily, now can we?" I tilted her head up a little more and she seemed to calm down, as did Shino-sensei, who made the mistake of thinking I was the calm one, and sat down at his desk.

"Good girl," I smiled brightly at her and kissed her forehead - she smiled back.

I ignored the guys who groaned at that, thinking I was her boyfriend, dumbasses, you're parents kiss you and you're not dating, are you?

"Now..." I drawled while turning to see a nose high in the air, the arrogance oozing off of this boy made me wanna puke.

The boy who didn't spend every free minute training and hadn't gone through years of genjutsu (a few hours but mentally it has been at least a few years) made out of pain and fear.

Hasn't even read through the Encyclopedia of Medical beings.

"Seeing as you angered Sarada and didn't expect to be hurt, let me tell you to want would have happened." I slowly climbed the steps until I saw the fear of his lips nearly on mine - making him back up.

"First, she would have placed all of us under a genjutsu - for everything to seem normal, no one sensing any of your shrieks of pain." He scrunched his eyes and tried to get a word in but I didn't let him, Shino sensei slowly got out of his desk.

"Next she would have broken your wrists, but avoided any pain receptors in the nerves, then she would have broken every joint in your hands, even if you could move them after years of physical therapy, you'd likely never be able to sign again."

As he was backed up against the wall, kids around the two of us scooted further away. Shino-sensei coaxed him to go back to his seat and his presence calmed most of the class down.

Oh well, the deer-caught-in-headlights look is good enough for me.

Once I sat back down, the field trip was explained once more,

"This requires a leader out of you all, any volunteers?" And with that, all 12 of our eyes lit up like stars.

Leader.

A person who's trusted - that means we might get to talk to the Kage.

We knew much of the Hokage, my father, and the Kazekage, Shikadai's Uncle.

However, all we knew from the three other powerhouses were from tales, biographies, scrolls, and history books which aren't always reliable. The ones left alive are the winners, and the winners have
to write the story.

I would definitely double the size of the army I face and won against if given the chance.

Hence unreliable.

12 painted hands rose into the air, making Shino Senie raise his eyebrows. Boys don't wear nail polish.

Normal ones didn't anyway.

Then the shouting ensued.

"Clearly I'd be the better student leader on this trip! I've had experience this whole year!" Sumire yelled to Shikadai who explained to her how he could do it in a much more efficient manner.

"No, I'd be the best look at this!" Iwabe shoved what looked to be his journal, he'd written over 20 pages purely on all the supplies we had along with their conditions. Denki argued that he could have developed a program to put that in.

"You all are foolish, it takes discipline AND planning AND experience, which is why I'd be the superior choice!" Sarada told all of them.

"Oh please, you may need all of those things but I'M more than capable of assuring everyone does what they told and when!" Wasabi yelled back.

"Says who?" Mitsuki barked out.

"You all can't see! This arguing will hinder our abilities, this is why we need a calm and peaceful approach, hence me!" Namida said desperately.

"But I can do both - making me better than you two!" Metal yelled.

Inojin and I looked at each other as they all argued about who should be chosen when I had written my name down as the applicant right before he got the chance too, Shino-sensei to busy with the raging 10 to notice the two foxes who slipped and had the same idea.

I offered my hand out to shake. He grabbed it back.

"Fair try, next time you gotta be a bit quicker aye?" I said with a grin - he rolled his eyes affectionately and it took the class until we'd sat back down to realize I'd written on the form (ink, can't be erased) that I was chosen.

And so it was me - and all 12 of us got punished for our general class disturbances. Denki was fucking appalled and the face he made I'm sure Inojin took a photo to commemorate it.

Our punishment? Clean the whole floor.

There are five floors.

Over 24 cleaners for the fact that this place was so damn big.

I hummed ideally while wiping the chalkboard free of writing.
"I'm going to turn you into a puppet for this Boruto," I heard Denki complain while picking gum from under the desk.

"I wouldn't be very useful, hey Iwabe?" I called out - he got a free pass because Namida broke his femur yesterday. Luckily, Sarada had long before prepared for something like that, Mitsuki being fully capable of assisting her.

I felt like the odd man out in the group - I was going to get medical ninjutsu down better than ALL of them.

"Mm?" He replied while flipping through a Basic Blacksmith Requirement book, the third in a series of twelve.

"I've done some research on Kiri, but your family has loose ties to them huh?" He nodded his head solemnly and we all stopped cleaning as he explained that - according to his father's tales, the land or Kiri was more than bloody and violent.

There was more than the rule that - for kids to become nin - they had to kill their classmates.

Treason, torcher, manipulation, bloodlust, caste system, famine, all burned and tore the land to shreds.

There was enough rouge ninja to form a group called hunter-nin dedicated solely to tracking these people down and killing them and taking any information with them.

"Man that's shitty," Chocho said while cleaning the desk with Clorox wipes.

"Damn straight, but at present, its one of the most technologically advanced nations," Iwabe finished with a thoughtfully glance to the printer in the room.

Technology is good, it's a weapon and useful, but many people think nin are as good as their weapon? They will suffer a tragic punch to the face named reality.

"Anyways WERE GOING TO KIRI GUYS!!!" Sarada exclaimed loudly and used her chakra to jump into the air.

"They have the MOST genjutsu experts out of all the villages like can you BELIEVE IT!!?" She cheered and jumped high enough that her hair hit the ceiling.

"Please, they have the worst cuisines, they were so obsessed with war culture didn't have a chance to grow!"

Sarada didn't listen to a word Chocho said and kept jumping.

"Oh come on! I can't wait to meet their kage, if he's good enough to turn the place from a waste line of war and famine into a land of trade and technology he must have some serious love for my type of intelligence!"

Denki started to jump with Sarada and then somehow it turned into a jumping competition, the room flooded with wind waves and knocked the desk around and swept the door clean off its hinges.

"Typical," Murmured Shino as he got close to the class.

But the trip was in June, and damn, were we not ready for what came May the 25.

None of us were.
May 12 Naruto's POV

"Lord Hokage!" A fledgling Anbu member, Rabbit, came into place in front of my desk. My mood considerably lighter than normal.

After Sasuke left, the village became noticeably organized and well kept, my wife placed in questioning showed signs of Sumire's Nue, despite our 24-hour service on her.

(AN: They are aware of the hideout, but the seals normally alter what it looks like to outsiders, so they presently think they all just hang out there.)

So clearly a factor is off, Captian Sai and his force couldn't find any motive or reasoning for these crimes, neither could they track this energy as they can with Nue.

Something's amiss and Captian Sai and his elites were working on the case like a bloodhound to its prey.

But this clearly wasn't what Rabbit was in here for judging by his hardened features nearly seeming human in fear.

"You may speak," I said, I mentally cringed every time I had to use decorums, but I had no choice.

"We just received an urgent message from the land of cloth, sent on their fastest prized Blue Hawk."

Oh no.

"They are presently under siege from unknown perpetrators, they believe the enemy to be a group 12 large at least with one having inside information," Rabbit reported as I recollected what I knew about the Land of Cloth, as their name said, they were the leading producers of cotton and cloth, along with wheat and sugarcane. They were one of the rural areas of the Land Of Fire and overall had never had any cause for problems.

"Get Fox, Wolf, Jackel and Team 8 in Special Jonin - let me see the note."

"Sir!" He said while handing it to me. I read over the fancy but rushed handwriting. Rabbit had made a perfect summary, it would likely take only a few hours by foot to reach the land - but I had a bad feeling about this.

With a nod, he disappeared and wondered if Sasuke would chop my head off if I decided to bring him back so soon. But it was like an itch I couldn't scratch. Something was about to go to shit so fast, and I don't wish to bother Sai's unit with this as their busy with the two Nue Part Two.

Not to mention most of my suitable Anbu operators and Jonin were off completing A and S rank missions thanks to the organization. Luckily most will be back within the next week.

I thought about it some more as two chunin teams and one genin came in for missions, along with two more alerts (minor, D and C rank) and decided to take extra precaution to this and bring the elders in.

Juno's POV

I kicked down the door (lightly, after making sure that it was unlocked and it wouldn't break because
Kai and Slydin would probably kill me simultaneously because this is the fourth time with :-) and made sure my annoyance was known as I shoved the grocery bags into the kitchen.

Kai was sitting upside-down on the couch with pages after pages of information. Sorting through it all and establishing how to kill each of the 17 experiments, Slydin's head was laying on his stomach reading The Art Of Deception, Volume 3.

Slydin peered over at me and could feel the impending burst. I mumbled my annoyances as I harshly placed all the soups and cans into the pantry, along with the rice and some fruits. I also got us some extra utensils, mugs, bowls, new teas, chips, meat, ramen, watermelon (our favorite), waffle mix, jelly, bread, milk, and some more basics.

Once everything was neatly put away I stormed over and sat on the opposite couch,

"Y'all won't believe the shit that just happened," Before I let either of them make a remark, I continued,

"I was getting three donuts for us, right? The lady asked if I was allergic to fucking nuts and when I said, "Yeah I'm panning suicide by donut" they refused to get me any!" I slammed my face into the pillow because damn it I wanted a donut.

I heard Kai chuckle and I swear I could feel Slydin's smirk.

Fuckers.

"28 hours," Kai said after a few beats of silence.

"28 hours until I have 3 full proof plans and will keep all of us alive a well as protecting Konoha," I sobered and that and had an afternoon nap, relying on them two to wake me for afternoon training.

Pyrite Shiori's POV - 11 PM

It's always dark where we sleep. Sure we've got candles but you don't realize the difference between natural light until it's taken.

Well, it's better than nothing, and I had all my friends with me. So it was warmer than the sunrise.

And I promise them, the moment I'm strong enough - I'll take them all, I make them bleed for the way they treat us.

That's when I heard the first scream. It was blissful and worrying.

If this place is in danger, we'll have been called to action immediately.

I woke up the others when I heard footsteps running down the hall with alarms blaring.

"Pyrite? What's going on?" Miro asked, holding up her blanket and the stuffed animal I made her.

I don't know.

"There's something going on, keep your guard up," I said picker her up and placing Bluey, her stuffed animal, in my pocket for protection.

"Mn, will you be okay sis?" Miro asked me, we aren't related but she's the closest thing I have to family.

The door burst open and I stood on the front line, feeling the normal hum of my black collar.
They collared us like animals.

And we'll maul them like animals when were strong enough.

"MOVE, THE LAND IS UNDER SEIGE," I almost didn't want to, I'd love to see it fall.

But when I looked behind myself I saw 22 reasons to live and fight for.

"Understood, attackers?"

"Doesn't matter, go and do what you do best you heathens." Captian Sivion told us as we all began our trek out, but before we even stepped out the door up the stairs Sivions throat was cut, I heard 4 major explosions above and away from us.

My people went into our natural fighting stance, ready for a fight to the death.

We were ready to protect those we call a friend because it's all we had left to protect.

"Hold your stance, don't fight the gate that frees you," A boy, no older than I with a formal posture and cold eyes.

"State your name," I demanded, activating both my Sharingan and Byakugan to find his chakra levels... average. The flow was smoother than most pros but not higher than most chunin.

"Names are irrelevant and useless, providing one with a name should be the same as a zodiac sign, as I will not give you my name you will not have a word to address me with, as it should be."

"Tell me, stranger, why did you come!" Zani, another front liner and friend asked. God please, protect them.

"I did not come without meaning, but you should be able to escape without knowing it. I'm simply clearing out the trash as you humans would say," Well aren't you vague. But before anyone could ask him anything else his presence utterly disappeared, not even I could track his whereabouts.

The hum of my collar stopped and I wondered if this was but a dream. I looked at Miro, who we hid in the back and hoped dearly that this wasn't.

We all walked out of our captivity at midnight to see the stars not the only source of light. The fires spread within the town, lighting up the hundreds of slain bodies. Some drenched in water, some burned alive, some barely recognizable humans, some beheaded, some had their jaws ripped open.

It had been all of one day since the mumble began, and I took no notice until the alarms rang, and the un-named man took over 360 lives in different ways. Less than 24 hours.

His voice was disturbingly calm and rational, an evil that views his work as good is the greatest type of evil.

Naruto's POV - May 13th

I stared at the paper with trembling hands, Rabbit was back with 17 papers that went into detail about the attack that seemed to end the second they got there.

613 lives were taken, 310 male, 302 female, no lives were taken below the age of 18 as far as they can tell. The chakra imprints are null, dispite the clear mass destruction and overpowered use on ninjutsu and plethora of weapons used.
There's one spot cleared out with mounds of paper that go over the system they used knowing it went against basic morals to survive. A program that forced those born of natural abilities to become nin and used collars to keep them loyal, it's how they survived and it ended as their downfall.

"We have the motive at least," Sai said, with his pale complexion the purple lines under his eyes were obvious.

But one important thing is that we have 190 people, all but 8 who are under the age of 18. One, aged 12, has both the Sharingan and Byakugan.

God, I'm not getting home anytime soon.

I sighed and handed a dog whistle to Rabbit.

"Take this to the edge of the Green forest past the entrance, then whistle three times - make sure not to get killed," Rabbit, if confused, didn't show it, nodding his head once and dissipating immediately.

The forces used most of the Chakra they had just to put out the fires and huddle the dead bodied together and attempt to name them, they would need many reinforcements to help guide so many teens, and to where?

I got out sheets of paper and called in two anbu to fetch me the elders, Kakashi Sensei, and Lady Tsunade.

~~

Kai's POV - May 13th

My mind went back, my mind never goes blank.

Slydin, on his second and last mission with the 17 people came back to find 16 corpses.

Sixteen.

One is alive and despite the lack of motive, based on childhood and lack of morals I can say with confidence that it was the seventeenth that was the killer.

But we just spent nearly three weeks in planning and practicing, narrowing in on each and every weakness.

The one named Nao - the kangi for honesty.

The literal weakest one in their mist.

"To call this day surface level would be an insult to the ground floor," Juno said while banging the bottom of his spoon onto our wood table depressingly.

"That amount of power even Mitsuki and us three combined barely posses, let alone an individual," I said instead of screaming and throwing myself directly into the void.

Sumire's POV - May 13th - 11:23 PM

I was tapping my pencil against my desk, staring endlessly at my paper. I had a corkboard and stuck pieces of information on it and connected what little I knew of.
After the news of the mass murder was spread it was in every news article and street corner, questions and protest alone were insane for it being the first few hours of airing.

But lives were taken.

Some thought it was deserved.
Some thought it was illegal and therefore wrong.
Then there was me who was wondering how the fuck it was done.

I stared at the board, two separate problems at one time...

The more I stared at the more something was off.
An unidentified person somehow obtained Nue's power (Of which was purring on my small bed). Or something close to which, and yet, only used it twice.

Motive, motive, motive.....

There was no want for death, only violence, but that wasn't it. If that was the goal why did they stop? Then this must have been to test out the power.

It's a conceivable idea, and better then anyone else has got.

"But who would need to test a power?

Someone with a clear goal, someone with intelligence and planning, someone with grey morals and Anbu-like experience. Planning and getting away with an evil act only serves for a bigger act..." My finger dragged from a photo of flames and slaughtered bodied to Hinata's messed up chakra reports that resembled the Chunin's.

I placed both of my hands over my mouth in shock.

"These two events are linked, how did I not see that! Planning, precision, dedication, elusiveness, moral bind, clear goal - both had all of these, it's plain as day!" I stuffed all of my papers into a folder and flew out my window heading straight for Inojin's house.

! ~ !

The bang from the wooded door resonated through the house, it was midnight but people like Sai and Inojin would be appalled if I waited to inform due to sleep schedules.

"Who... Sumire..." Sai said with mixed emotions, he wore his work clothes to bed, too tired to change, bags under his eyes, twitching fingers that had been gnawed on, slightly greasy hair, bitten and chapped lips, and some fucking how, paler than usual.

This man was tired.

But this man also wanted answers.

"I know I'm a suspect, which is why I want to help you solve this case. I say case because I believe that the Murder in the Land of Cloth ties in with the Nue outbreak. I doubt you believe my word but it was not me or Nue who caused that Chunin or Hinata to act up. However, the results show almost a replica of what Nue did to chakric patterns. Meaning there must be a factor we are blind to.
"Even if we could see it, the Nue case does have a motive despite what your group-elites think. Practice. These attacks weren't meant to harm but to practice whatever the jutsu is, which shows..." Sai narrowed his eyes,

"Intelligence, planning, chances of Narcissism and Psychopathy, stealth,"

He said while piecing the parts together,

"Exactly, and what does the murder of hundreds of people in broad daylight without getting caught, or leaving any type of evidence behind?"

"Intelligence, planning, goal-orientated, lethal, psychopathy or sociopathy, stealth, possible organization, morally ambiguous," I grinned and noticed that Inojined trailed behind his father.

"Wha'd er you doing er' Sumire?" Inojin asked after he hugged me and patted my head.

"She had an insight to cases we'd thought were unconnected,"

"What? The one with murders and the one with Hinata and that irrelevant ninja? I thought everyone knew that?"

And with that, I paled and Sai stared off into the distance looking like he just lost three years of his life.
Guess who’s not dead

Chapter Summary

YO

Me.

YALL WHEN I SAY I HAVE 400 + PAGES OF THIS STORY WRITTEN OUT IM NOT JOKING IVE JUST BEEN PROCRASTINATING ON THE STORY LINE I NEED TO MAKE THAT INVOLVES SUMIRE & NAO (OC) AND THE REST OF HE GANG AND IT INFLUENCES EVERYTHING THEY DO AS WELL AS AN ATTACK IN THE LAND OF CLOTH BUT AFTER THAT I WILL WORK ON EDITING EVERYTHING AND POSTING IT OUT IN CHAPTERS 20-30 PAGES LONG WEEKLY I CANT WAIT TO BE BACK BOYS

AND SHOUTOUT TO SKITTY12 ALL OF YOUR COMMENTS (AND EVERY OTHER ONE) HAS PUSHED ME TO WRITE AND PULISH ALL OF THIS.

MUCH LOVE,
YA BOI
May 14 Sumire's POV, 4:56 AM

People watching, always a hobby of mine, the little chats about nothings, the expressions, the unconscious movements, where people stood, how straight they stood, on their left or their right foot?

From the old to the young I policed, I sensed civilians diminutive amounts of chakra, wondering what it would be like.

Coincidentally, I sensed some chakra... a concerning edge.

Should you ever see those 'Find the difference' with two photos? You'd understand. I only snagged a flash of him and his chakra.

It felt so meager but... crowded.

Not hidden, not behind a veil, but thick.

However, right as his black hair and eyes fell out of view (His deathly pale skin contrasting with the Konaha tan) - he moved the medical mask worn with his index finger, I saw his lips move as he stared right at me

"Nice to meet you, Azarian," and then the medical mask popped back into place.

Then, his chakra had a shield, no longer could I sense it, only a slight gust in his leave.

How... did he know my birth name?

How did he know Sumire implied a name I happened to be given on this assignment to not grow attached (True, it backfired and now when I reflect in my birth name it carries tremblings down my spine. Sumire is my name, I refuse to have my past taunted in my face!)

~~

Kai's POV - 4:56 AM

They're gone. One is left, coincidently, the land of Cloth just got obliterated, and Sumire is under 24/7 service, yet a Nue like influence has repeated twice.

Our 'Common Sense' compass is facing right at Nao.

~~

Naruto's POV - 4:56 AM

"Hokage-Sama, what shall you have us do now?" I intended to invent a solution to no avail.

~~

"Appears I'm commanded back so shortly," Sasuke said, relaxing on the Hokage's chair when I got back from a conference.
"I'm assuming you know everything?" He nodded.

---

Sumire's POV - May 22, 3:34 AM

I couldn't get it out of my head, he knew I could read his lips, his chakra is nothing I've encountered and there's so... little of it, high genin at healthiest.

I groaned at the cork board, I'd written his chakra impression, presentation, and information on another side, another mystery unsolved.

---

Kai's POV - May 22, 3:34 AM

"Hello, Konoha is about to be decimated," I glanced up from bed to see Kai perched on the bed frame.

"Five more minutes," I begged.

This day I had slept in my own house, I'm being cautious to not get caught.

When I cracked my eyes a second later, Kai, it seemed, wasn't a hallucination of a diseased dream.

"Oh boy. On a scale of 'we've run out of butter' to 'say goodbye to every piece of dirt you've ever stepped on' how serious are we talking?" It took him a while to respond.

"A solid third of the people you've ever met you may see six feet under soon," I sighed.

"Fine, three more minutes," Kai didn't have to facepalm to give the feeling of one.

---

Sumire's POV - May 22 4:33 AM

I people watched, again and again, the same place, I searched for the chakra that felt so off.

No avail.

In frustration, I wondered the woods miles off our Base, finding the spot I so often visit when I need peace (Even before Boruto rescued me, I found peace here). The field was an opening surrounded by trees with grass up to my knee's.

So full of life.

The sky still dark blue, the crickets of the night still humming the heartbeat of the forest.

I looked off towards the cliffs, near Sarada and Iwabe's house.

So tall they stood and yet the waterfall slowly took and took, inches by the year.

"Destruction is quite a beauty, isn't it, Azarian?"

His chakra, so dense, could so effortlessly be hidden.
I didn't bother appearing shocked (Even if you could have blown up mars and I would be less startled or shocked shitless then him this close, my mystery).

"I disagree, true beauty lies in positive growth, it's how all species have lived this long, adapting and growing. Destruction in a person is the most gruesome thing humanity has to offer."

His black eyes, I realized, had a silver ring where the pupil should be.

"You know my birth name, how?" This is, somehow, the weakest of my issues with him.

I noticed the ever faint wilting of grass beneath his feet.

"Ask a sounder question," Damn it this guy understands me far too well.

"What have you done?"

"Close, but not entirely," I sighed and asked the question I cared about.

"What will you do?" His smile I could only see by the marks above his mask and the slight crinkle in his eyes.

"I will rebuild this world, and for that, I apologize, but I must take down Konohana, the ground 0 in the Land of Fire, out first," I felt Nue sink further into her seal, she was afraid, deeply afraid.

"Why did you take down the Land of Cloth first? Why did you expose their-" His face looked down at me with glazed eyes.

"Don't act dumb with me, Azarian," I bit my tongue, I had a strong suspicion it was to both test his abilities and to out the land for its morally incorrect system.

"As much as I despise what the Cloth did, you can't mass murder an innocent population and-" He looked down at me again, why does he know when I lie!

"Fine, they weren't innocent, but just because they knew, doesn't mean they deserve the death punishment, those people had families-"

"Families that didn't care if people suffered unwillingly to have a warm home."

It didn't matter what either of us said, one side could never agree with the other,

"Why, why are you telling me this?"

He gave me a remorseful look, like I'm something to pity.

"Can you feel Nue hiding away? The only thing demons hide from is their own kind," And with the flick of his index, it went from life and forest, waterfalls crashing in the distance, to all of that and a chakra thread with a piece of orange and green lightning to his left.

I couldn't sense it at all.

But Nue knew it well, a portal.

"Dimensions will bend at my will,"
"Your chakra..."

"Yes," The portal went away.

"My given name is Nao, don't go against me," He said, handing me a piece of midnight colored silk with 'Queen' written across in my-shade purple.

When I looked up he was nowhere in sight, nowhere in sense.

"I'm sorry, but I must," I said, having a feeling he overheard.

~~

Boruto's POV - May 22, 5:40

"Y'all according to Kai over there," I pointed my thumb at the boy who couldn't enter through the barrier and seals. (I grinned at his scowls).

"We're gonna die,"

Inojin popped his head out the showers,

"There you are Boruto, huh, like a threat or fortune telling?!" I kept the front door open and followed as Shikadai, fully clothed, pushed Inojin back into the showers room and went to me.

"I'm guessing neither?" I nodded my head.

He looked up at Kai and walked out of the Base's seal radius.

"If you enjoy being alive, and having semi-living relatives, I'd listen," As someone coming to warn us it felt like he was the thing to be warned about.

Luckily, this is Shikadai, his father is the Hokage's assistant, mother one of the toughest Kunochi in the Land of Fire, and uncle is a Kazekaze.

He grew up with Gods.

"Issue?"

"As you know, your... friend," He said a 'friend' like it was the F-bomb,

"Mitsuki, and us three," Implying himself, Juno, and Slydin,

"Are all products of Orochimaru's lab tests, he made others, who planned to come and decimate Konoha, good news, all but one of them is dead, bad news, he, somehow, is strong enough to have killed all 16 other experiments as strong as Mituki and I, and coming for Konoha."

Shikadai sighed with a 'troublesome' and Kai debriefed everything he knew.

That his given name is Nao and, supposedly, he had been the runt of the pack, never excelling at anything other than information gathering.

The weakest, with limited chakra tanks, unlike people.

And he'd beaten all of them to death, slit throats, bleed out, suffocated, and almost burned to death.
Murdered in inhuman and semi-unexplainable ways.

Shikadai mentally recorded every word for later discussion.

"When will he attack?"

"In two days, likely,"

~

Nao's POV 23, 6:23 AM

The view from the Hokage's summit, breathtaking at any time of the day, morning especially, when the flames coated the tops of roofs, the windows reflected and ricocheted the light.

No dimension I could ever find has held a candle to my own.

A shame it's got an infestation of humans, but I digress, I have a plan to renovate.

The morning birds already up, buzzing through the town as if their lives held much meaning, so cautious of words and look no one would notice.

I enjoyed people watching, it's like watching ants, but these ones are bigger and evil.

However, a miraculous few who by no means wasted space. They are rare, as commonplace as a four leaf clover.

And often, these people try to protect the civilians and the barbarians.

Despite their narrowmindedness, I will do my best to spare these.

I thought, glancing at the girl clad in purple treating the farm animals she raised with care, writing down her friends regimens - on the constant adaptation.

I can tell you about how she thinks, who she wants to be, but I could never understand her iron will to protect the weak.

Weakness doesn't correlate to innocence, and I will leave no room for Gods to judge, a land pure of sin.

Pure of the human infestation, and I will take as many lives as I need to arrive at them.

Snapping my fingers, I walked into a barren world and let go of the one I resided in.

~

May 24 - 7 AM - Nao's POV

Horror and brutality - the world a battlefield - and I will tie all strings until there is nothing but secure bonds and rules.

Abroad upon every age has been two things, any age, any gender, any loyalty, any time - there has been War, and there has been love.

You will find, in the battlefield, beds going cold, broken promises, orphaned children, and in some places, rumor has it, the love so strong even the burned body's never decayed.
But no rays from holy heaven are shining down (Never have), streams continue their relentless course, and the ocean is no destination, but an ending.

My resting places my second favorite world, one of the light clouds, and flowers as far as the eye could see, no predator or prey, no life or death, endless fields erasing my artifactual scars.

I knelt down and prayed - to no God - but the universe.

Once my head rose, I got up from my knees and walked into the side of Konoha from my dimension.

May 24 8:00 AM - Boruto's POV

My entire body spasmed, I accidentally let out a grunt, my core a tightened coil, and my hands trembled.

As if my eyes were being forced open I saw, two miles off of Base, the fight.

"Boruto?! Are you-"

"I'm fine," Lifting my hand to my eye I used the other to point where the chakra even Inojin seemed blind to, arise.

"Your Jogan... it's gotten bigger," I nodded, looking even with a drop of blood fell down my eye.

Normally, I'd have to practice, meditate, train, and research to even come close to this. But whatever hellish dimensional gate this "Nao" guy opened had to be much, much larger, and much, much stronger then Sumire’s Nue.

My arrogance seemed to have kicked me when I looked away.

Such a thing, so dark, so strong...

We were two miles off, yet a feeling of utter mourning, the cold past moons mocking me.

I clutched my kunai, Sumire guiding us to the chakra, he stood, no brilliant fight ever came to you. She'd explained his powers, but me, thinking he could be no better then Sumire could have been, I only put half my effort.

~~

We walked to our destination, no rush towards a promising end. I traced Mitsuki's back, Sumire and Sarada lead, a fire in their eyes that inspired us.

We couldn't risk getting any help, we had a plan, that if not perfectly executed would result in a promising end.

~~

"One piece of this world I've become so fond of," The man - no, boy, he might have been a bit younger than me even. Bringing the medical mask down past his chin to show a gruesome and ill-healed scar.

His black hair and eyes reminded me of Kai’s, his pale skin Slydin, and face form was all Juno.
Mitsuki... I'm not sure, but they seemed like twins at facial expressions and hand gestures, or perhaps the way they always looked to the sun, basking in its warmth no matter where they were.

"Is it's poetry, eloquent words strung together, some strings red, others black. It is the height of humanity, emotions as raw as are stars and chakra, explained in words that live beyond a life,"

I gulped, Iwabe holding out by Denki's hand alone.

"One of your most famous poets, Ueder Birchwood, from the land of Kiri, wrote many and many in his short lifetime. His most famous work "Lost Human," about a nameless woman that meant the world to this author.

No man in this age, or the last, has even seen the Woman's face, yet it's his most valiant and well-known work? Why is that, I asked myself once. While you, Mitsuki, beat Kai, Juno, and Slyin hiding a third of a mile northwest from me,"

We froze,

"Because we all have a Woman. Either it's a goal, a person, a thought, a dream, an object, we all have something nobler than ourselves, and so we rely on it to drive it past ourselves. That, I noticed is what separates Humans from humans,"

His gaze ignored us as he stood and shifted his left hand,

suddenly, my eyes stung, and dust covered my lungs. Using air conversion I halted my breathing and transported oxygen through the skin and nose.

Although it consumed much of my chakra.

"This land I call the breath of God," Raising a hand he placed his mask back on.

"A shame it will be the last view you see,"

The trio nowhere in view, I pulled on Mitsuki and Sumire, dumbfounded, and knew we had to create a new plan asap.

~~
Chapter Summary

There's no summarizing this Whoop of a chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Everyone choked, Inojin connected us in our minds but it... it's fuzzy at best.

The world swayed as if held by a string, the clouds didn't exist and the sky a gloppy grey.

I glanced at his black eyes and tried to see what we could do, what we could plan when Metal plunged in,

"HAH!" He roared, spin kick, but Nao stepped to the side and kicked Metals knee out from under him, then laced his right arm around his neck, dumping him to the ground, keeping perfect stance.

It happened so fast Sarada's Sharingan couldn't keep up.

Metal aimed a sitting heel kick once Nao stood up, but his left hand gripped it, while his right foot utterly shattered Metal's knee bone.

I felt the worry spike as Iwabe launched an attack - two large blocks of earth speeding toward each other with Nao in the middle - the two rocks nearly shattered, both hands easily holding them back - cracked like a screen where his hands dug in, the earth still trying to reach the other.

Chocho took a step and enlarged her arm almost as large as Nao himself.

Tensing his muscles, Nao pulled his arms and hands together, slamming on the outside of Chocho knocking her out and doing severe damage to her everything.

With the two boulders shattered Iwabe used the pieces as bullets,

'Close your ears'

We did so without hesitation, the piercing scream damaging our own ears, let alone Nao's. Or that's how it should have gone.

Instead, he pulled out two earplugs and dropped them (He had done his research, how could we not have guessed!?) the bullets dropping near him.

"He can absorb chakra, don't-" But in a flash, making all of us twist our heads around, Shikadai went out like a light, dropping to knees then ground, his entire being went soft. That was a secret Hyuga technique not even I had means to get. He slammed that many pressure points so fast!

Inojin placed down 8 tigers, 9 large birds for us to jump on, 7 earthworms, and 2 dragons.

And to think I told him he came overprepared.
Running, I jumped on a bird, my jacket tied around my nose and mouth, glaring against the sand and low light.

Nao made no move, all 9 birds took off and we used our best long distance technique, it had been Sumire's orders.

I held my kunai, and laced it in some of Wasabi's poison, we all threw it at him - still, he stood idle.

Right as they all were less than a foot away, they vanished with a snap (Into another dimension?!)

"That's some bullsh-" Through the mind-link, I felt Iwabe's brain stutter, his shock, and immediate burn coating his skin.

I looked over to see the poisoned kunai impaled in his back.

The earthworms were about to surface and shock him as he dealt with the tigers by... looking?

Vibrating, they fall to their sides turning into pools of black liquid ink. One pound (A kick or a stomp?) to the sandstone floor and the worms dissolved as well.

And then I felt my own connection, the one with Mitsuki, the headache still sounded bells but that, I thought as the poisoned kunai I threw at him came for my bird, is the least of my problems.

'Stay back, if he gets to you-' They were the last conscious words Shikadai spoke before his signal Inojin held went blank.

Jumping, I rolled into my fall and used air conversion to sweeten my drop.

The rest did the same but Denki lagged behind, Sumire rushed in to save him, but he was too far, he dropped and I heard a loud crack.

Disconnected. Unconscious (I begged that's all it was).

"I don't crave to kill any of you, your combat has sleeping potential, however, it's worthless,"

"Ah shut it, Mr. Noble, you haven't won yet," I yelled, Sumire signed and Nue erupted, large as two horses, a portal back to our homeland and we collectively placed the unconscious ones out of harm's way and the trio popped in guns blazing.

Juno's staff painted in every element, Slydin used sound to mess with vibrations in the air while joining in for a taijutsu move.

While Nao had time to spare he took down Namida with a heel kick to the temple, they could signal for help easily enough, but the portal closed and Nue seemed exhausted.

Everyone who got decked in here was going to be in the battleground.

Wasabi ran around in circles, distorting his attention, I made dozens of clones, Sarada stood behind - scrutinizing every movement, searching desperately for any weakness.

Mitsuki straight up refused to leave my side.

We produced twin cyclone attacks, no avail.

I felt tears prick in my eyes, the sand not helping, I decided I had to do something and something now.
When I looked over at Sarada I felt even more helpless, she'd found no points, no leeway.

"Sarada," I called out to her, lifting my hand, Mitsuki watching every movement in a mile radius, waiting for the drop, eyes dancing and insane,

"Boruto if you're doing what I think you're doing," Sarada said, tears falling faster,

"Boruto," Mitsuki, saying the same thing with a look.

I shoved my jacket off, but before I could - I noticed Slydin's misstep.

"I'm no one trick pony," Nao said, tracing his foot back and I felt it.

The weight of the universe, gravity shifted on me and I couldn't stand.

Stuck to the ground like a bug to a windshield, I watched as Mitsuki, Sumire, and Sarada got up smoothly, while Wasabi, Inojin, and I grappled. (The trio didn't fall to begin with).

And when Nao saw them were still enduring, they dropped to their knee's.

"Look upon me, and you will see absolution," his voice thick, ghostly.

Crack.

Kai got one massive kick to the spine ("How can he still stand? He dropped like us?" Came Juno's voice, strained, worried. But I knew Kai's strength, I saw the people he carried on his back in Kiri. This is 1100 pounds of weight (Pressure? Gravity?) but everywhere, not on one point.

He couldn't carry this weight either, it just didn't stop him from doing so.

I grunted, Juno and Slydin couldn't get up, Sarada and Mitsuki used each other and pushed against their backs to get up. But at the sight, Nao sighed, crushing his fist - Inojin puked blood and fell under faster than anything I'd ever seen.

"INOJIN!" I yelled out, but I couldn't make it to him.

Wasabi gagged in utter pressure and the sight of her best friend falling to such a course.

Hate, enveloped in hate, and I wasn't close enough to stop her.

"Dragon's Final Call," She downed two different viles and even I felt the disrupture in chakra. Her person and chakra didn't match perfectly and this seemed to emphasize this.

Using fire to boil the two in her mouth, she used air conversion to spew it out faster then a bullet, with a range and cover that stretched many-bodies wide, it cut up her mouth in burns and scars, and the chakra used for such a fast and large scale attack must have taken everything she had under this pressure.

I grit my teeth when I saw the portal he made, that portal transporting all of her attacks well away from himself, as Wasabi's eyes fell back.

But his left arm... a burn that tore through his clothes and went faster than the rest.

To catch the man faster than yourself, fake your speed.
You did well, Wasabi, rest for now.

Sarada screamed, reaching her hand towards Wasabi but it is far too late, if she lived through the immediate chakra exhaustion and ragged burns, bleeding out, (The pressure started to press on our insides too) then it would be a miracle.

I looked at Nao as he brushed off his jacket, facing Sumire.

"I know you have the same plan, Sumire, face me," Her eyes overcast and Sarada gaped as Sumire stood easily.

"Guys... thank you for everything, I love you all," Sumire had a smile on her face as she raised her left hand, a portal, she could only make two a week, this is her self-destruction, her will of fire.

"Live on, happily, but..." She had soundless tears as Mitsuki seemed to see the inside of her book for the first time (but didn't move from me).

"Remember me," Her head turned to us with the bitterest smile I'd ever seen,

"Please," Her voice so faint as she widened the portal and clenched her fist over all of us, delivering us back to the earth realm and I took the first fresh, clean breath of air in what felt like forever.

"SUMIRE!" Us three called out, the trio more than shaken, and the unconscious ones by our side.

---

Sumire's POV - The Breathe of God - Time:?

"You never cease to surprise me," He said, withdrawing his mask and breathing the sands like his own air.

"I'm sorry I won't be able to continue with that. I can't let you take what's dearest to me,"

"And so you take your life in lieu of theirs? Do you think you can face me?" I looked up with clenched fists,

"I think that they are my motivation for life, their survival and joy is my ultimate intention. I will face you knowing I am the only thing that can protect them now."

He looked me up and down, like a scientist to a chemical formula, like a doctor to a patient, like a God to a Non-believer.

"That doesn't answer my question," He didn't run, hell, he barely moved, yet an idle stroll towards me, like we were friends, like this had all turned out the way I wanted it to from the start.

"Those people are special, but they will come and go. You, quite frankly, are the only one I care to know,"

"That's because you've seen them idle, and you've seen them when their lives are on the line. They are all the best thing I could have ever asked for and more. You didn't see Inojin when he hated his own art, ripping it apart and falling into depression and vacancy. You didn't see Sarada or Boruto's face when none of their relatives could make it to any meetings at school, you haven't seen Mitsuki
"when Boruto's life isn't safe - or the day he thought he lost it!"

I held my ground, tearing up even more,

"You've never seen Metal when he felt anxious about how he could live up to Idols, never saw Shikadai when he laid in bed as silent tears fell down his eyes because he knew far too much about the world and it's people, you've never seen Namida when she couldn't protect what she held dearest, you've never seen Wasabi when she nearly took her life with two Anbu as parents, you've never seen Iwabe with his ass bag of a dad, you've never seen Denki with red marks because there wasn't a sole in the world who felt love for him. You've never seen Chocho starve herself until she passed out. You have analytical skills that much surpass my own but you'll never be able to see people like I do unless you look harder."

He seemed offended, fingers twitching.

"Does it matter?" But the world betrayed him. It was faint, as faint as a light blue speck in an ocean, a piece of grit in his black eyes.

But it was there.

"You never saw them as they picked themselves up, there was never a light at the end of there tunnel they just stopped walking and tore through the sides.

And you, you are not more then I can handle.

Even if you have a suitcase of insecurities, I still want to know that part of you too. Emotions are foreign, trust me I know that just as you do, they're clumpy, they're gross, they are bad and hurt more than a sky on top your shoulders. But they're so, so good too.

They give you a reason to live, one outside of supplying the world with what it deserves because the end of that road is bitter and reward-less."

"You talk a lot for someone about to die," He replied, kunai dancing in his hand, appearing and disappearing.

"Don't make me fight you, go out in peace or side with me," He continued, bored.

I know it's in there!

I know I can save you!

"This- no, the earth realm, it's harsh, it's impure, it's so full of flaws the fact it hasn't crumbled is a miracle," I said, grabbing my own kunai.

"But it has waterfalls that crash, it has people who smile and love wholeheartedly, it has doggy's that will find you because they love you more than their own world, it's impurity with well-hidden life behind walls and I can show you the door.

Destruction isn't elegant... I can show you, it's my best weapon against you,"

His eyebrow raised.

I didn't hold the kunai to him, I couldn't beat him.

But I can beat me.
"Because you can't find the door by yourself, no one can. But you can make magic, magic out of your own tragedies, and use the strength of your story to bring you closer to love.

If you save me, it shows you once and for all you have what you deny, you have a heart and you won't be able to do what you dream so much of, your goal will be futile."

"And if I don't?" He said, indifferent, cold.

"Then I've done all I can," And then I slashed, the last thing in my vision his idle gaze as the world crashed towards me.

---

Nao's POV - The Breath of God - Time:?

I relive the feeling, the edge, the burn, the hollow atmosphere of being the runt.

The odd one out who had a limited chakra reserver that no other human synthetic or otherwise had.

My legs spread open by the hands of arrogant teenagers, I couldn't do anything about it, if Orochimaru knew what the kids, the ones Mitsuki killed off, did, he never did anything.

Mitsuki went off a few days before he left, I was the sex doll a few bothered to play with, everything else I couldn't do.

The trio always turned their head, I wouldn't be surprised if they forgot about me, they didn't bother at all.

But Mitsuki was Orochimaru's best, and subsequently worst creation, he was more human than all of us, he killed the ones who used me in a blind white rage.

My legs were no longer forced open, and when Mitsuki left, and the trio sent out to gather information, me and the others fell into our pods, sleeping for the next three years, but I realized that while their chakra would simply progress, their abilities grow like vines, I wouldn't be able to do that.

My chakra is limited, so instead of outward, I had my chakra evolve inward, dense-ing until you could blast open a portal with a flick, such control and utter mass could easily be the thing that passed by the world's heads.

I wake up with skeletons on my back, where the others excelled the training brought me to over exhaustion every day, I threw up my breakfast and, my lunch normally stayed around.

But I always had wanted a cat, the idea of owning such a creature was the only thing that I bothered to stay around for. Every night out the twisting halls and rooms, out my own window, a cat came for food every night.

But I got to attached, and when the others found out I saw it's corpse in my room, it's fur, flesh, and insides all ripped and maimed.

But everyone has their tragedies, I just plan on doing something about my own.
My scars are the only thing keeping me put together.

"Because you can't find the door by yourself, no one can. But you can make magic, magic out of your own tragedies, and use the strength of your story to bring you closer to love,"

And her throat slit like the closing line to a story, I had gotten attached, and this time it really is my fault.

I didn't move, neither did my face. I heard her heart stop as she bleeds out, her brain neurons slowing to a halt.

But a smile, she still wore a smile.

"...Azarian,"

I bit my lip for no one but my own guilt, eyes overcast my by hair, I yelled at the sky for taking yet another one.

I knew I could bring her back, but that would mean she was right, I wouldn't be able to take over all 5 lands in an absolute dictatorship if I still had something I cared for, if I had a weak spot I could be defeated.

I didn't mean to do it, not on purpose, I just gravitated towards her, like a magnet, and the green healing glow wasn't on purpose either.

Nor were the tears that cascaded down my face.

None of it was on purpose, when I placed my hand over her heart it began beating again, and when I laid my forehead on her collar bone and tears traced down my own eyes, well, that wasn't on purpose either.

Warm hands coved the back of my head, her breathing a little irregular but figuring itself out,

"Even you could never love something like me, something that doesn't love itself," I said, my voice a little darker then I'd like it when I spoke to her,

"Loving is natural, love is involuntary, no wind, or ocean, or sky, or universe, can change that."

And for the first time in my life, I let where I broke so deep and hollow, I let it start to flow and fill like warm concrete.

"How... No, whatever is, 'Love,' exactly?"

"It's when you can feel in your bones that you're safe, that you can come as you are, that is my love,"

~~

Boruto's POV - May 24 - 9 PM

I'd gotten everyone to the hospital, Sarada, Kai, and Sumire, explaining everything to anyone with a degree or political position who asked (Hokage's orders).

But I went back, to out corner of the forest two miles from base.
In fact, it's where Sumire's Alone spot it, where she goes to feel safe outside of us.

We can't heal all her scars no matter how much we wish we could, but she has done so much more than that, building herself up into the person she wants to be, protecting what she holds close.

My eyes downcast, I didn't want to say I didn't believe in her, I hardly could, but with such odds, it felt irrelevant to what I believed.

I know time worked different there, I know a minute there were two hours here,

Two days past and Sarada joined Mitsuki and I as we sat in wait.

Soon enough, everyone not hospitalized (Everyone would be fine, nothing fatal would result from this, thank the Saints) or looking over the hospitalized, sat in wait.

Our parents tried to bring us back but my father shook his head.

"No,"

If there is one thing I recognize about him is that he's a true shinobi at heart, or maybe it's because he never was, but he understands what shinobi need more then health, and it's their comrades.

It was at 8 PM, Sarada and I fell asleep on Mitsuki's thighs as he kept watch and the rest dog piled with water bottles and foods.

~~

Boruto's POV - May 27 - 2 AM

I woke up to the sound of a snap, my eyes bulging open and Mitsuki already had done the same.

A portal opened up, blue and white in color, outstepped both Sumire smiling warmly when she saw that we all bared the mid-summer chill to wait for her return.

"SUMIRE!" Namida called out, we all did, tears flooded our eyes and we all ambushed her, I noticed Nao's near-surprise that we didn't pay him any mind.

Because if she was fine (Ignoring the pale scar against her neck) and smiling with his portal she'd done what we knew she could.

She saved him, didn't she?

So now it's our job to make sure we saved her too.

~~

Chapter End Notes

Hiya! I just noticed a bunch of comments that I haven't responded to and I promise I'll get to them all, I love them more then my pizza I'm not even kidding, your support and love for this work gives me such life and has me floored every time!
Boruto - May 31-

The clouds hid the sun, it's shine dulled, but the mid-year heat had the crowds sweating as they hustled through the streets, the air clear - oh so clear compared to a week ago - now blazing our skin.

I walked through the west parlor and found what I was looking for with Mitsuki and Sarada right behind me.

"Tannika!" Her expression twisted around and grinned, and I couldn't help but notice she looked a bit more.. bulkier? Like she'd been training.

The line long and multiple workers walked around in the small hut but she had us come up.

"Yo! Boruto!" The two behind me tried to figure out where they'd seen me, but it seems they simultaneously remembered the moment they took a step back and scanned the area for any offenders.

"Same as normal?" I nodded my head and she looked past me,

"And who might you too be?" The two looked at each other and stuttered.

"I'm - Uh, Boruto's classmate," Sarada said, not having any words,

Mitsuki is worse off, our involvement is a secret to Konoha,

"I'm... Boruto's...." And just left it at that.

"Sure! What do you to want today?"

After telling, a girl in line, a little older then myself holding a smaller child's hand.

She had a byakugan and a Sharingan, and a war-torn smile.

We soon left, Mitsuki got Mint Chocolate Chip, Sarada chocolate, and myself Strawberry.

We roamed the streets in idle chatter, about how Shino Sensei can sense where ever or whatever we're doing set us on edge, how hot it was, how good the ice cream tasted, and with a large bank account each we bought some other foods and bags of ninja supplies (And medical stuff, it seems, just attracted us).

But there were lulls of silence where even the crow'd's chatter, footfalls, and strong winds couldn't fill.
We were all avoiding it, avoiding how much the entirety of last week had its claws against our neck. But the day moved on, and we should too.

Sumire's POV - May 31, 3 AM

I sat near the waterfall, in the ring lacking tree or bush.

His traces were obvious, where the grass has died he'd been, where the air feels tight he'd been.

I don't know where he walked, but I could only hope...

A 'Scree', startled me, I jumped to my feet kunai in hand to see it was a simple messenger hawk.

But it flew close and dropped a yellow-tinted scroll with purple ribbon in my hands.

Immaculate cursive handwriting,

Azarian,

I have reflected through your words and I know you are right - with a world to take on, my own brutal manner would lead to your demise one way or another. I am ashamed to say but I do care about your wellbeing, and consequently your friends and people.

There is something in you that's rare and breathtaking - I've seen it since the first moment I saw you - the way you viewed the world. Always in deep thought, like now, your staring at the sky wondering if there is something you can do to save me, to bring me to the land of fire and live a life of peace.

Unfortunately, I'm a weapon, and weapons will never fit as walking canes.

The story you have to tell will go down in history when you build your own empire, I'm sure. And when that time comes I will guard it. I owe you,

- Nao

I looked back up at the sky, knowing he'd be fine, knowing he had to be.

~~

Boruto POV - June 1 - 5:30 AM

We all rushed in the moment Denki was free for interaction. The fight against Nao cause widespread panic, our names and his stapled to every newspaper and article.

But we were all recovering, both physically and mentally, smiles still on our faces.

Even if the sharp silences were still there, the moments we wanted to say what we felt about that day, but we couldn't. Not yet.

And the worst part is... while we defeated him, we didn't. And a thought hit us every once and a while. Could he have done it? Could he go hand to hand with Kage's?

So the silences didn't go anywhere soon, but we were ok, we had each other and spent a bit more time around each other.

Even if our parents worried for it, they new Nin and the importance in comrades.
I watched as Iwabe tugged Denki into his chest with every piece of energy he had, holding him so tight it was a surprise to see they hadn't molded like play-do together.

~~

Naruto's POV - June 1, 6 AM

Sasuke looked over his documents for the 10th time, reading at light speed.

Over 120 suggestions, orders, habitable and paid for orphanages and some under construction with therapists assigned for every group.

"Are you sure keeping the ones that were held captive and forced to work around in such a work-filled and nin infested environment is for the best?" I asked, tugging on my hair.

"Yes, we don't know their capabilities or mental states, this is for the best, they can cause the least damage the closer they are to us," I sighed, he handed me the papers,

"Take it or leave it," I rolled my eyes, he knew what I'd chose.

~~
Boruto's POV - June 5 -

Despite our still healing wounds, it was time to go, ditch our land for a new.

Mother tried to help me pack clothing and hygiene products but I ignored her. She looked so heartbroken.

Yet just a few minutes ago she criticized my colored nails, I couldn't feel much remorse.

If she was going to be closed minded so was I.

"Big bro! Can't you take me!" Himawari, my little sun, cried out and I wrapped her in a hug, tight but warm and comforting.

"I'll be back in no time with as many souvenirs as she wanted.

"I don't care about the souvenirs I care about you! Just.. promise me you'll be safe..." And those tears always make me do stupid things, so I got the phone that wasn't for Denki and gave it to her.

"Hide this from mother no matter what the cost, and if you press this button-" I passed the green phone button and there was only one contact, my own.

"Then it calls me, but no matter what, you need to keep this away from mother, she doesn't know I have this or this." I brought out my own phone from Denki.

"Really! I can call whenever!?" She said in a whisper squeal, mother can't know after all.

"Whenever, I promise," I kissed her forehead with my eyes closed. She giggled and I held her tight in my arms.

"I've gotta go sunshine, be good and help around the house, and practice those martial arts techniques I showed you," I said with a grin and I left the house while she had a bittersweet smile on.

I didn't feel safe with her alone with mother most of the day, so I asked Denki to help me install wireless microscopic camera's, three of them.

One in her bedroom, one in the living room, and one in Hinata's bedroom.

Before we went to the Academy, all 12 of us went to the Area.

"I WANNA CRY GUYS," I whined into Mitsuki's chest, he seemed as surprised as the others.

"I HAVE TO LEAVE MY ANGEL!!! THIS IS TRASH!" Their minds clicked and figured it out.

"Don't you have those camera's I helped plant in your house?" Denki asked with a reassuring pat on
my shoulder.

I flopped onto the bottom of the triple bunk bed.

"I'm gonna miss her ... Yeah, but like, what if something happens? What if she needs her favorite food and mother is too busy, what if she can't reach the top shelf to get her planting materials!"

I looked at my phone with all three screens open.

"Trashy.." I mumbled. The group decided a necessary dog pile.

"You guys are so fat you all weigh 2000 pounds," I complained underneath them all.

"Yeah, you love us anyway," Shikadai said and it made me feel cozy and warm.

"So what if I do?" I yelled out and it got a chuckle from everyone.

The bed was only a twin and it was holding a stack of 12 people. But it was 5:23 AM and the world just seemed so steady and nice, no loud noises, no people other than us.

Just our breathing, shifting, heartbeats, the sound of strong wind hitting the house and trickle of water from the creek not so far from here.

It was home.

I blushed at what I was going to say next, but I forced out of my lungs because they deserved it.

"I love you guys," And it wasn't half-hearted or said in a joking manner with everything they did for me, with all the happiness they give me selflessly each day and work hard to achieve our goal.

I loved them, not in a romantic way - I loved them, but not in a platonic way either.

I want to hold their hands, sleep around them, share my whole life with them, kiss their foreheads when I feel like it and shield them from the world.

Just love.

A very close family, one I won't let harm come to even if the world came tumbling down.

Silence, they knew it was no joke, they knew it was heartfelt and honest.

"I...I don't accurately know what the love is I feel from Boruto to you guys, but I have a strong affection for all of you as well," Mitsuki finished who spoke right beside me.

I gave him a smile, because I didn't even notice how they made me smile until I began to keep count.

"I couldn't ask for better people to fall into some weird non-romantic-ish love with," Wasabi said, she gets it.

Non-romantic-ish.

"My affection for all of you is more than the amounts of training I do!" Metal cheered happily, stuck between Chocho, Inojin, Shikadai, Mitsuki, and a bit of me and Iwabe.

"I-My parents never truly loved each other, I don't think...And even now I..." Sarada gulped down, shut her eyes closed, placing her head into Chocho's collarbone and let out a muffled,
"I know that I love you guys too,"

By now almost all of us were in tears. Silent one's of joy and a feeling I can't explain, like a mix of a blanket right out the dryer, eating your favorite food, while also watching your favorite show.

"I love you guys, all of you, so much!" Denki let out a sob and we started to laugh while crying.

"My- I didn't have a great childhood either and..I, I just want to thank you all..." Iwabe looked up at us, surprising even me with the glimmer of tears in his eyes,

"For helping me become the best version of myself, a- and showing me that I'm not like my mother and that I can genuinely care and - love people," We all just (Some-fucking-how) snuggled closer together, and enjoyed being so ridiculously honest and happy.

"I, I didn't grow up great either, with-" Namida sniffed,

"With a secret, I had to take to my grave. You've all made me a confident person, one I know my father would be -" She cried a little more,

"Would be so proud of, I have all of you to thank and love - and I have the rest of my life to prove it!" Which transformed from silent tears into gross sobbing because,

"This has to be the most emotional ninja group to ever exist," I said making us howl with laughter.

"It's your fault dumbass!" Sarada said through tears.

"Heh," Was all I could reply while wiping hers and Chocho's away.

"I've done some bad things..." Sumire started, looking at all of us with utter confidence and idle love,

"And you trashy people, how dare you make me so unexplainably happy, I love all of you misfits,"

A slight laugh at that too the sound of a rising sun along with the morning birds sung through the air.

We nestled closer yet.

"Some say my father is emotionless, my mother told me that wasn't true, but seeing how much I- How much I love you all, I'm guessing he had the capacity to love deeply too," I closed my eyes and smiled at Inojin's confession, along with the rest of them.

"I love you all, I would give up my chips for anyone of you," Chocho said in a playful fashion, but we all know she truly loved us and it was an attempt to lighten up the mood.

After a long beat of silence...

"Guys, what time do we have to make it to the Entrance of Konoha and board the train?" Denki asked curiously, looking down at his watch.

"5:50, why?" Sarada asked as panic filled Denki's face.

"It's 5:44,"
"SHIT!" I yelled and a string of curses from everyone as we jumped up.

I grabbed half of our backpacks with Namida grabbing the other half. Denki and Iwabe scrambled into the Study Room, Wasabi into her poisons and antidotes room, Chocho into the kitchen to grab all of our bars and pre-packed foods with water bottles.

Metal and Mitsuki ran out the door to check the seals (not finished, just beta's me and Mitsuki came up within a few hours) were still in place and functional, and to make sure everything was fine to be left for the trip.

Sumire came out of the library with a large brown suitcase, this case was for all of our scrolls that held our books, three books per scroll and the suitcase could fit up to 20 scrolls.

Denki ran out with his own personal case - he was working on his first puppets - and placed some scrolls into Sumire's brown case, Iwabe came out with three scrolls of his own and a weird metal bar that he placed into his book sack.

Inojin hastily placed some of his art supplies in with psychology and sensor nin books into scrolls, again, placed in the brown case that Sumire left open.

Chocho got the grey suitcase and had it filled to the bring with our pre-packaged foods.

Wasabi came out with two scrolls, longer then the others I've seen today, along with a single book, some card games, and a scroll that looked suspiciously like the ones used to seal small animals.

And I noticed she'd already placed two scrolls into the brown case (we placed our initials on them), and in her book sack, she'd had a tiny but very thick scroll, the ones normally used to hold explosive material.

I smiled at the violent and deadly things Wasabi brought.

Namida was now efficiently reading off of a list of stuff we needed,

"Sunglasses, sunscreen, sleeping bag, extra blankets -" We needed to conserve room so we bought extra-large sleeping bags, slit them open at the sides, and with Sarada and Sumire's knowledge in medical stitching, stitched it all together, giving us one 7 feet long and 9 feet deep placed into a three foot scroll and placed into Sumire's own book sack.

Wasabi brought a bottle and spray of sunscreen, bug repellent, and sunglasses in her own bag.

"Two basic first aid kits and one intermediate one," Sarada nodded her head while pulling the book sack over her shoulders.

"Five sets of clothing for each of us?" Namida looked over at Shikadai and Inojin who nodded their heads, grabbing the largest suitcase, forest green in color and placed it next to the one filled with food and scrolls.

In our book sacks, we all packed an extra pair of sandals, nightwear, swimsuits, gloves, hats, toothbrushes/toothpaste and anything else we wanted to bring.

The last and smallest suitcase we got was a mix of hygiene products including brushes, hairbands, floss, mouthwash, deodorant, shampoo/conditioner, face wash, soap, makeup, makeup remover wipes, nail polish, cologne/perfume, hair products, razors, a sewing kit and stain remover (the amount of blood that gets on clothes you have no idea).
Alongside all maps, geography, and knowledge we have on Kiri.

Which is less than four scrolls for 12 scrolls of knowledge, two books, a manner guide, 24 maps all tucked into three scrolls.

Sarada seemed to have the most books, I'm not surprised, the Sharingan allows her to read an entire page of information with full comprehension within ten seconds. Hence 15 scrolls with three books each.

She also brought along a Rubix cube that looked like an octagon, terrifying, a sudoku book, and some other personal items.

Once Mitsuki and Metal got back and made sure they had all of their personal belongings, we head out at 6:01 AM using all of our chakras to increase our speed.

When we got there, Anko was sipping on some fruity drink and Shino-Sensei looked like he had ants in his pants with our lack of presence - the kids were VERY annoyed that we were 18 minutes late to such an important event, we were holding up the train.

"Sorry guys!" I cheered out, and despite his anxiety, Shino was happy to see us all.

"We got caught up on the path of life!" I said jokingly.

Far, far away, Naruto shivered and felt a flash of deja vu for no reason.

The kids rolled their eyes and bickered about us in contempt, I couldn't care less.

"What's with all the suitcases?" Anko asked curiously, opening them without our permission.

Her eyes widened at the suitcase I brought, full of empty sealing scrolls, we had 120 K left in our total bank accounts and we were going to the largest trading center known to this world.

We all spent 40 minutes researching all the high-quality materials, gear, weapons, foods, scrolls, books, medicine, technology and so on that we'd find there and made a loose list of items we should get, ranging around 80 K - 100 K.

So it made sense that we bought the largest, and highest capacity scrolls we could find.

Soon enough the train ride - where all the kids purposely scooted far away from our seats - was coming to an end and it was time to board the ship.

"I'm still salty you used such an underhanded tactic to become leader," Sarada told me while we changed into our bathing suits.

"Heh! First come, first serve is what I say!" I cheered and Chocho told me that I haven't said that a day of my life.

"You're just as salty," I replied and we all cannonballed into the pool.

In the distance, I saw some of the kids purposely leave the deck as to not be around us.

Good.

"I'm always salty but we should've had a fair trial!" Chocho yelled and playfully splashed some of the water onto my face.
"I know what it can be, the trial is - who can move the most ocean water into the air!" Shikadai said - and we all realized that, normally, were not surrounded by such an abundance of water.

Normally we have to convert it from our chakra.

"DUDE WHAT A GOOD IDEA!" Wasabi cheered, and we all used the water in the pool to lift us back onto the deck.

"Winner gets to be in the center of the sleeping bag, and is called the leader even if their name isn't Boruto!" Metal cheered and we all got serious.

The middle of the sleeping bag will be the warmest and coziest spot.

"YOUR ON!" Wasabi hollered and we all yelled about how much better we were going to do than the others.

Captian of the ship, Orisuki W. POV

"What the hell are those kids yelling about?" The chief engineer asked while looking at them beside me, the controls being on the second floor with a broad glass plane to see 180 degrees.

Aside from the ocean view, the second most noticeable thing was the deck and pool.

"Probably who's dick is larger," I joked while glancing at the rest of my crew, they all looked at me with a disappointed face and three blue streaks appeared nearby my head.

"What have we said about trying to be funny, Captian?"

"That I shouldn't?" My second mate pats my back and nodded his head.

But by the time I turned to look back at the ocean, I nearly slammed the Red Emergency button.

"CAPTIAN WHAT ARE THEY DOING?!" I heard my medical boardmate scream out.

The ocean was going downward.

The ocean space around my ship was going downward. All portal like.

Suddenly someone burst through the door.

Shino, the main teacher if I remember correctly.

"DON'T PANIC I'VE SENT ANKO DOWN THERE TO PUT THE WATER DOWN!"

He, while telling us not to panic, panicked himself.

I knew that ninjas could move water, create it, whatever, but this was half a mile radius of water being removed from the ocean.

The boat creaked, groaned, and swayed largely as it went downward.

"I never want kids," I heard my first mate say.

Boruto's POV

"ARE YOU A MELON!? LOOK AT MINE IT'S TWICE THE SIZE OR YOURS!" I yelled at the top of my lungs using all of my chakra to hold up and maintain the glob of water easily the size
of an average bedroom.

"YOU MUST BE VISUALLY IMPAIRED, BORUTO, BECAUSE." I interrupted Sarada,

"I'M NOT THE ONE WITH GLASSES DAMMIT, YOU HAVE THE SHARINGAN, WHY DO YOU EVEN NEED GLASSES?!"

"CLEARLY YOU ALL NEED GLASSES, LOOK AT MINE!" Sumire hollered out - if mine was a bedroom hers was the master bedroom, larger than all of ours.

HELL NAH.

I grit my teeth, planted my feet, closed my eyes and summoned even more - a constant increase to its size now matching Sumire's and Mitsuki's, but before I could get to their level I heard Anko shout.

"WHAT IN THE 7 HELLNS DO YOU THINK YOU ALL ARE DOING!?!"

We all froze.

Not a good thing when you're holding water - thousands of gallons worth.

"Oh shi-" Was the last thing I heard until my ears were demolished by the sound of all of the water crashing down, the boat rocked and nearly tipped into the water itself. I would have fallen off the deck if it hadn't been for chakra, all of us would.

A red siren went off and I heard screaming from the inside of the boat, both crew and my schoolmates.

"Aye, so this is what the life of the party is up too," Juno said while I tried to hold myself to the ground.

I watched Mitsuki walk up the deck, I say up because it's almost vertical at this point.

"Are you going to support us or not?"

"Obviously, I brought my chess board onto this ship," Slydin said it as if an obvious fact.

Shino, trying to use water jutsu's to stabilize the ship, did nothing and the ship was filling with water and flooding by the second.

"Bring this ship back to sail, Mitsuki, Boruto, clear the ship of water - us ten plus you three - stabilize the water around the ship!" Shikadai hollered out and we got to work.

Mitsuki and I were, as always, in sync -

"Fire Release: Rising Sun!" We shouted at the same time, scorching the floorboards and evaporating the majority of the water. But it was still coming in fast and seeping through the nooks and crannies.

"Move aside, Mitsuki," Kai proclaimed confidently as he formed a rat sign.

"Water Release: Inverted Hailstorm," And with that, the water all formed above him into dozens of pint-sized blobs - and shot back with startling speed.

"Try and keep up, brother," Kai said darkly - looking at me with interest.

"You should try to not die in the meantime. Mitsuki, H43," And with that, Mitsuki's stance stiffened,
his chin rose up and he resembled that of a robot, as did Kai.

"3, 2, 1-" Kai spoke and at 0 they both opened Sage Mode. While Mitsuki's resembled snakes and had a light blue and sea green tint, Kia's was blackish gold and looked more like....spider legs?

"Yin-Yang Release: Heavenly Deviation!" And their chakra's flared - I had to shield my eyes from the brightness - and the boat stopped swaying almost entirely, the waves crashing into the boat were no more, the crew had stowed the other half of the class to safety meaning the only people who witnessed this were the two teachers, my group, Juno, and Slydin.

And the teachers were going to be hella confused on how all of our affinities miraculously became water.

We were waiting until we mastered all of the elements and became genin, but I guess now is a good time as any.

The teachers knew about Mitsuki, but not Kai (and don't know Juno and Slydin), and definitely didn't know about the Affinity Theory.

(We made the name but it's a great name so shut up).

This was going to take a while to explain.

Luckily the boat ride was 39-46 hours.

We had time.

9:34 AM

It had been at least two hours since the incident, Anko smoothed things over with the crew (and may have threatened them to stay quiet), and Shino-sensei was with the other half of the class - not including Juno, Kai, and Slydin who were god knows where.

After Namida took the role of explainer, Shino had a mild panic attack, and Anko snorted saying,

"Y'all think of great pranks,"

It took a whole demonstration for it to sink in.

"God DAMMIT," her response.

My people and I were all laying on top of each other, reading and napping - the likes.

But all the sleepers eyes snapped open three full seconds before the door to the second section of the boat widened slowly.

"I....we'll talk more about this...information when we arrive back at Konoha, I won't cancel the trip as it would be rude to bail out on something so important last minute - however, don't expect sunshine and lollipops when you all get back..." There was a silence and then Shino-sensei closed the door again.

"He must be fun at parties," Chocho said dully and we all laughed at that.
June 6 - Boruto's POV 10:23 PM

"Okay but I won that right as everyone dropped their water back into the ocean - I deserve the middle spot," I said with my arms crossed, they all looked skeptical, but Metal, bless his being,

"He's telling the truth, right as we were being crashed, Boruto's got close to Sumire and Mitsuki's size!"

"Psh, show-offs," Iwabe grumbled from the left the side, already snuggled closed to Denki who'd nodded off long ago.

I flicked my finger at him and the wind wave messed with his hair, which he always has free when about to sleep.

"Petty,"

"Rude," We both stuck our tongues out at each other, Sarada less than impressed,

"Children, I'm dealing with children,"

"You're like, 5, shut up," I said back and electricity flowed between our eyes while we grounded our teeth.

Mitsuki banged the door open, interrupting our feud, and in his hands, he dragged a dead looking Juno, apathetic Slydin, and pissed Kai.

"The top of the ship is a perfectly safe spot to sleep on, I don't understand why-"

"Because if Shino-sensei can't find you his stress levels will breach sanity and I'd rather stay on this ship if I were you," Mitsuki barked out and the two maintained a silent glare.

Sarada and I were loud and violent, Mitsuki and Kai were silent and still.

Both equally terrifying.

"Whatever, I need shut-eye to deal with your shenanigans, goodnight," Slydin said while carrying Juno over his back like a sack and plopped both of them down on their side of the room.

Namida - fast asleep with Wasabi - eyed the three skeptically.

Chocho and Metal began folding all of our daytime clothes and back into the suitcase. The rest got into bed either to go to sleep or read, the lights off hardly being a problem, all we had to do is move some chakra into our eyes.

Soon enough, sleep, and I got into the middle of us all, only then noticing that the three from before were no longer in the room.

"Hopeless," Mitsuki cursed out, Inojin's face contorted like he tasted something sour, after lazily slapping a palm onto Mitsuki's face, not moving it, he whispered,

"Shhhh,"
We hadn't done anything particularly difficult today, but reading and stretching so much could really take a lot out of a person.

Shikadai, laying against Metal, growled with eyes closed and pulled Inojin back into the cuddle.

I smiled warmly - everyone drowsy and in the cuddling mood after dealing with that class for a day.

"I hate people in our class..." I mumbled and I heard low chuckles.

The person in the middle, me, warm inside out. Had Mitsuki been a little less on alert, I would be in my ideal heaven.

We were going to a different Country. I'm the leader of the people I love (and others), I wouldn't have it any other way.

I hummed lightly to myself and feel off into sleep.

June 7, 5:24 AM

By instinct, we woke up just before 5:30 AM and began our new day, the warmth of my comrades and the rock of the boat allowed me to enjoy my slumber more than normal.

"Awwwh," I yawned while raising my arms far into the air. A few others doing the same.

"Morning guys," I said while scruffing up Metal's hair to wake him up, normally he's the first one up, but he'd said something about not feeling well earlier.

"Hn," - Sarada

"Gah," - Wasabi

" Eh, Mornin'," - Iwabe

And so on, when Inojin refused to get up, Shikadai grabbed him by the back of his shirt and dragged him to the sinks with the rest of us.

"Mornings are for cowards!" He groaned, we all brushed our teeth, took individual showers, then deodorant, and got spiffed up for a day of Earth Bending, hellish training level 14/10.

Since we're in the ocean, the earth below around 6 thousand feet. Our goal? Get a pound of the seafloor from the ocean and bring it to the surface.

Is a pound heavy? No. But the pressure of 12 thousand feet makes it about 2,602 pounds worth of pressure per square inch.

We'd already agreed - no teams or helping each other.

Doesn't mean I have to be happy about it.

"I'm gonna diiiieee!" I said, the sun slowly crept over the horizon in a brilliant ball of fire - and I couldn't even appreciate it.

Everyone being fluent in meme culture, understood when Sarada replied,

"Then parish,"
Giggles mixed in the cried pain. Denki somehow managed to bring the radio on board and set it up. It ran previous songs and announcements - as we were miles from any communication or wifi.

We were in silent hell, grunting and sweating, reaching and searching relentlessly, I forgot about reality until a sleepy voice ran behind me.

"What the fresh hell are you three doing before 6 AM, the rest of us like sleep," Juno spoked us.

"We're barely making any noise though, go back and... whoa..." Sumire nearly tripped over her own two feet, the rocking boat didn't help how dizzy and tired we were from this workout alone.

"I swear it feels like that arcade game with the claw - do you guys think we can even reach that far down?" Denki asked, drenched in sweat already.

"Doesn't matter if we can or not," I gasped for a breathe,

"I'm getting it first," Everyone deadpanned at my statement.

"Keep dreaming Basic Protagonist," Chocho told me while hanging on the handrails, panting desperately.

"Hey! I'm not a basic protagonist!" I yelled out.

Hundreds of miles out, Kakashi cackled for no rhyme or reason, and Naruto got Deja vu. Juno rolled his eyes while saying that psychopaths don't think their psychopaths.

"Look I'm pan, lazy, and am emotionally compromised, I'm in no way a basic MC,"

"Wait so are we just supporting characters?" Shikadai asked, Inojin laughed and everyone grinned,

"Wait so who's the fanservice?" Iwabe asked,

"Sarada has some really short shorts with a perfect figure, Denki's got a fine ass, Iwabe's got the perfect forearms, Sumire's got those thunder thighs with a gap, Mitsuki's got the toned 6-pack, Metal has the best overall toned body out of all of us,"

"Shikadai's got the best face - I envy his hairline, Inojin's got lean muscles and a very feminine look, Chocho has the most flirtatious personality next to mine with the best curves, Wasabi has narrow and sharp features that say, "I'm cute but will eff you up," and Namida's so thin I worry she's not eating enough sometimes," I say with a finger pointed up, and head slightly tilted to the right.

"That was, so gay," Juno said while sipping lemonade - I don't even know where the lemonade came from, I winked at him in response, Mitsuki groaned.

"Anyway, we've got work, feel free to join," Sumire said while we all turned our full attention back to the sea.

"Hm - what're you all doing anyway?" He asked, slurping loudly.

"Erh - We, we're trying to pull a pound of the seafloor up here," Metal explained between gasps.

"Eh, I'll join," He placed down the lemonade for it to disappear, I had no idea how and frankly I didn't care. I didn't pay him much attention until he had a faints red glow around him. Once I got a good look I noticed tattoos, likely seals, etched onto his skin.
The only other people who noticed were Inojin and Mitsuki, who, frankly, didn't give a damn. After holding the dragon sign he inhaled a large breath after another - firmly placed his stance into that of a horse-riding position.

"Heron Call," And power ripped through him, a red glow turned lightning blue and his eye's turned into white light.

His position changed in an instant - a lower crouch with the right arm across his chest with his left outstretched to the sea below.

The light only got brighter as we watched with mixed emotions. His feet dug ever so slightly into the wood, and the air felt more humid than before.

And soon enough, there it stood, falling apart at the seems, a questionable amount of dark substances of it with a pale white fish flopping around on the top.

He got it.

The first to break the silence, Mitsuki.

"Your a showoff, compensating for something are we?" I cackled and had to cover my mouth with a hand.

"Hm, I hope the bark is still as big as the bite - Bloody Boy," He mocked - his red fired up and an unconscious shift of weight showed his willingness to fight.

"I don't think the answer you seek will be found without-"

"HEY!" Sarada belted out with an accusing finger, only then did I notice Mitsuki's chakra flaring up for sage mode.

"You two, put your dicks away - unless you want to get in trouble again - cool it, or I will put both of you in 1,300 different awkward situations," She let her Sharingan loose.

"Honey, babe, their not worth it - if they wanna fight just put them on the water and let em have at it - oh shit that's a good idea," Chocho said with a gleam in her eye. Before I could blink, she'd enlarged both hands and threw them into the ocean.

"Ohhhh boy," I said while running onto the pier to see what would happen.

The two were surprised but landed gracefully.

I gotta admit, I wanted Mitsuki to kick his ass.

"Babe! If you win we can all play Texas Hold 'Em, if you lose - you won't be in the sleeping bag tonight!" I heard everyone behind me wince - a hell of a punishment.

"If that's the case..." Mitsuki looked at me with melted gold in his eyes,

"How would you like me to kill him?" I grinned, dramatically in an overwhelming victory.

But I didn't have to tell him - Mitsuki knew me too well - and may have been using that Sun/Moon mental bonding thing.

"As my Sun wishes," He said while placing his left foot in front - the boat slowly catching up to their area so I used my chakra to resist the flow of the ship.
"Until either, I die temporarily, or I knock you unconscious, like old times eh?" Juno said while the
dark electric red spread further than before - surrounding him less like a cloak - and more into a
curtain - after a minute of them both accumulating their chakra and honing their senses, both of their
chakra's disappeared into an inch above their skin, but Juno's chakra so dense it turned navy blue,
and Mitsuki's a swampy green.

"3"

"2"

"1"

If anyone had been talking I hadn't noticed.

"Heron Call!"

"Sage Art!"

The seals on Juno expanded and become more noticeable, and Mitsuki's water moccasins dived into
the sea below, waiting for the moment to strike.

The first to move, Juno, announcing nothing, but sending a barrage of taijutsu attacks, open palm,
closed fists, elbows, fingers, knees, and heal.

It evoked something I just couldn't put my finger on.

Mitsuki's best at medium and far ranged devastation and Juno refused to let that occur.

The dance so fast Sarada used her Sharingan to trace their movements.

"Guys...Juno... He isn't using chakra, per se, to protect and enforce his hits... it's like he's converted
the chakra into pure strength as he goes."

"Isn't that the same?" I asked, Sarada examined me like the idiot I felt I was,

"No simpleton, imagine an arm with metal around it used to defend and heighten the attack
capabilities, that's what chakra does, Juno has an arm made purely of metal in this metaphor."

"Whoa, that makes sense," Iwabe exclaimed, amazed that even he could understand this.

I guess Sarada, Sumire, and Shikadai have always been the teachers.

Juno, flipping constantly to avoid both Mitsuki and the water snake attacks, seemed almost.... to
calm.

When one moccasin got particularly close, Juno, from out of nowhere, had a black staff adorned with
silver traces that resembled seal marks.

Now, the warm-up came to an end, Mitsuki's faint medial knowledge allowed him to heal mid-battle,
a feat I doubt even Sarada was fully capable of doing, making sure he didn't lose via blood loss.

The flight splashed water and created ripples affecting the rock of the boat.

Not a single ninjutsu had been used yet.

Mitsuki's chakra armored forearm clashed with the black and silver staff, letting wind shake our
clothing and hair.

It was truly beautiful, a fight neither had to win, but the taste for battle coated our spirits and lighted our paths so much that it was as natural as breathing, living and not fighting wasn't living at all.

The fight held an angelic and graceful flow, like a raging dance.

Moving with the other in sync, Mitsuki, knowing Juno targeted pressure points - kept a distance at all times, Juno, knowing this, direct his next attack.

I sat on top the rails, tasting sea salt in the air, seeing a beautiful scene unfold as the wind flew through my hair and even though I wasn't fighting I felt alive.

I knew better than to cheer Mitsuki on, it would only hinder his performance.

But I hummed his favorite song in silent support.

Soon enough the beginning fell to an end and Mitsuki builds enough distance to bring about his first ninjutsu attack, to test the waters, heh.

"Multiple Striking Shadow Snakes!" And with his call, multiple snake summons emerged from his sleeves, some dove into the water, some curled around Mitsuki's body, others went straight for the attack.

"Staff: Blade Shift!" Juno called out, holding the center of the staff as the two ends turned into fancy blades that had curls and holes. Juno swung the staff in loops and hits, killing all the snakes that sprung at him, he pointed his staff at Mitsuki and taunted him,

"Attack me with your own strength, I've seen you massacre, I'd be insulted if you held back now, you know I can't die," Mitsuki narrowed his eyes, and Juno let his staff disappear into smoke and let two massive shurikens appear from nowhere.

I could see a glisten on the side, wire.

Juno flung the two weapons at Mitsuki, the wire wrapped around his fingers directed it as Mitsuki flipped around in an attempt to dodge.

The blades hit him more than once and it got worse when they contained explosives.

Mitsuki, stuck in a defensive position, using his advanced agility and foresight to avoid the blades and their added explosives.

When granted a second of peace, is hands flew fast, and created heard earth on both forearms and calves, using the defense to block the shuriken and gave the center, leading to a match of strength that Juno won in mere seconds, leaving Mitsuki's hands weak and bloodied.

I could see the faint green glow as he healed them best as possible as Juno sent a barricade of lightning coated senbon.

Mitsuki had a gleam in his eye. There was a proper distance between them now.

"Water Release: Great Waterfall Technique!" Mitsuki called upon the waters beneath him to create a wave as large as the ship itself, and I no longer could see the enemy.

"Wind Release: Breakthrough!" Mitsuki yelled out while still signing for another technique - his chest inflated and wind forced the water wall to go at least twice it's previous speed,
"Lightning Release: Snake Lightning!" And with that both of his hands were alight with bright yellow electricity in the form of snakes, he thrust his hands into the water, directing the electricity and letting the wave, moving so fast it scared me, and it wasn't even 100 meters close to me.

Due to the large wave I hadn't seen Juno since the beginning of his barrage of attacks.

Mitsuki was able to use two of his strongest techniques in a place of mass water making up for the normally lack-luster water releases.

There's no way-

Ah SHIT.

He stood ragged, electrocuted, and looking like me on Mondays. His ability to use Heron call or whatever was no longer present but he was still standing and not nearly as damaged as someone hit with three B rank jutsu's had any right to be.

Between gasps, they charged again, Mitsuki hit a pressure point beneath the pelvis, but Juno used wires to dislocate his shoulder in return.

They hoped back, both grit teeth, bloody bodies, ripped up clothing, and a look of rabid joy in their eyes.

I whistled in joy.

Both scrambled back for a final blow, to determine the winner - but Mitsuki remembered what I asked, he wouldn't let me down even if there was a Kage involved.

I wanted an overpowered defeat, so Mituki did what he does best.

Annihilation.

After the three B ranks, his Sage mode ended, it shouldn't have come back for a few days, I imagine some similar requirements were held for Juno's version of power.

But he rekindled it and let out an A rank jutsu meant to destroy.

Ram.

"Sage Art: Violence of The Demi-Gods!"

...

There was an eerie cut of sound and then cylinders fell from the sky, rose from the seas, and from all around trapped Juno in a cage to be impaled numerous times.

That's when I remembered that only a handful of us knew that Juno couldn't die.

"Don't worry, he's fine," I said with a reassuring smile.

"BITCH JUST GOT IMPAILED THERES-" Chocho yelled out - only quieting when Sarada shook her head, the rest that weren't Sarada, Iwabe, Sumire, and myself were flipping out. Mitsuki had just killed someone on a field trip.

And they weren't an enemy.
"Juno can't die, it's physically impossible." Sumire helped and there was due skepticism.

A faint brush of wind set me on a weird edge, the feeling when...

"Kai, how long have you been watching!?” I yelled out, Inojin, and Mitsuki, and I are all sensor nin, but we didn't sense (Mitsuki excluded for obvious reasons) him at all.

"The entire time, and trust me, if there was a way to kill him I would've found out by now," Sumire rolled her eyes as I saw Slydin step out with a wad of cash, reluctantly handing it to a cocky looking Kai.

"Pleasure doing business with you," Kai said to Slydin who growled and mumbled something about 'Sage mode' and 'un-fucking-reasonable'.

When I looked back I saw Mitsuki struggling to stand, I flew off the rail - a steep drop - and high tailed it to him.

"Hey 'Zuki, you did awesomely," I said with a grin, he gave me a closed-eyed smile with blood running down his lips and forehead.

The ship is back to moving 7-8 miles per hour, the sun is shining so strong we are forced to work with Wind Release (To cool us down) and spray twice the amount of sunscreen.

Juno already spiffing up and the three were doing god-knows-what, the other half of the class didn't dare let themselves be hit by the scorching heat.

Once we'd tired ourselves out, excluding Mitsuki who's resting, we headed back to our room and began a game of monopoly, again, excluding Namida, Metal, Inojin, and Wasabi who were all still traumatized from the last time we played.

"Hoe, if you buy that I'm going to murder you," Chocho seethed as Sarada bought her fourth building.

"Hn, it'd be a shame if I were to do it anyway,"

"How did you get boardwalk first round Sumire, God and your probably going to get it on your next move!" Iwabe grit his teeth and looked at his two buildings.

Shikadai eyed his three major opponents, Sarada, Denki, and Sumire.

I myself rolled hoping for literally anything.

"Ha!" Iwabe and Sarada laughed as my bank went down 200, landing on income tax.

I grumbled while forking over 2 100 M back to the box.

Iwabe rolled, 7, vine street.

"Lovely, Y'all better be crippling in fear now!" Chocho said while laughing at Iwabe's sunken face.

"This sucks," He said while handing the dice over to Chocho.

"OH DICE GODS LET ME HAVE BOND STREET!" She said while rolling a 3.

"WHOOOOAAAA!" She cheered shaking me with her excitement.
Everyone groaned, she's one away from having that street, Shikadai had the third one, and Chocho had a missing piece from his oranges.

"We're fucked," I said while they traded.

Denki had one of most of the streets preventing further trading, Sarada had three of the trains and some low-level ones she'd use for trading later on.

Sumire had both Boardwalks that had a good chance of fucking someone up the second she put some houses up.

Iwabe and I had shit all, we both had a brown, and both had a utility. A few plays later we swapped, I got Vine and Coventry street, right as I landed on Income Tax.

Iwabe landed in jail.

Chocho landed on her own street.

Shikadai passed Go and gave 4 M to a sulking Iwabe.

Denki bought Bow Street.

Sumire narrowly missed free parking.

"Hope I land on free parking, you and Iwabe have put in at least 700 at this point," Chocho said while sipping lemonade.

"745," Sarada said, rolling, while I cried at my lost money.


"Go to jail you meanie," I answered while looking at all of my 130 M.

The 'go to jail' chant went on as Sarada slowly picked it up.

"FUCKERS," She said while throwing a Go to Jail card.

We cackled as she transferred her piece to the corner.

"You and Iwabe committed a heist together!" Denki said with a blinding grin.

"Heh," I rolled onto the last Railroad.

Sarada grunted. Iwabe couldn't pay the 50 M and didn't roll a double. Chocho got into jail with them.

"Ugh, you ratted me out, didn't you Sarada!" She said while pointing accusingly.

We all laughed.

We all laughed until Shikadai built three houses on the top orange and two on the other oranges.

Then traded Denki for a red, one Sumire needed.

He then rolled doubled and went to 'just visiting' in jail.

"SHIKADAI BAIL ME OUT!" Iwabe whined,
"He was the one that ratted us all out," Sarada accused.

"I knew there was a traitor in our mist," Chocho seethed. Shikadai shrugged while saying, 

"Hey, what could I do, they offered me money,"

"So," Chocho leaned over to Sarada,

"You come to this jail often?" There was a beat of silence until we giggled.

Soon after, Sumire brought Denki into bankruptcy.

Shikadai got hotels, nearly bankrupted Chocho, and DID bankrupt Iwabe, not that he had much to give.

It was my go, and while we were all so bent in concentration, I was the only one not to jump when Mitsuki appeared out of nowhere.

"Hey babe," I said while looking at my roll.

Three.

Chance.

"Mind if I play next game?" He asked as I picked up the card.

Advance to Go.

"HELLA!" I said while moving it back.

"Sure, beat them for me!" Iwabe yelled from his fetal position.

Turns out he did.

Mitsuki somehow rolled the exact number he needed almost everytime and won by an overwhelming scale. By now we had a nice amount of Drinks we stole from the bar right before we left, just for some fun.

"HE IS THE CARD GUARDIAN, GUARDIAN OF THE CARDS!" I yelled, jabbing a finger in his face. Iwabe immediately perked up, shaking Mitsuki by the shoulders.

"POSEIDON QUIVERS BEFORE HIM!" Mitsuki looked deep in concentration, then lit up.

"Fuck," He said softly, I whipped away a fake tear.

'Fuck oooooof' was the exact quote but he has done so well.

"I'm so proud," Chocho said while Sarada was still cackling.

Shikadai shook his head and said something about predictable. Someones salty.

"Heyyyyyyyyy Babe!" Inojin called out from the vents.

Shikadai looked up, the only visible part of Inojin was his thighs and up,(Down?). Inojin's face (red) next to Shikadai's with dangling arms.

With a sigh, Shikadai scratched the back of his head.
"At least I can never predict you, beloved," Inojin had a shit eating grin while Chocho told them to get a room.

"Oi, Mitsuki," I got his attention while the monopoly players and the rest teamed up for dinner.

"What's your favorite color?"

I knew that Sarada's was black and red, Shikadai liked turquoise, Metal can't choose between all of them, Denki loved navy blue, Chocho loved green because it was the color of money, Iwabe loved earth tones, Inojin liked bold orange and green, he said it was what he used most to paint abstract, Namida also couldn't choose, Wasabi loved black, orange, green, and Sumire said she didn't understand the appeal, but her color purple had to be the one she used most.

I also knew everyone's favorite activities, animals, people, even everyone's favorite songs. (You wouldn't believe the rap Namida listens too while doodling hearts).

But Mitsuki had never expressed any interest in favoritism so I never thought to ask him.

He remained silent for a minute as we all huddled in a circle and talked about whatever came to mind.

"I'd have to say all the colors that the sky turns, like at 7:30 to eight, there's a sunset glow - half of the sky with midnight blue and entrapped stars glowing in the other half or the morning where the colors are finite and breathtaking." I gulped, I'd never thought of the sky that way.

With a grin, I agreed and applauded his thinking.

"I PROPOSE A CHALLENGE!" Inojin cheered, some white chalk on his overalls.

"Hn?" Sarda asked, meaning, "and what stupidity would that be?"

"I say we become as ominous as possible for a majority of the trip!"

"If we live that long," Mitsuki said, already joining.

"Not as interesting as my other ideas, but it lacks the blood smears so I guess it's good." Shikadai gave.

This was going to be sick.

"Time. We should play a game using speech,"

And within minutes we were ominously playing never have I ever.

"Never have I ever used a fast food restaurant bathroom sink as a shower," I said.

"What the living fuck," Chocho asked in hellish confusion.

Shikadai and Iwabe cursed, taking a sip of some of the alcohol we stolen.

"Never have I ever scared myself by seeing my being in the morning." Denki Sarada, Chocho, Iwabe, Wasabi, and I chugged.

Within the hour it was late afternoon and we were all passed out.

"Mnnn," I whined out, army crawling to the sleeping bag. When Shikadai grabbed my ankles so I'd
drag him there with me, I warmed them up with fire conversion.

"Fuck off," He moaned as I squirmed away.

"And Shikadai was sitting there, barbecue sauce of his titties," Sarada replied while facedown on the floor while cackling to herself.

"THE CHEESE OF TRUTH!" Denki yelled with glasses array and finger pointed in the air.

"IMMIGRANTS - CAUSE - CANCER!" Iwabe cried out back and they held it together for a sold .2 seconds

"I SAW YOU HANGING OUT WITH KAYITLY YESTERDAY!" Namida yelled from underneath the sleeping bag.

"RA- REBECCA, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK," Wasabi yelled back.

"I won't hesitate, bitch~" Namida said while on the brink of exhaustion.

Wasabi stumbled over into the bag to join her, the boat was freezing anyway.

"Road work ahead?" I asked out loud, there was a moment of silence as we all looked at Mitsuki who was faceplanting into a wall.

"Hopefully," He replied. I grinned, close enough. "I sure hope it does" being missed.

"dORKS," Wasabi said while falling asleep on my left arm.

"I love you bitchh~" Inojin sang, Shikdai's eyes light up with amusement,

"Oh my godd," He replied,

"I ain't never gonna stop lovin' you, bittttch," Inojin finished with a dramatic fall over Shikadai who was nearly inside the sleeping bag.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I fell asleep while I was waiting on you to make me a sandwich," Sarada complained,

"Go back to sleep, and stARVE," Chocho replied and they both cackled like witches performing an evil concoction.

"WHEN WILL YOU LEARN - WHEN WILL YOU LEARN THAT YOUR ACTIONS HAVE CONSEQUENCES!" Metal yelled into a mirror.

Just then, Kai rushed in, a goal and plan clearly in mind until he saw the state if us,

"Wh-" Before he could finish his sentence, Sumire said,

"A potato came into this room ..." And the paper dam broke, we cackled, rolled, jumped, kicked our feet, and whipped tears away from our eyes.

He left and slammed the door with a blank face.

The night of the next day came gradually and at its pace. I enjoyed the rocking and sway of the boat more so then my companions, it had a soothing effect on me, the saltwater breeze calmed my nerves and I entered a tranquil state every morning I'd awoken.
But I can't sleep tonight.

Shino-sensei took it upon himself to divide us all into girl and boy factions (Sarada and Inojin rolled their eyes), he tried to do so before but uh, our incident prevented that.

We all couldn't sleep.

Denki was desperately trying to, we'd reach our destination around next morning and we all understood the vitality of sleep, not to mention going to sleep was challenging while trying to store chakra at the same time, a technique we'd all almost mastered, even Denki and Metal had formidable chakra reserves.

Iwabe grunted as he sprawled out along the ground, a frown evident on his face.

Inojin seemed to be playing a game with Shikadai, but he kept moving the chess pieces in ways that didn't go.

They both kept scratching their hair, twiddling their fingers, and fidgeting around not out of concentration but agitation.

Metal, finishing up his hour-long core work out before sleep, had only had 75 curl-ups, 350 bicycles, and core breathing techniques left.

But he made it longer, knowing full well he wouldn't be capable of rest any time soon.

Mitsuki, Kai, Juno, and Slydin were nowhere to be seen, the trio appeared to have brought Mitsuki up to their normal place that is the top of the ship.

I didn't sense any hostility from them, and Inojin didn't either, so I assumed there was a non-lethal conversation being made.

There were 6 other boys, four were asleep, the others were wasting time playing cards, occasionally glancing at all of us.

I couldn't care less.

I waited until Anko took roll and everyone fell asleep or at least pretending to, to go outside, to see the spectacle - of stars and moon.

So I guess it shouldn't have come as a surprise when I found my own moon right outside.

Mitsuki leaning against the rail, looking forward through the fog and mist out to a vast ocean, thoughtful, quiet, calm.

"Hello, Boruto," I beamed, my hair a mess, my teeth smelled like mint and my muscles were sore, I felt like a mess, but a nice mess at least.

"Hey 'Zuki," I replied, he didn't look back at me, so I hugged and snuggled into his back wrapping a long blanket over the both of us.

"You're always so cold," I whined, his skin at times was chilly, others almost scale-like, but always like metal kept in a freezer, cold to the touch.

"You're always warm, Boruto," It was true, I slept without blankets summer and spring nights, I wore light clothing and had to remove my jacket off any time I spend a while anywhere other than an air-conditioned room.
"Hashtag couple goals," I muttered, yawning, wishing the girls and Sarada could all just come back. Like they're only 30 feet away but still.

I hate it.

"Thermal equilibrium?" He questioned and I nodded my head against his back.

It's humid, foggy, though my lungs felt clear and despite my soreness, I felt very sharpened, in the present.

"I love you," I said, the waves crashing is the only sound, deafening it may be, Mitsuki heard me loud and clear.

He didn't say anything for a while, quietly gazing into the ocean, it seemed like a black hole under the night sky.

Awhile passed and he hadn't responded, I lightly tugged on the back of his kimono.

"You feeling okay?" I asked, finally drawing his attention to me, the moon had a yellow tint, and was placed next to Mitsuki's face, his eyes seemed very thoughtful, he'd been thinking.

"'Zuki?" I questioned, he looked up at me, to my toes to my face, from my face to my toes.

"You're human," He mourned, I shrugged my shoulders,

"Yeah, last time I checked,"

He held out my arm in a straight line, his martial arts background why his hand grabbed my wrist by the divot between the bones with an index finger pointed out.

"Your skin can be cut," He dragged an index finger over my forearm,

"Your muscles can be torn... Your bones can break... your organs can stop functioning," He looked so bitter, it's difficult to accept that death can touch the people you care for most.

I snuggled into his chest, listening to his steady but fast heartbeat.

"You're not excluded out of this situation you know," I said as Mitsuki wrapped his arms around my shoulders, resting his chin on my head.

"True," Was all he replied before the silence spoke again.

"Then we'll learn," I said, looking up at him, he was annoyingly tall sometimes,

"We'll learn to be some of the best medical ninjas, and save each other's asses," He nodded his head, determined, desperate, and caring too much for my wellbeing once again.

"WOAH!" I yelled, there was what looked like millions of fireflies illuminating in the distance, the Land of Wave is within sight, the fog gets thinner by the second and the clock hits three AM, June 8.

"It's beautiful indeed," Mitsuki said, although in retrospect, perhaps he wasn't talking about the Land Of Waves.
Shores Kissing Boats - In Beginnings of Mayhem

Morning - Arrival

Everyone buzzed with excitement, the dock clean as a hospital, with welcoming people and exploration roaming through our thoughts.

People's amazement at the modernization of it all, more so then the leaf, occupied the lesser minds for the time being.

We're two steps ahead, and to do so, we need to get along with as many people as possible.

Everyone lined up for roll call, and the trio didn't show up until the last minute.

"Up to something?" Inojin asked, leaning down, mirth in his eyes.

"You know it," Juno replied with a wink, Shikadai rolled his eyes with his arms crossed.

"OUR GUIDE FROM THE HIDDEN MIST WILL ARRIVE SHORTLY!" Shino announced, Sarada bet it was the Hokage himself, Shikadai said that it was going to be Kagura K. the prodigy and likely next Hokage, both had valid points, but Shikadai won this one.

"Hello everyone," A boy wearing an outfit that reminded me of Metal's, but with more style.

"I'll be your guide today, you may call me Kagura Karatachi," Sarada scowled and forked over 250 yen.

He seemed perfect, a kind but commanding disposition, humble, thoughtful, and above all else, a leader, something about his calm stance was threatening, but only Inojin and I had noticed.

Something pretty that was trained to kill.

I wanna be friends so bad.

Magenta eyes found mine and he stuttered over a word, barely noticeable, but there was something... else.

Ugh.

It's on the tip of my tongue.

He bowed respectfully, and before I could find anything else, the fangirls came like a bat out of hell for the poor dude.

My girls and Sarada just rolled their eyes, I couldn't possibly be prouder.

(Metal and Denki may have blushed just a little though).

"Thank you for coming, Lord Kagura," Shino said, shaking his hand formally.

"The honor is mine, this class seems very... unique," He phrased it with a polite smile.

Ew, perfectly manicured words in order to avoid any unpleasant exchanges.

The black lines formed across the back of Anko and Shino's heads,
"That's definitely one word to describe them," Anko gave.

And man it was.

"He's so different,"

"A whole snack,"

"10/10 would bang," I heard some of the comments being whispered about him, and judging by the twitch in his pinky he heard them too, but clearly used to it.

Anko told the class about how Mr. Perfect was a close aide of the Mizukage.

"Teacher's pet," I laughed out to Sarada, and she leaned over to the side with her hand over her mouth,

"Like your not one," I added,

"Perhaps, we don't all get the luxury of crashing the train into the kage monument on the first day," I noticed the higher rate of breathing that Kagura gave. So he's listening to all the murmurs.

"Some good hearing you've got there," I whispered as low as I could and I didn't miss the slight smirk.

"We're gonna be great friends - Kami this will be fun," I whispered even lower, and I saw his eyebrows twitch, even a ninja has their tells, and he had no idea why I wanted to befriend him so quickly.

In all fairness neither did I.

Shikadai and Inojin figured it out though.

"Aye, you think he's gay too?" Kagura went into a coughing fit with squalling girls there patting his back asking if he was alright.

"Nah, definitely Pan, look at that hair, those shoes, those are the shoes of a pan man," Inojin said, as if obvious.

Mr. Perfect may have glanced at his shoes.

After Anko finished introducing, he walked up to me and Sarada,

"I'm joyed to welcome the children of the Kage's from Hidden in the Leaf, and all of your capable classmates," He bowed again, but I noticed the arch was just enough not to get nailed by an ax kick.

I cackled and held out my hand, posture wide and open,

"Our parents have nothing to do with this, but I'm sure you'll learn that soon, Mr. Perfect!" I said with another laugh. His face shocked and both teachers were looking for the closest place to kill me, you should never talk to political power with embarrassing nicknames.

But that's the old way, nicknames are friendly, he'd learn that too.

My classmates gasped, and my group smothered a laugh.

But after his second of shock, his handshake grew firmer and his eyes glittered with an emotion he'd
learn to call fondness.

"I'm thrilled to see you hold up your bargain, Mr. Rebellion," Ohhhhhhh bOY I loved this kid.

Our hands didn't leave the other until we felt bloodlust from where Mitsuki stood.

Only Inojin felt it (I could tell because he put bunny ears above Mitsuki's head).

Kagura felt it as well, a sensor nin, I'm guessing all of his senses are heightened then.

Inojin went into my mind and said,

"Bet on who's the better sensor?"

"450 yen on me,"

"Sweet, I'll tell the group, I can't wait to make hard cash, I need some for pranking material," He didn't tell me who he was betting on nor where the pranking would take place, either way, I was satisfied.

We roamed the streets, the warm day was humid, and I put my jacket in a seal, I watched the unique birds and enjoyed the unfamiliar chakra that lingered in the air, it was easier to breathe and had a tang of adventure to it all.

Soon enough we arrived at a building that had symmetrical waterfalls running down the sides with the same red brick substance, almost clay. The building had a dark tunnel that we all entered into a buzz of excitement and wonder.

This is some extra shit right here.

And the waterfall that Kagura signless divided was the cherry on the top of extra.

The buildings were different from ours, using a brick-like substance, with more colors than the gay pride flag.

There were trading markets as far as the eye could see, Chocho had already made a clone and went shopping, only the three sensor nin took notice.

There were hanging flags, decorations, clear windows, water fountains, slopes in the ground that made for rails that were darker than the deep sea, there were tourists and natives, all holding the beauty of it all close to heart.

It was all just effortlessly beautiful, adventurous, and tranquil.

Everyone had run in different directions minus my group, everyone ran to the first thing that caught their eye, but my group already set their sights on something much higher.

Political type high.

And if anyone can make random friends it's me, I would want to be friends anyway.

And so we all made the same plan, go to the shops that held the best weaponry.

It was also the same part of town that was meant for Jonin and up unless you had a Note from the Hokage himself.
"Ah, Rebellion!" Mr. Perect called out to me, I grinned and turned around with the rest of my group, "I apologize for my lack of communication, but all grounds past the market for literature and the house of wine is off limits for any person below jonin.

I scratched the back of my head.

"And why's that?" I played dumb, but in actuality, all of this has been planned, like the fact that Chocho didn't just use a clone to go shopping or the fact that Anko and Shino were thoroughly distracted with the other half of class, or that the trio were all sitting pretty, still inside the boat.

"Ah, many objects beyond those points would be too deadly or to advanced for the light ability."

Inojin then decided that plans were for the inferior and went off script.

"Ah, but you've been there before, do you think that gives you the title of capable or capable enough for the title?" He may be morally pitch black but his words rang true, the katana he held was crafted by no ordinary means and was perfect for seals.

But there weren't any seals and my OCD was flaring up because what a wasted sword.

"How-"

"Dude, look at the holster to your katana that's not leather, that's chakra infused triple layered leather sowed by chakra threads, there's only a select few katana that need that type of holster," Sarada said with a hand gesture, Shikadai explained the rest,

"It's a toss-up, but likely the Tachi sword, one that lead to the classification of katanas, the length is average but the unique curve and sharpness are what brought it to warrior class - however the thickness of the blade leaves me to believe it was made either before the Sound invasions, as that lead the industry to make them wider, either that or you had it handmade, a special request only doable by Jonin class nin and higher.

"Either way, both of which are marks of power that require a strong set of criteria to reach," Denki said while looking at a game (it wasn't a game, but him hacking into the service to assure that Chocho was in place, the trio were still on the boat, and that everyone else was distracted. Most importantly, all of the security camera's repeated yesterdays cycle.

"Hey Iwabe, there's a scratch on my left shoulder," Denki said, code for, everything in place. Sumire, Mitsuki, and I all had seals if things went astray, but as far as I could tell it was all going smoothly.

Even if Inojin went a little off script.

"Ah, it seems you only got two things wrong!" Mr. Perfect said, not as phased as I previously guessed.


My mind thought harder as he continued.

"One, I'm a transguy who is pan, kudos to you, Inojin, but how do my shoes look pansexual?" He
asked with a raised eyebrow. Inojin cackled endlessly with rolled eyes from his boyfriend.

"Secondly," He said, his smile sweet as chocolate.

The next thing I know Iwabe has his full arm coated with the hardest earth I've seen yet, barely being capable of preventing the sword from resting at Denki's throat,

"If you think I didn't catch on, you a bigger fool then you seemed," He whispered, his eyes were dark purple.

His chakra changed feelings and Wasabi gasped with a grin.

"Yooooooo!" She said, her and Mitsuki being the only two who weren't on guard after that action.

Mr. Not-so-perfect raised another eyebrow, what's with that.

"Your chakra is the same as mine, isn't it!" She cheered and booped his head with a closed eye, the second they opened up, her eyes were dark, predatory.

But it wasn't like her and I couldn't describe it.

"Chakra Dysaforia," He replied, almost a question.

A rare condition where a person chakra doesn't match their being, and often results in bipolar tendencies, in ninja, it can be deadly if the chakra doesn't heed the users call or mold.

"So how did you do that?" Inojin asked, catching along now with Wasabi's train of thought.

"You used the chakra dysphoria in your favor, how did you do that?" Namida explained.

Iwabe looked like he was gonna beat a bitch, a trace of blood seeping down his forearm, grit teeth as the katana didn't give despite the earth chakras presence.

Wasabi purred as she circled him.

"I don't know how you did it, but you can conversate with it, normally it's just..." She trailed off, trying to think of a proper term.

"As if it only can talk to you? Also, if you don't hurry, Chocho's gonna get captured by the Anbu." Before we could even think about how he knew that, before we could even think about the truth or the false, I threw a seal to the ground, making the scene absent of all of us, a false wall to any passerbyer.

We ran, Metal and Wasabi sprinting ahead, Namida and Shikadai using chakra strings to place similar seals onto the ground while Sumire and Inojin went near the main square to cause a distraction for all concerned parties.

Denki - carried by Iwabe - was holding three different pieces of technology, each trying to figure out where the kink in it all was.

Mitsuki, Sarada, and I - we all ran at Kagura's pace. But the grounds were full of Anbu, despite our best attempt we were taken abruptly, my lightning had no effect, Mitsuki didn't get a chance to unlock his Sage mode and Sarada killed two before being killed herself.

It all happened so fast, the world blurred before my eyes - and the last thing I saw was Sarada's dead body being hastily kicked off a roof.
"AH!" I yelled and felt more chakra flare then I knew I held, my body twice as strong, my eyes saw everything, and I broke the wrist of the hands that held me back.

Mitsuki seemed lifeless, unconscious perhaps but death was a likely scenario.

The ground and world around me blurred as my feet felt faster than before, my sidekick broke a pelvis, my elbow infused lightning strike disrupted enough of someone's -

I opened my eyes, shaking head to toe, the ground around me scorched, Wasabi unconscious with scorch marks everywhere - and I didn't miss the building in front of me that had been torn to shreds.

"What the hell," I saw Kagura mutter as he stared in disbelief.

I couldn't say anything, I saw Mitsuki in the same state as me with everyone around my body right where we stood before Kagura had mentioned that Chocho would be caught.

We all got stuck in a genjutsu - but it wasn't that simple - Sarada is still stuck in it after all. They all stood around, unmoving but very alive. I bust out into tears and latched onto Mitsuki who held me tighter than I'd ever remembered.

"You died - Mitsuki, you all died!" I cried out holding his kimono with tear marks as the only decoration.

He remained quiet but I could feel the tears on the top of my head.

"What the hell are you two?" Kagura asked, hand near his katana in a defensive stance.

I pulled myself together, thinking of what Shikadai and what Denki would do, they were the smart ones.

"Are they in a genjutsu as well?" I asked, looking at the movements in front of me.

He nodded his head.

"Get them out," Without a second to think, they were all brought back, Sarada gasped and nearly shrunk to her knees in confusion and relief, Shikadai trembled and Inojin blinked, quickly regaining sense - a sensor nin who had no grasp on his environment. Chocho, still absent, worried me greatly. Metal bawled, hugging his arms around himself with his head bowed into his chest. Iwabe's silent tears streamed down, fingers twitching. Denki passed out from the mental exhaustion. Namida shaking and reaching out for an unconscious Wasabi, while Sumire tried desperately to cling to reality.

"I've let them out, now you explain to me how you two did that," Kagura said, not yet bringing his sword out.

"I saw your genjutsu, it was similar to the rest but...you were fighting in reality whilst inside of it, that's not- you can't, mine doesn't let that happen!" He yelled out, staring at me and Mitsuki.

Silence, and then a cackle.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHA," Sarada belted out, Kagura questioned her sanity,

"It's that time he caused a blackout all over again! HA!" The rest chuckled and I remembered as well.

"You don't put Boruto or Mitsuki into a genjutsu without using chains and straps Kagura," Inojin
said playfully, the joy from escaping the hell, each of our own concoction, the genjutsu was a forced
time spent in the worst possible scenario for all of us, which should be impossible.

Once everyone realized it was a genjutsu Kagura explained that it was a technique only those with
Chakra dysphoria could do and Sarada seemed on the verge of tears, as she wanted such a badass
technique.

"So why?" I questioned, we'd all broken each other's bones like, ten times each, and Sarada put us
under plethora of genjutsu's daily so the grudge was minimal when he explained it was a procedure
used only if an illegal act above rank five was/had committed.

"But... telling the higher-ups will only lead to unnecessary panic, when I saw into your minds I saw
the real reason you wanted to get into the area,"
The real reason was to see what the entire system was truly like, and the best way to do that was an
illegal act.
He explained it while we walked down the alleys, the further we strayed from civilization the better.

Sarada and Metal were sent back to make sure everything was normal and no one was looking for
them.

Mr. Perfect explained that there's still unrest in the Land, forcing some hands into unfriendly acts to
assure peace and that the council was slowly losing power, the more prosperous the Land becomes,
but any domino can cause an uproar, and it was his personal duty to assure no dominos were tipped
the wrong way.

"So you're like, the person who stops bad things before they happen to maintain the welfare of the
village?" Denki said while scouring through cameras to find where Chocho was, she was supposed
to have sent up a distraction, however, the seal Yamano placed on Chocho before she cloned
prohibited her from moving to the place necessary.

"Yes, exactly like that," Kagura said eyes narrowing when he noticed Denki's simplification was
spot on.

That's when Namida bumped into a man (apologizing 24938493 times), he smelt of rotten fish, had
an afro + the hairline of a zig-zag line but not as cool as Shikadai's, a green and white headband, a
flat face, and sharp teeth.

"Oi, watch were your going overgrown fish face, your the one who bumped into her," Wasabi (who
recovered easily with Sarada and Mitsuki's healing) said with the attitude of Chocho and Inojin
combined.

He scowled and leaned in close to Namida, earning a small yipping sound, like a puppy who had
been stepped on.

"Like I'll take orders from a couple of leaf brats, ya got no business 'ere on our island, fuck off,"

"EH?!" Iwabe yelled, lightly moving Namida out of the way to stare the man down who had a
whole head of height on him.

Denki narrowed his eyes and reached into his back pocket, but I could smell the fear, we still weren't
sane from the genjutsu.
And I was soon to figure out that Kagura had disappeared.

"You know we're from the hidden leaf?" Inojin said with a smile as sweet as cotton candy,

"He's clearly not intelligent enough to figure that out on his own - we're not wearing our headbands - that implies there is an organization as our trip is only making news tomorrow if you calculate the time of information flow and the average time it takes to print out the news with full information," Shikadai said with a yawn - Sumire, also, nowhere to be seen, neither Mitsuki.

"Babeeeeeee!" I called out to the roofs, no reply.

Our four annihilators all missing, each with the power to knock out dozens cold, Iwabe, Metal, Sarada and I were the only powerhouse left, the rest had specialties in fighting that didn't directly correlate to blood-lust.

"Tch, lemme teach y'all a lesson," But right as Wasabi brought her claws out, Inojin communicating with everyone via telepathy, Shikadai forming three contingency plans, Iwabe looking for the most dramatic place to kill him, Metal finishing his breathing techniques before battle, Sarada scanning for any weak spots, Namida mentally organizing combos against a mist nin, I took the time to catalog the area.

The second I did, a much darker, devious chakra was found only meters away. I flew an explosive kunai right at the center.

"Oh, someone bothered to check their surroundings," The voice spoke out of the dark corner. He had his back plus one foot against the wall, looking down with a grin on his face. His hair was greasy and pitch black, reaching his shoulders with teeth as sharp as Sarada's insults.

"Cut it out, Hassuka," The voice rang, vibrating so deep we felt chakra.

That's never been felt before.

I felt shivers ripple down my spine as my stance widened.

"Leave the kids" Before he could finish his sentence Wasabi crinkled her nose and Sarada said,

"What Walmart discount eyeliner, trash ass smokey eye n' failed highlights is THAT!" She said with one hand on her hip with the other pointing to him.

"Look at those nails, what a lack of cuticle care, did you do it with a scissor as the brush?" I asked - Wasabi joined in on the fun,

"Did you eat cat food for breakfast or does the fish smell just come naturally to you?"

Denki and Namida paled, Iwabe and Inojin cackled, Shikadai chuckled with narrowed eyes and hand covering his mouth, Metal just kept blinking, his head was in fight mode and some wicked burns were just thrown without a fire jutsu.

All in all, fish breath looked red and ready to ah... kill some people.

"Oh boy," Namida said while looking for the nearest exit.

"Whacha' gonna do about it? HUH?" I asked drawing near my head tilted and eyes that looked borderline insane.

Immediately, the man disappeared, and a wave of fog was left in his wake, but it had a weird tang to
it... a secret technique most likely, one not even sensors could feel. Inojin and I shivered.

When our attention drew to Hassuka - we only found a black space.

"DANM IT!" I cursed, sending a roundhouse into the dumpster, nailing a massive hole in the side.

Iwabe cursed and the rest looked around, but I could tell that he was far gone and I had no idea where M-

"Hello Boruto," I heard the familiar sound of my name (although the sound accent rang strong, so it tended to sound more like he rolled the r's ever so slightly) being called from my boyfriend's lips before I could attempt to sense who else was around, I called out,

"Babe!" And whirled around fast enough to cause a current, snuggling myself into his open arms.

"Where did you-" I began to ask when my spine tingled and I sensed more than just MY packs presence. I felt the whole classroom (minus the triplets) including both teachers.

And I can't even remember if I was out to the class or not but I sure as hell am now.

The rumble of noise turned to silence and I dared a glance at my audience, the extras all were shaken, holding their mouths as their jaw dropped, then the whispers exploded. Anko and Shino looked even more conflicted than when we nearly toppled the boat over and revealed our elemental theory that is now NOT a theory.

"I thought he as dating that Uchiha girl?"

"Woahh I thought they were joking when they called him a fag..."

"God, will you all shut the hell up already?" I asked, more annoyed than anything, but even that wasn't the issue the issue is that this fog is hitting every one of my nerves.

I noticed that Chocho was near Mitsuki, clearly, some of them went to get the class while Mitsuki, one of the faster ones, went to get Chocho.

But when Inojin talked to me via his clan's abilities, neither of us could sense the triplets, and he felt the fog was off as well.

I was so used to the classmate's derogatory terms that it took me a moment to realize that the pinched expression on Kagura's face wasn't because of his no-good-very-bad-day, but because of the comments. In an effort to keep the peace, he said nothing.

He wasn't fully ready then, to be a kage. A silent mouth is a useless one in the world of politics, and a yelling one is no good either.

He'd learn that soon enough with the baggage of questionable morals.

I decided to let them off the hook by just kissing Mitsuki's forehead - but that was mainly because I knew I was already going to get an earful from the teachers for wandering off.

Despite the interruption, one failed plan, one genjutsu that got even SARADA, two semi-destroyed buildings, a meet up with part of a gang, it was only 2 PM.

Once we started walking again, I could sense that the more we followed Mr. Perfect, the higher the chakra and fog felt.
We were heading to the center of the island, and all of our maps regarding this area had one major thing in the center - Mizukage's tower.

"Huh, I didn't expect to meet the Kage so quickly," I mumbled, enjoying when Kagura tensed a little, not expecting us to have any idea where we were heading.

But we were already ahead.

We knew this was going to happen courtesy of Sarada, Denki, and Shikadai all arguing for 3 days for what the schedule would include and when it would be based on logical reasoning, chance, and all given information.

Wasabi and I just snuck into Shino's school office and snapped a picture of it, taking 10 minutes.

Ah, that was a nice day.

"Ah, what cute little children do we have here?" A rough but feminine voice sounded from a dark alley.

Well, that was extra, Lady Mei.

She made a dramatic entrance, appearing from the shadows and my pack rolled their eyes - Naruto often did the same thing, and I sensed her from a few yards away.

Kagura introduced her - complimenting her left and right - while she just smirked and held a hand on her hip.

'The blue works with her skin tone and hair but honey those armbands are so old they might tell tales of the fourth shinobi war.'

I thought into our collective mindsets hosted via Inojin, and the laughs were all held back well enough to go unnoticed.
June 9th, Boruto's POV, 1:34 PM

Everyone was too spellbound with the previous Mizukage to notice 11 kids who just coughed to conceal a laugh.

Soon enough we were touring again and meet 20-foot sea-blue doors, gleaming in the midday sun, with unadulterated gold for handles.

Both the previous and to-be-Hokage opened the door to reveal a... very plain-featured office.

Fathers office remained messy, heaped papers, warm tones, leftover food, sunlight casing in from the ninjutsu resilient windows, and the smell of comrades.

This? This was like a blue medical room crossed over with a prison cell. Concrete walls, frozen tiles, clear desk placed in the center of the room - the light only artificial, I swear I can taste the iron in my mouth as I use fire conversion to warm myself up a little.

The awes and oohs, from my classmates were anticipated, so was the professionalism of both of our teachers and the kages.

However, my Pack has a plan, and we all made sure Denki wasn't in on it.

Before the Mizukage could even rise from his seat, Denki had both hands on the table with stars in his eyes (perhaps the homeliness from our Kage as well as his wealth permitted him to cross these boundaries).

"Lord Mizukage Sir! I- I'm so overwhelmed to meet the influencer of the Guatla Treaty, well, of course, it's known as the Treaty of Peace, Friendship, and Settlements between the multitude of countries in the Land of Waves, duh, you, Lord Kazekage, and our Lord Hokage all were the principal influencers in the treaty - you worked tirelessly to reform internal policies and recreate diplomatic relations with other villages. And one of my-" Before Denki could give the poor guy a heart attack. Iwabe hit Denki over the head hard enough to create a wind wave.

"Ahhhh, Iwabe-chan-"

"Oi, don't nerd out to much there's plenty of time for that later, I apologize, Chojuro,"

And I could taste the teacher's wrath, they imagined Iwabe was there to help fix the Denki Issue, but instead, by calling the Kage by his name held an even larger one.

The classmates that weren't mine cried their concerns but they all were hushed by a commanding voice.

"Iwabe may I ask you why you referred to our Lord- Lord Mizukage?" Kagura's voice even sounded floored when there was a gleam of tears in his eyes, gone as quickly as it came but it hadn't been missed by everyone except for the other half of class.

The Mizukage gave a warm laugh with shut eyes that whispered to me, of my fathers.

"God I love kids minds," He said while scruffling Denki's hair, something we ordinarily did.

"Lord Mizukage?" Sarada asked.
Let me explain.

Wasabi, Inojin, and I, while not the masterminds, made a plan ourselves and then only told half of it to everyone else.

The plan was to first, test Kagura’s true nature, as we would be rulers the same time he was, it was a significant thing to do.

And we outlined that out fully with them. Which lead to all of us being seized within a genjustu - on the bright side, we did learn his true nature, the obscurity beneath and his chakra misalignment. The same as Wasabi’s, and we also learned that it was hella overpowered and became secret friends, even if he won’t admit it.

Next was the plan we only half told.

Inojin and I are the sensors, and while Inojin is the best sensor surroundings-wise, I can sense surroundings well, but my true talent is people and their emotions.

And so I told Iwabe to refer to the Mizukage by his first name as a way of rebellion.

But it wasn't.

He's only been referred to as the Mizukage - or the Lord of Kiri, I'm guessing he hasn't heard his real name in years.

This, to him, was not a rebellion, but a call of a life that wasn't submerged in politics.

All with a name.

I explained this in the mind jutsu to all of my people.

I could smell the death threats that would be present after all of this, but it was worth it.

~~

"...and so, we agreed to host this adventure of sorts, in mutual understanding that this shall further cement the relationship between-" I yawned, ugh, diplomacies.

"... it's important to note the rapid growth in all growing villages may pose an issue for further-" I yawned even louder and Sarada kicked me in shins as the drumbeat of fixed phrases and cherry-picked words groaned on.

"Oi?" I asked and she glared at me,

"Don't make light of this, he may not be the Kage when we rise to power, but what he says is true, I was reading up on a multitude of these issues 3 or four months ago."

"Sounds like fun and all but I'm trying to figure out what I should have for dinner," Sarada huffed and continued her point,

"Hoe don't do it, can't you recognize the diplomatic significance of this? Peace has been reached with a multitude of treaties, ransoms reformed, and dislodgement of firearms, but those are just paper, all it takes is one snowflake to cause an avalanche, wouldn't it be easier to just pay attention?" I rolled my eyes,

"It'd be easier for you to shut the hell up yet here we are," And we simultaneously realized that it had
been dead quiet, they'd heard our last three pieces of dialogue. Well, I didn't need an ego anyway.

"What's the third rule of Hapkido?" Shikadai asked while scratching the back of his head, Sarada blushed and I grit my teeth in annoyance.

"Situational Awareness," We replied simultaneously,

"And what were you two not paying attention too?" We both went from embarrassed to disappointed in ourselves,

"Our surroundings," We both said again, I felt like a lectured kid.

"Good, a lesson of the day for you two," Shikadai finished while looking back at the kage trio and our two teachers.

"I apologize for my.... people, they can be a little...opaque," He finished.

"We apologize, Lord Mizukage," Sarada said while at a perfected 120-degree bow.

I shrugged my shoulders and looked down as to not lash out, counting to five.

"Yeah yeah, sorry for interrupting your speech or whatever," Chocho sighed,

"That's the closest resemblance of an apology your gonna get from Boruto," A girl I didn't know said with bite, Sarada's glare was the only thing keeping me back from second-degree murder.

A slight chuckle came from the Mizukage,

"It's quite alright, it can be tiresome - I think so as well," He said with a grin and dang it I'm beginning to admire the guy.

"I must say something profound to say something plain, so I understand why you all must be bored, us adults have to use long, dragged out speeches because there was a time that we are trying to bury,"

"But luckily our kids are different, so full of love and compassion - the generation that I hope will change the world for the better, and I hope you get along with the Hidden Mist,"

Denki started to wail at the compliment and Iwabe had to fight a grin as he tucked Denki under his arm.

"No problemo!" I shouted while the rest agreed, for once, even the teachers looked satisfied.

---

We all left, the teachers lead the way - the other students right behind them as my group walked at a slower pace - using the time to berate me for my actions,

"Look, Sarada was in it too! I'm not the only guilty party!" I said while crossing my arms,

"Sarada wouldn't have been yelling if you hadn't done something, what are we, newbies?" Chocho chided me, it took a while but I swear they all know me too well.

Soon enough they started to talk and caught up with the kids ahead of us, which left only Mitsuki and me, and I heard something.
"Wait, Kagura," I froze in my spot and gave Mituki the signal in sign language that means: Lay low and listen. He swiftly nodded and we tried to erase our chakra as best as we could.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Will you try again? You noticed that some of my speech was aimed at you, I truly think that you would be a suitable successor to the crown. The crown and the blade,"

I couldn't see his face, but I could hear the uncertainty from a closed throat.

"I am not suitable for either, despite what you believe me to be... I must go and escort the students, pardon me." And with that both me and 'Zuki flickered back to the group with only Inojin noticing, but he didn't say anything, just kept it as further blackmail. It's his hobby.

----

"WHOLEY DAMN!" I shouted jumping up and down with the rest of my pack.

They were in equal amazement with no filter.

The walls were over a hundred feet high, with Mist banners and terraces to walk, along with intricate designs that stretched over the entire building. The floor was a shade of purple I couldn't even name and each part of it was spotless, down the center was a whole fucking river.

Not the ones you see in drawings - but an implanted river that had rails and a fountain that shot up to the ceiling in the center.

Mitsuki didn't even miss a step when I jumped onto his back - Denki was already on Iwabe's back, Metal was running in literal circles, Sumire was taking really amazing photos, Sarada was secretly writing down every inch of this place for future reference. Chocho was already off in the kitchen stealing some food, Inojin was nearly crying because there's too much to sense and sketch' and the sensing part I got, there were so many new sights, smells, chakra residue was massively different, even my hearing was taking more then it could handle.

Namida was oohing and awing at the different fashion and makeup as well as the different weaponry along with Sumire and Iwabe.

Wasabi? She was following Kagura around like a lost puppy, instead of repeatedly asking how he did it she just kept making jabs at him. Such as,

"Hey hey, where are your pupils?" "Why does your hair look like a fucking wing," and my personal favorite, "Hey I know you're related to the fourth Mizukage but I swear you and the second could be distant relatives,"

But the thing is she was whispering it which means only Inojin, Kagura, and I could hear the judgments.

Despite this Kagura looked ever tranquil as he announced that he would go and check all of them in, and then I'll guide you to see our most notable sights, and left an annoyed Wasabi.

After he left, the girls that weren't mine started gushing about Mr. Worldwide (AN: ;) ) and how he was so perfect. I rolled my eyes and sat next to Mitsuki who was acting... off.

"They're not here," He said - like I hadn't known.
"Yeah,"

"How have the teachers not said anything?" He said trying to dig into his thoughts when the light bulb hit.

"Kai," And then I remembered the day we'd meet. The way he hypnotized Iruka.

It wasn't even the trio and something felt off, I know the mist was normal, but even the locals were talking about it.

Perhaps it's just a change in season.

I shrugged my shoulders, right now there's nothing I can offer to comfort him.

"Whatever it is, I know we'll all be fine,"

"I hope so,"

We all sat down at the blue circle booth and Inojin spoke up, his knees on his chest while he scrolls through his phone.

"Kagura Karatachi, he became a hidden Mist Chunin two years prior - he seems to be a close aid to the Mizukage - and he hides many things, Mituki, he's a lot like you!" Mitsuki narrowed his eyes and glared, leaving Inojin to preen.

He's an addict when it comes to getting on people nerves, that a solid platform for his and Wasabi's relationship.

"You sure know a lot," Shikadai said while trying to see his phone.

"Sure do babe," He said while closing it off and tucking it into his pocket, not answering Shikadai's unspoken question.

"That's something I've heard of as well, Inojin," Mitsuki spoke slowly, a bit of curiosity gleaming in his eyes.

"What else do we know?" Chocho asked, appearing out of no-where while eating some type of sushi in a bowl with chopsticks.

"He's been a chosen successor for the new 7 swordmen and a possible candidate for Kage position. Not to mention a trans boy, and has a chakra dysfunction that he's turned to his advantage to capture literally anyone into a genjutsu. Stronger than the Sharingan." Mitsuki said while glancing at Sarada and Wasabi.

"Hiramekarei," Sumire said suddenly.

Metal tilted his head in confusion.

Then we all got it. The sword he was going to receive was the one in belonging to the present Kage.

"Wicked," Wasabi said, but something seemed so off. Especially to Mitsuki and I. Why was the Kage so... desperate to rid his crown and sword. He dislikes politics but he's damn good at what he does and wants only the best for the Mist, and, no matter how capable, a 15-year-old shouldn't hold that position.

That was another thing off.
"Oh, oh my God no," Iwabe said as a glimmer of tears washed in his eyes.

"Guys.... the Mizukage must be sick, really sick." And we all froze, the world moved around us, the teachers were looking over the other half of class but keeping an eye on us, the others in the hotel laugh and talked, but we were frozen in time.

"That... makes a lot of sense..." Sumire said gravely.

"Thanks for waiting!" Kagura announced as he walked closer,

"First I thought the Hidden Mist Academy,"

-----

When we got inside of the main building, there was an Olympic pool, with several averages looking people beating the crap out of each other with wooden sticks.

We were all perched on a mantel, watching from above, and I didn't miss how Iwabe, Sumire, and Kagura all twitched when an obvious mistake was made.

"As to be expected, the Hidden Mist Sword style is unique and utterly mastered!"

"Yeah, on top of that, they've got fighting on water down to an art," We all did amazingly well on water after hours upon hours of running/swimming upstream after Sumire went bat-shit crazy and demanded a full day to water walking (a thing she'd mastered long ago) Mitsuki had no trouble and I thought of beheading him a multitude of times.

But they almost used the water to their advantage, due to its density, it was harder to walk on, and due to its uncertainty, it was hard to use chakra control to stand on it.

However the advanced ones almost let their foot sink an inch to an inch and a half and then activated chakra control so it had a better grip than on normal land, and they used extra chakra when they needed a water cover.

Soon enough they all lined up and said our version of, "GG".

"What do you think?" Chojuro asked me with a shark grin, clearly proud of his work.

"We know quite a lot in taijutsu, but your kenjutsu is off the charts!" I cheered.

"Would you like to take part in a match?" The kage asked with a devilish grin. I was already raring to go the second I heard the word, 'match,.'

"Woah! Is that okay?" Sarada, Shikadai, Inojin, and Denki used this time to scope out all of the capable nin here and their capabilities, we'd likely be going against at least some of them in the Chunin exams.

I don't care who I was fighting as long as they were strong enough to give me a challenge.

"Kagura!"

Perfect.

I know that he has his sensor abilities that are off the charts (Better than me and Inojin), a genjutsu
stronger than Sarada's, physically stronger and faster than Mitsuki.

"Please be his partner," The kage asked, and I could smell the anxiety coming off of him.

He wasn't worried for himself, he worried about my well-being, as one wrong move could mean my untimely demise.

Before Kagura could politely back out and I could convince him to - the Kage did all the work for me.

"You are both capable shinobi. To become friends, knowing each other strengths isn't a bad idea," I grinned and nodded my head.

Kagura sighed and before Sarada could list 5 reasons why this will be the worst idea on this field trip so far - we stood at opposite ends of the pool with wooden swords and our own kage as ref.

Shikadai's POV

How troublesome.

Troublesome, but not surprising. If Boruto had any talents, it was getting into undoubtedly horrible situations without even trying.

That and complaining as much as Chocho.

I had watched Boruto grin on his way down, and Inojin was already posed to take photos of Boruto as he lost.

But I knew Inojin well enough to see the grin behind the grin.

It may take some people a while to notice but Boruto and Inojin could sometimes be two peas in a pod. Both sensors with an eye for mischief, cocky, overconfident, yet secretly powerful and intelligent.

You don't look at the two who make dick jokes and expect them to turn the tides of battle with one movement yet here these two motherfuckers are.

I sighed and leaned over the railing.

"Go and bamboozle 'em!" My beloved called out while sitting on the railing.

"Go Boruto!" Metal and Namida cheered. Sumire and Sarada were mentally counting the ways this could go wrong.

Wasabi was now chanting for death to any party, Iwabe was twitching at such mundane weapons, Denki was worried sick for Boruto's health, Chocho just wanted to eat in peace. Mitsuki?

Mitsuki resembled a rabid dog with a muzzle if it hadn't been for the fact the Boruto pinky promised him that he'd be fine I think he would have bent the water to drown Kagura at this point.

Inojin visibly scooted further away from him.

The silence crept around the air until the Mizukage shouted,

"Begin!"

Yet nothing happened, because Kagura's stance had no openings, I swear that kid didn't even blink.
"Why doesn't Boruto do what Boruto does best and mess things up!?” A pale boy from the other half of class yelled, annoyed and grossed out with his own classmate.

"Are you blind? Perhaps physically impaired? Look at his stance - there's not a single opening,” I said coolly, ignoring how the kid looked at me with murder in his eyes. Pathetic.

Boruto didn't lose his cool, he had a rage meter that went up to three minutes and forty-seven seconds until he went berserk by just standing still. Unoforchently he knows well that Kagura wouldn't make the first move.

So the seconds passed by as quickly as they left, Boruto's stance that perfectly copied those I saw before, feet as broad as the shoulders, knee's bent at a 150-degree angle, feet pointing outward ever so slightly sword at hip level and the tip pointing at the opponents eyes - it all fell away.

Boruto's run was... off. I've seen him run on water, his footsteps were always surprisingly even. Rested on the top almost naturally.

So why was Inojin sensing something off in the steps?

I looked closer, his feet were sinking in before he used chakra to run.

"He's.... copied the water nin and their running technique,” I pointed out - and I didn't have a chance to analyze everyone else's reactions before Boruto went for the first strike - or a false one.

He knows Kagura is faster, stronger, and smarter. So it's up to Boruto's unpredictability and underhanded tactics to win.

Boruto slid his foot across the water with surging chakra - causing a ten-foot wall, an intermediate level technique that Kagura is likely familiar with.

Then Boruto jammed his foot into the wall (Which would cause a sprain, at the very least) kicked Kagura square in the chest taking way his air.

Not giving Kagura a second of rest, Boruto leaped the wall ( I noticed the lack of use in his left foot) and tried to ram the tip of the wooden blade into the area right below the sternum.

Kagura kicked the blade out of Boruto's hand and used his own sword to slit his throat, but Boruto slid his arms around Kagura's wrist and shoulder to try and shake the arm - but he was to slow and Kagura elbowed his ribs, perhaps too hard as Boruto fell limp immediately.

"Boruto!” His name rolled off my tongue unintentionally as I gripped the riling.

It took me three seconds too long before I noticed two key things.

One, Inojin was giggling, two, Mitsuki had a warm and affectionate smile on his face and not one that was planning a murder.

Boruto was falling to the water, caught by Kagura's arms just in time, his sword midfall.

Before three seconds even passed, Boruto's eyes sprung open grasping the hilt of the sword, folding Kagura's arm around his back, creeping the hand closer to the base of his skull until Kagura accepted defeat.

The uproar for Boruto using underhanded tactics wasn't just with the other half of class, my people were annoyed as well.
"Trashy!" Sarada yelled out - in fact, the only people on Boruto's side are the Mizukage, Mitsuki, and Inojin.

One an adult wiser then us all, one the most childish out of us all... and Mitsuki was.... perhaps both.

But before any inevitable arguments popped up, Sarada flew down the side and as Boruto told her 'Hey' she knocked him out with a backhand strong enough to send him into the opposite wall.

Despite his unconscious state, Sarada began to berate him on his actions.

Mitsuki rolled his eye with affection (somehow) and carried Boruto in his arms back to all of us.

I shivered when I saw the green erupt from Mitsuki's hands, his medical capabilities much larger than my own despite the energy I put into learning anatomy.

But Mitsuki's chakra reservoirs were so vast and precise that it was a sight to behold to see it being soft, being calm and flowing, but like calm waves on the seashore, you could always feel the power they held.

Before Mitsuki went to the wound on his temple, he analyzed Boruto's blood pressure, heart rate, breathing rate, even his brain activity before healing the minor cuts (as bleeding out can alter a medical performance) and then, finally, let the green glow surrounds the would, but it flickered, not due to incapability, but due to surprise.

A warm smile crept up once again like one always does when you're around Boruto while announcing to everyone that,

"Boruto predicted that he would be knocked out by Sarada and used the Ying Healing Wound Destruction to attempt to heal the wound but instead made it hurt more and delay the healing."

Sarada rolled her eyes and we all sighed. But they didn't know.

They didn't know that technique was an A rank.

Just how fast are we going?

Just yesterday Inojin used a B rank jutsu to light a few bugs on fire because they were annoying - he didn't even need to sign the second half.

A few days before we left Chocho measured the perfect amount of Butterly Mode to fit into a specific get up. That Clan secret was at least a B rank.

Denki programmed a regimen to boost our fitness in nearly half the time - added fats protein and carbohydrates to our diets and we moved on like it was nothing.

Two weeks ago Iwabe built walls over 20 feet thick and 40 feet high for Metal to practice palm techniques. Wasabi nearly ruined our entire ecosystem with a drop of her poison four days ago.

Namida is so good at anything she tries that she went from worst to my level within a few months.

And I, I beat my father at Shogi.
We're going to damn fast and I'm terrified this speed is gonna get us killed.

---

Boruto POV

"Aye pops, I'd like three of those," I said while pointing to the grilled shrimp.

He smiled and handed them to me - a kind disposition, just like everyone else here. But the fog was thick enough that even the locals had a sense of unease. A land's town people are capable of sensing when the land feels unbalanced.

I took the three down to Sarada and Mitsuki who were staring at the ocean, glimmering, deep, endless.

I knew they knew I knew what they were saying.

"Do you believe anyone can experience something objectively?" Mitsuki asked, swaying his feet, enjoying the warmth in my absence.

"Hm... A good question. But, I don't think we can. Humans are just emotions build inside of flesh, our point of view is what makes us different from technology, from a machine, and different from every single human." Sarada replied, I walked down to them and sat in between. They simultaneously leaned their heads on my shoulder and took one of the squids.

"I beg to differ -"

"Then beg," Sarada interrupted.

"I think that a very open-minded individual can know something objectively, but acting on it is next to impossible, I agree, were bundles of emotion trapped in cages of flesh and bone," Mitsuki hummed.

The wind picked up, the sun began to set, and the fog grew thicker. And so they both cuddled closer in and they were cold to the touch.

My gut was telling me to cover my mouth, to stop breathing the air.

"Ah, I see you took an interest in one of our dishes. I was afraid you'd think it to simple or pain."

Sarada shrugged and explained how we lived around mountains and forests. Meat and plants in abundance but the seafood was a rarity. Chocho must be having the time of her life.

"Ah. I... I might like to go someday. The ocean raised me, but I wouldn't mind a change in scenery every once in a while."

Mitsuki spoke up this time.

"Perhaps our home is a little plain, but it's the root you find growing in places not even reasonable, the dust that settled in your hair, and the random wildlife give a sure type of love for the land,"

God this No Kissing In Public Policy is fucking insufferable. Why did Shikadai think this was a good idea, better question, why did I agree to it??

"You should show me around when I do then, it's always the little things that make a home home," I
thought that, yes, that is true. But my home isn't a place, it's my people. So my home is where I am right now.

(Now if only I could have taken Himawari with me).

Shikadai's POV

We went to pay tribute to lives lost in the purposeless Wars, I'm sure they'll come back, once the "Great Generation" (Or gen W) comes to its end and technology takes over.

Or, us, Gen X, the tech-gen.

Either way, primal human existence and instinct are either going to be erased or lead to its own demise, I personally am hoping for the second option. Inojin thinks it's going to be first, we've promised our souls in the afterlife when we find out who's right.

"Iwabe, stand down, I won't tell you again," I watched as Boruto, despite behind a head smaller, light hit his palms onto Iwabe's chest, standing between him and Kagura-san.

And Iwabe listened, he took the bottled rage and buried it. I haven't yet figured out what it was, maybe it was his easygoing attitude paired with his observation. Or maybe it was his extraversion paired with an understanding of humans emotions and leader-like aura. But Boruto, whether he knew it or not, was a born leader. Sure he doesn't look that way when he cried over spilled food or cares for everyone's needs before his own.

But if you have the courage to look Boruto Uzamaki in the eye when he wants something really bad. Then you'll feel it, his ambitious drive that scoffs at all obstacles and warning.

He isn't fragile like a flower. No, that's what most think. He's fragile like a bomb.

But Kagura was intelligent, observant, and intuitive. So he didn't need to question why Iwabe shut his eyes and bowed almost waist level.

"He only explained their past, he had no control over that, but he has control of the future and by trying to reference all of this as a sin they built their foundation on that they were attending for was not said to be ignorant in the face of the suffering but optimistic and a silent beg for peace and equality through nations. A simple ask for forgiveness for things he did not do and can not change. So, Iwabe, do you forgive them?"

Iwabe went into this, argued and threatened Kagura next to the temple about the past he'd though Kagura was attempting to bury. But Boruto's commanding aura and see through intentions were enough to nearly erase that and I'm stuck. Like a fat dog through the doggy-door trying to figure out how the fuck he does that.

"No, not yet. Give me... give me time. But I owe Kagura an apology..." And he did, and he apologized.

But then a new conflict popped out of the blue like some sort of reverse comedy.

"Shuttu uPPPppp," A yell from a deathly pale man and a squad behind him.

"Who do you guys think you are? Because last I checked this was a sacred place, not a place made for disgusting outsiders,"

"They're brats from the Hidden Leaf," Said the probably second in command.
"Hachiya?" Oh boy, Kagura knows these people. God, I miss sleep.

"Well, if it isn't Kagura," They're childhood acquaintances based off of their everything.

"Lemme guess, you're in charge, wagging your tail for some bones I see," But childhood is a past and Kagura already felt uneasy with the overwhelming mist.

"Not your concern," Cherry picked words.

"Sure is, motherfucka," Not-so-cherry picked words.

"You're in the running for the 7 swordsmen aye? Well, you bow your head to them now and they'll use it as a mat later"

The second spoke,

"In fact, these kids got some real guts to waltz into the Blood Mist without expecting a... warm welcoming,"

Iwabe learned his lesson and kept his mouth shut, but Wasabi sure didn't.

"So what if we waltzed in, your definitely not one of the highlight of our tour and unless you wanna be used as fish stew," Wasabi got close, a nose away at best,

"I'd say silence and a disappearing act would keep your limbs 2 and a half inch dick safe,"

Namida giggled and had a gleam in her eyes.

God neither of them are as innocent as they seem.

Boruto let out a sigh that resembled a growl.

"Wasabi, what have I told you about threatening people in public?" He said while standing between her and the pale man.

"That it's fun?"

"No, the OTHER time,"

"That we should do it in private?"

"Eh, close enough," Boruto said, but when he saw Wasabi ready to make another jab to the man he let his electricity flow through him like his veins were wires.

"Wasabi, Iwabe learned his lesson the easy way. Nothing good will come of arguing with this human. Hold your peace until he makes physical contact. Or do so at your own risk," His eye lite up for a moment and wind stirred. Boruto was tired, Boruto was the leader, and Boruto had to deal with 11 overpowered nin, dominance was necessary.

But only Inojin, Mitsuki, and I noticed how much he might be enjoying this leadership.

"Oh, the little spoiled Uzumaki brat. God, you smell like unearned arrogance,"

"That's great, at least I don't try and anger 12-year-old in my free time, if you even lay a finger on us two things will happen, one okay, and one bad, too you." Boruto's lightning flashed away, only
wind whipped at his clothes and hair.

"We'll report you and have the top nin escort you for a multitude of felonies."

"Oh, that the bad, little brat,"

"The okay, bad thing is you don't let us do it, and we use your eyes as decoration in our living rooms."

Boruto wasn't threatening, rather stating the truth (we already have a wall in preparation).

"Ah, yeah, but... bringing you down will make us famous and be the first step to bringing this place back to the Blood Mist, the land craves chaos, don't you feel it's heart yearning?"

He pulled out a kunai.
He pulled out a kunai and lunged for Boruto. Denki's phone was rolling and Boruto grabbed the kunai and used it to gouge one of his eyes out,

"AH!" He screamed holding the place where his eye used to be.

"Now if you bother us again... well, you've still got one more eye,"

He was ugly, but his emerald eye would be pretty as our first on our wall.

~~~

Denki's POV

Man, they're selling things that aren't being made anymore! And damn, this must weigh 40 pounds and I don't feel a thing!

The lights were flickering, the alley is dark and I have a bad feeling so I laugh and keep walking.

(I may have traded placed with a clone).

I watch my clone walk down the alleyway from the roof just as that weird guy from before, Hackiya if memory serves.

Still lacking an eye.

He grabbed my clone from the back and knocked it out, I infused my clone with more than half of my chakra to assure that it wouldn't dissipate and that they had a less likely chance of finding me.

~~~

"Hey, has anyone seen Denki, he went off to get some stuff that rich people love and haven't been back for an hour and 20 minutes."

"On it," Inojin and I said at the same time.

We slowly scanned our surroundings, but Inojin had a further range and a quicker speed than me,

"Doc three, there are 6 people around him, maybe 7. I'm getting a general killing vibe going on."

Then, I felt chakra on our window.

"Open the curtains!" Mitsuki used gale palm to flush the curtains as fast as possible.
Blood, moving.

"Come to doc 3 if you want tiny blue to keep breathing,"

My eyes narrowed and I got ready to bolt when Kagura told me that we first had to inform me that we should tell the Kage first.

Before I could light up in anger and my very Boruto-Style ignorance for common sense and respect for authority, I felt Denki.

Not on Doc three but-

"Hey guys, look at all the stuff I got! I even got you something, Kagura!" Denki cheered as the blood still hung on the window.

Inojin blinked twice, walked over to him and stared at his eyes dancing.

"You have the chakra amount of a clone... Ohh- Boruto were idiots. He's fine,"

He used his chakra into a clone so he could run away without being caught.

"Yeah, it might get me a little sick but I'll keep it there all night because,"

Denki brought out his phone, pressed a few million buttons, and showed us the screen.

Denki had placed a miniature video camera next to where 'he' was being held captive on Doc 3.

"We get to watch them all night to realize that no one is coming for 'me'!" Denki cheered and did a horribly white dance and Iwabe looked so floored and found that I didn't know what his brain was even processing right now.

"Denki, my dude," Wasabi said while holding his shoulders,

"You're worse than me sometimes," Denki smiled like it was a compliment, that his cunningness was his proudest attribute (oh how the hare can be a fox) and I didn't blame him.

"I try," Was his only reply.

We all got snuggled into our PJ's, ate our pre-prepared meals, brushed our teeth, set up defense seals around the building and dorm, and watched the video feed from our room until we fell asleep in our massive dog pile.

It was a lovely 3:32 in the morning when Wasabi woke us up.

"OI MOTHERFUCKERS, PUT THIS ON IF YOU'D LIKE TO LIVE!" She pulled out small gas masks out of a scroll while working with ten different test tubes (hella bright and glowing in the dark), two microscopes, wearing safety goggles, an incubator, and Petri dishes.

"We're all gonna die," She informed us.

"Halleluja," Juno said and fell back asleep.

"Iconic," Chocho said while snuggling closest to the blankets and,

"Saradaaaaa. Why are you always so cold?"
"Because you're too warm, Chocho," Sarada replied while trying to get the gas mark.

Mitsuki and I giggled.

"Thermal," I said,

"Equilibrium," Mitsuki finished.

"Wasabi! How long have you been up? Ugh, you give me anxiety." Namida said while dragging Wasabi away from her personal science lab.

"Namida, you know the fog everyone's been so weirded out by? I tested it, it has a substance that I can't find on the periodic table, but, like lead, it's been slowly entering our system and has the power to slowly break down the cytoplasm in white blood cells. If my work is correct, this will lead hundreds of thousands dead to any bacteria or virus within the next month.

It's biological warfare."

We all woke up, we all became alert.

Sarada was the first to respond.

"What has it reacted to?" Wasabi clenched her teeth.

"Nothing, the only thing I have left is to freeze it. Boiling temperatures, and the main chemicals I had on hand do nothing."

"You said it was like lead, what properties does it share?" Shikamaru asked.

Wasabi perked up a little,

"While it doesn't react, something happens at 621.4 F, it doesn't change chemically, but physically it's somehow stronger? More resistant with a stronger wall, as if it used the heat and burning oxygen to build itself, so I was hoping it has the opposite effect with oxygen and cold temperatures.

~ 3rd POV

The town went into a near panic, doors were shut and locked, and all was a mess. A level 5 emergency - all hands on deck. The moment Wasabi showed the scientific community her findings, the Chemistry Lab of the Mist was used by only the highest of thinkers.

All worked tirelessly for a cure as the first death soon waves into the first ten, then the next hundred.

The whole land was quarantined, but for all, it was too late.

The mist was still present, those who didn't have masks fell victim sooner.

~

"Wasabi-san, we've already thanked you for your work. Now please, your age isn't allowed-"
"Dum dum, not just me, but Sarada, Shikadai, Mitsuki, and Boruto. We all have more brains then you can manufacture,"

"Miss Wasabi please be reasonable-"

"Reasonable?" Sarada questioned and I felt a shiver go down my spine.

"Over 230 people have died, and the estimated death by next week if nothing is done is over a thousand. Reasonable? Were the ones who found the issue and we're gonna resolve it even if it's over your decaying bodies,"

"Your underage and from the leaf on a blimey field trip-"

"Irrelevant,"

And so, an hour of arguing and messages to the (insanely busy) kage, they were admitted and had the same tools given as the Ph.D. doctors, none of which paid them any mind. They all worked in utter silence, the sound of clinking glass, silent footsteps, tapping on desks. God, they really were incompetent. None of them were working together?

"Alright, team Nope Gas, Shikadai, bunsen burners, Boruto, solution particle encased, Sarada, 12 Petri dishes, Mitsuki, bring over 5 microscopes and bend the lens to-" Wasabi went on, commanding labeling, specifying. Her speed and agility were not just physical, she was able to balance 3 questions while moving a deadly gas and fixing a microscope.

"Alright, benzene, toluene, ethylbenzene, and xylene, find them. Sarada, I need you to test something. Raise the heat to 621.4 F with your fire conversion,"

The perfect heat temperature could take 30 minutes, and the warming up would mess with her idea. Sarada's hand glowed, and she shielded the irrelevant scientists with her back and raised it by the hundreds, it was burning oxygen, I could feel it.

"Okay, stop,"

The second the fire fades away she enclosed in inside another clip, and Sarada was sitting on the ground, sweating, painting, smoke coming out of her breathe. A marathon she ran.

Wasabi compared the burned to the normal and called Shikadai.

"What would you infer if the chemical structure of something doesn't change but it functions cease?"

"Well, then we can tell that whatever it is..." Shikadai shifted a piece of the equipment.

"Is organic," Wasabi's eyes lite up, she bounced (carefully to do it around the deadly gas and chemicals)

"Organic! Duh! God whoever made this needs to teach me... pshhh, putting organic structures into a gas compound with negative surroundings. What is this, their playground?"

Wasabi muttered and hollered for Mitsuki to walk over,

"Your inorganic right?" I stifled a laugh. I'm using that.

"Yes."
"Perfect, when a part of your skin dies what happens?"

"It grows back like normal human skin,"

"Damn, you mind if I can take a sample?" Ans she did, using an obsidian knife she sliced a sliver of his skin off and immediately wrapped in alcohol and then gauze.

"It's not organic, when it dies it had never lived, it just acts organic, that what's been stumping everyone!"

She was right.

!~!

Itsuki's POV

The air, ever humid and warm (Also this village isn't emo it just gets super hot in the summer so we wear black to cover the sweat stains, fun fact) never felt so cold as it did when I visited his grave.

A phantom, a ghost, but he used to be mine, he used to be alive too.

He didn't die here, but Naruto was kind enough to put a grave up in our name, I know few other villages who would not only accept me but my personality and lifestyle.

Naruto was the hero this world never deserved.

But we got him anyway. And it didn't matter to him if I was absent-minded, it didn't matter if I put my opinion out too much, that I was a chatterbox, that I was negative. He valued me as not only a shinobi but a close friend.

And so I was by his side, thick and thin.

It was normally thick, but that's what made it better.

So when he told me with tired eyes, that he needed something is done that was too much to ask of nearly anyone else I was at his beck and call.

"Itsuki, I need you to do a favor you may see as perhaps trivial and difficult at the same time. I need to look after 12 kids, one of which is my own son. I'm concerned that they're cutting themselves off from the rest of the world and endangering others. Their getting too strong to fast, they've bested generations in their scores, both in academics and abilities. Thir bound to make a mistake. So, I need you to do something you would never have wanted. I want you to be the Jonin-sensei of Boruto, Sarada, and Mitsuki's squad."

I thought about it, not about my answer, but what it would be like. Then I forgot to answer and laughed,

"Sure, but if they lose a limb or two I don't get sued,"

And if the kids pass the test coming up soon, they'll be in my charge. They're weird, and they can only learn from a select few teachers. They care not for authority and so I respect those little shits, but like you respect a garbage can for doing its job. I could honestly care less about them.

I left a new red ribbon in the grave in the forest, his favorite place.

It's only when I got notified that the trip to the Mist was yesterday and not today that I sighed and
may have burned some grass with my footsteps as I stormed off to the docks.

You had ONE job dammit.

~

The run was long, it took 6 hours to get from coast to coast at eighty percent speed, I was nearly heaving by the time I got to the land of Mist.

But before I could even reach half a mile closer to their docs three children, Slydin, Juno, and Kai. They all reminded me so much of Mitsuki, so it was no surprise when I found they were 'humans' like him too.

I didn't say anything, Kai was the first to speak in our ocean of silence.

"I've seen you following us before, your strong, no, Jounin are strong. You're something else,"

He was telling the truth.

"You analyze me for things I can't see,"

Also true, also right, I stayed quiet.

"Well, I would recommend going in by legal means. There's an epidemic going on right now, highly contagious, spread by the fog. We're trying to find who did it and dispose of them."

Truth.

"Kai, I'm a sensor and I bloody told you not to tell him much so care to explain ~"

A rusty knife was held at his throat, despite this, not even his breathing pattern changed.

"God, what are your brain cells doing, the chicken dance? Use your futile powers and look a little fucking closer at this guy, he's debating the worth of our lives and if we were to have a full battle now, there's a 40 percent chance he'd win,"


Anyone who'd call Kai arrogant should just eat cement. Never arrogant, he's calculative and knows he's a fate worse than death with two jonin level shinobi's ready to lay their lives down in an instant.

They were okay, just strong enough to have all of their combined abilities have a solid chance at immobilizing me. But the statistic was all wrong.

It was 99.999 percent me, and .001 them.

"Mh, death toll?"

"At 2,530 an hour ago," I disappeared without a trace, nothing else I wanted from them.

~

I stared at Juno and resisted the urge to kill him.

Very difficult, but composure and sanity are key when dealing with these two.
"Tell me, who told you-you were allowed to speak out?" My black hair spiked with the sudden chakra rush.

Juno's eyes squinted and his breathing was erratic.

"Do it again and I'll drown you,"

He loved and hated that death most, it was the only one that made him feel human, the loss of conscious, the struggle that told him he still wanted to live.

Slydin took this as the cue to get onto his knees and stomach hitting the water, Juno falling in suit. Both bowing.

I stood and welcomed it, but they wouldn't be off the hook so easily.
Chapter Summary

I'm still alive, unfortunately, I'd apologize, but you see end of year testing has my hands full and is probably gonna happen again. The summer will be far more consistent watch out for an odd update~

~SIAB

~~~

Mizukage

"Sir, the death poll is getting higher by the second. We've tailgated the guidebook to the T but -"

"I understand. Then heed to this and prepare it no matter how mad it sounds,"

My ambassador watched me skeptically.

~~~

Namida's POV

The entire thing is surreal, it goes from petty fights to countless graves.

All the elemental nations have accepted the note and have some of their renowned scientists and leading chemists run on the same job.

Label all ingredients in the Mist (what they called it for now), get relieved of it, and produce a cure.

Which is why humankind realized the frightening truth at a horrendous time. That wealth, time, or education seldom is placed into cures. Even less so to the general scientific field.

On top of that is that no scientist, not once, has been invited to work with others, especially those in different disciplines and positions.

Arguments? A mass oversimplification, while some could work mutually for the greater gain, it appears the impromptu force of teamwork obliterated the independent thinkers into delaying work and the stress didn't help.

The Mist shuts down white blood cells and is growing at a rapid pace, which is the main impediment, as The Mist has no cells and for all traditional sense, shouldn't be capable of existence.

We fought too, we distinguished Mitsuki as the key, what he's built of could grant us the advantage we need.

Things were going well, I could see the strain in their breaths, the tightness in their eyes - but we were getting closer. Things went bad.
Boruto, Denki, and I all sit in our room, coughing and red-eyed, scratchy throughs and too much sleep.

I can't move, it's gotten too painful, too much work. Metal soon followed.

Our muscles decayed at a shocking rate and we'd all already conceived a cold, Boruto a fever.

Which implied why we'd nearly developed the ingredients list and were halfway to a cure within the next day.

The moment Mitsuki witnessed Boruto, staring into the eyes of death, pale and lifeless, his sights went stone cold.

So did everyone else.

3-4 days to live on average. Lethal.

Four days have marked the calendar since the first death, 3,490 had lost their heartbeat, the tally rising every hour.

Everything under hassled quarantine, ports closed off, churches had yellow tape around them, gas-masked were passed out, one brand got over 500 dead when they had the pre-marked disease. Whether this was due to an accident or the people behind this I don't know.

Doors bolted and sealed, air vents were malfunctioning with everyone blasting them and eliminating air.

Profit was going down by the millions now that no one was showing up for work and this was officially a level 5 Elemental Country Issue. ECI rating hadn't been that high since it'd been introduced into the system.

Treaties were being contracted back and forth, information was flying faster then nin, many companies were making hella profit and some were losing by the day depending on if this event supported or spoiled them. Groceries were cleaned out, acts of violence had multiplied with the lack of security and protection, the murder, theft, and general peace deficiency rates went up by nearly 70 percent.

We all listened near as Mitsuki called his parent, Orochimaru, and executed a bargain with him. The ingredient (down to the atom molecules) for a personal meeting with Boruto.

Two days filled, chaos reaching an all high, there had been a wildfire (unheard of in this place) and (likely due to the mist) the Land of Mist became hotter by the day, affecting the terrain, water level, rain, and puzzles as to the atmosphere strength being shifted went out like fireworks.

And my Amazon girl did it (Alongside Sarada, Shikadai, Mitsuki, and Sumire) She took the substance that was found in both the Mist, the trio, and Mitsuki - and reversed it. Now, all it took was parts of the western black nut, turmeric, and epulopiscium, which were the things that she could use to stop its generation (Apparently it wasn't binary fission but something similar)

(Boruto worried people could use this on Mitsuki and nearly had a full blown anxiety attack while being fed the antidote).

One day passed and we published it, astonishing the Kages of each nation, astonishing the Leaf,
astonishing the Mist.

A week after, the death poll diminished and waned to a halt. Delinquency rates still high, but communities were doing everything they could to progress back to their regular life.

Society has a passion of sanity, an unstoppable desire for the ordinary. Things that occurred had more documentaries and news reports then we'd ever witnessed in our lives.

The Kage became questioned, more so than even us. We both were designated security guards to shield from criminals and paparazzi.

It was being cheered from every side of the nation. The kids who used teamwork and a reverse engineering thought process to solve a problem and surpass the rest of the civilized race.

None the less, it was Friday.

We had 5 days until our (reassigned due to obvious reasons) leave, but it was 11 PM and we just preserved a part of the word a week before.

"How long do you think it will be until things are the same?" Denki asked we all were still on a natural high from it all. Mitsuki didn't require sleep so he truly spent over 110 hours uninterrupted working, and sleeping didn't stop others from working nearly as much, Wasabi timed in around 98 hours.

"I don't think things will ever simply go back to normal," Shikadai replied.

Even those who didn't help in the chemical formula (Chocho, Inojin, Iwabe) all went out to get each ingredient from its original source hundreds of miles away and got absolute hills of it. Thousands of each thing.

So needless to say, the day after the cure was released, and we did our best to distribute everything we'd gotten while keeping some to ourself.

Sarada, Mitsuki, Wasabi, and Shikadai all used complicated medical jutsu's to make sure every centimeter of that toxin (poison?) was out of our body.

We all were beyond exhausted, each of us snoring for about 24 hours in the next 35 hour time period. Mitsuki kept watch and if we felt the trio's presence (or remains of which) we didn't announce anything.

Boruto, Denki, and I mirrored sticks, we could barely lift what we used to. Favorably, our chakra reservoirs were still intact, and we'd easily be able to get it back but it was obnoxious as hell.

Saturday morning we started off small, walking around, picking desks up for a few seconds, writing with pencils.

But it was so frustrating. I used to be able to punch a tree in a half and now I can barely pick up a stick. I promised never to go back to being weak Namida who needed others to care for her and her on safety, I promised to be a force to be reckoned with.

It seems Denki thought the same.

And Boruto had a light, like a match, and a firework. So when it was night again we did 'girl push-ups' Russian twists, side squats, and lunges.
Some light sparing when Mitsuki went to investigate a disturbance.

We'd been working hard and it was Sunday. Mundane tasks like walking and picking things up were still challenging, but bearable.

That's the same day they took Denki hostage while we were being slammed by the paparazzi.

~~

2 AM - Sunday

Boruto's POV

I'm still virtually defenseless to any Shinobi above genin level but if you think my common sense even bothered to pop up once this entire trip then boy to I have some news for you.

"Boruto," Sarada said, the note written on a paper, the words spelled out by the damp spots that were already fading.

"Just going is dangerous enough you dumb ass, look at you, you can't even raise a fist to me,"

"He's going," Mitsuki said, confident, at ease.

"Uzumaki Boruto will get there no matter what we want," He clarified

"And how do you know that?" Iwabe said, pacing, angry, sightless in his rage.

"Because we know Boruto, I'm sure if he couldn't walk there he'd make a portal out of sheer will and get there before all of us. Look at his eyes, Sarada,"

She did.

"And tell me you don't see that burn, that will. We can't keep a bird grounded when everything it wants is in the sky. And he won't die."

"And why is THAT!?" Namida yelled, crying in her frustration, at her weakness, at Boruto's stubbornness, at Denki.

Mitsuki's eyes glowed for a moment, then flung a kunai at Boruto as fast and accurate as he could.

Shikadai held it in mid-air with his shadows, Wasabi had her claws out and would have broken it had Metal not caught it - Sarada was standing right behind him - Sharingan activated and hand out, also prepared to catch or reflect. Everyone else was in the middle of lunging for the single kunai when they saw Mitsuki chuckle.

The bastard.

(But I could have been pierced with the blade and did nothing more than berate him.)

"Because your will to keep him alive will facilitate you on an unconscious level."

And that's how, Mitsuki, Iwabe, Metal, Sumire, Shikadai, Mr. Perfect, and I all were at Dock No. 3 Chocho, Inojin, Wasabi, and Sarada all stayed back to protect Namida as well as our base.

"DENKI!!" I shouted when I saw him as the whole gang (30 at least) rounded the building corner.
"YOU GUYS! I'M SO SORRY, I-" Iwabe didn't talk, didn't yell, didn't get mad at Denki or the gang.

He just started walking, walking towards Denki, eyes clouded by his will to protect Denki, His Denki.

The one who liked the bottom of the muffin more than the top, the one who always got too much ketchup, the one who put his shoes on backward half the time, the boy who walked into walls but could tell you the measurements and how to build one. The boy who believed in Iwabe before Iwabe believed in Iwabe.

I stumbled on my foot, my eyes red, and back sore.

"Oi, let Denki go," Iwabe said, calm as a flat ocean.

The man lacked an eye, it rested in one of our scrolls.

But he still turned up his nose and arrogantly spoke.

"That all depends on you, get on your knees, bow your head to the ground. Then, maybe," He finished, eyed closed, arms bent in a shrug.

"Hachiya, are you out of your mind?! Why-"

Kagura was interrupted.

"Oi. Let Denki. Go,"

The, "I'll ask you one more time" could practically be heard in it.

"Stay out of this Kagura, this is between the Leaf and the Mist, why are you even on their side? Eh, I could care less. Your answer won't affect how fast we kill you all. We'll teach you too fear the Mist. Crimson Mist Barrier Jutsu!"

A fog crowded again, but it wasn't the one we got sick by.

Hachiya widened his arms,

"No one can see anything that happens inside here! Aha! No aid will come to your rescue now!"

Mitsuki spoke up for the first time, eyes closed but his excitement was vibrating, I could feel it from a mile away.

"So, no matter how much noise we make, no one will notice?" His eyes opened, looking like lanterns in, well, the mist.

"That's convenient," Both Sumire and Mitsuki said at the same time. Then they both looked at each other, Sumire finger gunned and Mitsuki narrowed his eyes.

Ah, young love.

(I think they'd have a contest to see who could kill the other the fastest as their first date.)

Mr. Perfect tried to calm us down but Shikadai told him to tell the others that.

Iwabe looked up, dust flying around him, and I swore the ground shifted beneath my feet.
"Bring them down," I whispered with delight.

Sumire and Mitsuki both flew like bullets straight to the back of the gang, Mitsuki wrapped himself to the back of a poor red-haired dude, his ever so carefully lifted his chin up and then slashed his kunai through the poor man’s throat, Sumire did the same. Both took one eye from them and stored kit in their pockets.

I stood back.

Shikadai was yelling out orders, then used his jutsu to immobilize 9 people.

They were dead in the next few seconds thanks to Metal, Sumire, and Mitsuki.

The blood spattered at my feet and I found it such a pretty color.

There were 15 left and before the quad squad could get to them, Iwabe solidified his earth into strings and impaled them hundreds (thousands?) of times, blood poured out of every hole and now there was only one left.

Hachiya.

Iwabe walked up to him slowly, he backed up.

Unbeknownst to him Denki was free right behind him and stabbed his spine.

"I-" But the blood gargled in his mouth before he could scream or say much else.

Mr. Perfct looked bitter, but he understood why this was done.

Maybe they could have been reformed, but those capable of killing kids at their age were past gone.

Iwabe took his second eye, as per my orders.

Denki let out a silent cry of apology, tears streaming down his face.

Iwabe dropped his weapon and ran right to Denki, holding him like a parent to a child.

Denki let a small sob out, I could see the red lines that had ripped the back of his shirt.

Death was too kind for these people.

Mitsuki sprang up and went on the lookout for any more and to report back to the rest of our pack.

Metal was hugging him from behind, Shikadai from one side, Sumire from the other. I was struggling to move, my muscle screaming for me to fall to the ground already. When Iwabe saw me halfway there, he seized my collar and lifted me into the hug.

There were silent cries among all of us.

Hours upon hours upon hours were spent to prevent this exact thing from happening. And we all promised for it to never happen.

But it did.

And we all lived due to some miracle.

Maybe in a different dimension, I would just smile and high five Denki, maybe the situation would
breeze past me like the wind.

But I understand that the fever I'm getting over could have marked my end, as well as Namida's and Denki's.

If the kidnappers didn't take him from us first.

3rd POV

Kagura stood, a nice 8 feet away, eyes calm.

No good people died today.

But he was a man of reformity, and a believer in change, in environment and people alike.

He remembered the days Hachiya would spend chatting with others, and the side glances he gave him.

They always seemed tied together, and Hachiya, for all the malicious intent and credulity that flowed through him, was the only person who was okay with him being trans.

And now his corpse laid next to a bundle of 12-year-olds all overjoyed.

He felt motion lose its hold on him. Repeating that this death was a necessary evil, to convince others not to do this same.

But couldn't it be argued that violence only causes violence? Or would this be an end?

And god damn, the repercussions of this are going to be brutal.

Kagura's POV

Mitsuki swung back,

"The guards are close by, let's clean up and evacuate while we still can,"

Wait. They don't plan on taking account for these murders?

This would... actually save their asses. Iwabe was using his earth jutsu to reform the ground slightly, leaving no footprints. Sumire along with Mitsuki was cutting the bodies into disposable pieces and Metal seemed to have brought chum along with him.

Shikadai and Metal brought over 100 pounds of weight, and Sumire took out a scroll filled with countless trash bags.

Boruto had enough energy to use a water jutsu to clean up the blood, Iwabe helped.

Then the pieces of flesh were shoved in according to bags by Boruto, Iwabe, and Metal. Shikadai and Sumire tied them up and attached weights and chum into the inside of the bags while cutting holes large enough for fish to get into.

It only took a minute and thirty seconds, but the bodies were being thrown into the ocean 3 miles away thanks to Metal, Sumire, Mitsuki, and Iwabe, their speed on water was almost as fast as my own.

Shikadai let Boruto and Denki lean on him as he had calculated along with Mitsuki that the guards
would get there within 2 more minutes and the fog was gone now that the Jutsu's caster was killed (its expiration time was out anyway).

I was numb with shook. I agreed and wanted to prevent it at the same time. But these people...

I looked over at the three, tired, sleepy, and smiling.

I was not unfamiliar with death. I killed my entire class in cold blood, death was not a new concept, but hiding it flawlessly was.

And maybe, just maybe, I wanted to do it.

"Kagura," Shikadai called out, disturbing my disturbing thoughts I thought I'd cleaned long ago.

"You're a sensor nin, like Boruto, and my Inojin. You're a damn good one. I know you're capable of not only masking our presences and finding others. You can erase ours. I need you to do that. Our chakra mark should be undetectable and irrelevant to the guards when they get here 5 minutes after the fight. But they'll still be fresh, and it wouldn't be perfect until everything is identical to how it was 20 minutes ago. So I ask of you. Abandon the road carved in the path of your perfected artificial morals and do us a favor, we did the Mist one. Both this and thousands of lives, you're welcome.

And so I grit my teeth and laughed.

"As you wish,"

And since then, Boruto looked at me like I hung the moon in the sky, which was a great feeling if I say so myself.

When we arrived back, they all slammed into Denki and everyone who'd gone on the mission.

They were talking and yelling, happiness in their chakra was so obvious that Boruto, Inojin, and I had to hold back the uncontrollable laughter that boiled up.

(When you can feel happiness, it can rocket through you).

They were all so close, a family of misfits, broken and insane.

A part of me wishes I could go with them, back to their home, into their life.

But I settled down, I looked at them.

And when Boruto told them about how I helped finish their mission they looked at me like I was their ally and brother in arms.

And I realized I couldn't ask for more.

It was my job to protect the Mist, as I know it would be theirs to protect Konoha.

It was our destinies, they'll clash hundreds of times.

So bothered will be everything but useful.
Boruto's POV

"You haven't played Bullshit yet?! HOW!" And so we all gasped at Kagura and taught him.

Mitsuki won and my eye wouldn't stop twitching.

"Snake," I said out, bitterly.

Mitsuki looked at me from a tilt and grinned.

"My love, only for you," And god damn I didn't need to be blushing in my defeat I needed to be angry.

But I couldn't, not with Mitsuki looking shell-shocked when Chocho gave him his new favorite food.

Cashews.

Weirdly enough, the moment I force-fed them to him (It was like trying to get a cat into water) he looked like heaven found him.

Mitsuki snuggled into my side and placed his feet into Sarada's lap as Chocho laid across his stomach.

Iwabe and Denki were already fast asleep snuggled into large blankets in a glowing room, Denki in Iwabe's arms, Denki facing Iwbe's chest, and Metals back on Denki's. Metal held Namida with one arm, and Namida was the second bed to Wasabi, who was sprawled out sloppily over her but still resembling a cat.

Sarada began the next game, Inojin called her out, and Sumire came close to winning, as was Mr. Perfect, when Mitsuki left 4 4's and then 3 7's in a row then snagged the win by placing two tens.

I'm sure he had those numbers planned since the beginning.

But it was a fun game as I got to watch Mitsuki be extra serious, Sarada look like she as about to tear our her own eyes for deceiving her, Inojin being plagued by to many sources of emotions and chakra changes that he just sat braindead on the couch, Mr. Perfect not being perfect, Sumire being the deadly assassin of a girl we know her too be, and Shikadai saying,

"This is a FUCKING drag," At least 30 times.

Sarada's time for roll call went off but we let everyone sleep and just left Denki's phone in the room on facetime to convince the teachers.

Shino sighed, (there had been a policy about girls with girls and guys with guys) yet thankfully just let it go.
Kagura's POV

I held the basket of cooled water and ice by my side as I watched Chōjūrō train, his technique was utterly perfected without an opening in sight. Each slice could cut through metal like air.

Once he finished, he walked over, and I swear, the birds sang when he smiled.

"I know life's been complicated, but do you think you've grown from it?"

And by 'it' he means befriending those leaf academy students. And being with them when they saved thousands of our lives. I was well versed in the lust for the East and the Mediterranean Sea by many parts of Kiri and opposing lands. However, despite our goal, we signed the peace treaty Konahona offered the moment it reached us as a sign of gratitude for what the academy students had done, a bridge project in the center of our land was named the Wasabi Bridge in her image.

Personally, it was not only that that I had grown from.

"Their act which saved hundreds of thousands of our-your people," An all too common slip up that Chōjūrō always loved,

"I am eternally grateful and I have truly recognized the power and efficiency in teamwork." There was more I wanted to say, but for now, I waited.

"You've only seen half of it I'm afraid." I looked up, curiosity spiking through me. Half of it? He hadn't seen what I've seen, so how could he possibly know more?

"It wasn't teamwork that saved our citizens. But individuals that all worked together,

I just said that what is he going on about?

"Ah, let me rephrase. During the Mist crisis, we HAD teams set up, we had the brightest minds collaborating from shore to shore. So why did their teamwork work in particular?"

I thought of the night they murdered over 30 people. Flashbacks of the bloodshed overwhelmed me at the moment, but I thought harder.

Shikadai only shouted orders at the beginning, after that they all killed in such harmony-

"It's because their teamwork is different..." I said, thinking of how to describe it. I thought of the time Boruto and Mituki both escaped MY genjutsu. No, they didn't escape it. No one can do that. But they fought. That's the equivalent of being unconscious and still fighting.

That wasn't will, that was the unconscious turning conscious. It wasn't a person's will, it was instinct, deep terrifying instinct.

"Their teamwork isn't individual talent coming together to make a whole but..."

I thought of the way they all cried that night after the deaths, overjoyed Denki was safe and alive not once but twice. I remembered the way their arguments were always for each other safety. I remembered the beginning of this whole thing, the plot they made.

And the expressions on their faces when I released the genjutsu, when they all had the exact same dream. It was almost identical and it was supposed to be varied for everyone.
"It's more like a whole strengthening it's individual talents," They weren't a team they were a family and I can't believe it took this long and Chōjūrō's help for me to figure it out.

"You know better than most, a family isn't blood, but who would bleed for you. Which is why many are confused when Kage's consider their village their family."

And for a moment, the world made sense.

It made so much sense.

"I'd like to take the candidacy test, the one for the Great Twin Sword Hiramekarei,"

If tears watered in his eyes I pretended not to notice. I know well his sickness is eating at him by the day, his lies to convince the public, his staff, and I that he couldn't be better haven't fooled me once.

"I'm glad, before your time there was a War, the Fourth Shinobi War. A fifth of our population and shinobi were whipped out because they all had a dream. A dream that peace would reside over all lands and that each would have a say. That Wars would be laughed at, as silly things in the past.

And I hope, with the torch, I pass to you, that it will,"

I promise, your decision will be one you will never regret. I assure it.

I was handed the keys and off we went.

~

The handle, individually cared to perfection, a weight heavy, around 12 pounds per blade.

And it felt so right.

"Great Twin Sword Hiramekarei..." I whispered, and I swear it whispered my name back.

~
"Great Twin Sword Hiramekarei..." I whispered, and I swear it whispered my name back.

I whirled the blade around, it brimmed with potential, more so then the one I used to shoulder.

And I'd be lying if I said I didn't glimpse at the doors (20 feet high seemed excessive but what can you do) in wait concerning Boruto.

"Hey, nice sword you have, it's a little late don't you think?"

It is. 11 PM is rude to anyone, shinobi or not (perhaps he's labeled as an Academy Student but his potential implied that of the sword I held).

"My apologies, but I craved you, and clearly Mitsuki, to be the first to witness it. You were the one who hauled me into rationality. You taught me the significance of family and ties not of blood. Why I should consider the village my family."

Boruto shrugged his shoulders (and grinned, because he was proud I noticed Mitsuki half a mile away, watching, feeling, but respectful all the same).

"Hey, not to sound cheesy or shit, but it was in you, you just needed a little push, but I accept your gratitude on one expectation,"

"Anything."

Boruto took a breath in, carefully ordering his words, a rare sight.

"I know the peace treaty your land sighed is in ink but the paper is paper. When you become Kage, I want your help in something. My father began changing the world, ya know? But I know it's going to change again. Don't ask why just know it will. And when it does the best way out of a tough situation isn't through hasty decision making and groundless accusations,"

Weird. Very, very weird.

But I know Boruto had a reason for telling me this, and he wouldn't tell me such an important (if vague thing) if it wasn't necessary, so I straightened my posture and nodded my head.

"I don't ever intend on being a Kage, that's Sarada's job, too much paperwork, too many fancy words. I'll be in command my own way. So make sure to regularly stay on her good side."

I plan on staying on all of your good sides thank you very much, you all are insane and are foolishly loyal. And, perhaps, my first true friends.

That's when things went to shit.
I wasn't paying attention, first dumbass move. My reflexes were too slow to avoid a line stretching and surrounding me.

Boruto is still raw from the Mist, but even I was startled with how immediately my thoughts went straight from 'what's going on' to 'protect Boruto'.

A crude laugh echoed, I heard boots hitting cement.

The water sphere we're both ensnared in floated above until we reached the second floor to see a man, strained from years of battle, a swindler grin touching his face, long, dark, black, curly hair, wearing a purple nin outfit.

"We met again, Kagura," Before I could voice anything, whether it be intimidation or a pled, Boruto yawned obnoxiously heavy.

"Sorry, Shizuma, did I interrupt your villain speech? Please, continue."

Shizuma's face, once arrogant, now peeved, snapped his fingers and our bubbles popped.

I stood out and caught Boruto midfall, landing my own alike a feather.

"Uzumaki Boruto, Kagura, it's been awhile,"

I couldn't cover my shock, and Boruto his utter apathy.

"I was going to apologize to you both, I did not mean for my men to take Denki hostage, however, when I found out that they all went missing soon after, well, I could only really make one connection. You took or eliminated them, either way, I came back for some... payback."

Boruto sighed and waved his hand in a circle.

"Alright alright, babe, no need to mock him,"

Shizuma's eye's scrunched in confusion.

Until one of his eyes were taken.

"Oi, Mitsuki, look at how sloppy your getting,"

?

Oh.

A drop of blood fell to the ground, but before Shizuma could scream, yell, or fight back, Mitsuki broke his right arm and yanked his head to the back enough to cause a migraine, severe pain even, but not blackout.

"You-"

For extra measure Mitsuki lifted Shizuma's left hand (chest was on the ground) and slammed his heel into that elbow, causing absurd fractures and months to mostly heal.

"I apologize," What Mitsuki replied as he converted water to clean the blood up and back into his system then burned the eye socket so it would stop bleeding.

A shriek echoed the room - but we were miles from help.
"You should do the same, Mr.,"

"Kagura, we are going to turn this body in, since it was clear that his motives were foul - I have a few bruises from that fall to prove it as well as my security footage Denki installed on my shirt pocket."

"I- I apologize to no one,"

"An admirable will," Mitsuki said as he lifted the man above his head and carried him like a sack of potatoes (somewhere in between he'd trapped the man's legs with rope).

And we brought him to the Kage's office.

~

Boruto's POV

I handed the Kage the camera in my shirt (The size of a penny), and Kagura handed the man an unconscious Shizuma.

"He tried to lure Kagura to go against the system for a heist, but when I denied, he fought back as you can see in the footage."

It had no sound, and this story was much more willing to put him into jail then his threats.

The kage nodded his head as if a standard day for him. Maybe it was.

What floored me was when the hella illusive trio strolled in, with more than 6 men per person.

"We located out their base, this is them all,"

They also dropped their people on the ground, the only one who didn't seem out of breath was Kai, not surprising, but that was over 1000 pounds on their back, god damn Kai can you even pretend to be human?

And suddenly their absence made sense.

They were required to root out the gang or organization Shizuma had been in charge of.

"We have reason to assume more threats, related or not, are still on the rise, what will you have us do about it?" Kai asked, Chōjūrō just waved him off with a smile,

"You've done enough. I'm sorry the council had you do this to prove your integrity. Forgive us,"

"Psh, it wasn't your doing, and no offense, but this was a lot more entertainment than just touring around," Juno replied.

God, they are so similar to Mitsuki sometimes and I can't explain how.

That's when the day of exercises and late night finally got to me.

"Uh, legs, they aren't working, help," I said nonchalantly as I started to fall face forward to the ground.

Mitsuki caught me in his arms, no surprise, what was a surprise was Kagura catching me just a fast. What utterly freaked me out was that Kai had also grabbed the back of my shirt collar.
"Ah, thanks, I'm still really weak, forgive me," Everyone but Mitsuki let go as he propped me up 
bridal style.

"Oi, 'Zuki, I've got a reputation to maintain," Kagura chuckled, the Kage smirked, and the trio all 
asked,

"What reputation?"

That's when Shizuma, the guy we laid waste to, bust into smoke.

It was an advanced shadow clone.

"UGH!" I yelled out into the void (more like the Kage's office but tomato tomato)

While we were all given back to our dorms, in a room notably below the kage's office, a vault 
remained being opened with a key that the real Shizuma seized while Boruto and Kagura were both 
suspended in bubbles.

Shizuma announced,

"Tonight my comrades, we begin a war. Our plan has gone perfectly so far. If it hadn't been for those 
kids we would have has this Country in mass hysteria. The treaty would have never been signed. But 
ink and paper are only that."

He held his weapon like it was heaven sent.

The albino, Ichirota, replied, ever the poet,

"Kiri can only last so long, it's roots don't match its leaves and no tree like that will endure for long."

Shikadai's POV

We recognized that something was up, the moment Mitsuki kept disappearing from one time or 
another.

We trusted him with our lives, but it went without saying that he and the trio's history persisted as the 
darkest out of all of ours. So sue us, we investigated.

Sumire remained busy at the moment but her, Inojin, and I had been on Mitsuki scout since day one. 
But he slipped past us every time one way or another.

It wasn't until Inojin perfected a sensor cloak that worked for 14 minutes tops that we finally caught a 
glimpse of it.

Mitsuki stood, alone in an alleyway, back against a wall, eyes to the sky, humming a tune Boruto 
loved to listen too. "Where's My Love," it was conditions like this that revealed to us that, no matter 
what he was doing, Mitsuki lived head over heels, infatuated with our resident Sunshine Boy.

I couldn't blame him.

Words mean nothing, actions mean a little, and patterns tell it all.
Mitsuki is many things.

Cold, calculating, wise beyond his years, arrogant. But we noticed more, inquisitive, silly, faithful, driven, polite when he deemed something of merit.

Most importantly he's empathetic and honest (Inojin preferred blunt).

That's why I fancy that Boruto and Mitsuki's relationship will be the ones to conquer villages in their wake. Their love was instinctual and aware. They were honest, had self-love, communicated better than the best of them (looks were sentences of dialogue with those two I swear), but the reason I acknowledge them as possibly the best is their trust.

Not a rule of this planet could restrain them from saving each other. Their goals (even if Mitsuki denied it, some things, he says, some things could beat them no matter how hard they tried) both identical.

So it's no astonishment that, notwithstanding these disappearances, none of us doubted Mitsuki's loyalty to them and Boruto, not even for even a moment.

A man I swear I've seen before formed from a puddle.

"What an obnoxious love song, God don't you slit throats in your free time?" Mitsuki's eyes narrowed, a flick of electricity played in his hand.

When the man grinned Mitsuki's shoulders untensed and rolled his eyes.

"Watch me suck dick and cut throats, I'm multitalented," Inojin choked on his spit and nearly gave out our location.

"Your frame is colder than standard. How the fuck did you alter your routine temperature! That was connected to your yin chakra amounts!"

What.

"I gather my Yin and Yang sums can modify themselves based off of Boruto's,"

Ahem. What.

"That would imply one of two things. One, Boruto's levels are shifting, two both of your chakras are shifting to match,"

? W.H.A.T. ?

"The second," Mitsuki replied, Mr. White Hair looked skeptical and checked Mitsuki's wrist, examining.

Inojin and I shared a look. It said, 'Boruto and Mitsuki would do some dumbass shit like that,'

"Interesting, yours I could believe, but how are Boruto's chakra levels shifting? Isn't that only when-"

"Get back on task, judging by your suppressed emotions and pinky twitch you've been on a mission for over 2 weeks, then this happens. You still work for my parent and he's been manipulated into a slight change. But he is still a man heartless.

You clearly have built up rage for something and it isn't him or me, so my only inferences left are the people Juno's been sensing - tell me their Achilles' heel. I'm sure you already recognize more than the
trio."

Even the boy with white hair could tell that his request wasn't for Mitsuki to fight them, but to assure his friend's safety.

"Oi, what have we said about sticking your head where it doesn't concern?" White hair crossed his arms.

Mistuki tilted his head, closed his eyes, and gave a small smile,

"That you do it too much,"

"No- Ok, listen, kid, they may be trash but their trash with power over you. They've got intellect and resolve at their side. Make sure yours is better or this will be the end of your line aye?" Mitsuki nodded his head.

"Also, who's shadowing you they're horrendous," White hair said and Inojin looked like he was about to impale himself.

He knew this whole time?! Mitsuki is going to hate us for a solid hour and that can be bad-

"Yes I know, I just let them tag along this time so they wouldn't feel excluded,"

I sighed and stood up.

"Aye, Mitsuki," He turned his head up with a sarcastic smile

Inojin gave him the finger and went to sulk.

I then grinned and held up quotation marks,

"Watch me suck dick and cutthroats, I'm multitalented" Mitsuki winked and disappeared into thin air.

Both of them appeared behind us.

"Mitsuki... I'm telling you, leave this to me," Mitsuki blinked - a frown obvious and defiant.

"Mitsuki!"

Another blink in his direction.

"Dude, just let me handle-"

Blink.

White hair tossed his hands into the air and sighed,

"Fine, listen, brat, if you're gonna take them, use this at least." He tossed a scroll, red and gold, and Mitsuki caught it with that demonic look in his eye.

"I knew it was them you hated,"

"Oh shut uppp, just... don't die all right," Mitsuki rolled his eyes and held out his hand for a pinky promise.

They were sacred among our group, break it and you have to do laundry for a month.
"Really, a pinky- fuck it," He pink promised back with a glare.

"How in the HELL did you sense us! I covered every single layer of chakra, sight, smell, hearing I even-" Inojin was snapping, not good. He loved to deceive, and he puts effort into it.

"Suigetsu, just tell him, he's my friend,"

Suigetsu, apparently, swirled his finger in the air,

"You're forgetting one point, everyone does it don't feel bad, and it's extremely effective in the mist,"

Water vapor, he sensed us by atmosphere movements in water vapor.

"Ah damn ittt!" Inojin hollered and banged on my shoulders with his fists.

"Shikadaiii, why didn't you warn me!"

But before I could answer, the two had disappeared and it was only us.

~

Boruto's POV

We sat on pillows around a large table. The silence, audible.

We'd killed what we expected was 75 percent of the group, but they were lackeys.

If Kai's information is right (Which Mitsuki vouched for) then there should be a bit less then 10 others, each of which signify high jonin level to have all run this organization and started the wide epidemic (Shikadai theorized it was to induce a state of hysteria and mourning, as from sadness brings rage).

So, small in numbers but strong to have gained more the 40 peoples allegiance within the past two months. Strong, intelligent, and goal orientated.

There would be no bargaining with them, there was only death.

There laid a map in front of us, we'd used pins as possible locations to their hideout, Sumire was using the notebook Kai had, Mitsuki translated everything, then tried to gain as much info from the info he and we had.

It wasn't much.

But I knew the look in Shizuma's eyes. They looked look ours, but twisted, so cloaked in his own ideals he'd failed to see the ruin they'd cause.

Namida, Denki, and I all were one step into our normal lives. We were capable of walking, running, and general movement without much strain - we'd begun beginner level exercises.

Thanks to Mitsuki, Sarada, Shikadai, and Sumire's healing and Chocho's food we packed for mass protein and muscle repair, we've been able to hit it hard and get back on our feet.
But tens of thousands of people were in mourning for the deaths of those around them, and some didn't have our food and medical abilities to get back on their feet.

So Sumire proposed a plan,

"Community Watch & Rehabilitation," A plan to give out free physical rehabilitation and therapy to all Kiri residents affected by The Mist. The idea may seem far-fetched but the support from scientist globally when The Mist outbreak happened showed the worlds change to conflict. It was no longer, "How can I not get caught and or involved," but now it was, "How can we help?"

Shikadai and Sumire laid out 12 scrolls with over 50 K words in each about each of us and our abilities and began to map out who would do what with whom.

This matter took an entire night of decision, and two more days of implementing with full efficiency with the Kiri council, kage, advisors, community, a thorough breakdown we weren't able to control.

But it started.

We started it.

And it was working, to a sense. In dire times the village went from community to everyman for himself, unconsciously this decision was made. So when the goings got tough, and the community was together, their bonds and binds would only grow firm.

Emotions can't be controlled, and they can't always be healed, but they can bloom and grow new flowers all the same. Now, based off of the analytics, the free therapy was supported by 78.38 percent of the citizens, some protest was in place outside the kage border.

Free rehabilitation was expected at 83.19 percent, with over 18,780 people using it.

They would only be free for the next two more days, then the cost would slowly rise over the course of a month to its former glory with donations coming in from every country who had a dime to spare. Not to mention the multitudes of doctors, therapists, and physical therapists that sailed over to help. If they couldn't do that, the newly developed internet's main use was for research on steps to take towards rehabilitation.

The community is now unbordered, a stranger from thousands of miles away could help if they wanted - community bordered a new peace treaty was being issued, contents unknown.

There was a lot of uprise about families now not receiving any payment, forcing many stay at home parents into any type of working job, but the villages had already started propping up jobs for the environment to be paid for, which was a slight relief.

All in all, there were only two days left on the clock.

And our names were written across every headline and in every newsletter, we'd turned down 12 interviews, the number is growing.

We, by saving a hefty part of Kiri, became low key famous for the time being (although even Denki didn't know when this would die out, it hadn't happened before.)

I was almost halfway back to full strength, Denki above a quarter, and Namida a bit less than me.
But we were all using everything given and excelling at absurd rates. (I blame our stubbornness and need to protect, but really, feeling week, helpless, denoted as worse than being dead).

~~

It's early morning and when I say that I mean 3 O' fucking clock so you can imagine my pissed off expression when I woke up freezing on the roof surrounded by Kia, Juno, and Slydin.

"Hola mi amigos, may I politely ask what the fuck is going on,"

"You may," Juno replied sarcastically, strumming his thumb across the roof.

"... How the fuck did you get around Mitsuki and Inojin?"

They all gave each other a look.

"We didn't, in fact, they had to get around you. Denki and Namida are being protected by Metal, Wasabi, Iwabe, and Sumire are scanning the grounds and guarding the Kage, the rest went off to find the Big Ugly Gays With Swords," Slydin said, I felt a mix of rage and affection build up in me.

"Wait so why am I on the roof?" They all gave each other another look.

"Because you are the 'influential' out of all of them. Duh. We need you to make sure Mitsuki, Sarada, Shikadai, Inojin, and Chocho don't get overzealous. Shikadai, Denki, and Sarada may be geniuses, but you need a spark - a will tougher than logic. And damn Boruto if there ever was Leader in someone's blood it's yours," Juno said as if he didn't know I struggled to put out a C rank jutsu at the moment.

But I knew what he meant. I lived not as a leader who stood at the top, I lived as a leader who lived in the front.

"There was a fairy tale, we read it once in class ya know? A man who desired to conquer the world..." I trailed off,

"I slept through most days, but there was something about what he's said, or at least what the text said he said, "A leader can never be happy until his people are happy."

Kia gazed up at the stars like I lit a fire in him and we set off West of the country, right outside of the borders was a cave Inojin finally picked up on.

Next to the cave stood the memorial we'd been to before.

Sarada, Mitsuki, Inojin, Chocho, Sumire, and Shikadai all walking up to the criminal group.

"So this was your grand plan?" Inojin said while sucking a lollipop, his arms spanned out as he gestured to the world.

"Go back into chaos too, 'Respect those who weren't placed on the stone,' what type of dumbass reverse logic is that!"

Chocho pipped up,
"And guys its a rock, you can find them anywhere, what your doing may be metaphorical but it's
redundant as hell. Use that blow on a real person why don't you?"

Hebiichigo, the doll one, laughed and replied,

"With pleasure!"

Before the fight could start I yelled out,

"Oi! Guess who's back," I dabbed,

"Back again,"

Sarada groaned, Mitsuki.com ceased working try reloading file-, Inojin cringed, Sumire looked like
she wanted to end it all, Shikadai slapped his forehead, and Chocho just tossed me chips.

"Do you think you 10 could overwhelm us? Arrogant and foolish, I'll prove it with -"

"7" Slydin told Butan, the blonde girl who was giving off big lesbian vibes,

"What?"

"We're not fighting, you children have a fun time but were not getting involved in political affairs,
Mitsuki you should do the same," Slydin said while walking away, Kai in front of him and Juno
behind, the way he said it was almost like a pled.

Mitsuki frowned and sent a gust of wind through Slydin's hair to mess it up.

"Red Mist Barrier," Shizuma yelled out, the ground being covered by Mist just as the trio
disappeared.

Inojin opened all of our minds to communication,

Shikadai - This Mist is different from Hachiya's.

Inojin - No shit Sherlock

Shikadai gave Inojin the bird.

Inojin was about to make another retort when Hebiichigo used her strings to tie him up, the wire
ripping into his skin.

"Rude, woman, I was clearly having a conversation here and -"

The doll said something about the taste of blood when Kyoho, the man at least 9 feet tall, went in to
punch Mitsuki but was intercepted with Chocho's own.

"Aye pal, pick on someone your own size!" But I could see the lingerings of doubt in her eyes. Even
with her expansion jutsu, she wasn't as tall or strong and he had a legendary weapon.

That's when the earth disintegrated around us and Sarada dropped out of sight, the mist covered
Inojin and my own sensing abilities - so thick we could only perceive about a foot or two around our
Based on their weapons it was likely Ichirota, the Albino with explosive tags writhing across his sword, that split the earth.

"Sarada!" I shouted; Hassaku went for my throat, Mitsuki gripped the sword with his bare hand, blood seeping out.

"You're in danger now, kid,"

"I am the danger," Mitsuki said through burning eyes.

Sarada's POV

"Damn I'm far down, gotta get back to the fight soo-"

The second I felt a surge of lightning I tilted my head away and backflipped, avoiding a lethal attack by Butan.

She stood atop my perch and claimed that,

"I'll get more resistance from you then those brats and blonde haired wimp up there," Oh little did the dimwit know.

While she said something about kids being weak I wordlessly brought out my kunai and started to store chakra in my spine, arms, and legs.

Lightning crackled, richer than the sun, casting shadows on the blue rocks, but I didn't admire it as I steadied my breath and got mentally prepared for one of my toughest fights yet.

~

Chocho POV

"HYAH!" I threw my fist out towards Kyoho and he seemed shocked at the amount it affected him.

There was no winning this off of brute power and size alone for me.

I gulped down two energy pills only to notice that they had expired a week ago. Drats.

Pulling out paper bombs, attaching them to his back, and did what I'd been learning for months. "Reverse!"

My height shrunk, 7 feet to 4, muscles bulging, speed off the charts.

"Tiny," Kyoho mourned while he swinging his hammer, I dodged and lit the bombs up, smoke distracted him long enough for me to get wire around his ankles, but before I could electrocute them, he widened his stance and broke free.

God damn.

I sighed and enlarged my fist the size of him (In this form I was able to create larger parts due to my small size) and hit the water and dock, using it as cover to unleash a B rank water justu onto him,
"WILD WATER WAVE!" I narrowed the explosion of water toward his pressure points and made sure to rattle his skull (If he had a brain in there). I needed to beat his joints and mobility to beat him.

And I know our lives are on the line, I know one mistake means I won't be able to go on.

But the grin across my face may be instinctual. (Maybe it's Boruto's fault).

Boruto's POV

Do I get turned on by danger? Mitsuki? Mitsuki saving me from danger? Possibly all of the above.

Mitsuki wasn't having a good day, and he was majorly pissed. Hence, his movements weren't gentle and sly. They were open and harsh.

He flicked his palm and surged hot bright yellow lighting through it.

Not meant to damage, but to start his 10 step plan of utter annihilation.

Step one, mess with their psychic state.

By grabbing a blade and firing offensive amounts of lighting no kid should create, Hassaku's stance now developed, already wondering how mad Mitsuki must be.

Step two, fashion an easy target. (Ego and arrogance leads to oversight).

Hassaku is a brawler, so within seconds, his movements reflected that. Mitsuki let himself be hit by the back of his heel and an elbow.

Then, as Mitsuki leaned back to avoid a fist, Hassaku swung around and went to swing the sword through the center of Mitsuki's forehead.

Step three, be impossible to catch (frustration rises)

He dogged and dogged, one point using the sword as leaf nin use tee branches.

Step four, make them think they've found a weakness (Pleasure and the feeling of ending a book washes upon them, thinking it's the end is graver then overconfidence)

Mitsuki's hair danced as the sword flung, nearly taking off his ear, only to walk into an elbow (Self-made blind spot)

Step five, lie in wait for the last blow

Hassaku took his palm, enhanced it with water and slammed onto Mitsuki's chest, only for him to slip out and take the sword on his escape.

Step six, mock them for what they are weakest in. (Frustration)

"You were never an elegant fighter, you grew on the streets, your revolution is clouded by your memories, you want violence because it's all you know despite that little ..." Mitsuki poked Hassaku's chest with an index finger,

"Part inside you, the one begging for peace and joy." Hassaku's movement got stunted and without warning, a shimmer could be seen from his eyes.
Step seven, show calm, show the utter difference in power whether it's there or not. (A Stockholm Syndrome will occur, a lost chick.)

Mitsuki twirled the weapon in his hands, cut across the air, the cut in the tree a few yards out was actually made by his wind chakra, but Hassaku didn't need to know that.

All he had to know is that Mitsuki's one swing had enough ferocity to send a whiplash strong enough to cut bark. By using most of his stores at the beginning as intimidation, to Hassaku, this wouldn't be impossible.

Mitsuki set the sword longer than himself alight with blue electricity.

Step eight, give hope, make them yearn. Give them something so tempting they can't refuse.

"You don't have to follow that path, join us instead, you're never going to have to fight just to live again, you can live like everyone else, unafraid of the next gang or thug around the corner. You can live with you," Hassaku looked like he finally saw the light at the end of the tunnel.

"I need an out, I need a life away from this. Thank you," Hassaku's smile was warm and genuine.

Step nine, rectify every ounce of remorse you pretended to show.

"Pitiful, a goal so frail a few sentences can have you begging." Mitsuki's eyes went from a fake warm to narrow, cold, a smile to a grin.

"What... Wait-!" But before Hassaku could raise his guard Mitsuki was behind him, pressed his thumb and index finger at the top and bottom of his eye and then used his other hand to rip the eye out.

"Apologise, immediately,"

"I- AH! I'm so sorry, please forgive me!" Mitsuki kicked his stomach harshly.

"Not me you moron, Boruto,"

"B- BORUTO! Please, I'm so sorry!" Mitsuki slammed his heel into the mans shoulder blade, he screamed and looked utterly helpless.

Step ten, leave their life up to his Beloved, and whether it's worth his time to slaughter him.

"Boruto do you accept his apology?" Mitsuki asked, eyes looking at me he went from ruthless machine to Mine in a second. Scratch that, everything he did was mine as me him.

I looked down at the man holding one eye, willing to change, willing wasn't enough.

"No, take this residue out of his misery."

And there was a scream and pled until his voice went dead, blood spurting from his back and Mitsuki yanked the spine, twitching all moter connections, immediately going brain dead, within a few seconds he'd die from lack of oxygen, or if those were still hanging on, blood loss.

His skin went from tan to nearly white, three injuries bleeding out silently.

Mitsuki didn't give him another look as he waltzed over to me, hooded eyes and a splashed of blood on his left cheek.
"How evil of you, beloved," Mitsuki hummed,

"Ah, you love it don't you," I replied, Mitsuki would have held my face had a kunai not interrupted him.

Sarada's POV

"Thunder funeral: Feast Of Lightning!"

She dug her twin swords into the ground and yellow bolts made a bee-line for me.

She's an electric one, and with her sword it would be no benefit to battle in close quarters (I wanted to test out the glove Denki made for me, a mix of tungsten and steel infused cloth with chakra storing capabilities. Can use the chakra to negate a hit.

Denki worked on in contently for two weeks and I cried when it was finished because it sat so beautiful).

Unfortunately, this would not be the fight they came in handy.

I signed for an earth wall as I contemplated what to do.

Earth was the best for this fight, but other than wind it was my worst, I'd only mastered D and C level jutsus so far.

But they'll have to do.

"Mm, Uchiha with an earth jutsu's up against her sleeve? Maybe you'll be interesting after all,"

I activated my Sharingan as I sped through the fog, balls of electricity flying around, one misstep I'd be toast.

Left, side, drop, sidestep.

A piece of one whizzed by, burning a piece of hair.

I went on the attack and stabbed her, a foggy distorted version, but her.

Until my Kunai went straight through cloth did I realize she'd hung the coat mid-air, I had only half a second to turn around and deflect both swords with my kunai.

"I'll gouge out both of your eyes, with my beloved Kiba!" (AN: That's the official name of the sword, not Kiba Kiba)

And that calmed me somehow. This woman was no elite sword-handler, just someone who thirsted for a vision that wasn't entirely her own making threats she couldn't vouch for.

"You want the Sharingan so much? Aye?" The sound of metal against metal passed when I placed her under a mediocre genjutsu, Arbitrary Sight, distorting her vision as if dizzy and drunk.

She quickly backflipped away and I heard the whispered, 'Kai'

She realized it wouldn't be safe to battle close quarters with me either, and suddenly her twin swords were rotating at violent speeds, following me like a magnet.

I whirled and used my two kunai to deflect their blows but it was furiously exhausting.
Luckily, I recalled what we'd studied about chakra wind transfer, and transferred my chakra into oxygen, right into my working muscles.

The swords forced me back and I nearly tripped when my hand that I was backflipping off of suddenly fell in a foot in water.

I landed in the middle of the pool on a stray rock and got on guard, wanting to get out, as quickly as achievable without getting shocked.

"You're an admirable opponent, but the line draws here, little girl. Ninja Art: Snakehead,"

What resembled a swordfish made of electricity glided toward me, I almost laughed.

"What will I - ever do!?" I yelled out slowly and sarcastically, using earth chakra transformation to make a path above the water.

For added effect, I emptied the water from around me.

"Underestimating my abilities will be your downfall,"

If she's upset she doesn't show it, flinging out more balls of electricity.

I leaped away and formed earth midair to jump higher and lower.

When I stepped low the swordfish lunged for me, plan two is a go.

Combo until I drain at least of fourth of my chakra resources, and plant bombs around the area, so the loose rocks all fall down on top of her - to keep myself safe I'll jump and start off the explosion with a fire jutsu. The woman will die in the rubble.

"Fire Release: Great Fire Destruction!" I signed all 7 parts and watched the water all evaporate, the earth gets scorched.

I narrowed my eyes and saw, vaguely, where she stood.

"Fire Release: Great Blaze Ball!" I remained in the air, using currents and pieces of rock that all blasted away with the technique to stay up.

Once the rocks all hit the ground the place was a hole just waiting to fall into itself. But my victory must be assured. And I need to keep half of my chakra for upperground battles just in case they've tripped up.

I saw Butan through the dust and fog, huddled behind what used to be a rock, she had three major injuries and dozens of cuts from flying debris.

Breathing erratic, sweat glands pumping, as well as her heart.

Left-hand twitching, contemplating the best way out with a jutsu while loading up a finalizing lightning technique.

I would never give her the time.

"Fire Release: Fox Fire!" Ten balls of flame circled behind me.

"Fire Release: Flame Whirlwind"
With both ready I launched the whirlwind directly where she was hiding, struggling for breath with the rigorous amount of flames I've placed in the air, zapping the oxygen.

Little did she know I was getting plenty from air chakra conversion.

Fueling my lungs and muscles like there was no tomorrow, the spiral bashed all rocks that protected her, and I followed with the 10 ball flames that had her running and dodging for her life.

If I used water, there was a chance she could electrocute it and send it my way, not optional.

If I used earth, she'd crumple it easily with her refined lightning skills.

If I used Lightning, hers would overpower mine.

If I used wind, I'd resupply the oxygen I worked so hard to take away.

So fire, fire I relied on.

The paper bombs covered every level of this place.

"Cherry Blossom Impact!" I yelled while condemning 70 percent of my chakra into my index and middle finger knuckles, the floor, hard for being so far down, broke into a spider web of earth, ripping Butan's balance and nearly knocked her out with flying debris and stones I kicked her way, 15 rocks in two seconds.

The final was on its way, her breathing labored and she'd lost the use of her right hand, most of her left leg, 4 ribs broken, most skin smoldered and lungs being poisoned with ash and smoke.

"Oh, little girl, aren't you athletic!" I yelled while cackling, striding over to her before she could even take her sword out with her working hand, she gasped and I'd already stolen her eye, giggling.

"The world will end in flames for anyone who believes they can take our lives from us. Farewell."

I snapped my fingers and jumped up, halfway up the hole and slammed my kunai into a piece of rock that occurred stiff enough,

Right before 100 paper bombs went off (all calculated a foot away from each other) I wanted to see if I could perform the B rank jutsu I hadn't gotten to try out yet. It would zap me to 40% but, it's better now than in training.

Buntan slowly crept up to her knees.

"This isn't over... yet, brat!" She yelled, standing up (and probably puncturing a lung, loose ribs, my bad.)

"Fire Release:... Great, Fire, Annihilation!" I stood on the kunai embedded in the rock and gave it 15 percent of my chakra.

The wave of fire raged a brilliant orange, yellow, and white. An unblemished sight of destruction that sent the bombs all off.

The other techniques where nothing in comparison this, I stood in awe of what it did, the hole soon crumpled in on itself, and I bounced the rest of the way out of the hole to see Shizuma turn to me with love in his eyes until he saw it was ME that escaped.
I felt invigorated, born anew, I felt more than 45 percent chakra. And so when he glared at me with the rage of a man who just lost a part of himself to rage, I moved, more than ready.

I was feeling sadistic enough to beat him with lightning.

"You. Where's my Butan?!" He shouted, sword somehow not shaking with him.

"Your Butan is 40 feet under, dead within the next 10 seconds if not already. 9, 8, 7-" He lunged at me, the sword cut straight through my clone, I watched from a tree above.

"Rage is a better screen then fog, Shizuma," I said while taking shuriken out and electrocuting them.

They flew towards him, as he was unable to take them with his sword, he deflected with water cages, they simmered and then dropped to the ground.

Oh, this might be more challenging then Butan. May have not wanted to go to 40 percent.

~

Shikadai's POV

Sarada’s beneath ground struggling with Butan, she'll win, I anticipate she'll use further chakra then we can afford.

Boruto is as tough as a wilting leaf at the moment, luckily Mitsuki can easily take out Hassaku while defending Boruto.

Chocho may not be as strong or large as Kyoho, but just used her recently formed "Reverse" and with her wit, she'll be fine, a bit a few slices.

That leaves Sumire, who's sitting, meditating, Inojin and I.

"SUMIRE! IT'S NOT THE TIME TO CULTIVATE CHAKR-!" I whacked Inojin off.

"Shield her, I don't understand what she's preparing but it will shift the tide of this battle, we have Shizuma, Ichirota, and Hassaku to worry about." Inojin grit his teeth but, knew better than to second guess any of us.

"All right, plan?" 5 at the moment. Three if our goal remained to kill them. And two if we could get Sumire in performance.

But this will suffice for the moment. Hassaku swung her blade and trapped me in the wire, cutting through my clothes and skin.

A yell roared out as I explained the plan to Inojin, he nodded his head and disappeared into thin air. I knew neither Shizuma or Ichirota would intervene until deemed unavoidable.

Hebiichigo craved for blood so greatly, yet her needles erased from existence. I dusted my self off with my wounds healed.

"Mortal! Explain yourself!" She tried again, but the needles went dead before they could reach me. She was intelligent enough to know that, even not knowing how it as possible, it was happening.

And her plan B began, she disregarded the sword and let out an utter rainfall of kunai, I crouched down and used my shadow control to capture ones coming at me.
"...Blood..." She whispered, and so that's what I gave her.

I cut my arm clean, a wound pouring blood almost fast enough for me to go dizzy.

She lunged, her speed unbelievable, shaking leaves near us.

Not fast enough.

Inojin let the bombs detonate, he pulled his own wires back, and let off a genjutsu.

I played the center of attention while mentally telling Inojin what exactly to do.

You see, Nuibari is by far my favorite of the 7 blades. Mainly because I'm perhaps the only one who's figured out its weakness.

The blade is commonly thought to be changed by chakra, the needles piercing multiple enemies at once, the accuracy can be helped by chakra but it's flow and movement are defined by the electromagnetic field.

Which is why it prospers so easily in the Mist, an area of strong and frequent electrical vibrations.

Few even know as such, and I'm guessing lesser know that to upset the movements, all you must do is send an electrical current through them.

Once I did that, Inojin used a cloaking jutsu to hide them from senses while he disposed of them. I already started to heal the wounds when they had lodged their way into my skin, and so by the time they'd been ripped out, I stood perfectly clean.

Her second attempt, thwarted by Inojin sending electricity through the air its close proximity.

Once she disposed the sword, I had to lure her in and break down her obvious maintenance. An easy achievement with how enormously she treasured blood.

Inojin had approximately 9 seconds to create multiple beast drawings that littered the area (Well away from Sumire, Mitsuki, Boruto, and Sarada) with level 3 bombs, tie wire through the area, and set off a genjutsu right in front of her.

"Nice," I said while we did our 10-second handshake. As Hebiichigo bleed out with both of her feet separate from her body (wires) she saw herself falling apart in her genjutsu.

Sarada should win in roughly a minute, Mitsuki is going to take an extra 4 minutes as he's mad and a Mad Mitsuki means demise for right about anyone. I didn't fret to look as no one who isn't Boruto gets to see Mitsuki livid and live to tell.

With Chocho I honestly didn't know, if she'd owned "Reverse," paired it with her water jutsu's, and calculating out Kyoto's weak point (if he couldn't move, he was useless, same could be said if he was paralyzed.) Then she should finish up in a minute and a half. We should keep Hebiichigo and Shizuma alive.

It would be beneficial to show how this was all just self-preservation. I had Inojin go and seal Hebiichigo's sword. Then I felt a tingle.

You ever feel like your throat restricts when you see something so much greater than yourself? Do you ever look at stars and get watery-eyed at their vast beauty and power?

I slowly turned on my heel, hearing the concrete squelch underneath.
Sumire's eyes opened and I felt a complete swell of pressure. So this, this is the result after 13 years of cold-blooded and ruthless drive.

Her eyes glowing dark purple, her skin reflecting the light of the moon we couldn't see.

She looked... elegant, she tied her hair back into two braids.

"Sumire," I called, she noticed my arm and nodded.

She trod, I was an inch above the ground in comparison, so much chakra stored in her she had to use some wind transfer to not tear her body apart.

With the wave of a hand a couple of meters away, the familiar itch of healing came and went.

"You look beautiful, I'd tell you where Ichirota was but I'm sure you know." Inojin suddenly materialized next to me,

"Woah! Sumire-" I held my hand out in front of him to stop him from getting too close.

"She has business to take care off," She nodded and then vanished into thin air.

"That's our girl," Inojin said softly while I did my best to heal his minor explosion injuries.

~~

Chocho's POV

It honestly was almost too easy. All it took meant a little distraction and some kunai placed into his knees and shoulder blades and he was crying for mommy.

I lugged his alive body into my right side and his weapon with my left.

I sighed about getting the easy pick and walked back on land, I couldn't sense them but I had a feeling Sarada was well and near me.

"BABE!" I yelled out but only heard a clash of metal and then Sumire's name whispered and confused.

Boruto's POV

Mitsuki caught the stray kunai that came our way and used an earth wall when Inojin set off over 12 level 3 bombs. We sat in silence with Mitsuki healing and restoring some of my joints (a daily occurrence with Metal, Namida, Denki and I ever since we lost our health) when we felt something through the thick fog.

We felt Sumire.

3rd POV

Sumire breathed in the night air, absorbed the chakra from the world, felt the strum of every fallen leaf, a twitch of a finger, the ocean lusted for the strength and scope of Sumire's capability.

This was Gozu Tenno, red diamond appearing on her back as she summoned Nue, a bit larger than a horse.

"When she aims to kill, she doesn't miss" Shikadai mumbled into the night air.
The rubble floating around her, a whole damn army couldn't measure.

"She's got troubles, but she'll set the whole town on fire till her troubles have trouble with her." I heard Inojin quote a book I recollect studying months ago.

Earth climbed up her frame, embedding itself like armor, soaking into her skin.

But this Gozu was stronger and permanent. Unlike her last, it didn't rely on negative emotions. It relied on the obligation to preserve her family.

And instead of absorbing chakra to give to Nue, Nue was absorbing chakra and sending it to Sumire, effectively giving her the ability to enter a second dimension at will.

She didn't even blink, perhaps anyone else would call out their opponents name, or give them a warning. But Sumire just cut Ichirota's throat with a kunai and took out his eye within a third of a second. One opponent down.

That's when she sensed Sarada coming out of her battle.

She didn't even have to look to know Sarada was at 58.23 percent of her chakra reserves, what jutsu she'd used, what she was sensing, the fact that she could effectively take out Shizuma if given the chance, the 18 different ways it could plan out, where every cell was, how fast it was moving, blood pressure, breathing rate.

Sumire traveled a fifth of a mile in one bound, looking like a streak of deep purple lightning soaring from the ground to the ledge of a far cliff, but before she could do the killing blow, Shikadai shook his head no a fifth of a mile, away and so she drove her kunai an inch and a half above his left pelvis and obstruct several organs with a kick that sent him floating sky high, he was already paralyzed.

"Sumire?" Sarada asked. incredulous. Sumire felt blurred, the width of the ocean washed back in and Sumire passed out.

~~

Inojin, Shikadai, Sarada, Chocho, and Mitsuki all walked out of the now dissipating mist, Mitsuki carrying Shizuma and Ichirota on his back, with Borto sleeping, clinging to his chest.

Chocho carried Kyoho and Hebiichigo like potato's, Inojin carried Hassaku over his shoulder while dragging Hassaku behind him. Shikadai had asked Inojin to use his Ninja Art to fly Sumire to their base, and he carried Butan, (it took Inojin's sensing and Chocho plus Sarada's strength to remove all the ruble.)

And since Sarada has the most draining fight, she only carried herself and scanned the area ahead and around them for any more interruptions.

They were well acquainted with the guards but they still had a 20-minute check with to assure their beings, as well as a call with the Kage.

They entered and dropped the bodies onto the floor.

~~

Oh, how the News couldn't get enough of us. With television inflation and reporters forever looking
for more news, our requests for interviews almost doubled. The same 12 kids who lead the research and developed a cure for 'The Mist' as well as influencing a major political development over the East Sea now had protected the world (mainly the Mist) from the New 7 Swordsmen, and brought a few out alive but injured for life.

(Perhaps that's why they didn't ask why all of them had an eye missing).

This also meant all eyes were on us as we walked through the streets, hell, they even got us bodyguards (not to fight just to keep the civilians at bay).

We had two days left. Metal was 60 percent back to normal (easily past most of our strength), Denki and Namida were at 40, I was at 50.

We woke up at four to do our 20-minute stretches, and daily warm-ups (normally it was 40 push-ups, 40 curl-ups, 50 Russian twists, 20 lunges each side, 20 squats, 15 burpees then three times over, but ours was halfened due to current restrictions).

This all took a bit over an hour.

So by 5:12 we all pulled out our pre-packaged breakfast and filled ourselves up. Next was showering, which was a bitch, now that we all don't have showers, there was three for every 12, 6 AM.

Next teeth brushing, hair combing, making sure we had our bags packed and clothes were all washed 10-15 minutes.

Then we cleaned the room, polished our weapons, checked the News, called our family, and headed out. 20 minutes. It was 6:30-40 AM on average.

The other half of class which was a dorm away got agitated from hearing the music we played (workouts) and then the 15 minutes of silence then the showerers and washing machines. It annoyed them too no end. Unfortunately, we didn't care.

Mitsuki in particular (next to Wasabi and Shikadai) despised it when they complained about their early routine.

However, perhaps they survived being generous today when all they did was roll their eyes and wave their hands at us when we walked through the same halls down to the breakfast room. We would bring our food and just eat there but it didn't open till 6:30 and it would upset our perfectly crafted schedule.

So during this time...

Sarada could be found speed reading non-fiction with her Sharingan (practiced both stamina and intel gathering).

Mitsuki solved puzzles (he'd grown addicted) anywhere from 300-400 within an hour, either that or just nap next to me.

I normally play a game of Chess with Shikadai,

"You know, Boruto, I've concluded as to why you're such a challenging chess player." He relocated the knight to threaten my Queen.

"Hm?" I gave him the chance to take my queen, seeing through the distraction and moving my rook
"Checkmate," He sighed and moved his bishop interrupting my path from my rook to his king. If I took his Bishop, his King would take me.

I then moved my queen to take his bishop. He could make three moves, to take the queen and get killed by the rook, or move away and get taken by my simple pawn.

He, unfortunately, chose the third. He used his bishop to take my queen, I then took his bishop with my rook but then he took my rook with his king.

"You never play the same way twice." He said while putting me in checkmate. Our game continued and I could feel Kagura's stare the second he walked into the massive breakfast hall. Hell, I could sense him from the moment he woke up.

"Shocker, you beat me again!" I sighed, but I could never be annoyed. Not even for a second.

"You know, as much as I would love to keep playing you. I sense Slydin's a few miles away, wouldn't you rather play with someone of your mental prowess?" Shikadai shook his head in 'no'.

"Perhaps he would be one of my few defeats. And don't get the wrong idea, I'd love that. But I like playing with you because it's just so refreshing to see what card you'll pull out next. Besides, I'd rather lose to you then win to him," I blushed a little and we began a new game.

Inojin could always be found drawing or painting at times like these. Lately, he kept trying to draw the same thing, something he couldn't name, and could barely make any pencil mark great enough to show what he had felt when he saw (Felt?) something in a dream he had not so long ago.

He was the perfect image of a tortured artist, day in and day out staring at white and black tormented by the things he couldn't do.

Because, after spending enough time with him, I realized that art wasn't about skill. It didn't matter how fast or how good but how true to yourself and how much one knew about themselves is what made them a genuine artist.

So I'm guessing this whole not working thing was going to drive him up the walls for weeks.

Chocho often stole a few bites to eat while working on breathing techniques. I often found my self in awe at what such a simple thing could do. It could shred down walls, harden her figure, calm her down, amp her up, it could improve jutsu's and taijutsu, it was beautiful, yet only so few had the strength to do it.

It required a heavenly devotion and above all wind literally has to be your affinity while using it regularly along with the fact that it came naturally to the Akamichi's.

All in all, most of us didn't bother.

Sumire could be found drinking tea and talking to Nue. At first, it terrified the students, now it was like the unofficial pet. In this form, it was no higher then Sumire's knee's, and if she wasn't talking to Nue she exercised her deductive abilities via Sai's constant messages on new-coming cases.

I'd bet my life she'd become the captain of the team after less than three years at the agency. Inojin was, however, naturally better.
He'd see a crime and understand it to its roots, yet he had no passion for it, and that's why Sumire will be the better pick, even if the organization doesn't understand that just yet. (They're already watching for young prodigies).

Wasabi, normally, couldn't be found. She was constantly unsupervised and taking in the beauty and depth of whatever land she was on. Presently she was two miles out, near a few casual shops, drinking their foreign coffee and staring at the sunrise from the 3rd Dock.

Many businesses and shops had been quick in recovery after the Mist, thanks to many charitable donations from other lands wanting nothing but the peace and safety of their own.

Namida has, on multiple occasions, joined her on their peaceful endeavors. I hope that in their futures they'll always have time to appreciate the beauties the world has to offer.

However, when Namida wasn't with Wasabi, she was talking to Metal. They were both always so lively and energetic, they were like golden retrievers. When I told Sarada as much she responded, "Pot calling the kettle black."

Metal did an extra set of mourning workouts and stretched, by far one of the, if not THE most, determined and goal-oriented in the group, and I could see it.

I could see him slowly opening a new door. Even being 60 percent normal, he was growing at exponential rates, and watching him fight his anxiety head-on with practice, discipline, and determination was better than any sunset.

Sincerely a Saint among commoners.

Denki was seen doing the weirdest fucking shit and I loved it to death.

One day, he'd be hacking the Kage's information network, another, he'd be testing how much soap it took to fill a whole bath, the next he'd see if he could cause a city-wide blackout while disrupting the magnetic field, the next he was seeing how many marshmallows the average mouth could hold.

Iwabe would be sharpening tools (it was like Mitsuki and his puzzles) coming up with new designs, and he was beginning his adventures in blacksmithing while keeping track of every weapon we had. He truly loved it and a part of my instinct warned me something bad was to come of it soon.

I took that part of me and did my best to cram it further into the recess of my mind.

Once breakfast moved over, we had a planned trip to the mall, but with the past events, that was dropped.

Kai's POV

We sat on top of the Kage's tower, well hidden from guards and enjoying the rising sun.

"Itsuki, a fascinating one, eh?" Juno announced while Slydin messed with a 9-sided rubric's cub. "Heh," His creative response.

"I'd wager he's stronger than Kakashi, what he's lacking in experience he makes up for in ingenuity, and since he's young he has neither permanent injuries or bad parts, will soon be in the height of a human's physical life," Juno said, eternally lost in thought.
"The prodigies all start blurring together at one point," I said, they were almost alarmed. Normally the only thing that comes out of my mouth is patronizing, and I tend to only really talk when Boruto comes around.

(They blame it on Mitsuki and my own DNA being so similar)( I blame it on Boruto).
Boruto's POV

The boat ride home lasted long, but as we docked on, hundreds came to wish us a safe trip along with both Kiri Kage's and the to-be Kage.

Kagura, though the ups and lows, really became one of us, and I know that the phone number I gave him will undoubtedly be used.

From - Unknown 6:23 AM

Have a safe trip!

I replied,

Sure mom

And changed the number to, "Mr. Perfect,"

~~

Once we arrived on shore the train ride back felt shorter and was over before 7 PM. The Konoha smell, it's humidity, the sound of critters throughout. I missed it.

While everyone bid their farewells we snuck out and went to The Area to unload most of our food, weapons, books, etc. and bathed.

It felt so easy, so typical to just walk right through the door after weeks of separation.

"Ya know, Boruto is the son of a Kage, Sarada technically is, and now we're amazing friends with a to-be kage," Shikadai said while dumping ice into his water.

"We should just take over the world by our 30's and call it a day," Inojin replied.

"That sounds like a lot of work, maybe just half," Wasabi responded, working with Sumire to place back all of their medical supplies.

"Where would you take over, Mitsuki?" I asked, vaguely remembering that I now owed Mitsuki's creator a visit and grinned.

"Where would I go... well, I'd rather go to a run-down local shop with you then go to a breathtaking place without, so anywhere you are is fine," Iwbee, from the room over, yelled.

"GAY!" I dabbed in response.

~~

7:23 PM when I got home, the first thing I did is run right into Himawari's arms. I'd called her at least twice every day for the past few weeks.
"Big brother!" She yelled out clinging to me like a lifeline,

"It's been a while, Lil' sis," I said as she nuzzled my cheek.

"The steak is ready, kids!" Mother yelled happily from a room over. It was weird, ya know, like things were trying their best to be normal.

So I tried too.

"Be there in a sec."

I whispered into Himawari's ear,

"You didn't tell mama about the phone?" She shook her head back and forth with an index finger next to her mouth.

"Good girl," I brought out my phone and texted into our group chat.

Group Chat: Nin who Sin

Boruto: Road work ahead?

Mitsuki: Sure

wasabi: I surre hooope it doooes

Shikadai: Y'all Inojin put wooden shoes in one of our toilets I'm so fuckng confused Inojin what the genuine fuck

Inojin: :)))))) why do you think I did it

Shikadai: I don't care why you did all I know it that they're clogged and

Shikadai: ...

Shikadai left the chat

Boruto invited Shikadai to the chat

Shikadai: no

I put my phone in my pocket with a grin and walked into the dining room and ate happily with Himawari and Hinata.

I told them both of them about my time (removing some... things) and how much I enjoyed it as well as Kagura.

"And then Mitsuki caught the kunai like-" I flung my hand across the air,

"Ya know? And then Sumire kicked Shizuma at LEAST 30 feet in the air! Oh! And then we went to the Kage's office and he thanked us for our work!"

"Wow! Big brother can do anything!" Himawari said while waving her arms around,

"And then after that, Kagura met up with me and we officially became best friends!"
Hinata looked worried (she'd seen the news, everyone had) the Mist nearly took my life, but I got saved by the cure my team made.

"In actuality, Boruto, you didn't do that much," Came a voice to my right, it wasn't fathers, and Hinata and Himawari were to my left.

"K... Kai? What are you doing in here? God don't any of you synthetics understand knocking?" (Mitsuki had done this countless times, Juno twice) His eyebrows furrowed and he tilted his head.

"Knocking? But isn't that considered a formality?" I sighed and waved it off,

"Forget it. What do ya -"

"Sweetie, it's not nice to come into homes uninvited," My mother said, I could feel that her defensiveness was subdued with my familiarity, but -

"My apologies, Mrs. Hyuga," Well damn would you look at that this boy has manners tucked in there somewhere. Who knew. Not I.

"This envelope was entrusted to me to hand to each of the people who took part in saving Kiri, Boruto."

He said it aloud, but I felt like it intended to me only. He drew me out of my chair by the collar,

"But I'll be damned if you do something so reckless again, stay out of politics," He said through gritted teeth.

When my mother and sister started to fret, Kai looked at them, and with the hypnotizing voice (literally) said,

"I handed Boruto the medal plus envelope and left calmly while never touching Boruto, you three are happy in conversation, and Hinata desires to provoke Boruto for the next ten minutes."

Then vanished away, when I looked back at the two, they were all smiles, like he'd never grabbed me by the collar, their minds reconstructed, and mother (irritating) Haunted me on Mr. Perfect.

Ohhhhh, Kai's gonna get it next time we have Anko's class.

Inojin's POV

I sat on the floor as I finished tracing my 15th super beast drawing in preparation of a fight when none other than "Mr. Lead Gay" or LG for short came into my room, already sat on my bed by a puff of smoke,

Wordlessly, he tossed a medal right at me.

"Protector?" I asked, the back had the Mizukage's name inscribed with a thank you note, the chakra signatures showed that the kage himself crafted it.

Likely given to Kai, who was asked to give all to us once we'd gotten home safe.

I waved him off with a hand,

"You don't need to explain, I get it, and tell Juno that-" But before I could finish my sentence he
disappeared with a grin, not a second later my father walked in asking who I was chatting to,
"Myself, I need some quality conversations sometimes."

He rolled his eyes and placed a hand on his hips, paint still clung to his knuckles,
"Why are you preparing so much?"

"Hm, we're beginning practical skill sessions to prepare for graduation exams," I said while rolling off my heels to get up, he seemed impressed.

"Ever the lousy overachiever aren't we?" I nodded my head enthusiastically while I hid the medal in my front pocket.

"I'll try it out during our Ino-Shika-Cho practice tomorrow. Maybe you should join, it seems Sumire ended up helping in the White Gown case more then you did," I patted his back with the fakest smile, "It's ok, it happens when you get old," I finished, He fake smiled back and said that the Mist should have gotten to me quicker.

"Unfortunate," We fake smiled to the kitchen and thanked Ino for the food.

Chocho's POV

I drove at my father's arms as our hands interlocked in partial expansion jutsu,
"HAAAA!" We both yelled out, when Shikadai got him with shadow paralysis, it was fruitless. He just tripled his form and Shikadi got knocked on his ass.

I'd be laughing if I wasn't 10 feet in the air. Inojin swooped down from his bird and used a tactic he'd been working on.

"Super scroll: Adamantium Glove!" Around his hand, a glove of paper with the strength of steel knocked papa down.

Nice.

I was ready to attack again, we all were, but then Kai appeared out of nowhere, Chocho's super enlarged fist, mid punch, was halted like it was nothing with Kai's non-dominant hand.

"Perfect, you two are together," Kai flung both medals to Shikadai and me (Inojin looked at his bag, like these medals made him remember something).

"Protector?" Shikadai asked, Kai only nodded in response and vanished again. Inojin explained.

~~

Namida POV

I danced in the field along with my fan, the fan I'd gotten from Kiri as a reward for my hard work. When they asked if we wanted any compensation, we all requested the Coil Fan, for me.

I was honored that they put all of their wishes in for that one item that would only be used by one of us.

I'd always loved reading about its abilities, and it could wield chakra of any nature, my father taught
me about it and it's abilities.

It drew me one step closer to his memory, so if there were tears in my eyes as I cut trees down clean
with fire, wind, earth, lightning, and water - well - no one needed to know.

~~

Boruto's POV

If I had to name the top three fighters we had, it would be an unending tie between Mitsuki, Sarada,
and Sumire.

They all were intellectual powerhouses that could destroy a mountain with a cold stare.

It was only a few months ago that Mitsuki and Sumire were in a 'the loser dies' kinda fight, matching
each other blow for blow.

So I assumed once that whole plot ended, there would be rising animosity between the two until
another fight broke out.

However, I didn't think this of all things would happen.

They got petty.

I'm not talking kunai to the throat, I'm talking: Tripping each other in the hallway (our guard is
always down in The Area no matter what we do), adding too much spice to the others dish (their
immunity is growing), and turning the others shower water too cold or hot (also building a
temperature immunity, Mitsuki already had one it just irritates his skin with scalding water.)

I sighed when a knife was flung straight at Mituki (who dodged it without looking up) by Sumire's,
"Slip of the hand" in cooking.

It was even weirder because they both respected each other the most out of the team. You could see
the praise they gave each other in every move because they were also one of the top analysts in the
group, Shikadai took first.

It was, above all, hilarious to watch in the classroom.

"Oh no," Mitsuki said in a monotone voice as Sumire's paper caught on fire.

"Oh no," Sumire said while Mitsuki was pegged as the one to file classwork (she had the most
influence in school as President and her being Her).

"Oh no," Mitsuki said when Sumire had to stay after school to work on kunai practice (because his
winds altered their path).

"Oh no," Sumire said when Mitsuki nearly got impaled with one of her "inaccurate kunai."

Perhaps it was this high level of pettiness that altered our schedules from hell to kill me before I have
to follow the first step.

"All right! Today, now that everyone has completely healed from the Kiri incidents..." Sumire's eye's
lit up,

"It's time for Suicide Mountian Training!" Suicide Mountian was Anbu training that left the elites
more than sore for the next few weeks.
"Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday we're scaling, and there's a catch!" Sumire cheered, even more, her right foot tapping indefinitely.

"No Feet rule on Monday and Wednesday!"

The no feet rule is precisely what it sounds like; we have a mountain to scale without the use of our feet. I deeply regret developing the seal for that.

Denki raised his hand,

"Isn't the death rate around 18 percent, meaning at least one of us is bound to die?" Sumire's grin widened,

"Maybe!" Sumire replied, Inojin sweatdropped.

Denki asked if we could bring along a puppet he'd been working on.

Sumire sweetly said no.

We could only bring a white T-shirt and shorts.

"Genin exams are coming up soon, and chunin ones after that. This mountain will allow us to develop our physical abilities to withstand most pressures that are bound to come along as we advance our abilities, and I wouldn't be surprised if we found a bit of ourselves on the way,"

She said it so inspirationally that my brain overrode the fact that we're all possibly dying.

~~

Just glancing at the cliff and waterfall made me wanna puke.

It was 20 miles South of the Konahona entrance, at the center of Ghai's Mountain range that spreads for 40 miles. Presently 3,589 feet tall, ice caps at the top, rocky avalanche brown spread halfway up, and natural waterfalls the way up the first half — the water temperature just above freezing.

Well then.

"Who's ready to die!" Wasabi cheered while securing her gloves and activating her No Feet rule before her body melted to the ground (No feet, no stand) she reached out and started to the mountain with the walking handstand.

We all followed in suit, all took it in stride until our hands contacted the lake sitting around the beginning. We'd practiced chakra in our feet, for balance, but never our hands.

We immediately started floundering except for Sarada (who was about to topple) Sumire, who looked almost TOO gleeful, and Mitsuki who sighed and began fishing us all out with water conversion chakra.

The moment my head was above the water I HAD to get out, it was colder than Kai's heart.

"Need. Need out" I begged. Sumire chuckled and began hand-walking to the waterfall.

Sarada got just enough control not to fall straight down, but regardless we were all freezing. Several attempts later, Iwabe, Inojin, Shikadai, Metal, Wasabi, Chocho, and myself were on top of the water for the most part only due to our will not to sink or freeze.
"AH SHIT!" Iwabe said, falling in head first.

Denki was getting the handle of it but what we hadn't expected was for Namida to take it all in stride. God that girl was just a jack of all trades.

I was doing ok, falling in and watching Mitsuki hold in a laugh each time.

"Inojin if you push me in I will fry your innards and -" Shikadai's words were cut off.

Splash.

"Whoops," But that wasn't the only petty thing. The petty thing was Sumire and Mitsuki altering the water flows in each other's water below their hands to mess the other up, occasionally sparking the water a little.

"Oh no," Sumire said as Mitsuki plummeted when a miniature whirlpool formed.

When his head popped back up, the dry white T-shirt now accentuated his abs and rode up his waist and oh man I'm gay.

While Sumire was crying because of how hard she laughed, her balance was already off and the wind current Mitsuki sent over knocker her back.

He bit his cheek,

"Oh no," There was utter glee in his eyes.

Meanwhile, I could barely focus enough to keep the chakra in my hands fluctuating to the current.

"The chakra pathways in our hands are different from our feet, not to mention we already walk with our feet, which is why this is so difficult," Shikadai observed.

Sarada was walking around now, not perfect but her hands had gotten the hang of it.

I was internally screaming because so was I, and it took me a whole week to get water walking down (with feet) and everyone else a month.

Denki wasn't a natural, but he studied people movements, and sensed their chakra flow - his brain understood it all and by the day he got better at putting things in his mind and having his body do it.

So within 30 freezing minutes, we all weren't drowning.

Now we had to use our worn out hands to climb steep rocks that were present beneath a whole damn raging waterfall.

The strong current will push our entire bodies and even with a sturdy bar I could hold, I wouldn't last more than three minutes.

Inojin started to hum the tune of, "Dumb ways too die" and I nearly fell in from laughing so hard.

We didn't go up the waterfall today.

But we all spent 2 hours standing on our hands and Chocho nearly passed out from the effort.

~~~
The moment we got back we shoved ourselves into the showers, Inojin on clothing duty, and then all passed out in our bedroom for an hour nap.

By the time we all woke up, it was nearly time for school, Sumire and Mitsuki were already up with bags of ice (We had a freezer because we were always swollen and sore). After morning stretches we put on our school clothes ate a bar with a bottle of water.

Denki bought a second booksack to place all of his mechanical puppet pieces to work on during class, Wasabi spent most courses in the chemistry lab, Namida was going to ask Temari for help in fan techniques (Despite Sumire’s insistence that she could do the same, Namida just apologized with a kiss to her forehead saying that the battle experience outweighed her natural talent). (Sumire was a blushing mess).

Every class was art class for Inojin, busy critiquing a new art style, one that used more than beasts. Like weapons, materials, etc. but they only existed for moments before turning into ink again.

But it's Inojin, he'll have it down in the month.

Who I was more worried about was Shikadai. He was reading and writing out over 15 books a week like it was nothing. His intelligence was snowballing, deductive analysis and ingenuity grew along with it. His chess moves went from 6 moves ahead to 9, he was seeing 700 words a minute and grasping everything read. Restless, in a deranged pursuit of intelligence, I'm guessing his brain started to intake info like a sponge.

I wondered if he'd grasp it all, I wonder if limits would poke their head out. I wondered if he'd grow tired with the world.

He started to forgo sleep for ten 20-minute long naps a day unless he'd worked out.

Iwabe felt so energetic - like he was on the brink of something that I couldn't name, Sumire noticed as well, she pointed out that his chakra had altered in his bone structure, where the earth chakra resided.

Either way that sounds like foreshadowing if I've ever heard it so I'll just let that play out.

Chocho continued cooking more than ever, we had a fully established farm with animals of all kinds, with plants, both native and collected. Mitsuki and I had worked on a small shield to protect them from weather, temperature, and jutsus.

Chocho already had a vast knowledge of the entire food field, everything from vitamins, how calories weren't even a fucking thing just a mix of protein, fat, and carbohydrates.

I feel played.

What everything did to the body etc. and brought it to a new level,

She was learning how the different foods could affect blood pressure, resting heart rate, organ function, white cell production, and the amount of time it took for cells to regenerate or go through mitosis. I'm sure it went deeper but the rest remained out of reach.

Sarada could be spotted at any given moment trying to kill a fish and then bring it back to life, studying all of its systems, she's even born one again to being that had already died and had now moved from aquatic animals to rodents, and from there large mammals.

I know soon she's going to have to work on humans, and I don't mind finding a missing-nin to
interrogate for information, then get Sarada to practice her medical jutsu.

We’ve all been working on our strength of a hundred seal and it was now well into June, it's been three months bordering on four and Sumire had a tiny sliver of that in the Mist. Shikadai was the first to realize it. Even though there was no mark the stored chakra gate was opened a smidge and she’d let out roughly half of it's stored reserves.

But, just yesterday, Inojin and Sumire both shivered when they'd gotten close to Sarada (sleepy) because her chakra signature grew stronger practically overnight, and is likely approaching the strength of a hundred.

Sumire gave it a few more months, but with Sarada, I wouldn't be surprised if I woke up tomorrow with a massive diamond on her forehead.

She's a genius, and I can almost feel her giving precisely 70 percent of her leisurely chakra to her storage unintentionally.

But Metal is probably the one carrying the growth crest.

He’d long recovered from The Mist and was prepping his human body to handle the gates when the time arrived. The most extended standing issue is that this ruined the body, but if you mix a problem and all of us, then damn it's bound to get solved.

Metal is elbow deep in muscle training and stamina runs paired with Chocho's ice, medicine, and food that were natural healthier and protection against muscle tears, he had ice baths, and head Mitsuki or Sarada healing his body routinely to re-energize.

So, it goes without being said that Metal's body continued rapidly evolving and changing, a kunai struggled to go through his skin and I'm sure his bones and muscles (where most of this training has targeted) were much stronger than normal. His hits no longer put a hole through a tree but shattered it into millions of splinters with his weights being attached on by the day.

Mitsuki and I are finally dispatching our engineered barrier that included (but not limited to) shelter from sight (what people or nin saw would be distorted from the outside) and multiple layers that grew in strength the closer to the core you got (the center being our bedrooms). On average, it drew 15-20 percent of our chakra at all times, gently and relatively unnoticeable unless you're a sensor nin or have little in reserves.

Only those with our blood could enter without over 90 percent of chakra immediately being zapped, so if we allowed them in with our blood, they’d only fuel the barriers so they couldn't break them unless 'them' was Sasuke, Naruto, or Might Gai.

Alternatively, perhaps a few tailed beast and kages, but other than that it was pretty sorted.

Animals were allowed, even if they were sent to kill us they're very cute.

There were ten tags we'd berried 20 feet underground and protected with Iwabe and Chocho's best earth cages, but the primary source that spread to the other ten laid inside the bedroom we all currently were sleeping in.

Wednesday, the best anyone had done remained Sumire who made it a third of the way up before being pushed back by the harsh waterfall, Mitsuki had caught her out of instinct and that was a very blackmail looking photo Inojin took.

Namida and Metal were the first out after their nap, Metal always did more exercise and stretches,
and Namida stayed diligent with her unique fan.

She remained the only one who'd asked for anything materialistic after we saved the Mist village, us?
We asked for something... odd.

~~

I walked up to Denki and poked him in the solder,

"Oi, Denki, whatcha working on?" His eyes didn't unfocus on the abdomen piece he'd been working on, however, a small smile crept up and his work occurred slower.

"Her name is Blue, she's my first puppet that's not just a prototype, I'm planning on using her in the exams," I grinned, his movements were already a habit, reflex. The skin tone looked so... real.

"Boruto... am I a bad person for wanting to work on human bodies rather than making them myself?" Denki, surprisingly serious, asked while harshly shaving off some wood. While I was not the person to go to for these types of things I gave it some thought.

"No, it just means you desire efficiency and power. Which is, often, mistaken for evil and corruption,"

Denki sighed and placed one of the interlocking joints into the chest.

"You don't give yourself enough credit, ya know, for being our leader and all. You doubt your answers and yet they are always so freeing."

...Leader?

"Isn't the leader Sumire? Or Sarada?" Denki started to laugh so much he shook the table.

"Oh my, you don't know you're the leader? Now this is a comedy," Denki wiped a tear off his eye and raised his contraption with his thumbs (chakra threads have been used on multiple occasions to trip people, chaos ensues).

Denki moved his 2 and 5, pushing the guys (?) arm across in a deadly slash that cut right above my head.

"You don't appreciate the world and politics as they do, but you understand us better then we do, and you have this... bwah! Feeling when you walk, ya know?"

No. No I don't know.

I'm the leader?

I've been in CHARGE!?

~~

"Denki, your grades are exceptional, as always. However, I need to test if you don't suck as much as you're blabby teacher says,"

"Yes, sir,"

He waved his hand in front of a room, padlocked door, one-way glass.
A robot, recently developed, built as front line fighter.

"Understood," I rolled my fingers, wrists, elbows, shoulders, then basic stretches.

Fifteen jumping jacks and I was ready.

I used my chakra threads to connect to Blue, my first official trail and error puppet.

It had Wasabi's poison installed, hundreds of microneedles that were just large enough to provoke bleeding. 150 kunai, chakra absorbing surface, tungsten-infused gloves, and about a dozen other easter eggs.

The moment I stepped in the robot didn't even have enough time to launch its first attack, my one flicked to the left slicing the bladed fingers through its mainframe, turning the robot to a pile of junk.

"Does this please you, father?" I asked through the one-way glass. There was no response.

Iwabe POV

I wish I never HAD to go home, I want my father to take his bottles of booze and bash his head by it.

He used to be my motivation, an effective blacksmith, second best in the land of fire (Tenten took first) but he lost it all when we lost mom, oh we lost it all.

"Aye! Kid, I'm not buyin' you any food till you get your ass over here and hand me the bottle," He was drunk.

Then again, when is he not these days?

"I guess I'll starve."

He roared at me, calling me the worst thing that's ever happened to him, I hope I am.

I jumped out the back window and ran over to the cliffs 8 miles off. Steep edges near The Area that stand chock-full of unmined ores.

I didn't bother picking up my pickaxe, I yelled my frustration to the sky and struck the stone.

It crumbled to the ground, to no surprise, but the more wrath I held, the more my chakra was flaring up, I was no longer in control.

The tug was surprising but in the heat of the moment, my body didn't need a 'why', fist after fist I pummelled into the rock.

The stone occurred just a piece harder than sand, tumbling down every which way. Only when the rock found near the core made an appearance did I notice the metals that I ALSO punched along the way. I can't hit metal. Minerals and ores are at least ten times harder than this cliffside rock. I would have cut up my hand into millions of pieces.

In summary:?
Metal bending?

Shikadai POV

I sat atop the train, speeding fast enough to knock me off if I wasn't careful, or a civilian. Either way, I sat and asked a single question,

"Are we even real?"

I asked the clouds, the afternoon sky.

It is a common fact, that our brains are wired between two different places, conscious and unconscious.

However, when we breathe, blink, and move - it's all unconscious, perhaps you'll be aware but it'll fade in the next few minutes. Then they're hobbies, creating music, playing sports, reading, etc. but once you do it enough it all becomes natural and unconscious.

Moreover, your likes, preference in music, art, books, people - you don't choose what you like, and while you can choose what you do you can't control the dopamine that's given when you do the thing you prefer.

Everything you are and do is on a subconscious level asking the question how much of us is truly conscious.

"Hm, does it matter?" I heard a voice next to me.

Damn sensor nins and their ability to hide from even me.

Boruto, in all fairness, had a point.

"Hm?" When I asked the sky I didn't expect the Sun to respond.

"Well, you were rambling about whether or not we're living, and if we're conscious. Simply... I don't think it matters, as long as we're happy, as long as we FEEL alive, even if you're right and were not. Then we've done everything we can, and I wouldn't want life any other way."

God damn sensor nins and their simplistic outlook.

I hate that it almost works.

"Boruto..." I stared right into his eyes, it was almost blinding.

His whole body was still despite the trains rapid and shaky movements, his smile was as bright as a blue sky.

"When you die, what will you have done in your life to have believe your death will be accepted?"

Some men die with smiles on their faces, those men worry me most of all.

"To have done what I've always wanted, to love in wholes, to say what I always feel, to care for
everyone that I can, to cherish the ground I walk on, to die in a battle I would give my life for. To have been me till the end knowing I made those I care for better because of it,"

Boruto knew not to ask the same question back, he knew I was still trying to figure it out for myself.

I leaned my head onto his lap and he started talking about his day and how he played with Himawari, alongside the prank he pulled in the Kage’s office.

He also talked about the grueling training and how he'd gladly throw himself off this cliff before climbing it. (That was a lie, Boruto valued his practice more than the world, but he also valued being dramatic).

I don't know what I'd do without Boruto. I don't know what a lot of us would do.

Die, presumably.

~~

Sarada’s POV

Ah, sweet Sunday, the day of rest, the day of ice baths, the day of soft food and adventures with my friends.

It is not the day of waking up to yelling. It's not supposed to be anyway.

My body woke up feeling lighter, although that was the case every day. I don't know how Boruto worked out accumulating chakra in his sleep but damn did it do wonders to rest and all of our chakra reserves.

The yell had me on edge, I grabbed the kunai from under my pillow and threw it at the first moving thing I saw.

My mother dodged with ease but the fear in her eyes was still there.

"S-Sarada.."

I didn't know why she was so scared, is she hurt? I opened my Sharingan, but no wounds, no external threats either. Speaking of the Sharingan, it felt... easy? Adrenaline? No, like-

I turned it off and mother didn't speak, holding a hand to her mouth with widened eyes.

I dropped my kunai in my dresser and ran into the bathroom.

My hands trembled for a moment before touching the cold porcelain sink, my knees felt shaky and voice caught in my throat. I gulped and saw the black diamond on my forehead.

~~

Sumire's POV

I walked through the crowded streets, each person just as plain as the next, shopping, gossiping, looking.
However, it was the ones with bored eyes, the ones rare but not unseen, the ones that flowed almost too smoothly into the crowd that I enjoyed watching.

It was always those that gave me a sense of surrealism, part of the reason I enjoyed Shikadai (All Nara's really). You couldn't spot them in a crowd which is why I had grown so adapt to it.

So I didn't expect to sense such an.. odd chakra emanating from one. As plain as a valley, genin level at best, I couldn't even detect it being suppressed.

His posture was perfect, dead black eyes, short black hair, a black surgical mask, Black T-Shirt, dark blue jeans, but porcelain white skin. The most noticeable thing was the scar that ran down his jaw to neck, red and swollen, but old.

A few years at least.

He weaved through adults and kids alike who didn't even notice him, right before heading out of vision, he blinked and suddenly I felt force, like a weight on everything with his two dark eyes on me in nanoseconds.

His words were whispers in the air, but the slight movement of his mask and my chakra in my ears helped me hear,

"Congratulations, Azarian,"

I couldn't stop my grin while I took another sip of my cup. Nao, thanks.

~~

Shikadai's POV

I moved my king, holding my father's king and queen at a stalemate by my knight.

"You get better by the day, my son, I have no doubt you will surpass me soon," Shikamaru always surveyed me as an equal, it's the reason we got along so well.

"You're not playing to your full extent, father,"

"You being aware of this means I soon will have too, and soon after that, the game will have a new victor," I sighed as father used the king to escape and foil two of my three pre-prepared plans.

I took it in, I used it and ate it up, it felt like by the day I was... moving, past what I could even control.

There was something out of reach, like I was peeling back the layers of the sky to see the end. Only to find I was gliding and there was no end in sight.

"But what does the victor truly win? In all these games you've gained not a penny for thought nor bank!" I bit my tongue — stupid words from a pre-mature mouth.

"Don't worry, this game has never put a penny in our savings, but it has taught me many things that are worth more than money,"

"Money is a social construct, it has no value outside the law,"

"You know what I mean, I speak in metaphors because they are the only things that can convey the depth in reasoning," I nodded in agreement,
"It taught me to protect the king," He held up his king,

"And it's taught me that every piece has a right to play on the board, that each matters and death should never be in vain,"

"... But why? Why protect the king? What's so important about those you love and those you will grow if at the end, it all ends?"

He smiled at me, almost proud, almost sad,

"You think of the period and not the sentence, there can't be a joy if it doesn't end. Enjoy it while you can as there is no other way to live without regrets."

Boruto had said that as well, but in a way that made sense and reached to me more, it went the halfway.

The idea that Boruto knew the world as much as or more so than my father surprisingly enough - didn't shock me. I knew him inside and out, he was a genius in his very own right. I see a world, no, a horizon in his eyes, just begging to be brought into life.

I guess, that will be one of my reasons.

~~

Iwabe's POV

I started at my father from my room, he fumbled with the cereal, cursing when he dropped most of it, I made my escape once again to the mountains.

~~

Wasabi's POV

I felt it inside, it was usually a quiet storm, a clam wave - but it was annoyed today.

My chakra never felt right, it never harmonizes like most nin's and after finding out that Kagura had used it to make a genjutsu that even a Sharingan user couldn't escape (Boruto and Mitsuki kinda did but irrelevant).

"Well, it seems me and you have some work to do," I said as it calmed, for once, we agreed.

~~

Denki's POV

Blue, my darling puppet, I understood from head to toe, every mark I'd crafted with over 12 different (presently) secret techniques already working paired with her taijutsu.

So I build Red, while Blue was meant to be movement orientated, Red was the tank, thick wood, shielded joints, twice the weapons, and half the range excluding bombs and giant shuriken.

Oh how well the chakra thread fit in my hands, how well they moved.

~~

Metal's POV
It took a few weeks, but it was nothing in comparison to the benefits! I took all I knew from the 12 gates taijutsu ability and found which parts of the body it destroyed and focused on those.

The weights slowly grew, the workouts became faster so I made them longer, my body was tan and toned, no longer frail and white.

I loved adding fire to my palm strikes (Charred skin and sometimes muscle), and wind enhanced its power, water bending their blood was tricky and only Sumire, Mitsuki, or Sumire had a grip on it. But I strived for it, I meditated in the meadows and lands, slowly pulling water out from blades of grass and flowers, pulling it out of the air.

Lightning I couldn't control nearly as well as the others, it was erratic, and even the trio (Boruto, Sarada, and Mitsuki) didn't control the lightning yet, simply guided (but Boruto was close, Sumire noted).

Mixing ninjutsu with ultimate taijutsu techniques brought a new level into the game.

I breathed in the air, I brushed my hands against the dirt and grass, feeling the bloodstream through me, pumping like it always will until my eyes close for good, and the fire that prevailed in me.

I need this and so much more to keep up, and I don't mind it one bit as long as I can fight by the side of those I care for.

Sarada's POV

I touched the diamond with my finger, sure enough, plain as day, The Strength of a Hundred Seal.

I could hear my mother's slow footsteps to the bathroom.

She would have been proud if it wasn't labeled the pinnacle of chakra control and last time she checked I was barely 12.

"Sarada, I'm... speechless, when did you start to store up your chakra?"

Less then five months ago, it took my mother until she was nearly 17 and her master more.

That was... fast.

After telling my mother how long she replied,

"Oh... ok," And walking like a hypnotized zombie to get coffee and her work clothes out of the dryer.

I walked to school without my friends today, I didn't know how they'd react, I still don't know how I'm reacting to be completely honest.

I gulped as I pushed the doors in precisely on time, but my people were all in class 8-5 minutes before the bell ever rung.

The chatter died down, I hadn't bothered to cover it, I hadn't even bothered to text anyone.

I looked up at Shino, stunned out of his wits and judging by the creases near his cheek I could tell he was squinting.
Some kids didn't even know what it was (or that it was practically impossible) and continued their conversation, but the stray classmate with at least one brain cell to their name and all of my people dropped deadly silent.

"Good morning, everyone," I stuttered while laying my leather bag down.

Boruto was the first to show a response.

"Sarada.." My name danced on his tongue and I saw tears of joy in his eyes right before he tackled me against the dest in a life threatening hug.

"I'm so... WOAH! Ya know? I can't believe you managed it so fast!" Grabbing my shoulder he forced his head out of my neck and then next to my face,

"I'm so proud!"

Metal started to cry tears of Youth which drew the attention of the class and Chocho started saying Sarada wasn't our Queen for nothing, and that the pinnacle of chakra control would be a small stepping stone to me.

Shino gleefully (if not warily) explained to the class what the seal was and it's importance.

The class wasn't that impressed, if anything it was a, "Well, they've already saved a fifth of the world, this isn't even unusual," type feel and dare I say it my pride rested happily and full in my stomach.

--

Iwabe's POV - Monday

I tossed the metal from hand to hand, crunching it together and then tearing it apart under my desk. I'd told Sumire before school and she'd looked like Christmas came early, her face lit up and brought out a journal from her booksack (I'm sure half of the material is notes for us and not of school) and asked me to demonstrate. I told them all right before Sarada came in - with a strength of a hundred seal and damn was that a morning.

First period went by and nearly finished before I noticed Inojin next to Shikadai drawing not beasts but weapons and holding them all under the desk until they popped out, but they were lasting just over 10 seconds, I could see the determination rising with every moment one of them stayed around.

Shikadai was... moving? His fingers grasped air then placed it back down, I stared until I realized that he was moving pieces to shogi and the whole board and pieces he'd all constructed mentally while playing against himself.

Denki to my left nonchalantly practicing chakra thread techniques.

Boruto was talking to Mitsuki in the Yamanaka Clan mind transfer technique - and I knew what it was about. Boruto promised a visit to Dear Old Orochimaru.

Boruto's POV

I grabbed my orange booksack and stuck in my traveling goods brushing my teeth and breathing in the morning air.

I leaped downstairs and made eggs for everyone.
I had become so accustomed to waking up early (3:30 AM to 4 AM) for morning practices and exercises that I still had time left while placing down the steaming omelets and inventing a clone.

It was 5:20 AM when Mitsuki poofed inside ("Doors, Mitsuki, they aren't just for decoration!") and we snuck out of Konohana in the orange, pink, and yellow morning light.

I texted the group as we stopped in a tree right outside the wall.

Boruto: Made it past the guards safely, gm, have fun training losers {image.34}

I send them a photo of me smiling while Mitsuki glared at a flying bug.

Metal: Good Morning everyone, good luck on your ventures!

Wasabi: Bring me back some poison

Sumire: {image.34}

She'd sent a photo of them all freshly dressed after morning workouts (and looking dead as today was Wednesday and Wednesday meant Suicide Mountian).

Mitsuki smiled fondly at them all and we continued our track East.

We were within 20 miles of Orochimaru's Base - meaning we plopped on your chakra suppression tags and went into stealth mode, we could sense around 13 guards, most Chunin level, low Jonin.

We couldn't (ok, maybe) fight them all on and definitely without killing them so we had another option.

Cause a massive distraction or put them all to sleep for oneish hour.

We were always one for dramatics so I had five clones of me (I had them wear all green and cover their hair) go with two of Mitsuki's clones to the opposite direction and to make leaves shuffle to grab their attention and send them running.

It worked, four were left to protect the base and Mitsuki knocked out two with his fist, and the other two with poison.

He then stood, tall above their bodies and the light of day and offered out a hand to his father's base and one toward me.

I grabbed one and we walked in like we had crowns on our heads.

~~

The walls are clear sea blue, shining similar to the ground tiles. The area appeared so vast and hidden in the mountain, it contrasted it's earthy counterpart significantly.

There were halls and large doors as far as the eye could see, artificial light and the emptiness gave it such an... eiry tone.

Like a vacant school or airport.

"Did you used to live here?" I asked as we let our footsteps regain sound, a tempo that sounded like only one as we stepped in unison.
"No, although he seemed to go for a similar frame, large, fake doors and passages, hidden in the mountains," Mitsuki explained while looking up at the strange circular lights.

I let us walk in silence, Yamato remained the only person I'd be troubled about, but he was knocked out cold.

While Orochimaru remains evil he isn't a bad person, and Mitsuki, understandably, continued cautiously.

Despite being a Sanin he didn't bother to hide his chakra as we could track most of his chakra through the halls.

Soon enough we came upon a dark lab with tubes large enough for an adult filled with bioluminescent liquid, yet it lacked anything in there.

Mitsuki showed me that was where they were born.

That's when the familiar tick hit me, a tiger hunched and low ready to strike. I made sure not to change my posture and so did Mitsuki, the swift sound of a blade ripping through the air had me pull out a kunai.

A sharp clash, the sword a few inches from my ear as I pushed on it with my weapon, a strike made to assert dominance and presence, and not a blow.

"Sneaking in," Said a voice that rang familiar,

"What a mischievous kid," I looked over to see white hair and purple eyes.

Not to forget, a shark grin.

"Suigetsu," I said, remembering the descriptions and personality Mitsuki had described to me on our way here.

"You know better than to draw arms towards him, Suigetsu, especially in my presence," Mitsuki spoke like it had been the tenth time.

"Ni ni, but it's so much fun to get you so irritated," Just as Sharky said that I felt it, a pang, hollow and deep within my chest.

"Father, glad to see you've finally showed,"

Mitsuki said, bowing his head despite the previous ill-mannered words.

"You must be Boruto? It's a pleasure to finally meet you,"

Mitsuki stood stiff, in anticipation, in defense.

"Yeah, hard to forget a Sanin's name Orochimaru," I replied, Suigetsu rolled his eyes and was about to berate me on the lack of "sama" but Mitsuki's glare silenced him.

"I want to thank you in person for giving us the components that we needed to understand the Mist and save Kiri. You could have just watched it fall and inadvertently helped it fall," I dropped my head.

Suigetsu took this as his cue to head for the other lab.
"Perhaps so, but why would I want that when I could have a good-mans-debt?"

"I mean, there's not much I can offer you at the moment," I shrugged and Mitsuki held a hand to his mouth to stop a laugh, so did Orochimaru.

They both had that weird sense of humor, and found some things funny that most of us didn't. Fucking, adorable.

"You are funny, child, there is much you can offer me," And he stood into a brightly lit lab.

It had two of everything and a base on the right that had wires galore.

He hooked me up as Mitsuki analyzed its contents.

"An electricity meter?" He asked and his parent nodded. That explains it a bit. But what didn't make sense was when he started hooking up Mitsuki up as well.

When we were both strapped in and sitting on the aluminum chair, we were told to exert all of the electricity we could.

Mine sparked up first, easy as pie, and the erratic light erupted around me, I still remember the first day I'd done it, it always felt just as cool.

Mitsuki's was subtle and looked small compared to my sphere of light.

Once he told us to stop he spent the next minute glancing at us then back to the computers.

"Boruto, you're producing around 20 K volts, however, your amperage is relatively low, the electricity is erratic, and not yet under your control. Mitsuki, while you're only producing 4 K volts, your amperage is much higher, and you have exceeding control."

Next, the yin to yang chakra ratios.

"Boruto, the yin to yang ration is 1:4, Mitsuki, yours is 4:1,"

Next, earth, then water, then wind, and chakra control.

"Boruto, while your chakra is widespread and bountiful, Mitsuki, yours is concise and narrow."

We did physical exercises and even tested a blood increasing pile ("Don't bleed on my floor,"). He measured our fight to flight response, our healed skin, our blood cells to white blood cell ratio. Again and again, it was all opposites.

At the point, the next and final test seemed almost pointless, genetic compatibility.

First was the detailed psychological test.

... It was mostly about relationships.

(Next mentioned based off of that one Try Guys video :P)

"This tests the genetic composition and phycology and how it affects your neurochemistry. All right first is dominance vs submissiveness," Orochimaru said while going through a document paper,

"While Boruto is hard headed and unrelenting, it is particularly to an opposing force, while Mitsuki only cares about what affects himself and doesn't care one way or another as long as whatever
Next was intimate versus guarded. While I would be friends with the sky if I could, Mitsuki wanted to be a holed up sea urchin and prefer to steer clear of superfluous social interactions.

"Aw, Mitsuki needs a hug!" I said and dramatically fell on top of his chest and buried my head in his neck. I hadn't touched him in over an hour with multiple tests being run and this was honestly just an excuse to hold him.

Next was harmony, then independence.

Mitsuki was fine by himself while I'd reach out for affection and teamwork wherever it could be found.

Oxytocin showed that Mitsuki was Thinker and I was the listener, we both possessed Dopamine D47R+ despite it only being found in 30 percent of the population.

"This gene is often found in business managers and CEO's," "Oh man a white male as a CEO who would've guessed," I said and neither of them laughed.

I sighed.

"Boruto, you must know that your lightning - I can only imagine such raw power would be due to your mother's affinity and fathers exceptional chakra reserves. However, like every other shinobi, you are simply directing it. Learn lighting by it' pure heart and you will mount a much higher power,

I furrowed my eyes but before I know it both Mitsuki and myself were transported back to the gates of Konoha without my knowledge onto how.

"Heart?"

~~

3rd POV

Suigetsu walked back into the room, eyeing the place Boruto once stood,

"That boy has got the devil in 'em,"

Orochimaru later noticed a lack of one of their strongest poisons and smirked.

~~

Mitsuki's POV

The moment we got back to the Area it was evening, the world went right back to normal. I excused myself from the dining table when I saw a white snake in the bushes I knew it was a message.

The night air was crisp, the leaves shook in their trees, and the moon seemed brighter than usual.

"Hello, father, did you find everything you wanted from your tests?" I knew well the tests he performed were, in truth, only half of the tests.
"Of course my child, he has such a wild heart, I imagine you want to catch it," I looked back at the base, and heard the sound of Boruto's deep laugh from out here.

"...No, I wish to run alongside his own heart, to set my own free,"

With that, I walked back into the base- my house. I walked into my house and smelt them all, all of the ones who offered their hands to hold and their shoulders to stand upon.

I guess, you have to watch the alchemy that happens when you give a person the comfort to be themselves.

~~

Thursday Morning - Boruto's POV

I woke up early again, a rare occasion to do it in my own house, but after I graduate the next year Himawari will be entering school, and I wanted to train and treat her well.

I ate a bar myself and prepared smoothies for both my mother and sister and stuck them in the fridge with a note.

I also had a small training regimen written out for her with a little present, her first kunai, I had Iwabe handcraft it to perfection and have her name written on it.

With there still being an hour ere daylight, I went to the base to find most of them in stretching and joined the exercise (Mitsuki and I did double for missing yesterday), but I sent a clone to school today so I could practice and investigate what Mitsuki's parent had said,

"The heart of lighting... I'm only directing..."

The hours ticked by and at school end, I collapsed into the showers and waited for my people to get back while doing a light sudoku puzzle.

"Oh no," I heard Sumire's monotone voice after a chirp from Mitsuki, he'd slammed his toe on a door she moved too close.

"Stop laughing," He pleaded while looking dead inside.
Boruto's POV

I sat alone in Shino Sensei's classroom, the desks clean, the afternoon sun setting the walls on fire, and placing a coldness in my heart.

I sighed, sliding my fingertips on the marks we'd made, cherishing the smell of worn out kunai and printed papers.

Nostalgia is the word, but I missed it already, I haven't even left.

It's not like I'd part with anyone, us 12 are set in stone, we're following the same path in the same place. Yet, this room holds so many memories, I remembered the first day, when I only really knew Sarada as a Bookish Prick and Shikadai as a simple friend. It's funny, how now and before I lay down my life for them in a heartbeat. I'm too damn young to be thinking like a reminiscing forty-year-old yet here we are.

Inojin hated me, thought me a Politics Prince, Chocho couldn't care less, Wasabi and Namida only knew me from the newspaper, Iwabe wanted nothing more than to beat my brains out, Denki was a lost, unconfident soul, Metal thought me an associate, Sumire saw me as another piece in her Sumire-veiling, and Mitsuki? Well, I guess he's the only one who hasn't changed his beliefs in me.

I remember last night, how we all slept so naturally amongst the others, how we all eat, shower, work, ants, and our Queen as our well-being.

I reminisce how we held each other after our first kill, how we held each other when we're nearly killed. How Sarada delved so far into medical history after we almost died, I don't think there isn't a drop of blood on this world she can't smell the difference between.

I seized everyone by their collar and slammed them into their paths, and now they support my every (thought-out) move, how they look at me as if I hung every star in the sky. I want to be that for them, and I want to give them every piece of happiness I can afford.

The guys versus girls battle is, in my opinion, the beginning, I could taste the first domino to spark it all. (Not to mention, Sarada and Inojin just frustrated both sides, it was great). Moreover, the OTHER time we destroyed the building, all the fights, and friendships. God, this place may suck, but I'll always notice it close to my weird heart.

Exams are growing close.

I glanced out, breathing in and watching the cascade of yellows and oranges above the Konoha tree's, glaring against windows, shining off of rails, the wave of flags, clothing lines, and hung up plants. Such a sherbert sunset.

"In the trails of time, do you think we'll ever mean a second?"

I asked to literally, no one, so you can imagine my surprise when Kai responded. Always. Fucking. Everywhere.

"I'm upset you sensed me, Boruto," Kai responded, walking up with his hands in his jeans.
Tight jeans, loose morals. That should be his motto.

"Hey rival," I said, not bothering to turn around.

"Hey dumbass," And that was that. I'm loud, don't get me wrong, but our muteness sometimes exhibited like a great conversation.

If Mitsuki knew this happened, he might have wreck up a city or two.

"Tell me, Kai, do you think we'll ever mean anything to the world?" He didn't even have to think.

"If so, not by much, and even if we did the world and all its inhabitants are likely going to die in 1.4 billion years,"

"Ever the optimist,"

I sensed the shrug.

"But I guess that's another reason to live a life that's yours, at the demise, goals mean nothing other than the ones that brought joy."

He nodded in understanding.

"Do you ever wonder what would have happened if one little thing didn't happen?" I asked, again, he nodded,

"Like, what if Mitsuki never got here, what if he traveled someplace else, what if all of you did?" I did it endlessly, and I wondered what life would be like with a single difference.

"What if we had never all became such intimate friends?" I couldn't imagine life happier. It physically hurt to think of it without a single one of them.

~~~

Chocho and Inojin fought about food prices while Shikadai slept on Inojin’s shoulder, Mitsuki did the same to mine as I watched the television at our regular burger shop.

"The Eternal Carp, once you eat it, you never forget the taste," Inojin recited from whatever source.

I texted the group chat

Chat Name: Gay Disarray

Boruto: who wants to camp and try and catch the Eternal Carp

Iwabe: ye

Metal: A SHOW OF OUR UNDYING YOUTH

Chocho: AND OUR WANT OF FOOD

Denki: What they said

Inojin: Quite large of you Chubs

Sumire: I'll pack
Wasabi: Where are we camping I'll bring wood

Iwabe: I've got the fishing poles

Boruto: why don't we treat this as a survival mission, the only things we should bring are fishing rods and a kunai for each of us

Metal: I AM EXCITED FOR THIS

Namida: Last one standing gets

Namida: The middle

Inojin: It doesn't matter who's winning it's gonna be Boruto

Mitsuki: You say that like you don't enjoy him being your furnace

Inojin: cAught

I looked over at Mitsuki who closed his eyes again and snuggled closer, I grinned and placed my hand through his hair.

~~

I stepped out of the ramen shop with Shikadai, other than the burger joint; this was our favorite place.

"You seem awfully inspired to engineer a camping trip with everyone. Do you have a motive in mind?" Crap.

"Well, ah..." I sighed,

"After all of the press back at Kiri, and all of the crazy New World things, I just wanted to appreciate being with the world, and ah, you guys again." I didn't need a mirror to know my cheeks flushed.

However, it was the truth. I didn't want all of our adventures to distract us from the reason we're taking them.

"Aren't you sentimental?" A grin came on his face, I grumbled and hopped on his back.

"Shikadaiiiii,"

"Yeah yeah,"

Sarada's POV

"Really? Camping?" Mother asked from the kitchen as I started to clean up all of my textbooks.

I nodded my head and wondered if I could sneak some chocolate from the cabinet without her notice.

"Sounds lovely, I'll let you go as long as you bring this!"

It was odd, coming back home. It's like she'd forgotten our dispute, but she was no idiot, so I did my best to do the same.

Maybe it was because I saved a nation twice, or just time to reflect on her part.
I looked up to see a compass with initials engraved in it. N.U.

"Naruto... Uzumaki?" She nodded her head enthusiastically.

"He gave it to me on the day Sasuke married me. He said, 'so I'd never lost track of him,'" She beamed and went back to the dishes.

"Why are you giving it to me then?" For a compass, it was mighty small and dense.

"So you can always find your way back to me too,"

~

Boruto's POV

"Woah! So large!" The land stood green, yet trees were few and far in between.

"A perfect place for training!" Metal finished, Inojin sweatdropped.

"Who's gonna catch one first!?" I asked, the ecstatic look on everyone's faces made me uncaring on who did.

...

"God, one of us needs to develop wood nature, asap," Wasabi said, kicking down a tree and using water transfer to make sticks.

"Amen," Chocho grieved beside her.

Namida and Denki were collecting water from the stream next to us, we were camping on a cliff. Cause, why not.

It took immense concentration, Inojin came around to start tickling them from time to time.

Metal aided Chocho and Wasabi in the trees, Iwabe firmly crafted the support of our tent (House), Mitsuki and Inojin (mostly) meditating and calculating out the rivers flow and other fish.

Sarada and Sumire were designing our house while locating where possible food sources could be.

Shikadai and I were making a slope down to the river bank for easy access if necessary, we're also organizing the bonfire, and on the prowl for animals.

Easy to say within an hour we had 40 berries, an 18 by 18 house that we were using bamboo sticks for furniture, as well as animal skins and leaves. Three rabbits, two boars, and some honey.

A slope down the river, 12 fishing rods set up, the mapped stream of the river and all of its inhabitants, water in multiple earth-made buckets, a blasting bonfire with three tree's worth of sticks and a long day ahead of us.

~

I sat next to Mitsuki, who was half asleep and mumbling about the flow of the river, and the different fishes nearby.
The stars were bright and the crickets could be heard, all peaceful until I listened to a tiny 'swish.' "Woa-" The line strained, everyone around the campfire tilted their heads, Mitsuki was already at attention.

The Eternal Carp.

I skipped back, crushed my grip, used the earth to settle my sliding, and grit my teeth.

" CARP!" I yelled, everyone flashed over to me; it was at least 4 Boruto's long.

Sumire summoned Nue for him to place its blue things along my line, now indestructible. Shikadai used shadow possession on Inojin so he'd get up and help, Iwabe made and earth border for all of us to use as support, Mitsuki summoned his wind to pull our way, and then we yanked.

"Dumbasses," Kai said (whom we didn't even know was there, to begin with) while plummeting down to the river, shooting his hand in and using electricity to paralyze the fish, then seized it out fully despite the fact that it weighed at least 600 pounds, and landed softly near us.

"So this is where you went," I heard Juno from behind me. Oh boy.

~~

When Sumire got worried that our bonfire wasn't large enough to cook the fish Kai rolled his eyes (at the same time as Slydin) and made a fire ten feet long in the air, Slydin used earth to hold and rotate a stick through the carp while Juno had already used a kunai to descale it.

We all oohed/awed (alas, aloof Mitsuki),

"How did you all become so... efficient?"

Sumire asked because we still are a level inferior to them. Slydin's jaw hardened but the other two were fine.

"It's probably just because we've always been around each other." Mitsuki's eyes went hooded and I was the only one to notice (from now on when I say Nobody noticed just ASSUME that Kai did because this little fucker sees everything).

"Care to tell us why you were stalking us?" Chocho asked.

"Shadowing Mitsuki, and he happens to always be next to Boruto who is normally next to all of you, Mitsuki owes us the written evidence of Kiri's terrorist attack that I'm sure you all remember. As he gave it to the Kage but we're also on Boruto because Oreo-sama ordered us to give you thanks - for the whole, "Meet Orochimaru in exchange for our chemical composition in the skin to treat that Mist." Slydin said, Mitsuki felt borderline berserk and said,

"That was a horrible deal, if it hadn't affected any of us I would have just let the Kiri people figure it out themselves," I read between the lines. Trash deal joined with regret.

~~
“This...Is...The best thing I've ever eaten in my life,” Chocho said, tears streaming down her face. I think everyone other then Mitsuki and Kai were crying.

"I'd fight a damn army for this!” Iwabe yelled,

"I'd betray the leaf," Metal continued,

"I'd stop making fun of people," Inojin cried out,

And for fun, I added in,

"I'd go gay for another one of these," Everyone snickered other than Kai and Mitsuki. Emotions guys, humor, at least fake it.

"God, I can't believe I ate all of mine!” Chocho said, I hadn't started on mine so I presented it to her,

"B-BORUTO!” Chocho yelled, launching me to the ground with tears in her eyes,

"I LOVE YOU SO MUCH I'LL FIGHT A WALL FOR YOU!” She kissed my forehead and went back to happily eating, Kai and Mitsuki turned to me,

"Why didn't you eat yours?" They both asked simultaneously, and a shiver went down my spine, everyone stopped eating and watched them.

"Er... I care more about the time then the taste, honestly I'm fine with some berries. Seeing Chocho happy tastes better than any fish will."

Sumire took out her notes and had a mental breakdown,

"What, the fuck, why are you like this, do you know how much this screws with my data? Do you. Literally, no one else thinks like that. We don't deserve you," She took 12 pages of her notes and tossed them into the fire.

"Big mood," Inojin and Juno said at the same time, then finger gunned.

"Hasslesome;"

"What a drag;"

Both Slydin and Shikadai said at the same time, then looked at each other from the corner of their eye.

"Well then," Iwabe said while looking at the "What a drag" team, the "Meme," Team, and, "Emotions?" Team.

"Do you intend to go back home? We have plenty of room in our hou- tent.” It wasn't a tent. It was a full house, had a foundation, a proper door of animal skin, bamboo furniture, and a fireplace.

"No we're-" Slydin was interrupted by Juno’s enthusiastic,

"Yeah!"

But before anyone could argue I pointed to the sky and said,

"Watch..." The constellations were brighter than ever, glowing in batches and streams, decorating the deep blue sea with stitched in diamonds.
"Almost as breathtaking of you, beloved," Mitsuki said, eyes nearing his lantern yellow (I have 4000 Ryo placed on Mitsuki being nocturnal).

"Ahem, Gayyyyy," Wasabi called out.

By the time we all looked down the trio had left, Inojin annoyed,

"Where, the fuck, how, the fuck. They’re not anywhere, can't sense them!"

They left in the night, while I tried to sense them I noticed Namida's quickened heartbeat, the sweat on her palms and when I looked at her, I saw dilated pupils.

When I was near asking what disturbed her, Namida swallowed and started talking.

"Wasabi?"

"Hm?" All of Wasabi's attention went straight to her, like it was magnetic, her cat eyes noticing what she did.

"You know I've known you for 7 years now, I know that you hate the word moist, I know that you always double-knot your shoes, I know you can't decide your favorite color because you think all of them are just as important to create something beautiful... and I know that you've cared for me for as long as I can remember."

All of us stopped breathing. Sumire discreetly opened her phone to check the date, and I had bet on this happening two weeks from now dammit.

"So I was wondering...if... if..." Namida instinctively covered her face with Wasabi's collarbone area,

"If you'll be my girlfriend?" Without looking up, she held out a stick with her piece of the Eternal Carp, and her hands were shaking, her heart was beating uncontrollably, while Wasabi's somehow went faster.

"I-I was going to ask the same thing-" Wasabi held out her uneaten carp as well as proof, they both started tearing up in each other arms.

"Wait - shit - yes, of course, you dumbass!" Wasabi said while holding her closer,

Bugs landed in all of our eyes because we started tearing up, even Mitsuki had a warm, genuine smile.

'Inojin won the bet!' Sumire texted into a chat with everyone but them two.

Inojin: How much?

Sumire: 350,000 Ryo [3,500 of our cash]

Inojin: i feel like i cant be beaten in romance today so shikadai it's all yours

Shikadai: ...  

Shikadai: Your only being romantic out of spite?

Shikadai: Thats my boy

Mitsuki looked through the text on my phone, then his eyes furrowed and he left, straight into thin
Namida was happily laying down on the log with her head in Wasabi's lap, Chocho was 'spilling the tea' to Sarada while playing with her hair, Shikadai and Inojin were arguing about what would happen if you took only half of a pill (Half the effects or half the duration?)

Denki kept the fire going while half asleep on Iwabe's back, Metal staring into the fire while chatting with the two.

Sumire and I? Cherishing the stars.

"Do you think we'll ever get a constellation named after us?" I asked, she frowned,

"The stars we see are all dead, by the time the light reaches us they've- oh, um... I think we deserve it," She finished, I grinned. She was catching on to social cues slowly but surely.

I didn't expect Mitsuki to come back, in front of us all, and hand me an ENTIRE carp.

I didn't know what to say, Mitsuki looked maintained as always, but with a spark of anticipation?

He'd seen everyone giving their partners things, and I can't believe I'm thinking this - but Mitsuki felt left out - so he went and captured a fish.

This feels like what a Viking would do.

"'Zuki!" I said, a grin covering my whole face, he appeared proud.

~~

We elected to come here on the last day of every month.

It's funny, sometimes, when we do stuff we know we're not gonna use. Example; made three separate beds and just dogpiled onto one, Sarada leisurely let the fire go ten feet tall and we just talked about whatever was on our mind.

"We should make a promise," I said,

"Hm?" Sarada asked while everyone turned to me,

"A blood oath to show even spiritually were family, and nothing will break that."

Blood oaths with chakra were promises that, if broken, would deplete the user's chakra for weeks and restore to the person that experienced the break.

Doing it with yourself and someone else was a strong bond, you'd lose half of your chakra for weeks, if you did it with two other people, you'd only have a third of your chakra for weeks.

So 12 people? You'd only have 1/12. A low genin level for us, and possibly fatal if not restored and given proper care.

I closed my eyes,

"I swear, on my lifeline, on trust shall go through thick. On my heart, this may rest and cultivate our bond - that Denki, Iwabe, Metal, Sarada, Mitsuki, Boruto, Chocho, Inojin, Shikadai, Sumire, Namida, Wasabi are family by heart and will not injure with malice."
With that, we all cut our thumbs with our teeth, put them together, and let it run down or palms. We recited our names once more and then used a basic scroll to place it on — our contract.

"Goodnight,"

"Night night."

"See y'all in the morning."

"God, I hope we get to do this every month,"

Were all remarks made before falling fast asleep (And I? I was in the middle).

~~~

I walked into the school's office; my mother already seated there with a smile. It was a few days before our Genin exams, and it was the parent-teacher conference.

After the trip, with all of the commotion and Mist, Shino and Anko somehow didn't remember all of us using water justu to tip the boat (I'm 99 percent sure it was Kai).

So anything wrong I did really is canceled out by the fact that I helped with a cure to save a fifth of the world, come up with plans to regrow, and then aid in stopping a terrorist attack.

"Boruto, as many of his friends, are performing exceedingly well. Perfect test scores, an excellent control on ninjutsu, his own styles in taijutsu, and an average genjutsu scope."

"Friends," Sure, fine. Use such a bland and shallow description. Go ahead. With all of this, I felt humiliated when he mentioned,

"However, Boruto, like all of his friends, tend to ignore or pass by lessons due to their natural knowledge and think they are above the school."

Natural.

Like I hadn't used the class to sleep just because every other hour I was studying, fighting, and observing at The Area.

"Aw, come on... as long as I understand the subject I should be fine!"

"There is more to a school than that; school is supposed to teach you discipline and respect." I internally sighed.

"So, Boruto, what kind of shinobi do you want to become?"

Well, I wasn't expecting that.

Best to circumnavigate the truth with a half-hearted lie. Skirting authorities is getting easier.

"Hm, my only goal is to be better than my dad, but I don't care either way."

My goal is to protect my family; I don't care how powerful I get, I need to be strong enough to do
that. If that means to become stronger then father? Stronger than a Kage? Well, logic hasn't stopped
me before.

"You... you don't care!" Ugh, whatever, I'd do the same in their position.

"Hey, I'll get something. I'm exceptional after all aye!"

"Yes, well, Boruto do you mind stepping outside for a second? Then you can go home." I nodded
my head and just because they didn't teach enhanced hearing (storing chakra into specific areas of
your ears) didn't mean I didn't know it.

Once the door got slammed, I listened in.

"Boruto, just like all of our kids from the rookie nine, is a league above the others. However, their
closeness may be due to their childhood and upbringing, or our DNA, perhaps both..." Shino trailed
off.

"Either way, they almost worry me with it. Some days Denki will have on Namida's shoes, or Iwabe
will have Boruto's scarf. ...Lately, when they describe each other, Inojin says, "Pack," Shikadai and
Sarada say, "My People," and the others use the word family.

They work together on a level that's as good as Ino-Shika-Cho, and I don't know if it's
heartwarming, or dangerous. I just thought you should know."

I stopped listening.

I'm just glad the moment I kissed Mitsuki was also conveniently erased from Shino's mind.

I really owe Kai.

~~

Boruto's POV

I shuffled out of the classroom grinning. Today would be a lonesome day because we all had
different tasks.

My task was to get into my father's files in the Hokage's room and find out all building plans and
take a photo of them.

Why did you ask? Today's intel day, once every six months we go out and get every piece of
information about Konohana to assure were always one step ahead.

"Hey, you're a student here, aren't you?" A man with curly brown hair, purple clan lines, moss green
eyes, and pale skin said while recording me.

I would have told him that paparazzi were not allowed within a mile of the school ground, but my
spidey senses were tingling.

"Hm? Yeah, what do you need old man?"

"Old? How harsh, I'm Sukea, a freelance reporter," Hmmmmm.

Hmmmmmmmmmmmm.
No.

Find out his game.

"Ah, so like a journalist? I don't know how well freelance reporting is going with the rise in company funds and international television," He didn't flinch.

"Hm, I'm here to do a story on Academy students - and how they prepare to take the exams," He mumbled while facing his camera upwards.

If this wasn't true, it was elaborate. If he can lie so smoothly he's either a high-rank nin or a threat, possibly both.

The camera itself I've seen before in Denki's company lab. Not something for someone making an average income.

"I wish to examine how passionate they are, and what they dream of becoming."

Better take this into my own hands.

"Ah! A story on us? I'd enjoy helping!"

"Oh?" I ran back to the academy building and motioned for him to follow — my other hand behind my back texting, asking for anyone who could come back to the academy.

"I'll gather up some guys who are still on campus!"

3rd POV

Metal continued practicing his 5-inch punches when Sukea began his questionnaire.

"Why do you want to become a shinobi?"

Metal didn't hesitate to reply on his adoration and hope to reach his father's image, and to protect the place that they called home but it was, as the next few will be as well a half baked lie.

- 

Inojin sat weirdly on a bench when Boruto and Sukea found him (they all were coming in and seemingly natural all in the nick of time).

'God it’s good to have friends you can trust.' Boruto thought with a silent sigh of relief. It would be weird if they had all left so soon, and more mysterious that none went to their houses.

"Eh? I get to draw the things I enjoy, making more money than a normal artist," Wealth was beautiful, but not even close to Inojin’s actual answer.

"I get to put my hobby to practical use."

- 

Shikadai was on the roof, playing Sudoku.

"It's a drag, but I'm living up to my parent's expectations. So honestly, I find it calming. I doubt I
would do well with a desk job despite my intellect."

Sarada, still in class finishing up coping her textbook by hand,

"My goal is to become the Hokage, so first I must become a worthy shinobi, is that sufficient footage?" Lies upon lies upon lies.

Sumire stood in the halls, and acted surprised when called and questioned,

"Me! Ah, my goal is to... I don't really have a goal. I'm just trying to be me, and this seems about right,"

A bald (and vaguely irrelevant) kid said he had no wish to become a shinobi, and that he was going back home after graduation to overlook his family's temple.

"Do you think you'll pass? If not you, who?"

His face hardened, his jaw set and he nearly laughed,

"Mn, I wouldn't be surprised if They passed, their scores are flawless, I saw Denki start crying when he got a 98. Not to mention Their teamwork and skill, their head and shoulders above the rest and, not to be rude, but a bit odd. I think they'll do amazing."

Chocho was also on the roof later, eating chips and talking to Shikadai.

"Mh? Are you recording? The camera's too far to the right... good.... closer... perfect!"

"Why do you want to become a Shinobi?"

"Because I get to eat all of this food, dUh!"

Boruto's POV

"Well, Boruto, after seeing mostly everyone's answers, I must say you all have strong personalities..." I frowned, I could sense the unjustified disagreement with each of their answers.

"What's wrong, Boruto?"

..."Ah, well, everyone's got these solid idea's 'bout their futures while I'm not that sure."

I shrugged, the lie felt like acid on my tongue.

The camera pointed at me,

"Say, why did you join the academy?"
I looked up and uncrossed my arms,

"Ta get back at my old man, if I did what he did and did it better, people might finally not see me as, "The Hokage's Son" and just "Boruto,"

"Hm, and isn't there another way to do it?"

I shrugged, god I couldn't care less what people thought of me, if I was "The Hokage's Son" or just "Boruto" I couldn't care less as long as I had my family.

"Not that I can tell, well, gotta go! Thanks for your time, Mr. Sukea!" I yelled while jumping off the roof.

~~

"Well, it's common in this day and age to take the ninjutsu coarse, graduation means you're at a higher level and will be used better in any field."

Duh.

"Ah! Now that you mention it, I have seen a lot of Shinobi doing... average jobs."

"There you are, Boruto," I heard Mitsuki call from the hall, I let myself relax a little, nothing horrible could happen when he was around.

That's when I sensed Orochimaru's chakra; I got ready to high tail it back to Kiri with the terrorists.

"Ah... Mitsuki, you're parent's here aye?" He nodded his head enthusiastically. Good grief.

"All right, just make sure nothing goes wrong for me," I said and scratched his head.

That's straight right. Heterosexuals do that.

"Anything for you," He replied and walked away.

I don't think that's straight, maybe borderline.

-

I stood outside the academy, so few days left until the exam. Not even a week.

"Boruto!" I tilted my head but already knew who called.

"Yo, Sukea!" He smiled while trotting towards me. His presence sent shivers down my spine as I grit my teeth.

"I'd like to thank you for all of the work you did for me."

I waved it off,

"Nah, I enjoyed getting to see their stories,"

"Stories?"

"Yeah, I realized everyone has their plans... are you going to cover the graduation exams too?"

"Yeah, you'll see me again,"
I played with a coin in my pocket, and I felt like it had a double meaning.

Haaaaah.

"But Boruto," He said, pointing the camera,

"What story does your life wish to tell?"

3rd POV

The sun was setting on the horizon, casting a brilliant radiance of pastel and warm hues. It illuminated the path stones with pulsing color with shadows slow dancing as far as the eye could see.

Boruto was a boy, with a love stars could envy. And with so much love, there are only so many years he can go without understanding others and then the world.

While the recording went on, and Sukea observed quietly, Boruto's eyes grew hooded and a sad smile moved onto his face.

"Ah," He said, looking up at the sky falling on itself.

"In the end, we all become stories, huh?" Boruto took a deep breath in, admiring the land and all he could see, touch, hear, taste, and smell.

But the reporter didn't know that.

"Do you think that, because you don't have a strong goal you won't do as well as your peers?"

Boruto did have a goal, but his answer works either way,

"Oh, death doesn't discriminate from the sinners and the saints," And Sukea was shocked, for such a-

Boruto's POV

Shit.

"wAS WHAT I READ SOMEWHERE, hA!" I cannot afford to have this man second guess what we've been working on so hard — our forged idiocy and innocence.

"Ah, anyway, see ya!" I yelled out while running toward, not my house, but to the Area.

~~

3rd POV

Kakashi took off the wig, purple markings, makeup, and other accessories.

“So, Itsuki, after a few months of documenting them, and what you've just seen, what do you think?”

Itsuki’s lips pressed, a slight grin, and dare he say, a twinkle in his eyes.

“Every word that came out of each of their mouths were at LEAST a half lie. Not a single sentence was utterly genuine. Other then Boruto at the end, when he looked off into the sky. Other than that not a word was the truth,”

If Kakashi wasn’t an elite jonin who’d gone through all life had to throw at him, he might have been a bit more phased.
“Mh?” Not a single truth?

Itsuki’s hair swayed in the winds, and he looked up at the cloudy sky.

“I gotta admit, there are worse kids to be the sensei too,”

Is the written exam’s goal to steal the answers? Yes. Are we gonna do that? No.

Instead...

"All right!" Chocho yelled while slapping the sticky note on the door.

It read,

"We've gotten into your office and understand that the challenge is to gather intel, the safe number is 67583, however, as we don't want 30 minutes of sitting around and doing nothing, we've decided to take the test instead still legitimately,

Much love,

The 12

Moreover, in Chocho's handwriting, it asked for chips. Go figure.

"All right, place your pencils down," We all got an annoyed glare from Shino when Denki finished 15 minutes early and most of us 10.

"What, how!" Shikadai yelled,

"A 96, are you mutton?" He flipped to the page with the mistake, we all had 96 (Iwabe had 92) all easily an Advanced.

In thirty minutes, Shino was appalled to find that one of the test questions was wrong.

Itsuki POV

“Everyone looks pretty carefree,” Shino Sensei announced, he stood next to Anko Sensei, Konohamaru Sensei, and Kakashi, while I stood in their shadows. Observing them had become so habitual.

The 12 noticed, they felt my chakra and distinguished it as familiar, like an old memory or worn out piece of clothing.
"'Ello kits, I see you look lazy today," Kakashi chirped, holding up one bell.

Boruto's POV

After explaining all of the buttons and their conditions, we had the white band around our heads, four opponents with buttons, and one Kakashi to steal a bell from.

"Only one will pass,"

They had a lack of character, so that lie remained blatantly apparent (Clones), and there had to be three-person teams, so the one bell thing was also a lie.

While the others panicked, my people just stayed still, nearly tired.

'That lie was as clear as day, only the mentally stunted wouldn't get it,' Inojin said into our minds. We all agreed.

Kakashi smiled,

"And there you have it, if you don't come at us beside the intent to kill..." He turned his head and closed his eyes,

"Then we might unwittingly kill you,"

3rd POV

The 12 found this whole ordeal quite humorous, teamwork remained the name of the game, and they held that in spades.

The only difficulty: Whether or not they had to work with others, they collectively decided they'd rather fail and moved on.

Since all had 8 1/2 hours of sleep, the 12 would only require a nap and were allowed to use all weaponry throughout the 24 hours.

The 12 has the advantage in quantity and preparation, but the Jonin had real battle experience.

Something the 12 utterly lacked.

"Show us your resolve."

So with those four words, Boruto grinned, Sarada tensed, Mitsuki raised his chin, Inojin grasped his paintbrush, Shikadai narrowed his eyes, Chocho brushed her hair back, Namida fixed her fans placement, Wasabi traced her fingers across different files and weapons, Sumire lowered her center, Metal closed his eyes and breathed in, Iwabe smiled, and Denki flexed his fingers.

They would show their resolve by overpowering the elites.

Though the trio knew a game when they saw one, the buttons and bands were only a distractor, who would go on were still entirely up to them.

The trio were only sent to the academy out of currency, their status would move up no matter the result, so this didn't mean much.

As Kakashi finished wrapping up on how he wouldn't lose to school kids, Boruto backed up and leisurely threw a kunai towards his neck, once it pierced, the smoke popped up.
"Bold of you to assume we'd lose to someone hiding in the shadows," Boruto seethed while throwing another (explosive) kunai his way, east of where we all stood.

Instead of catching it, he threw another kunai at it to prevent it from ever reaching him.

"My my, like father like son,"

After that, he stood away and concealed his presence,

"Good luck," He looked back at everyone, grinning,

"You'll need it,"
Chapter Summary

The Genin Test is finally here! Two updates in a week! God might just have shit his pants when he saw! 45 min. reading.

"Good luck," He looked back at everyone, grinning,
"You'll need it,
~~
"He's mocking us!" One yelled, several charging forward where they'd last seen him.
~~
Enko whizzed past a tree branch, the leaved shuddering in her wake.
"Why bother to use so much energy?" Houki, the Likely-To-Be-Mini-Kakashi, asked as Enko grinned with unadulterated glee.

Houki sighed as he re-adjusted his mask and felt around for his water, the girl rolled her eyes, the branch she finally perched on bowing under her weight. Enko's eye's fluttered shut, a tell-tale sign of her sensing.
"You want to use the others as a diversion and reap the benefits of minimum effort."
He shrugged,
"And what's so wrong with that?"
Enko sighed, wondering what the other classmates were up to, and how fast they'd fail.
"Either way," Came a light voice above them, the orange haired girl named Kiri.
Kiri was always kind, a teacher's pet personified in fact. But Enko knew a psychopath when she saw one.
"Working together is a unique, and only, chance for any of us to have an opening against such elites. We have to play it safe, reserve our energy, and play dirty while making no foes on our side." Kiri swung her legs while picking some berries off to her right.
"These Jack Berries are toxic, nothing serious, but would easily knock someone out for a few days, heavy fever afterwards, it'd be a shame if they landed in one of the sensei's food, wouldn't it?" Kiri asked while pulling her bag free.
"Psh, they say I'm the morally grey one," Houki replied with a satisfied smile.
Yeah, they'd make a great team.
Boruto's POV

Everyone bolted towards the general direction of the Sensei. Us? We knew better.

Leaving only my people and the trio.

I eyed Kai's gruesome grin with frost. That grin, rare, only making an appearance when his Fight Factor pooled in his veins and there was no pulling it out.

"We saw the tracking devices you planted on them, why don't we take Itsuki on, and you all take the rest. We're not idiots; this is about teamwork; this negotiation will give us enough qualification to pass whether we fail or succeed."

Kai said while handing me a ... gift?

I took it carefully and peeked inside the small box.

There was a piece of a crystal.

"Mitsuki had me make it for you, it's a... container similar to Sarada's Strength of A Hundred Seal."

I noticed the wire and hung it around my neck.

He explained that in a dire circumstance it would activate the chakra remains I had left and put them into overdrive as well as sending out a signal.

"Ha? Shikadai, what will you do if I start to die?" Inojin asked dramatically, Shikadai gave him a once over and declared they he would broadcast Inojin's favorite memes at his funeral.

"That's love," Juno said, and we set off, Itsuki's tracker in the trio's hands.

Sumire with Namida and Wasabi.

Shikadai with Inojin and Chocho.

Denki with Iwabe and Metal.

Sarada, Mitsuki, and I. We stayed.

We organized to split up, to use our healing to aid other teams, we also planned our attack against Kakashi when the time came.

With that 10 minute planing over, it's time to scavenge for the others.

~

Wasabi's POV

The rock I hunched down behind felt cold, grainy, Namida's warmth at my side the only reminder of why I was here. Why I watched intently as Konohamaru knock out a group 6 strong with a coldness that laid in his eyes that I'd seen far too many times, their headbands got taken, and even he couldn't hide the flash of sympathy he held in his eyes to himself.
I grinned.

That's what all we'd need.

We're acting as bait, the flinch in his left hand told us he was coming straight for us.

"To think you children would take this so simply is... pretty bad guys," We heard a voice from behind us, but be didn't flinch.

Right before he could strike, Sumire seized his collar and yanked him back hard enough to give a light concussion. I turned, looking at her arms spreading apart, that same coldness in her eyes. I chuckled.

She aimed a kunai for his button, but he flickered away after throwing a bomb down.

I pulled out my cat contract and smelled the world around me, (Namida smelt like meadows and trees in bloom) and found his scent.

But Sumire, she caught something as well.

"Namida, Wasabi, go after him, I'm going to get rid of Shino-sensei," We stood and nodded simultaneously at Sumire's request to trail him.

~~

Shikadai's POV

We're handling the Jonin's (justified) sense of arrogance to our advantage, having group Metal "run around" in a genjutsu, waiting until Anko got ready to strike.

All three of us sat hunched observing the observer, watching fools, watching fools. Her left knee tilted, shoulders hunched in.

'Now.'

I posted in our minds and sent a shadow jutsu her way.

She leapt off just in time, right as she was about to land Chocho controlled all of her strength and slammed the terrain, shattering the layers and uprooting at least a few trees.

"Nice chubs," Inojin said calmly, placing his painting down,

"Super beast scroll: White Dragon!" The drawing encased the falling trees and rubble, binding it all together into a devastating pile with Anko at the center.

The snake slithered out and sent some our way. It's cold scales wrapped around my lungs, arms, and legs. I watched its jaw unhinge and sink into our necks. Chocho was the first to react, grabbing her snake by its head and slamming it against a nearby tree effectively killing it.

Inojin cut his with a kunai as did I, but the poison had approximately 13 minutes. We needed more time than that.

Anko wasn't perfect herself, not realizing that Team Metal had all easily escaped and run off to attack Konohamaru.

This may not be a fight for our lives but it damn sure felt like one.
Chocho picked up a tree and lunged it at her, narrowly dodging again, scraps ran across her face and body, tiny but dripping rich blood.

Inojin slammed down multiple spikes and explosive wires while Chocho and I doubled teamed her. She dodged them with practiced smoothness.

We were becoming tired, so we transferred some of our chakra into oxygen for our muscles and ran for plan two.

Inojin pulled out his sword and sliced snakes left and right while Chocho used a fire technique to have ash tumbling through the air, now that it was difficult to see I rigged the trees with wires, even Jonin fall for it. So did she.

After the dust settled, she had more cuts than before and breathed loudly.

"Our victory is written in stone," I said while lighting the fuse to the ends of the wires. They didn't just aim to cut, they're covered with high levels of gasoline and flammable, they're also connected to the explosives Inojin had placed in earlier.

We knew she'd dodge them, so now we just had to light them.

Stage three was more of a mindfuck then anything.

Amid explosions, Inojin chopped the nerve at the back of her head (she'd only be out for 3 minutes best) and Chocho ran her to an identical clearing in the forest.

Inojin reached out to touch the button right as she woke.

"Did you like our genjutsu?" He asked through a sly smile. There was no genjutsu, but she didn't need to know that.

We were 14 miles from where it had happened. Even if she found the same area, I used wind to clear the ash, Inojin used earth to redeem it, and his drawings were still working to push the chunks of wood into the stream.

"... You managed a genjutsu?" The "Against Me?" went unsaid, she was utterly terrified. After I healed our most visible wounds, her distorted sight and low chakra levels wouldn't detect our damage even if I wanted to cry from the burns.

Then she sighed and walked past us,

"You all are some demons, good luck with Hatake!" Moments after she left we plunged down and Chocho stared to lightly cry as I healed the burns and significant cuts, Inojin clutched his abdomen and I sensed internal bleeding when Boruto showed up.

"Hey, I'm here to heal," As if he knew we'd be in this position afterward.

Inojin sighed in relief and thanked Boruto by pressing a kiss to his cheek, I grumbled, Chocho cooed.

Maybe he did know, his team's overpowered and that's me stating that.
Boruto's POV

After healing someone it usually takes them a few hours to regain complete mindset and thought, but there they were, pretty much fine. Inojin's wounds, however, were internal and required a lengthy diagnosis. I was tempted to put him under, although I was able to perform with just a sheet and some basic tools, the mystical palm technique is fragile, if you give too much, they go under, too little, blood could get lost, or the whole ordeal could be worse than when it started.

"Inojin, no fighting for the next 38 hours, doctors orders," I glared while packing all of my tools and charts back into my scroll.

"Psh, as if," I bit my cheek and swung the scalpel over his nose,

"If you do so much as a push up while this test goes on I'm knocking you out.

He grinned, although a stab of pain hit his abdomen when he sat up,

"As long as I'm breathing, I'm fine," It was our motto, and I was going to murder Sumire and Denki for making it official.

Iwabe's POV

We had the edge against Konohamaru on stamina and speed, but he had the technique, experience, and better intuition than anyone I'd ever faced, a flair of unpredictability haunting his moves and kunai attacks. Boruto would be an excellent matchup for him; even Boruto doesn't know what he's doing half the time.

While Denki used his strings and Blue to fight, he still had months until the movements were perfected - so really it was just something to keep enemies on their toes while fighting us two.

Metal did his sequences, presently it was: Block, Pull, and a type of kick - but the man slipped out of holds more then Mitsuki, and disappeared the next moment every time. We're a lousy match against opponents we can't see, we're here for combos and brutal attacks. He knew that too well.

We're getting drained quickly.

Metal went in for a roundhouse, Konohamaru ducked, and Metal sent a few hundred-year oak flying and bashing against other trees.

"Denki!" I yelled when Konoharu flickered behind him, kicking the feet out from beneath him, letting his head slam on the ground effectively knocking him out.

It was dirty; there were plenty of kinder ways to knock him out he could have just taken the band.

I'm sure Denki would have stayed calm and noticed that, making some smarty-pants deduction for the lack of headband stealing.

But my instinct imprisoned my thought.

Denki, with fear in his eyes, then went silent, moveless.
I know, somewhere in my mind, that it would only take a handful of days for him to regain his former self. However, my blood ran, vision narrowed, teeth and fists clenched, the ground rumbled under my feet as my kunai changed form.

Metal uttered my name as I relished in the bewilderment in Konohamaru's eyes, his hesitance to move all I needed.

My kunai split, hundreds of senbon all sharp enough to cut through skin and I didn't think twice before sending them all his way.

Metal, out of the corner of my eye, froze. Denki, lifeless, on the battlefield.

It wasn't real, but it felt real, and Metal lost his grip on rationality and began to open the first gate unconsciously.

Until he didn't, he opened the fourth gate.

His skin went blood red, and eyes went white, rage pouring out of his mouth as he used a fire coated ax kick, then a wind palm, lastly a reverse lotus while I kept him in place with the blurring speeds and hits of 6-inch senbon.

Konohamaru was about to receive the final, powerful open-handed strike and kick simultaneously, sending the target crashing into the ground; which is usually fatal due to the speed and power behind the attack - but Konohamaru had learned and adapted to this inhuman speed and caught his wrist, sending him flying towards the ground.

"WAH!" Metal yelled out, knowing well the moment he crashed into the ground he'd faint due to chakra exhaustion, four gates damage, and the trauma combined, it must have been the spark, while the two were mid-air, Metal flipped his form and drew a mid-air side kick landing straight on Konohamaru's thigh while a few of my senbon hit his left shoulder.

The moment Metal touched the ground I caught Konohamaru in a headlock, he squatted and grabbed my right arm, throwing me across the field until I slammed into a tree.

"You all have spirit and a lack of restraint - but your teamwork needs work, and your basics haven't been fully smoothed."

Right as I got up, I continued his evaluation,

"My patience and analysis skill needs work, Metal needs to focus on chakra build up and exhaustion, Denki needs to learn everything between on battle experience to staying hidden. Don't worry; we have a Sumire; we know what we need to work on."

With that I raised my staff, I couldn't evaluate his wounds like Boruto, Sarada, Inojin, Mitsuki, or any of them, but heaven is damned if I can't cause more.

"Fireball! Earth wall!" I yelled out, signing for a 20-foot wall to curl around Konohomaru while blowing out a fireball. He merely used wind to counter, but he was cocky if he thought that that was all that was needed to take it down.

Wind will only dominate if it's stronger, if equal or below it will fuel, and it's not that he doesn't know that... love is the most powerful tool. He's just unaware of the spades each of us holds it, how we'll go all in, how we'll go even further than that.

A flicker of panic encompassed his eyes while the fire came hurtling forward faster.
I slammed my hands to the ground and had layers of gravel tightened around his ankles preventing him from escaping.

He encircled himself in the reflective wind and brought drops of water towards him, but it wasn't strong enough.

He had scars with first and second-degree burns, and his grit teeth showed the pain even if his posture didn't.

That took up a lot more of my chakra than I was willing to admit, however, since he was no healer nin all I have to do is outrun him.

I pulled up two earth clones, if broken or hit they'd regather in seconds, and their skin crafted of deep rock.

"Come at me! Konohamaru!" He'd seen this jutsu before, and it was a common one anyway. So he kept track of the real me.

He grinned, eyes hooded and whispered out,

"You brought this upon yourself," I lowered my stance and got prepared for some sort of Rasengan.

"Sexy: Girl on Girl Technique!" He grinned evilly before transforming into 12 different exposed girls.

I took my kunai and stuck it into his shoulder (it was the blonde one, she had the most chakra, he didn't even try to conceal it, expecting me to be paralyzed by the beauty).

He gasped in shock, then kicked my feet out and elbowed me in the face.

It hurt like a bitch and my clones are so simple-minded they were fighting the other girls until they puffed away.

"Kami, why weren't you phased?" He asked slamming my back into a tree - choking me with one hand.

"Like it doesn't make any sense, EVERYONE falls for-" While he was monologuing, I just used air conversion to get air to my lungs and wait till he realized that I was completely fine and just storing up chakra for a final blow.

"and-oh my god..." He slammed his forehead, "You're gay, that's why-ah. Hey, you're not turning blue, or struggling." He pushed harder, my esophagus completely shutting. I grinned, the shade over my eyes hiding the bloodlust.

"Suprise bitch," I said, whamming my right heel into the stomach and then backhanding the senbon further into his flesh, and he threw up on the ground, some blood.

Before my feet even touched the ground, I felt my legs give out, so I breathed in for the last hit.

It never came.

Namida panted, holding it steadily, even weakened that punch wasn't by any means soft. She twisted his wrist and Wasabi lit her hand, pulsing with electricity as it met the back of his neck, knocked him out like a light.

They granted me the honors, I hit his button with my foot, and Wasabi began to heal my wounds as
best she could.

"Nice," I said, feeling the light close while watching Namida pick up my two unconscious teammates.

~~

Mitsuki's POV

Do I enjoy the fact that I'm in the middle of a jungle, only Sumire by my side as we run towards Shino off in the distance? No.

Am I going to be swifter and surpass her at taking Shino-sensei out? Absolutely.

The trees flew past me as I ran towards Sumire's fading chakra and Shino-sensei's idle signature.

She'd be fine in this battle by herself, but with two we could hopefully take him with fewer injuries on our side.

"Ah, so it seems you two think you can take me on alone," He'd said while holding onto a firefly, common in Konohana's summers.

I could imagine Sarada's surge of energy or Boruto's determined smile, but I just solidified my stance and began practicing scenarios in my head.

"I think I could take you on alone perfectly fine," I said, our feud was quite enjoyable, she immediately brought her weapon and then pointed it at me,

"Big talk coming from someone who can't work a toaster,"

"Why learn when you can just-" I shoved my hands up,

"Use legitimate fire,"

"You just don't wanna admit that the 'Ping' startles you!" She yelled out crossing her arms.

"Oh, startle me? Like all the times Boruto just stands behind you, and you start screaming?" He did it to everyone, well... I could sense him covered in thousands, but she already knew that. Moreover, she hated it.

"Listen just because you," The kunai she held was now pointed at me,

"Can sense that damn sensor nin where ever he goes, doesn't mean we can!"

"It's not that difficult,"

"Neither is working a toaster you synthetic simpleton," We enjoyed this, however, rudely interrupted as a swarm of, by the looks of it, lethal beetles flew and buzzed our way.

~~

Itsuki laid there, in the middle of a field vast and clean, free of the shadowed bushes and cloaking trees eating his yogurt with glee.

His hair and soft clothing bellowed in the wind, and the tilt of his head meant he knew.
Was there a button on his chest? Yes. Was he about to raise his guard for people he'd been examining for months? No.

"Come out come out where ever you are!" It had been three hours, and he had a nap sometime in between.

After finishing his jar (he mourned) and began to play with a yo-yo till the trio - Kai in front with Slydin and Juno at his flank all strut in, not a scratch to be found despite the tree's and bushes.

Itsuki's POV

"About to bite the bullet aren't we? You must be mad as the hatter!" I spoke, loud and clear. Nothing would through them off as much as a dialogue shift between utter silence at the Mist and weird phrases here.

What can I say? I learned it from Him.

"Ah, but we are not worms, although we shall turn," Juno replied, love that kid.

"Mh, seems we have to do that fighty thing now, aye?" I said, getting up for the first time in hours.

"Seems so," Slydin said, doing that Glasses Thing.

Kai stayed silent.

"Ah, cat got your tongue?" I knew damn well he was analyzing. I could feel it in his look; it felt like Him as well.

Although the two were polar opposites.

He was the first to move.

"Touch your button," He said it as a command, had I not already placed in earbuds in preparation, I would have done it.

"I thought as much, I assume I must do this by force;" After those words his form vanished and the air grew colder. Darker.

Juno sprung forward, I blocked an onslaught of attacks with ease, dragging his arms down and twisting.

There were splinters of bone in there that would take months to heal even with his age and abilities - but he had something that could negate the Big Bad.

Death.

He didn't die - and if you killed him, he'd come back later stronger then before.

So with all of that pain, I wasn't startled when he naturally adapted to a kicking style while Slydin suddenly began running faster than even I could go.

When he bounced forward, I backflipped and used the momentum to crack the ground - kicking large pieces of mid-air earth towards the two.

One piece scrapped by Slydin causing the clone to evaporate - I only had a moment to duck when I felt the natural airflow that was just too odd to be the wind behind me.
Kai, still nowhere to be seen would have to deal with me in a one on one if he didn't hurry.

Slydin was a beautiful escape artist and his sealing left room to envy - but it was all irrelevant.

As long as I avoided that seal of his, I'd be fine.

"Don't think about doing that unless you're besties with the reaper, Kai Kastil," I said, loud enough for him to hear from half a mile away.

I figured out his game.

"Bold of you to assume I wasn't next in line," He whispered back, foolishly, I'd taken out the earbuds to hear their movements and placed them in just in time for his plan.

"Demon's Scream: Wind and Vibration Release!"

The wind howled.

In that pinch of time, it was all it took.

A tenth of the forest got swept away and died. No animal or bush survived, and each tree toppled in a few mile radii.

The result, utter annihilation, the ground upturned, not a puddle or twig was left in sight, only layers of dust, gravel, mud, and broken trees.

I sighed while taking them back out - if they were normal my ears would have been decimated, and my flesh at the moment should have at least grown pink from the harsh treatment causing an internal imbalance and incorrect rain functions in the sky.

"Close but guess who's sister created that damn technique," I said through gritted teeth, my eyes grew white and I could see his beating heart, widened eyes, and, almost, fear.

The moment he took his next step it was my turn.

I grabbed Slydin as he lunged at me and elbowed his ribs - as Juno used the first gate, a kicking style with an all elemental staff I broke it in half, broke his left knee cap and then his spine just as Kai got back.

"Glad to see you've made an appearance," I said throwing my arms in the air that were coated with his brothers sweat and blood.

He closed his eyes and breathed in,

"Ultimate Release: Circed Plunge," This had been why he used ash and dust to cover, the more materials, the more this would burn.

A circle of fire is burning 15 feet high, the sky and surroundings battering me down with harsh winds, the earth fluctuating beneath my feet, and lighting swarming the air, the more there was, the worse consequences on my body.

It grew such a deep blue it shifted into blackness as the fires roared and crinkled, threatening my incarceration.

Against Kakashi, this might be quite effective.
"A shame kid, this is one fine technique, use it and hold it close - it damn well may save your life someday."

I said sitting back down as the fire crept closer and the ground was swallowing me alive.

"Yin Release: Undone,"

So suddenly the meters high fire whisked into nothing, the winds traveled elsewhere, the ground redid itself, and the water evaporated back.

Before Kai could even blink I tugged his collar down to the ground from behind, he used earth to try and take me with him, but I ducked and let him fall unconscious.

"A ruthless fighter, young jonin at least, but my friend," I took off their headbands.

"It's a curse to be born to this,"

Before I could take Kai's band I had only a second to dodge a massive fireball coming my way.

It was larger than life, 15 feet in diameter, and would have scorched countless trees had there been any left after Kai Kastil's attack.

"Sarada Uchiha," Turning around I saw her accomplice,

"And Boruto Uzumaki,"

He grinned, feral and ready to dive.

"Nice show, encore, encore!" I rolled my eyes realizing that he thought he would do any better than the other two.

"Tell me, Uzumaki, Uchiha, what do you have that these three," I gestured to the three bodies that lay unconscious.

"Don't?"

"Morals, a sense of humor, other than Juno but his is deranged, oh, and a stronger will," Well, can't argue with science.

"Mh, and how will that take me down?"

Sarada got tired of the small talk that I was using to judge their chakra levels.

"Clever girl," She had already activated her Sharingan and summoned earth around her legs and ran toward me. She knew well from before that close combat wouldn't work in her favor, and as long as I didn't look into her eyes, I'd be fine.

Earth Barrel," Walls 20 feet up skyward, decayed from the ground, shaking the very foundation of the forest, suddenly melting onto themselves and forming a maze.

Uzumaki appeared next to me and was armed with wires and gas tags, then flew right past me.

"Ah," Their game was to distract me.
I saw the glare of wires surrounding me through the tunnels as Sarada and Boruto set fireballs in the air and around the now locked in a maze. Not only use its darkness but ash and burn the oxygen out.

But they're stupid to think I haven't escaped greater traps.

I have to admit; I haven't been surprised in a month and a half. They came at me with sheer force, despite the lacking oxygen, complete darkness, and intricate wires they hadn't even placed half of.

They trapped themselves along with me, a stage they hatched to utilize their superior will, and energy plus their advantage of teamwork to overwhelm me.

Guess my shocked counter has to be reset, the little shits.

I have to say, this was not a show of power over death like the Kastil's, but a show of life.

I blocked and ducked, the place more then stuffy, the oxygen levels were more then half out and only getting flatter the more fire they applied.

I was running into wires left and right and so were they, but when I had enough, I let my Undo jutsu do its work.

Only to find that I was lightheaded from it all, with cuts pouring blood (They weren't covered in poison, I would have smelled it, and they would have been poisoned as well, even with an antidote it would hinder them more than me.

When I saw Boruto healing his wounds while simultaneously signing for a ninjutsu technique I had to reset the 'surprise' counter again.

Sarada? I'd seen her work day and night and knew her heritage. There's no way she wasn't learning how to heal or genjutsu's.

However, to see Boruto healing himself? Sprinkle me with glitter and call me your uncle. I'm fascinated. There's been a million Boruto's and a handful of Sarada's that I've faced.

This is the first time I've seen a guy chose the commonly "Girly" nin pathway. I loved his drive that overrode the path he was told about, he made his own way, and his healing abilities stood as a signature revolution.

Their wounds healed and in the 15 minutes we were battling in there they didn't seem to have any obstacles with oxygen, not once, even I appeared a little lightheaded.

But all good things must come to an end. They'd passed whether they got the bell or not and this meant that all three, Boruto, Mitsuki (assuming he passed, as he probably will), and Sarada will be my genin team.

Oh boy.

Sarada caught me in a genjutsu, I escaped in half a second.

Boruto's eye lit up a little, if only for a second, and coated himself in lightning.

"You handle depth charge very well, however, your amp needs to be worked on," He stopped mid-lunge and stared at me in shock.

"It... has a name? Also, you're correcting me?"
Shit.

I know he was a sensor nin, but at times he could be thicker than brick. Others? Paper.

If anything it was meant to throw Sarada off, but she attacked, undeterred.

Wait. You're telling me the Uzumaki had done depth charge without knowing that- Oh fuck it of course he did, this is one of the less eerie things he's done.

Sarada swung her fist, when I blocked I felt a teaspoon of chakra being transferred from me to her.

I spun and roundhouse kicked her in the stomach, flinging her half a football field away.

She'd anticipated it, using that weird Kabuto healing trick.

Boruto seethed, rage overtaking him like a warm coat in winter.

"Ah, the true Uzamaki, protective,"

He set up not 5, the amount he'd made when I first started watching them, not 10, the amount he had a month ago, not 15, the amount he had last time I checked, but 48.

"Boruto Stream!" Nearly 50 voices called out, 16 Boruto's all fixed on me in a circle with everything from explosives, to overly sharp Fuuma Shuriken.

I closed my eyes and followed by ear.

With .25th of a second before I crashed, I summoned a wall I knew they'd break through with ease.

Then right as there was .1 of a second till they hit, I stabbed the real Boruto close to the spine, damaging everything from ribs, right lung, nerves, veins, tissue, anything you can name.

Suddenly half of them popped away as his eyes nearly went cold, Sarada took his body and leaped away, but right as she jumped I struck her down.

She looked me dead in the eyes and activated the strength of a hundred seal, healing her overly and healing Boruto without even touching him as he struggled (but did nevertheless) heal himself. The blood stopped, I saw a prodding bone place itself back into place slowly, and through gasps of pain.

"As long as I'm breathing, I'm fine," They both said in harmony.

Her seal crossed over her face, and both her and Boruto were up, chakra alight, blood in their veins fighting for each other like the world was on the line.

I stretched a little,

"Bring it baby demons," Sarada struck the ground, forcing a mile's worth of earth to rise including the ones we were standing on.

Then deactivating her strength of a hundred seal.

...Could she be? Ah, saving energy to fight Kakashi.

Now we were all high above the trees and using the rocks/air Justu's to keep afloat while hurtling earth and taijutsu moves onto each other when I felt my heart... skip a beat.
Not in the right way.

It took thirty seconds to hit the ground, I had them both and was about to land a final blow (they were recked, and couldn't waste any chakra on healing just on dodging) when I lost the use of my arms,

"What...?" The word I made was unconscious.

Then my back, and then my legs, the world came crashing towards me and darkness welcomed me like an old friend.

Boruto's POV

Despite our planning and reservoirs - the hits were all to pressure points. Itsuki's almost wholly healed form after our best attacks conspired to give me PTSD.

It was the last stretch, and if we could dodge this and regroup with the others we stood a chance but... he fainted.

We stood there in shock, his wordless form, barely a scratch on him, fainted as he lost the ability to stand.

Before we could blink three kids from our class stood in front of us their back to us and hit his button.

"Kiri, the berries were supposed to work in 30 minutes!" Enko said, hands on hips.

Kiri rolled her eyes, pointing her finger at Itsuki's fainted form.

"He's down for the count, just because it was 38 minutes doesn't change anything."

"Be lucky it didn't," Houki, the baby Kakashi looking child, replied.

"Oh, thanks for exerting him a little, Sarada Uchiha, Boruto Uzumaki. It was quite a show," Kiri said, strutting tight past us and calling for the other two who followed before she could even speak.

"A little note for you two, this world isn't founded on will, it's founded on who wins and who doesn't."

With that, the new trio disappeared and laughed at something Enko said.

I felt wobbly, Sarada spent the next eight minutes healing both of us.

"A new threat is on our horizon, we can either support them or do our best to beat them down," Sarada said, and I'm sure she was talking about the trio and Itsuki.

He corrected me in battle.

What does that mean? Moreover, why can't I stop thinking about it?

~~

Sumire's POV

Shino-sensei was meeting the end of his rope, Mitsuki's determination felt like shallow cuts and sharp winter winds, I could tell he was nearing Sage Mode.
I sat, right in the middle of the crossfire and let the natural fall into me, all the stored chakra so intimate I could feel it's warmth, the world around melted into irrelevant fragments, the sounds changed, white is all that painted my vision.

Almost...there. There it is.

While opening my eyes, I felt rested, weightless. As if nothing I did brought any strain. A sense of pure control.

Mitsuki was about to attack when he felt me, saw me. He froze mid-pounce, watching carefully as white chakra swirled around me.

"Sumire, you've unlocked the Strength of a Hundred Seal..." Mitsuki said and gave me a warm closed-eye smile while flipping over a swarm of bugs via a sharp blast of wind.

"I'm proud," Then his face turned back to stone, and his eyes shut.

Sage mode.

"Shino-sensei, this is the end of the line," He said summoning a ball of wind that encased all of his form, rotating at speeds tearing apart nearby trees, I kept my stance firm to not fly away,

"Sumire," He whispered with hooded eyes, it's all he had to say.

I nodded my head and encompassed both my hands with more chakra then I'd ever felt, just my bones and a few layers of skin, spreading through my wrist, ulna, radius, humerus, and shoulder blades - protecting my joints and honing the chakra until it turned from white to light purple.

"AH!" I yelled out, Mitsuki's wind projecting me forward at breakneck speeds and hitting him dead center in the sternum. The surrounding tree's and bushes all fluttered and tilted massively afterward, only then feeling the wind of my speed.

He flew back through dozens of trees and crashed into a Mountian, making a crater that stuck 8 feet deep. More than passed out, massive internal bleeding, multiple broken ribs, bruised and torn legs, the impact alone was close enough to kill him, Mitsuki and I flickered over and I? Given the honor to hit his button while Mitsuki did some light healing to assure he didn't bleed out and that the concussion didn't have long term effects.

"Nice," I said, he nodded his head and mid-step he froze with one name on his lips,

"Boruto," His entire frame immediately got soaked in worry, the moment he looked East I knew that Boruto was in trouble, we looked at each other then ran.

~~

"Boruto..." I watched as Mitsuki refused to turn off his Sage Mode, enveloping both of them in a light blue as they both clung. Sarada and I looked towards each other and grinned.

"I thought you had a pretty cool seal," I said, and Sarada laughed while leaning on my side.

"I feel imitated," She replied, I held one arm around her and another on my forehead.

"What color is it?"

"Half of it is deep purple, half is light, they both merge in the center beautifully," I assumed it took both of my natures, the one I grew in and the way I grew out of it. The deep purple burned onto my
back, and the light purple I chose to wear.

"There's a certain freedom that's awakened when we chose to meet our fear with compassion and worthiness." She said, feeling her own seal, a deep, raven black.

"What was my fear?" I hadn't even an ounce of doubt while going into the fight, and I seldom fear that I'll lose.

"Sumire, you fear that your animal side will terrify the others, what I think you realized was that we're not hiding away from it, we're trying to learn it too." I stopped walking and grinned, kissing her on the cheek.

"Ah-! I-You didn't need to-," But eventually settled into my arm as we walked towards the rendezvous spot.

"No, but I wanted to, at this rate, everyone's gonna do it, you should just accept it," I said, squatting down and pulling her bridal style. She laughed with her eyes clothes and said that she'd refuse till the end.

Mitsuki's POV

I tugged on his blood-stained white shirt, he'd torn his jacket in the fight and one side of his pants had turned into shorts.

We said nothing as the two left, walking to The Point, and I let my senses fill with him again.

"You know Sarada and I will always be fine," He moved his hands onto my shoulders and before he could utter any more bullshit I held his chin and let my mouth move over his, the taste of ash and blood crammed his lips and tongue, I loved the taste. His right hand slid through my hair and laughed into the kiss.

"Hey, people could be watching ya know?" I felt his lips move over each word, I felt his heartbeat through the top of his neck and his warmth dripping into my chill.

"You know I could care less," I kissed the side of his lips.

"Loving in halves has never been an element in my existence," And neither was it in Boruto's.

"Yes, but soreness is, we should head back," I sighed and looked towards the vast expanse, a tenth of the forest now dirt, mud, and tree splinters. I let myself breathe in the crisp air and lack of ash as my nails stung from my fight.

"Too late to just live normally, huh," He nodded.

~

One Hour later - In the Northern Part of the Forest -

Boruto's POV

I rolled my arm and was lucky enough to be healed by Sarada while she activated her seal, I was good as new, if anything, more than ready to fight.

However, we had 20 whole hours left.

Sarada, Mitsuki, Sumire, Wasabi, and I were all lined up; I'm healing Kai, Mitsuki with Shikadai and
Denki, Sarada with Slydin and Chocho, and Wasabi with Metal.

Chocho had light injuries, but they could go horrible if went untreated, Shikadai and Inojin were worse off, significant burns and chakra depletion as well as muscle overuse.

Luckily I got to the worst of it right after it had passed and were not letting either of them go near Kakashi.

Slydin and Kai both a wreck, blood dripping down their skin and hardened over time, various stab wounds, nerve adjustings, layers of skin shredded, broken and fractured bones galore.

Metal was a mess of peeling skin, high blood pressure, and blood loss, but he'd been preparing for it (well, gate 3, not 4) and so the damage wasn't AS bad, and with Wasabi's precise healing, blood increasing pills, as well as the soothing remedies Sumire had already packed he'd be better in a week.

Iwabe was average, his one on one with Konohamaru left him raw, torn muscles, chakra and muscle exertion - but again nothing permanent.

I placed Kai's hand down and stretched his fingers until one went the wrong way (slightly) and analyzed the joint movement and chakra flow (or lack of which and began healing.

Those not being healed and healing were getting food and setting up shelter.

Namida, Juno, and Chocho (once healed) all finished up and by Sarada's stopwatch (she also began carrying a compass despite our capacity to tell where things were by the sun ) we had 19 hours and a half and so we sat down, ate boar, berries, drank water filtered from the river, and snuggled close. With all of the extra time left we delved into possible ideas, plans, weaknesses, so on.

I got a minor headache, so I headed inside the hut we'd made as the sun fell past the tree-line.

"Uzumaki," I heard a familiar voice, I glanced over to see Metal, Iwabe, Denki snoring softly, Shikadai and Inojin both laying on one of the 'tables' made out of bamboo sticks we'd crafted, still sleeping their illness and injuries away. Slydin still unconscious, and head on Kai's lap.

My eyes widened and I nearly dropped my scroll,

"Kai...God, you shouldn't be up yet idiot - do you know the amount of internal bleeding you had?"

He used his uninjured hand to hold the side of his shoulder - that had been the largest injury,

"I still feel it, the healing, your chakra's always stayed so warm," He didn't look me in the eye, but he didn't need to.

"Did you think I wouldn't notice?" I asked out, looking at his right knee.

He shrugged,

"I didn't expect any of you to heal us," And that hurt, I saw the same mental image of the three, all alone in the streets digging for food.

"It wouldn't kill you to rely on others sometimes, ya know?" He looked up at me, and I've never seen him look so...damaged.

"It nearly did, that's how," He moved his left knee, where there should have been bone and joints, muscle and veins, there was metal.

"Orochimaru saved me, and us three from starving out in the streets,"
He leaned his back against the earth wall.

"I'm guessing you don't wanna talk about it?" I said, sitting across from him on the bamboo bad.

He nodded his head while looking at the ceiling.

"I can't say that I know what you went through or that I can sympathize," And I hated that I couldn't, I hate that those in my life had to grieve more than me,

"But my shoulders always free to someone who needs a rest." I stood up and fluffed his hair while holding out a container of berries,

"You may be my rival, but I'm not letting you starve," He gingerly took them and didn't have to say thank you, I know he meant it.

~~

It was the break of dawn when us 12 automatically got up; we were so in tuned to schedule that we nearly did our stretches till we walked outside and realized where we were.

"Morning," We heard from our left, it was Kiri, Enko, and Houki all standing before us.

Kiri spent all of a second weeding her way through us with her eyes until she landed on Sarada,

"Uchiha," She said offering out a hand as pale as Inojin's.

Her orange hair was a fire in contrast, and she had brown eyes that looked so soft.

She looked like a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Sarada just looked like a wolf.

She walked towards the girl and offered out her own hand.

"I assume you've been watching us throughout the school year?" Sarada asked, Kiri gave a warm smile.

"Yes,"

"Do you wish to remain allies as long as we don't instigate or cause complications for you?"

Kiri giggled and pulled out a box.

It was full of stickers.

"Depends, but for now I don't wish to oppose you. My offering," She took a rainbow out of the lot and stuck it next to Sarada's Strength of A Hundred Seal.

I couldn't sense any seal work or chakra in it.

"May I ask how you did that to Itsuki-Sempai?" Kiri placed her box of stickers back in her belt that ran across her waist twice and once over her shoulder and stomach.

She had on a mesh T-Shirt, black leggings with hidden sleeves, a blue coat that nearly reached her knee that had cotton along with the hood and end of sleeves. The jacket was only buttoned at the top and looked like it had never seen dirt in its life.
Enko had large round deep green eyes with a small nose and natural smile. She had on a light blue buttoned-up shirt and tight-fitting green jeans despite the fight.

Houki had the Kakashi-Mask thing going for him, with a skin-tight black t-shirt tucked into almost baggy black pants. A lilac jacket, the collar zipped together as the rest fell casually made the look. His white band covered his eye, and I wondered if it only was a Hatake obsession.

"Poisonous berries," Houki said with a cold smile,

"They're called the Jack Berries and are indigenous to Konohana," Kiri finished and Enko pouted in the back while booting dirt.

"You all took the fun out of it," She whined as the two psychopaths acted as if they couldn't hear her and presented fake smiles at all of us.

"We'll let you have Kakashi - I mean - if you fail we'll get him. However, that's more work then I'd care to do, so try not to fuck this up, see ya!" Kiri finished as they all flickered away.

I sensed them running East, meaning Kakashi was probably West.

Kai opened up the 'door' of our hut and once he saw that the unfamiliar chakra signatures were gone he viably relaxed, but only Inojin and I could tell.

Speaking of Inojin, Inojin, Shikadai, Metal, Denki, Slydin, and Kai remained to be in bedrest while Sarada, Mitsuki, Sumire, Namida, Wasabi, Chocho, and I were to go and fight Kakashi.

That's the plan anyway.

~~

13 hours left

'Boruto, Act 1, don't fuck up,' The ever assuring words of Sarada rang through my mind as I stood atop the tallest tree.

"Old man Kakashi, come out come out where ever you are!" I yelled while feeling the wind push all of my clothing and making my hair erratic.

"That's your job," I heard from behind me as I felt the strength of a log bash into my back and fling me through the tree branches till I clutched onto one of the last ones and dropped to the ground.

3rd POV

The sky filled with warm hues, purple, orange, and gold. The air stayed light and crisp as the summer months slowly sunk into the cold hands of autumn.

There are trees of green still, as far as the eye could see, the grass was lengthy and swaying in the forests cutting breeze.

It's morning in Konohana, a distinct day. A man who believed he had seen it all, all the bad, all the good, all the grey. Jaded by the dim light of the latest generation, this day, stood to rekindle his hope of the generation.

A meager flicker, a melted, short-fused candle lit in a vast dark room, but a flicker none the less.

It was in a small crevice of land far from the traffic of a growing society, and still far from all other
participates.

The collision between Kakashi Hatake, and Boruto Uzumaki.

"You're just like your father," Kakashi said after using substitution for Boruto who attacked his own clone.

However, Boruto wasn't, perhaps he wasn't stronger, but he was quicker. In mind and ability.

The clones Boruto made used what usually would have been draining taijutsu moves, Boruto excelled with and didn't show any hints of fatigue.

(If the reason was because of the Air Conversion Boruto was using to fill his muscles and bloodstream with well hey, he created it)

"Your taijutsu is exceptional; what styles did you mix?"

Boruto knew a large margin of around 12, his most frequented was a mix between Hapkido and Kali for average sparring or defensive scenarios; however, Boruto fought with a heavy blend between Muay Thai, Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu, Wrestling, Kali, and Krav Maga.

However, Boruto wasn't about to tell - he knew better than to spill every trick before he'd begun.

"Smart kid," Kakashi replied, as Boruto's answer had been silence.

As the taijutsu continued with subtle elements mixed in as well as Boruto's seemingly endless stamina Kakashi had no problem labeling Boruto as a Prodigy.

'Yet, that label is meaningless' Thought the elite Jonin, and once Hokage,

'If you have no will to back it up, a simple puppet,'

(In the distance, Sasori sneezes)

"You've come this far without even graduating from the academy... it's clear you're a cut above the rest, a true genius,"

Despite the high praise from such a noble figure, Boruto felt offended, on part of his friends who'd worked themselves to the ground each day.

He, however, had a reputation to keep up.

"You're finally seeing it now old man?"

Boruto felt the words like acid on his tongue, but the routine was almost natural.

Also, most importantly, if Boruto let out his conviction, dependence, and utter devotion he had for each of his friends, his family?

Well, chances are Kakashi might catch on - he'd wonder why, despite his words, he was utterly alone. He might bother to check his surroundings in curiosity.
He might notice.

So Boruto kept his mouth shut and ego up.

"But it's no good," Kakashi's features darkened and he let his killing intent roll of in wave, crashing at the shoreline. Like a gush of wind before a hurricane as he piled it on thicker and thicker.

"You're not suited to become a ninja,"

Boruto thought to himself,

'Well that mask doesn't suit you, and yet here we are,' and if Kakashi's words were valid he dubbed himself a comedian alternatively.

But even Boruto, with all his preparation and lies set up for the final, nearly choked on the density of Kakashi's killing intent.

It haunted the air as fog and clung to him like a heavy jacket.

"I'm not taking advice from you, sorry old man, but if I take that bell, I win!"

"Yet you lack one decisive element,"

Boruto thought to himself once again,

'Wrong again, I have all elements mastered,' (And the narrator was going to throw kunai into Boruto's chest if he didn't stop making horrible jokes.)

Kakashi was, to say lightly, disappointed, with the lack of will. Every motivation they'd said they LIED. Itsuki, with a Kekki Genki allowing him to see if a person is telling the truth by their chakra flow, knew for a fact that each motivation they'd given was at best a half lie.

He saw his first genin team as strong not because of their strength but because of their will, even if it, at the time, was distorted.

Naruto abandoned, Sasuke betrayed, and Sakura from a civilian family to be one of the most talented nin this world had seen.

So no, Naruto couldn't harness almost all elements, and no, Sakara couldn't use a genjutsu to fool a jonin, and Sasuke couldn't sleep without nightmares.

But they had a will, and these children will go no further than the line they're at now with that character.

Or so Kakashi believed.

"Take this!" Boruto shouted as two clones popped into existence,

"Lethal Boruto Stream!" He soared so fast the tree leaves swayed, even Kakashi's instincts were just enough to let him dodge the kunai coming straight for his neck, only for the boy to disappear into smoke with the real Boruto emerging from the ground to grasp the bell.

But Kakashi puffed away as well, only a log where he once was.

The trees grew and overcast the grounds in shadows, a cloud covered the sun, leaves fell, almost in mourning of the 'light' Kakashi that once lived.
He was no longer Boruto's old man, no longer a past Hokage, but a cold-blooded killer.

"You may use a spear as a walking stick, but it will not change its nature,"

Even the dirt grew cold and hard as Borto was left alone, seemingly pissed and rueful.

A voice from above, shrouded in darkness and leaves spoke to Boruto as he fumed,

"You hid the real you underground, to lure me out with clones... You nearly got the bell..." Boruto's head moved side to side in search of Kakashi's whereabouts (even if Boruto already sensed where Kakashi stood, as the Jonin barely gave half effort into most of his moves when it came to them).

Kakashi was behind him.

Boruto's leg was tugged like a rope tied to a car and fell face first into the ground, his left arm harshly towed behind his back as Kakashi formed out of leaves.

"Taijutsu, Ninjutsu, you excel all around and are a piece above the rest. You have the skills of a genin- no, chunin,"

"Ouch!"

"That's why your journey ends here, Boruto," Kakashi spit his name like it was bile.

His judgment made even himself bitter, but Boruto, he thought, Boruto was no ninja, just a prodigy with no aim. He'd be as good as dead in the real world.

Boruto looked up at him, the rising sun burning Kakashi's face in his mind like a bad omen. He cursed as Kakashi continued.

"Do you want me to tell you how to get out of this situation?" Kakashi said gravely; it was no light promise or critic. It was a threat.

However, Boruto already had an idea. He has to-

"Break your arm,"

Boruto struggled and decided it was no use, he looked at the ground and his hooded face hid the smirk, Kakashi continued,

"It's probably impossible for someone who doesn't have res-,

Crack.

Before Kakashi could finish the word 'resolve' Boruto stood free, with an arm bending at the socket in a demonic fashion.

Kakashi, in years of War, battle, loss - had rarely had such a jaw opening moment.

This boy, grandson of Minato, son of Naruto.

This boy with golden hair and eyes as light as the morning sky ripped joints, bone, and muscle all for a reason he did not have.

Until Kakashi realized he had been a fool from the start.
In truth, it was only his years of experience that protected him from the outside attack.

He hadn't bothered to sense for more.

He hadn't found a reason to.

In fact, he was tempted to throw in the towel and tell them they passed with a light heart because this boy named Boruto whom he'd only seen as weak-willed just took his entire mindset and forced it open with bloody hands.

He'd been the child to nearly grab the bell. Then it was Sasuke.

But now the boy, Boruto, nearly grabbed the bell and looked him in the eye with enough passion for making the sun jealous.

Kakashi smiled, warmly as he caught a kunai with his left hand and applied purple lightning to Mitsuki's rage.

He smiled warmly and thanked Boruto mentally.

It took Kakashi all of a second to snap out of his amazed trance, but that was all the time Mitsuki needed to nearly behead him.

His electricity was chunin level at least, and the worst part was Mitsuki's eyes never looked toward the bell.

His goal, Kakashi realized, was retribution, for his comrade in arms. (Narrator: Did you see what I di-)

Mitsuki didn't look toward the bell because he had no desire for a label that was even half as strong as his loyalty to Boruto.

Boruto's POV

Owowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowww.

I grit my teeth as I already began treating the primary fracture in my shoulder as Mitsuki came in right on time (if not a little early) and did what he does best. Violence.

(Second best is cards, third best is kissing me but what-)

Sarada swooped in as Iwabe aided Mitsuki in ugly defense as I was whisked away and immediately set on the ground once we were a safe distance from Kakashi. Wasabi, Mitsuki, and Sarada (and myself although I wasn't much help) worked on my shoulder, in 18 minutes it was in the proper place with most of the nerves re-aligned, muscle tears all fixed and little in the way of damage due to Kabuto's technique.

Not that it didn't hurt like a little bitch.

But that was most of the time we had, we were some of the main powerhouses of the group, and that's what they required for the following plan.

Plan End.
We watched on as Kakashi read, "Make Out Paradise," on a knee-height boulder that sat in the middle of an almost hand-crafted crater, all level and 3 feet down.

His book closed,

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Old Man Kakashi!" Looking to his left, he saw me and my clones,

"Ma, what have I told you about calling me Lord Sixth?" He eyes my arm, clearly admiring its state, thinking back to the time I'm sure even I startled him.

"So," He said, looking almost happy with the sun behind him,

"What is it this time?"

I smiled, as myself and three other 'me' charged forward.

Soon, he was surprised as 8 of me, despite their injury's, prevailed on.

"Transformation jutsu, huh?" Kakashi said as Boruto turned into Shikadai and the 8 Boruto's set to 1.

"Ah, still hopeless, I'm afraid," Kakashi said with most of us on the ground.

Ohhh, get prepared to eat your words, you killjoy.

"Did you really think attacking all at once would be all it took to take down a shinobi?" His face shadowed once again.

I'm starting to think it's natural-

"Don't underestmate a shinobi," I lunged with a lightning-filled kunai.

"I guess it must take a crushing defeat," He said arm stretched out to block,

"NOW!" I yelled, the lines of the Multi-Coordinated Light Formation spreading from all seven of them as Kakashi grasped both of my wrists.

Kakashi looked towards all of my people grunting and beginning to sweat to do their part, using their chunin level to try and restrain the once Kage.

"Go, Boruto!" Iwabe.

"I can't hold much longer!" Namida.

"If you don't get this bell, I'm hitting you with ceiling fan!" Sarad- wait what?

"Boruto," Was all Mitsuki had to say, I knew what he wanted.

"As you wish," I said through closed eyes and gritted teeth.

"Mh, don't like that," Kakashi said, mirth in his eyes,

"Purple Lightning!" And all 7 of them dropped like a sack,

"Oops, may have put a bit too much energy in that, now," He said while the dust settled.
It was back to me then. Or so he thought, a word stuck in his throat when he saw them all charred, exhausted, laying in every which way but the seal still stayed stronger than ever.

"There's no way I'm letting you look down on my friends while I'm breathing!"

So I tugged, I tugged until I felt the chill and heard the ring.

I grasped and pulled a second before the bell went off.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" I screamed in relief, in excitement, in power, in love of them all.

They all cheered with tears mixing with sweat, Inojin limped over (still rough with wounds) and started spraying ax body spray over all of us, the smell good in small amounts, but ungodly in the amount he put over us.

"You all smell horrendous, honestly," Inojin said, Iwabe countered,

"At least I don't smell like a charred cookie," While holding his nose, looking up at Inojin being his downfall as Inojin made one last spray into Iwabe's eyes.

"AH!"

We all giggled and got up to see Shikadai walking towards us with a cane made of compact earth. Metal and Denki leaning on each other as they cheered for our success.

Juno walked behind them with Kai (not limping despite his wounds because, I don't know, he's to cool for it?) and Slydin behind him.

We had them stay behind to keep their wounds from creating anything permanent.

"You all," Kakashi said with a light in his eyes and bounce to his step.

"Pass,"

"WOAHHHHHH!"

The new trio walked in as well, saying that Itsuki would be out for only a few more days.

"And you three," Kakashi said with a gleam in his eye like no other,

"Poisoned berries in yogurt with the use of a puppet to avoid an obvious chakra signature while he slept. You'll make for some cunning shinobi,"

The three beamed.

"And you three," Kakashi said to Kai, Juno, and Slydin. I nearly didn't notice the way their backs straightened and eyes went to attention and the voice of authority.

"Perhaps one of the greatest displays of raw power and coordination I've seen, not just from students." They didn't react to the praise, but they looked almost like aliens, trying to comprehend.

Like Mitsuki when I told him you celebrate your birthday (Why celebrate a year closer to your end?) or when I told him that it was considered rude not to take your shoes off (Why do they care about what hits their floor, where do you even place them? Do people have designated places for guests
They looked like they were undergoing something foreign, and that hurt.

He turned to Iwabe, Denki, and Metal,

"You three spell out potential, Metal's determination and fire, Denki, your love and gift for puppets, and Iwabe, don't think I didn't notice that metal bending. I'm not sure if it's a clan trait or a mutation, either way - use this power well, it will serve you good."

He turned to Namida, Sumire, and Wasabi,

"The most collected and plan-oriented, Wasabi your poison would have affected me if I weren't immune already," He said with a closed eye smile, she huffed,

"Sumire, you have a balance in all and any weaponry with vast chakra storage, and the capacity to analyze like few other."

He turned to Namida as she met him with determined eyes.

She's grown so much it melts my heart.

"You've got the longest way to go, but you've also come the farthest in the shortest time. I'd recommend going to Temari, Shikadai's mother, for advice with the fan."

He turned to Shikadai, Inojin, and Chocho,

"You all nearly had me fooled, but there was no way you could put Anko in a genjutsu, even with all your talent. Your fighting has enough coordination, intelligence, power, and deceit to make Anbu droll, but you need to work on dodging, you have the least amount of healing power in a team and are lacking in decisive defense."

They nodded in unison.

Us.

"Mitsuki, you're slippery, know every martial art in the book, have one of the greatest chakra reservoirs, not to mention your instinct and all-around ability. It would be best if you focused on honing multiple devastating attacks as well as learning defense. There's a world to learn, it's all at your fingertips," He nodded while turning back to me, healing once again.

"Sarada," God I don't think Sarada needed to fix anything,

"Brilliant in everything, my only warning is to not run after the Sharingan, if it happens, it happens. However, it can be a curse. Use it only when necessary, you are completely capable of becoming the Hokage without it," She nodded, but a part of me said she wants to use every tool in her arsenal, no matter the cost.

"And Boruto, you have the Uzumaki spark I thought ended with Naruto, your willingness to vouch and protect your friends is more deadly and envy-worthy then any jutsu. Tell me; you had your resolve all along didn't you?"

I smiled with the sun warming my skin as I felt Mitsuki's cold chakra seep through.
"My resolve is to protect those I love, no matter the cost," Kakashi sighed and picked up his novel.

With a snap of his fingers, our white bands turned to headbands of Konohana.

"Besides," I said, staring up at a cloud that looked like a duck, I named it Larry,

"If you betray your orders, you suck, but I'd rather suck with all of my friends safe,"

3rd POV

Again and again. Kakashi should just decide that Boruto was even more unorthodox then his father.

He already had his, and it matched the one that Kakashi planned to pass to him.

"Those who don't follow the orders are scum, but those who betray their comrades are worse than scum," The old line that's lived on for generations.

"Isn't that, like, what I just said?" Boruto asked, Kakashi's silence was his only response.

Boruto's POV

"Congrats, you still are Genin, get ahead of yourselves, and you might die, bye bye," And with that, he flickered out of sight and out of the sensors reach.
Boruto's POV

"Congrats, you're still genin, get ahead of yourselves and you might die, bye bye," And with that, he flickered out of sight and out of both me and Inojin's range.

~~~

After the 24 hours, we finally felt the gravity of being on alert for so long.

Although we didn't have a choice, it was afternoon, and we had to go back home.

~~

"Big brother! You did it!" Himawari cheered while running through the hall into my arms,

I held her tight and placed her cheek next to mine.

"You bettcha! Couldn't live knowing I couldn't at least get Genin level for my girl," She giggled and then ran outside to show me a petite farm she'd been working on, mostly quick growing vegetables and pleasant smelling flowers.

After she dragged me inside, since mother was feeling under the weather, Himawari and I made some cookies (and ate the cookie dough), Mitsuki appeared next to us right as the timer ticked.

"Doors, Mitsuki, doors," He was about to reply when a constrict held both of his arms to his sides.

"'Zuki!" Himawari called out as she held him in a hug.

I expected Mitsuki to be confused, but he got it.

"Hello, Himawari-chan," She smiled and offered him some cookie dough.

Were Genin now. One step closer.

~~

I passed into the Kage office with Himawari and Mitsuki following, only to see my father looking brighter than normal with all of the papers.... not a mess? All organized.

And a chakra that felt like Sarada's all over the place.
"I see you've passed, Bortuo, Mitsuki. And Himawari, your starting school next year huh? You all grow so fast,"

I felt a pang in my chest, it was so lovely, the pretty words that rang out were all proud.

I grinned and moved my thumb around the bottom of the headband.

"Just wait till we become Jonin, hold your praise till we do something praiseworthy,"

Father grinned back and held out his fist for me to bump back.

~~~

It was 4 AM and we'd all cloned ourselves and went to the Base to sleep the night away.

~~

Other than Metal, Shikadai, Inojin, and Denki, we all did our morning stretches and workouts then showered and got ready to head back to the academy what may be the last time.

We're being assigned to our teams. A bittersweet way to end the beginning of it all, poetic even.

(Even if we already knew who was working with who, we didn't have the slightest idea on who our sensei's would be).

~~

I threw my water bottle into my bag and we set off, talking about all of the Chunin and Jonin that could be our sensei's.

"Could you imagine getting a Chunin as your sensei, I know their "reliable" but... it's like when 14-year-old babysits an 8-year-old. All they can do is read food instructions a little better."

Chocho mourned while chewing gum AND eating (she is a woman of many talents).

"Hm, I don't particularly care for our leaders rank as long as their effective and understand how to train," Mitsuki said, surprisingly giddy for today's event.

"Brace for the storm then, Mitsuki, some of the best ninja can't teach basic techniques because it's all just muscle memory," Iwabe said and then the group launched into an argument on my dad's teaching ability's.

I settled the feud by tossing myself unceremoniously into the air in front of everyone, forcing them to drop their conversation and catch me.

"Carry me, I'm weak," I said, placing the back of my hand over my face, I felt like being spoiled.

So now Mitsuki (my chest and head) and Sumire (My waist and legs) were carrying me in their arms as we walked into school.

Shino's expression and smile grew strained when he saw how I entered.

After 10 more minutes of waiting and bickering between us, we realized that Kai, Juno, and Slydin were all sitting on a desk at the back of the room and Houki, Kiri, and Enko entered in class the second the timer ticked to the ordered time.
We knew they were there, the surprising thing is that we were the ONLY ones here.

"Where's uh, everyone else?" I asked as Shino-sensei shut the door and called attention.

"Everyone in here is everyone who passed," Oh.

Good.

"Alright, when I call your names, you will unobtrusively go to the other room,"

Nods.

"Denki Kaminarimon,"

"Yes,"

"Metal Lee,"

"Yes,"

"Iwabe Yuino,"

"Yes,"

"You three are team 5,"

They headed off, next is Wasabi, Namida, and Sumire, team 15. Meaning Mitsuki was now just carrying me bridal style.

Houki, Kiri, and Enko, team 25.

Inojin, Chocho, and Shikadai (all cheering when picked as a squad), team 10.

Leaving 6 of us.

Slydin, Juno, and Kai, team 0.

"Woah who would have guessed," Sarada said as we three moved left, Sarada and I did our 10-second long handshake that involved turning around, finger guns, and hand movements faster then we signed.

"And by default, you all are team 20," I was personally expecting to be team 7 - ya know - for obvious reasons.

"Nah," Sarada crossing her arms with closed eyes and slanted posture,

Waving her hand as if to swat a fly she announced how we are actually going to be team 7.

Shino hummed and told us,

"You'll have to take that up to the Hokage,"

~~

So be it. Konohamaru guided us to a room and handed us a scroll,

"A direct appeal? But we're fine with the people, just the number,"
He grinned,

"Do you wanna change it or not?"

Sarada took a step forward and snatched it, bowing and saying her thanks we left off and I sensed where his chakra blazed.

In the middle of goddamn nowhere.

We chased each other the second we jumped out of the window of the third story.

Explosions, Sarada even had her Sharingan active.

Mitsuki popped over with a coffee cup.

"Hello," Sarada jumped but I'd felt him from a mile away.

"Oi, Mitsuki, race ya to the Hokage?" He froze, closed his eyes and searched.

"He's... miles out. This will take a 23-minute run, 18 if we push it. And there's a bridge that way," He pointed his index a bit to the left of where we were running,

"With multiple guards, judging by their chakra we are best off to avoid it."

Both of us nodded and we flickered off.

~~~

3rd POV

"Their Genin, orders are to go easy on them,"

"Ah, it's already that time of year?" The girl with blood red eyes asked, a newfound skip in her step.

"Yes, do you have any specific orders, Captian Miral?"

"Are they mine?"

"No, they're Itsuki's, team 20,"

She hummed the kunai in her hand gliding and swinging.

"Then let's torment them just a little bit,"

The bridge was large, holding on by less-then-sturdy stakes hammered into the ground.

Minutes later and out of the blue, the three genin chakra's the team had prepared for, erased, and they found the signatures must have been clones filled with over half of their chakra. Captain Miral was, angered, to say lightly.

"Damn it, they sensed us!" One of the guys said - suddenly Miral wondered, 'If not this bridge, how do they plan to cross?'

The answer was, simply, jumping.
Days and days of battling the waterfalls violent and unforgiving current with no feet, lose, slippery rocks meant their entire bodies were slowly getting accustomed to forcing, to water, to current, to ground and rocks, to strengthening their arms.

So they would jump knowing full well they wouldn't make it to the other side, stabbing a kunai, one in each hand, into the side of the cliff.

Captain Mirial could only run as fast as her limbs would carry, she was the quickest on team so it made sense that she made it a solid 10 seconds before the others, but she saw the three genins as they took flight with screams (of joy, but in her eyes, fear) and watched on as she could do nothing.

"NO!"

She ran to the cliff's edge, stray pebbles falling to the bottom as her heart rested, and blood pressure went down. They were safe.

But then it raised as they scaled half the cliff in seconds.

Captian Miral POV

Their arms and kunai in the cliff lifted them 10 feet into the air above the cliff's edge, the sun behind them letting me only see their silhouettes, all too busy grinning at each other to notice me. (Or so I'd thought).

Right as they reached the top I threw a kunai through each of them, they each caught it, Boruto without even looking.

Damn prodigies got another thing coming.

"Ah, hey big sis Miral," Boruto waved,

"We just have to go and turn this in for the Hokage it-,

He stammered as I lowered my center and pulled my brass knuckles out with ease.

"My orders are to let nobody pass, you knew this as well, or else you wouldn't have avoided the bridge and sent clones."

My subordinates continued, slowly streaming in behind me.

"Oh, you caught on, that's unfortunate," Boruto said while sighing.

It seems that was a cue as the three launched into action.

Well, it's more like Bortuo and Mitsuki did, I was on my heals avoiding their synchronized kunai attacks.

"12," Boruto said, and abruptly, both stepped back - I narrowed my eyes as their hands blurred to quick for the human eye to see,

"Wind Release: Paired Gale!" The two shouted, suddenly, all of my idle nin waiting for cues, waiting for a moment to strike, were slammed into trees, even the trees uprooted, and me?

Well, if it weren't for the fact that I lodged my kunai into the ground (And skidded back a few meters upturning the earth) I would have experienced the worst of it.
Then a shout.

"Boruto, what the hell was that! Your form was totally off!" Sarada.

Sarada was criticizing them?

He huffed and pouted,

"It did the job, didn't it?"

"I don't need my Sharingan to see through that bullshit, Boruto, get it right next time or else Mitsuki's wind will overpower yours and throw the entire technique off.

I looked back in horror.

They were mostly unconscious, it would only last for a few minutes and it was more of surprise and lack of air then the blunt trauma.

Sarada's words repeated in my head and I realized what they did.

When Boruto released his, he added the water molecules from the air and his own bit of water - when Mitsuki's released his own it was dry and arid, I could feel it scraping against my clothing and skin, I could feel the difference.

This paired with their stances (Boruto's low stance, Mitsuki standing high) and their aims goal was to clash within a few meters.

It was genius, it went from strength to harsher than even Jonin level winds, not by strength but intellect.

This is the same way tornados are formed. The harsh, opposing, and contrary temperature winds cause instability in the atmosphere causing ear-splitting and jarring gales.

I almost wanted to fight them more, too see all they'd done and created.

The word 'Prodigy' now succeeded with 'Innovators'.

Damn, if only they were my genin group.

I looked back to see a few still awake, but only out of the hard-earned experience.

"Found it!" I heard Sarada yell, I looked back just in time to see her an inch from my face and kunai in hand - ducking - I slammed my palm into her stomach driven by chakra control.

Sarada hit a tree meters away then tore through it.

I put in too much, I was hasty, regardless she stood and appeared... far to okay.

Boruto mumbled something about,

"Being able to do that too," When I felt that my toxins were all snatched from their holder.

Sarada must've arranged it while I was concentrating on my throat not being slit.

"Oi, Mitsuki," Sarada yelled and tossed the acidic viles right to him like the glass didn't have a high chance of shattering.
Luckily he caught it, unluckily, he picked one out and started to pour it into his mouth while tossing the others down the ravine.

????!!!!????

Boruto came at me with a cowl of lightning surrounding his form, I switched to a long distance range which was no use when Sarada started to fling painfully accurate kunai to disrupt my steps.

Burn.

It burned like fire, my dominate side had been caked in the poison that laid dormant in Mitsuki’s mouth before he sprayed it out with a wind jutsu.

I cursed and decided I had to actually fight these infants without restraint.

My ego, ow.

"Boil Release: Cowl," I yelled out as Boruto went for a low attack, even if the clone dissipated they all saw the scorch marks that coated his arm as he poofed away.

Mitsuki grinned saying how I wasn't as feeble as I seemed. You're a newly minted Genin, don't even.

"Boil Release: Repentance," Boar, dragon, and boar again - the jutsu had multiple explosions surround us - all got scorched but their combined wind and water released held them in a protective sphere.

Did Sarada realize the flaw, that I had no full control over where the explosions landed, that it went to the highest density of vapor?

~~

Boruto's POV

"Wow, am I getting frail? She's a newly minted Jonin, with the three of us it shouldn't have been that difficult," I said as we pickpocketed the unconscious Chunin and spare Jonin that littered the forest.

"Oh, premium kunai, we couldn't even afford them!" Sarada yelled, holding them close to her chest, a present. That said we ran ourselves broke with all of the supplies we got.

"Mh, their poisons are second-hand in comparison to my parent," Mitsuki said idly, flipping through a few dozen viles, taking them anyway.

"Hey, what's this?" Mitsuki called out, Sarada walked toward him with furrowed eyes.

It was a list, all of the passing kids all sorted into groups of-

"Oh my gosh, did we just find who was going to be with who? I mean, we were going to find out tomorrow anyway - but whose Itsuki?"

I didn't recognize half of the Jonin.

"I guess we'll find out," Sarada said, taking a photo of the names and list, and then placing it back.

~~
"Father,"

"Lord 7th," We three all called at the same time as he was scowling at 12 nin (I could smell the border seals they'd been working on).

The open field must've been natural, half was facing a cliff's edge, the other had a third of a mile till it reached the forest once again.

"I know you didn't want to be disturbed, but we knocked out Miral and her troops to get you to sign this," Sarada said while bowing, I didn't show it, but I enjoyed the flinch of shock on all of them, even father.

(We may have burned down 5 dozen trees in that fight, her boils against Sarada's fire was utter destruction).

"Hm, I will on one condition," Father yelled, facing one finger up, Oh? Do you want something, Old Man?

"Anything, Lord 7th," Mitsuki said and I idly realized father's team was the same number as his Hokage number.

"Break out of this barrier," Father said, and before we knew it a purple dome.

Lovely.

"Sarada," I told her everything with her name alone, nodding, she activated the Sharingan and scanned for the weakest link.

"Mitsuki, 3," His eyes gleamed with joy,

"Do you think they'll be ok?" But I knew he really couldn't care less, his stance already structured.

"We can heal them if it gets too bad," He told, Sarada used the mind jutsu to explain where the weakest parts stood - it was where Naruto stood. Ah, he was attempting to play mind games then.

"Sarada, 3," She nodded, next thing you know they were all shouting wondering how we disappeared into thin air.

We sat, meditating. Mitsuki and I were sensor nin, and Sarada had the Uchiha bloodline. Together, we watched the fluctuations, the decline in defense of the dome. Sarada closed her eyes and used wind to fling her body in circles, faster and faster she spun until Mitsuki and I steadily added our own wind.

Before 10 seconds was over she spun so quickly her face was a blurred mess and at 15 seconds, she released.

"Fire Release: Great Fire Annihilation!" Then, without our assistance, Sarada spun in the air releasing 60 percent of her available chakra (Not her seal chakra) and we used our own jutsu's to aid the flames to reach and strength.

"Wind Release: Narrow Cyclone!" Both of us called in harmony, standing on opposite sides of the flying girl.

The utter range and burns were, to put weirdly, angelic. The wisps of orange and yellow turned the once green grass, flowing, turned shriveled brown, the tree's inhabitants either fled of got burned, the
leafs mimicked the grass below as they all turned to ash or fell from their trees.

The Sun shone brightly on everything, not a cloud near.

Charcoal or ash covered Sarada's hands and forearms, she was burning to the touch and never looked so alive.

But it was when I turned to look at Mitsuki to see what HE was marveling at. The cliff we were backed against had been nearly decimated. Going from a vertical line to a backward C.

And then Mitsuki's eyes, I admired those a bit too, just shhh.

When I bother to look at the border sealers, they all had an orangey red chakra covering them, preventing them all from straight up dying.

"Boruto," Sarada called, barely even painting, and I nodded in understanding.

Father was speechless, staring at us is unrestrained... curiosity? Fear? Wonder?

My clones picked up all 12 and lied them on their backs together.

Us three got to work on healing them while father still remained silent.

"Team 7 it is,"

~

3rd POV - 2 hours ago

The empty class could hear the first team being called out.

Metal, Denki, and Iwabe were the first to enter and see the to-be teachers.

The only problem is there were only two teachers there and, well, 6 groups.

"Ugh, based off our luck as the first few official minutes into team 5 our teacher isn't here?" Iwabe said, sitting down dramatically onto a table, they all relaxed on the table (Chairs are overrated).

"Bingo," One said, she sat upside down on the desk, grinning, needles dancing through her hand as her fingers nimbly seemed to control their route.

"Team 5? Aye, you must be Iwabe, Metal, and Denki. If you wanted to know - you're under Captian Miral. She's a fiery girl!" The orange curl teacher said. Opposites.

I could smell the psychopath coming off of the needle one, mourning whatever team got her, yet the orange hair? She was just this ball of sunshine.

"Cap-" Denki was halted by Wasabi, Namida, and Sumire making a dramatic entrance.

"Team 15 for the win!" Wasabi cheered, piggyback riding on Namida and Sumire stuck a purple Lili into Wasabi's hair.

"Perfect," Wasabi said in thanks, eyes closed type smile, Sumire blushed a little.

"No problem,"

Metal, Denki, and I all stared in adoration, we loved them all, our little rays of sunshine.
"Sumire, Wasabi, and Namida? Heya! My name's Gima Yugi, you can call me whichever name you please," The TEACHER bowed her head.

"Take care of me as I teach, ni?" They all had stars in their eyes, such a happy-go-lucky teacher full of respect and the faint scent of unbroadcasted power. They got lucky.

"Oi, Y'all got so luckyyyy," Metal whined, but we didn't mind waiting, we had each other.

"Awe," Wasabi said, ruffling his bowl cut up.

"WASABI!" He cried, trying to desperately put it back into place. Namida giggled and Sumire's frame stilled as she slowly turned her head to face the other teacher. The one with black long silky hair, onyx eyes, and a grin.

"Perspective one aren't you?" She asked Sumire, who's smile fell and chin raised.

We all turned into immediate silence to watch. The black haired girl rolled faster then I could even see, placing a kunai on top of Sumire's head, blade down.

Even balancing on the very tip of the blade, Sumire's posture never shifted, and the kunai never fell.

"Thought so, that perfect posture - smelt like Anbu training." But that was never in any Anbu training, that weird kunai test anyway.

Meaning the psychopath with back hair made that technique to test it by herself.

I held a justified fear of her that grew like vines.

"You'll do well, but for how long will you replace your wounds with glue?" She said, walking back to the desk (Bold of her to turn her back to Sumire)

It didn't seem to be code but a metaphor, Denki whispered to me.

"She's saying that Sumire is using her friends and positive mindset to avoid dealing with her flawed and mentally damaging past," Oh.

The psychopath seemed to hear and winked at Denki, basically saying he'd gotten it right.

Oh.

Sumire raised her chin and told her with the confidence of ten men,

"As long as I can, as long as the stars shine" Namida and Wasabi stood, confused beyond belief.

The psychopath tapped her fingers along the desk in a rhythmic tone,

"Oh, but the stars are mostly dead. Prepare yourself for collapse," She said, grin once everpresent dropped, dispensing the significance of the statement.

"Maaaa, Imari-san, what have we said about mentally scaring kids," Gima said, sweatdropping.

"To do it often,"

"Imari no-" But then the other psychopaths waltzed in.

Enko, Houki, and Kiri.
"Ah, team 25, your mine. Get to lake Orian in 10 minutes," And with that, she disappeared into thin air.

"Hm, Houki, did you sense the-" Enko said while sniffing the air,

"Yeah," He replied, checking for his weapons.

"Kiri, should we be expecting an att-"Enko's ask was cut of by Kiri,

"No, I expect traps and a field test we must pass - but I doubt physical attacks," And with that, they flickered away.

I shivered.

And then it was us three alone again, Denki took the moment to lay his head in Metals lap and calves in my own.

"Well, whoever we get better not be a damn psychopath," Denki mumbled while going through the school security footage to check to see if any teachers were just hiding anywhere.

They weren't.

"Hello, team 5," Said an angelic looking woman who, frankly, I didn't even sense, Denki couldn't see (Security cams) and Metal was still working on this who sense thing.

"Hello, um..." Metal dragged, inadvertently asking for her name. She didn't have any type of nin wear and I wasn't Inojin or Boruto but I couldn't sense anything other than Academy Student level chakra from her.

"You may address me as Nishi," She smiled curtly, a cup of tea in hand still steaming.

I sniffed, cinnamon.

"Ah, hello Nishi-sempai," Metal said enthusiastically.

"Oh," Denki said, sliding out of his spot with eyes narrowed.

"How did you figure out to reach us exactly..." Shikadai, Chocho, and Inojin barreled in, cheering for their group 10.

But Shikadai froze at the scene.

"60 seconds before your team would arrive, giving you enough time to greet others, introduce both parties, and prepare to meet your own group. When I looked at the security camera's I was right. It's not that you hid, you weren't here." Denki said, and Shikadai, being the genius he was, had already caught on.

"A time was given to arrive before 7:30 AM, and yet if you came at exactly 7:48 as it is now 7:49, you were able to deduce precisely how long each and every movement, action, and piece of dialogue would take.

You must be Nishi, the Genious of the Leaf," Shikadai said with a bow.

Nishi smiled,

"You two have deduced as much? You are the first to notice," Her white hair, skin, and clothing not
stained, her tea was fresh, her shoes were handcrafted and that's when I saw the genius too. Any nin in Konoha wearing white was ballsy, let alone unscathed.

"May I ask your IQ?" Shikadai asked, floored with undeniable admiration filling his eyes.

"Above 200, the test didn't go further up, unfortunately," She said, one hand pointing to where training ground one lied. "Shikadai nodded his head and lead his group in that direction.

"Adios, team 5, but team 10 is gonna kick ass!" Chocho yelled before leaving.

When we turned back the room was empty again, Denki groaned,

"Ugh, I'd murder to get her as a sensei," I stroked his head (he always calmed down with it, my little kitty). Metal then raised his hand,

"Wait, if that was Nishi (AN's: - IQ girl) with team 10 (Shikadai, Chocho, Inojin), Imari (Black haired psychopath) with team 25 (Enko, Kiri, Houki), Gima (Orange-haired ball of sunshine) with team 15 (Wasabi, Namida, Sumire), and we know we got Miral (One who's fighting Boruto and them) as team 5 (Denki, Iwabe, Metal), that means 4 of the six at least are woman," Metal said,

"Which probably means Kai, Juno, Slydin, Mitsuki, Sarada, and Boruto all got a guy as their instructor."

"Yeah we got lucky, everyone knows guys are normally half the teacher, it seems their finally realizing that, same applies to battle. More controlled chakra leads to less unnecessary building damage, deaths, and higher chances of treaties, less of needless fights," I said, trying my best to recite the book I'd read and written a few weeks prior.

We then looked at our all-male team and cringed.

Next walked in was Kai, Juno, and Slydin - their sensing knowing full well there was no sensei so they went straight to a desk and got cards out.

"It might be a while, wanna play?" Juno offered and well, who were we to decline?

~~

2 hours later

"Alright, Kai has won 7 times, Slydin once, Juno once, and Denki once," Metal cried, neither of us had even had one win under our belt.

"Kai Kastil I swear to fuck if you lay down a three I'm going to-"

Three.

"Mh? Do what?" He taunted me,

"I'll summon Lucifer to come and wipe you out, even he would be impressed with your cunning-ness I hope you know that," I said bitterly, he didn't smile.

Then Mitsuki stepped in class TWO DAMN HOURS after his team was selected saying,

"You called?" And a cackle rang from the teacher's desk - all 6 of us and Mitsuki's heads snapped towards the sound.
"Damn," Juno whispered, even him not sensing the Jonin.

It was Itsuki, the same man who tore team 0 (Kai, Juno, Slydin), with three prodigies to shreds.

"Holy shit, well timed," Itsuki said while grinning,

"What are you, the fastest? Where are-"

"Present," Two voices rang symmetrically behind Mitsuki, the two had an unconscious woman in their arms.

"Heh, long, funny story but-" Boruto said while glancing at Metal, Denki, and I.

"We knocked out your sensei because she was the obstacle to get our team name changed from 20 to 7," Sarada clarified and Boruto sweatdropped, Kai, for once, spoke what was on everyone's mind,

"Boruto that wasn't long or funny, get your life together," And the sunshine started to fake cry,

"For such a rival you're petty," Boruto spat out, crossing his arms, and pouting.

"For such a rival you're such a baby," Kai replied while rolling his eyes and dropping in a second three.

"I win again," He told the 5 and they all hit their heads.

"I'll have you know I only cried 4 times today," Boruto said sarcastically and the world froze a second later.

Kai?

Did Kai laugh?

It wasn't even for a second, as his hand covered his mouth and he looked like a kunai just pierced his stomach (I think Denki checked).

Mitsuki's mouth dropped, Sarada's eyebrows raised, but Boruto? His pout turned into a smile Sunier then Namida's.

"I did it!" He cheered, shaking poor Mitsuki back in fourth.

"He's human!" Boruto said while running up to Kai who didn't even look him in the eye.

"We're literally not hu-"

"Yes you are," It was like the two rivals clashed so easily.

Mitsuki, I noticed, didn't even get protective, but he got annoyed.

Ugh.

"No, I'm really no-"

"Yes, you are,"

"No, I'm-"

"Yes. You. Are." Boruto said placing his index finger dangerously close to Kai's nose, slowly,
slowly...

"Boop!" He yelled when it finally touched.

In .05 of a second at most Kai spun and used his heel into Boruto's side, sending him flying into the west wall.

'I think he's unconscious' We all thought, another sweatdrop.

But, my guy, Mitsuki was there in a flash and held Kai up in the air with his collar.

"We have rules, Kai, you put most of them in place," He only rolled his eyes, Itsuki decided, no, intervening would NOT be beneficial.

Sigh. In all the commotion, Metal and I leaned on Denki's side.

"Guys, I'm fine," Boruto said, dusting himself off and jumping out of the creator in the wall.

~

Soon enough, our teacher woke up and brought us to training ground 2 for us all to get introduced.

~

Boruto POV

Even still, with the past 10 crazy minutes, I felt like I got high. I'd made Kai laugh. Laugh!

"Mh, Itsuki, I can assume you're our Jonin-instructor?" Mitsuki asked as the teacher ate yogurt,

"Unluckily for you," He replied and we waved our farewell to team 0, we went to training ground 3.

...

We all sat on the rail, awaiting instructions. However, I was cautious, if he gave us a test now, were only around 60 percent and we couldn't defeat him with 90.

"Hm, my little Genin. They recommended me to have you prove your dedication, so I thought to myself, "What better way to do that then a simulation. Then I realized that too to much work so here," He handed us three sheets.

It was... blank.

"I want you to write down your answers," He handed us each a pencil.

"Would you rather lose a limb or get heartbroken?" I wrote a limb.

Hard, but an easy choice,

"Between yourself and Sumire, who would you kill if not given another option?"

I wrote myself, honestly, breathing getting harder.

"Between you're other two teammates, who would you kill? If not given another option?"
I couldn't answer that, so I wrote myself again.

"What would you say to someone about to die?" He asked, almost bored looking. That one shocked us, my hand trembled a little bit, and I felt a tear prick in my eye, thinking about how much they all meant to me, how I wouldn't be able to take it.

"Someone you care about," He added, sinking our ships of joy further down.

I bit my lip and wrote,

"This world will be bitter without you, thank you for being here while you could, we'll never forget the joy you gave us," And then I crossed it out and started to silently cry, just the image of saying that to Sarada, Mitsuki, any of my people. I couldn't take it.

"Alright," He said, uncaring.

Finally, I looked up, and I saw both of the others with silent tears streaming down their cheeks as well.

I clung to Sarada and Mitsuki's hands like a lifeline, lifting both of them to my forehead,

"Don't you ever leave us, you hear me?" I begged the two, my voice cracking.

Sarada held her free hand to her mouth, silencing any gulps or whines, eyes heavily shut.

Mitsuki just placed his own forehead to my shoulder.

"Only if you promise the same," He replied and I nodded.

I looked up once I got my emotions under control.

I placed my sheet in one of my pockets, taking the shuriken out and placing it next to the kunai C pack.

"Good, it seems you learned what takes others years, or a real-life tragedy, to understand within 3 minutes. I'm proud," But there lay a bitterness in his tone.

He knew well what it was like to lose someone then.

I stood up and held my arms protectively over him in a tight hug.

"I'm sorry you had to see what you saw, I'm sorry you lost what should've been yours," He was stunned, to put lightly.

Itsuki POV

Damn the kid. Damn the world. This was supposed to be THEM crying a little and then realizing the harsh reality then POOF right into training!

But no, he had to be the hero. It's gonna get him killed too, but I haven't been hugged in three years, not since -

So yeah, sue me, I might have thanked him.

Damn, this, "Not going to care if they live or die thing," is starting to look less like an obvious point and more like a challenging obstacle.
Kai's POV

We sat in class, it had been two hours and 30 minutes at the mark when our Jonin Sensei arrived through the door.

"Ha," Slydin said blandly as Juno forked over a 20.

Kakashi's emotions were, purposely, as straightforward as a book.

This one was of either regret or disappointment, maybe both.

"Mh, I don't know what you were doing for so long but if this continues we'll just start training without your aid," Slydin said as I got up and prepared to follow to wherever he had to go. Slydin dragged an inactive Juno to do the same.

"Ma, impatient, aren't we?" His eyes held no emotion other than the fake happy-close-head-tilt.

"Roof,"

And so we went to the roof.

"Well, let's begin with introducing ourselves," He said, there a few seconds before us.

"Eh? What do ya wanna know?" Juno asked, scratching his head.

"All of our information was on the diagnostic, did you not receive them?" Slydin asked I sighed. He meant personality wise, idiots.

"How about your likes, dislikes... Your dreams for the future and things like that?" Kakashi said mid-shrug.

3rd POV

Slydin, confused as to why Kakashi cared, he was supposed to guide their abilities, not be their therapist. Juno wondered if the mask was even needed or if it was just to be dramatic. Kai knew that Kakashi Hatake, simply put, didn't care.

Why would he anyway?

"Tell us about yourself first aye old man?" Juno yelled, trying to find his purpose, Slydin as well. For all of their smarts, basic social cues were a mystery to them. They knew of war and lies. That's... about it.

Kakashi pitted them, despite his retirement he offered to become their Jonin sensei because, well, they were almost Jonin level regardless, what they needed was someone they could trust, and rely on.

They needed a figure to teach them things outside of being a ninja and Kakashi was someone who knew about that far too well.

"Mm, my name is Hatake Kakashi... " And he was about to follow through with "I don't feel like telling you my likes, dislikes, dreams for the future, eh, etc.
But he wasn't perfect the first time and this wasn't the same team.

This wasn't a carbon copy, Kai may have been the competent and dark one but underneath hellfire eyes and steel skin he cared for his brothers, and he had no desire for utter revenge.

Juno may be loud, cocky, and unpredictable, but he was analytical, he was polished, and yet there was this ice in him where there was fire in Naruto's. If anything, he may be the one seeking revenge.

Slyadin may be intelligent, and plan-orientated, but he was no fangirl who needed to take baby steps, and coldblooded almost by nature. He was a monster.

This was team 0, these were demons, he did not plan on sharpening their claws, only steering their aim.

"I like the word "Team-work" which is considered a single word now thanks to me being the 6th kage, I dislike my Chidori, my dreams for the future? Well, to cherish everyone until we die of old age with times of war a faint memory. My hobbies? Killing, beating Gai at trivial things, spending time with close people."

He finished with a dramatic wave of his right hand,

"You all?"

"You seem to be in quite the predicament, your hobby is killing yet you distaste war, and your first-hand weapon," Slydin said, Kai and Juno mentally agreed.

"Ah, it's all I have been familiar with, although I'm sure you all can relate," They could, what purpose does a blade have once the war has ended?

They nodded their heads.

"Mm, my name is Juno Kastil, I love anything sweet or salty, fighting, and my brothers, I hate that not everyone understands proper meme culture," Both of his brothers were more than fluent now with him being alive and all,

"Bitch? Me too, the fuck?" Kakashi replied. Juno jumped out of his seat and the other two raised their eyebrows.

He baby-sat more then any previous kage had the right to (Hey, he loved the little children, what can you do) and Sarada was a walking meme board contrary to popular belief.

"Oh - my dreams for the future are... uh, being alive would be nice, maybe having little pet lizard - or a bunny,"

"Juno we've been through this-"

"Come on, please?"

"Juno no, we're not getting a fucking bunny," Kai ordered. a glare a little sharper than usual and he shut up.

"Well, there goes that dream, my hobby is spending time with my brothers, whatever we're doing is fine," He said, a sunny smile on his face as Slydin's mouth perked a little. Kai didn't react.

"Well, I'm Slydin Kastil, I like tea at 4 AM when no one can be seen or heard, I dislike crowds and incompetence, my hobby is sudoku, word games, Chess, and Shogi. My dream for the future is to be
with my brothers, to be happy despite being a weapon."

His posture was perfect, his eyes never lost track of your own, the confidence and humility needed for any good person, and all he wanted was to be happy... part of me hoped to no end they'd get what they wanted.

"You all know my name, my likes and dislikes, you shouldn't care for, no major dreams for the future, and occasional, fleeting hobbies,"

Kakashi took it back, Kai wasn't Sasuke 2.0 non-carbonated, he's Kakashi 18 years prior, Kai Kastil is Kakashi before he taught team 7.

Oh boy.

~~

Tomorrow - 4:30 AM - Denki's POV

Confused? Yes

Worried? Possibly.

Outraged? Bitch you bet your ass.

Iwabe slammed his hands on the table,

"What do you mean by, "There are no more D-Rank missions? There were over 600 last time I checked and-"

"Don't yell, it invalidates you, babe," Metal said, 'babe' was platonic around here at this point.

Straightening his back, Iwabe apologized for his volume and lack of constraints.

"It's alright, Iwabe, and... I have an idea why they're all gone, they're walking in now,"

Soon enough, freshly minted team 7, Sarada, Boruto, and Mitsuki walking in idly chatting while Itsuki looked a bit irritated.

"Guys, it's been 4 straight hours, even I don't wake up at 1, sleep is great for the health you know,"

"Mm, yeah, but with the help of shadow clones, and going to bed around 7:30 PM means we got over 5 hours of sleep, perfectly good for us as long as we take two to three 20 minute naps through the day and stay hydrated and well fed."

Sarada said like it was obvious.

"Who, in their right mind, goes to bed at 7:30 PM, isn't sane," Itsuki replied and the three gleamed as if it was praise.

"Y'all suck," Iwabe said with a smile and a unique handshake with each of them.

"I miss you all already," Denki whined while falling into Boruto's side, and Metal got to chatting with Sarada about this new Taijutsu that -
"I HAVE to teach you," And it was like the malice of 10 men got erased at their faces.

Mitsuki walked up to the Hokage and handed him a stack of papers, a height the size of my hand.

"Itsuki said he wasn't signing all of them so we got him a stamp if you don't mind," Naruto grinned and said that it was no problem.

"That, by my calculations, should be 63,500 yen (AN: 6,350 dollars :D) _)

The kage sweat dropped and hand them the check, Itsuki walked up as well, ignoring the other Jonin full-heartedly,

"Naruto-sama I know I signed that forum and agreed but I swear to god dealing with these kids needs to get me a raise,"

"You're rich,"

"Then give me the heads of my enemies because this is going to be a long haul isn't it?"

"Yep,"

Itsuki, if he had a basic emotional spectrum, might've cried into his pillow with the lack of sleep he was destined to get.

~~

End Notes

They say opposites attract, but I think it's more than that. An opposite isn't just your bad side. They're your other half, a part of your very being, because what's the point of half a bridge? What's the point of almost anything, if you just have half of it. They're everything you aren't, good and bad and every grey in-between. And it's more than attract because attraction can be denied. No, it's more like a gravitational pull, to bring you back down despite anything because everything we have and love with is greater than any world and more meaningful than any constellation in the sky//

-Anonymous

_Updates Every Friday_

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!