Summary

Sometimes referring to your boyfriend as 'Daddy' can be considered kinky, other times it can be awkward and humiliating, especially at a family dinner. ItaNaru. YAOI.

Notes

I've finally moved this over here :)

See the end of the work for more notes.

Disclaimer: Kishimoto is the man you're looking for :( ...not this young woman here.
Daddy

Naruto left out of the adjoining bathroom of their master bedroom after having brushed his teeth and washed his face and walked over to stand in the full-body mirror in the bedroom, looking over his still sleepy-looking appearance. It was late, evening actually. Why he had been asleep until five thirty in the evening? Well, his boyfriend happened to come home much earlier than expected from work and sweet-talked him into bed. And by bed, he meant Itachi had sweet-talked him into sex, of course.

His head of blonde hair disheveled, Naruto raised his arm and rubbed at his eye with the sleeve of his hoodie and yawned. Honestly, he would've slept longer but he couldn't miss dinner tonight. His body was exhausted, thanks to that man and he was surprised he could even stand right now. Damn it. Itachi chose the most inconvenient times to give him the most incredible, mind-blowing sex he had ever experienced in life, especially when they had important things planned. And yes, Itachi fucked him while he was wearing a grey hoodie and before Naruto went into the bathroom, he threw on the simple pair of black shorts that ended up on the floor when had Itachi carried him into the bedroom and almost immediately took them off and tossed them aside. Itachi had a thing for having sex with him while he was half-dressed, either in just a top or bottoms that were easily accessible. He especially loved to be able to pull Naruto's boxer-briefs to the side and fuck the blonde like that.

Naruto groaned quietly, dreading having to get ready. He ran a hand down over his face and looked at the reflection of his lover asleep in the bed behind him.

Itachi slept lying on his back with the red bed sheets draping the lower half of his flawless, pale body, his build strong and muscles well-defined. His long, silky, midnight hair spilled over the pillows and the back of his wrist rested on his forehead, his beautiful face relaxed and expression serene. Dominance and poise oozed from him even in his slumber. Naruto bit his lower lip and blushed slightly, wondering how one man could be so attractive even when sleeping. Naruto knew Itachi couldn't have been asleep for that long either because was sure he conked out way before he
"Itachi," Naruto said loudly, turning around and walking over to the bed. But the man didn't move. Naruto huffed, getting onto the bed. Itachi was like a child when it came to his sleep. He was well aware Itachi heard him just now because the raven had impeccably good hearing when he was asleep and nothing got passed him. Hell, Naruto was still trying to figure out ways to fool the man. Had been for years now. But, aside from anything pertaining to the man's work, when Itachi knew he had a certain time to be somewhere he purposely liked to ignore the world and sleep longer. They were supposed to be having dinner with Naruto's parents tonight and that was the reason Naruto tried to object to sex in the first place. He knew neither of them would want to get up and go out. They liked to stay coddled in the house after exhausting sex and enjoy not being bothered.

Naruto crawled up and sat beside the man. Itachi's eyes didn't flinch. He was the master at playing dead. Naruto rolled his eyes and nudged the man's shoulder with his hand. "Hey, get up. Itachi, we have about an hour to get ready and you know it's an hour and a half drive to my parents' place. I'm pretty sure your parents are going to be there too."

Itachi finally acknowledged Naruto's voice but didn't open his eyes. "Five more minutes." He breathed, turning his head away from his lover.

"No, Itachi! Seriously. Get your ass up," Naruto said harshly, moving to climb onto the raven and straddling his hips. "This is all your fault and it's not fair that you want to sleep longer and I'm up before you. I'm tired too, you know!—" And before he knew what happened, he felt a strong arm wound around his waist and he was on his back on the bed, having been flipped under the Uchiha. He looked up at the man from the new position he was in and Itachi's long hair slide forward, spilling over his ears, and Naruto found himself getting lost in endless, dark eyes. "Itachi..."

"Grant me one more go and I very well may get out of bed," Itachi said, his voice deep and husky since he had been asleep. Naruto was weak to his just-rising voice.

"No, Itachi. We don't have time for this," Naruto tried to moved out from under the man but then Itachi settled between his legs, trapping him and he dropped his head onto the plush pillows underneath him frustratingly. "Why can't this wait until later tonight?" He asked desperately with a pout.

Itachi had a smirk spread onto his full lips. "Because I desire you now, Naruto," He grabbed Naruto's leg and then brought it his hip, giving the Uzumaki's thigh a light caress. "That is, if you really want me out of bed."

Naruto swallowed, his blue eyes locked with Itachi's and blushed. "Itachi, c'mon. Why do you have to do this now! Please, I promise later," He attempted to sit up but it was impossible when Itachi was on him. "Itachi, c'mon!" He whined, shooting him a half-hearted scowl. He was struggling not to give into him and it was nearly the death of him because Itachi looked so fucking sexy and mouth-watering, as usual. "You're not going to let me up until you have what you want, huh?" He looked off to the side annoyingly, pretending to seem pissed off, even though Itachi had him hooked at the moment. "You bastard..."

"Hn." That was when Itachi took hold of his chin and slowly ran his thumb over Naruto's lower lip before making his lover turn to face him. "Well not just what I want, baby. You desire me just as much." He proved his point by putting his weight on the hard-on he felt between Naruto's thighs and Naruto's blue eyes glazed over at the sensation of the movement. Itachi leaned in close to Naruto's face, tauntingly grinding his hips against him and Naruto bit back a moan. "You want relief?" Itachi smirked amusingly, his gaze bewitching as his thumb now pressed lightly against Naruto's plump, pouty lips.
Naruto breathed in deep and parted his lips, battling the compulsion to take Itachi's thumb into his mouth. His voice was stuck. Fuck, this man made him feel like he was losing his sanity. And was so hard he was dripping in his shorts now. Damn it all. "Please, Daddy..." Naruto breathlessly murmured against Itachi's thumb, undoubtedly defeated, and then he took the finger into his mouth and sucked on it teasingly.

Itachi watched Naruto, licking over his lips slightly and an overflowing heat spilled through his body and settled in his stirring cock as the sight of Naruto looking up at him smolderingly, silently giving him permission to do whatever he wanted with him and the flush of arousal spreading throughout Naruto's whiskered cheeks bones beckoned his member. Itachi let out a heavy chuckle and lowered his head, pressing his lips to Naruto's neck. When Naruto called him 'daddy' that was when he knew he had him.

Naruto moaned loud as Itachi did all the right things to make him feel like he was in heaven. He grabbed the man's bare bicep, digging his nails into the skin. The only reason he gave in so easily this time was because he was incredibly horny today, especially since he had had off from work today so all that stress that had ached through his body turned into that need for his body to release the stress somehow, which was a job only Itachi could do.

Naruto was used to being properly and thoroughly fucked nearly every night but as of lately his schedule had been pretty hectic at the hospital since there had been a few premature babies born last month and this month, so everything he did had to be precise and mistakes weren't an option. He was a nurse for the delivery ward at their city's local Children's Hospital so he worked late. But Itachi worked even later than he did and by the time the Uchiha came home Naruto was either already asleep or on the verge of falling asleep.

Then Itachi would stay cooped up in his home-office some nights because there were important documents or proposals he hadn't been able to get to at Mongekyo Enterprises, where Itachi held the status of CEO since taking over Fugaku's position.

So unfortunately, they both had been busy the last couple of months and Naruto guessed all that stressful turmoil that balled up over time finally popped and now they couldn't keep their hands off of each other.

Itachi stood finely dressed in black pants and a black dress shirt with a trench coat draping his build, taking a glance at the watch on his wrist as Naruto went ahead and rang the doorbell of his parents' home. It was a white, Victorian styled home that had Japanese accommodations here and there. Naruto frowned slightly, stepping back. "We're totally late. Thanks, Itachi."

Itachi snorted, arching an eyebrow and turning to him. "I fail to see how our late arrival is my fault, Naruto. You were the one who wouldn't let me leave the bed, as intended."

Naruto felt his cheeks warm against the chill air, standing close enough to the man that he was able to elbow him and the Uchiha winced faintly, Naruto's elbow hitting right into his arm. "Then maybe you shouldn't fuck me so good," Naruto murmured, not caring how unreasonable and idiotic that sounded. Hell, the only reason he wouldn't let Itachi up after that one plus round was because he wasn't satisfied. "You know when it's good I don't want it to end so soon."

"I'll take that into consideration next time," Itachi replied with a smooth chuckle of amusement and Naruto looked at him, his blue eyes narrowed but the corners of his mouth twitching in effort to keep from grinning. Itachi had a small smile press onto his lips. He always did find Naruto's childlike behavior to be humorous. It was one of the reasons he fell in love with him. "I'm sure your parents
will be forgiving of our lateness, Naruto."

"Yes. I know, you smug bastard." Naruto crossed his arms over his chest firmly, turning to face the man completely. "That isn't the point though. You have to be more considerate, Itachi."

"Yes, yes," Itachi nodded, mocking obedience before leaning down and giving Naruto a small kiss on his frowning mouth and Naruto's cheeks flushed darker. Then Itachi pulled back and cupped the sides of Naruto's whiskerface. "I, Uchiha Itachi, will be more considerate of Uzumaki Naruto and not fuck him to the best of my ability in the near future." He stated firmly before he smirked, his eyes gleaming with torturous intent and Naruto's mouth dropped opened, his face burning a bright red.

"W-What?" Naruto scoffed out unfairly, a slight laugh leaving him as well as he glanced away from the man and then he put his gaze back on the handsome Uchiha. He straightened his stance, putting his finger out to the raven. "That is not what I meant, Ita-"

He was interrupted by the muffled shouting of a voice through the front door that he was pretty sure was his father's and that alerted him that his father was about to open the door and Naruto shut his mouth, throwing a side scowl at Itachi and stepping back from the raven. "I'm not done with you. Later." He told him, turning forward and Itachi simply stared at the door, waiting for it to open but Naruto knew he heard him.

Then finally the door came open after his father unlocked it and Minato stood there, wearing a fitting, cream colored sweater and smiling warmly at them. "Ah, Itachi-kun, Naruto. You two finally made it, I see. Come in, come in. Kushina was getting impatient." He said, moving aside and gesturing for them to come in.

Itachi and Naruto walked into the toasty home, the Uchiha greeting Minato with a smile and a 'good evening' before removing his shoes at the genkan and Minato told him that his mother was in the kitchen with Kushina and that Sasuke was here as well. Unfortunately Fuagku hadn't been able to make it.

Naruto looked at his father apologetically while taking off his shoes. "Sorry, Dad. There was, um, traffic. Yeah!" Naruto walked over to him and leaned in, embracing his father in a one-armed hug and was impressed with the lie he was able to come up with on the spot. He glanced over at Itachi who was slipping his coat off of his shoulders and the Uchiha's dark eyes glanced at him humorously. Naruto discreetly flipped him off and then Itachi strolled off, leaving the entryway to probably go greet everyone else.

"It's fine, Naruto." Minato nodded understandably as Naruto pulled back and he gave his son's blonde hair a ruffle. "I'm just glad you could make it back home tonight. It's been a few months since your mother and I have gotten to see you. Busy?" He asked, grabbing the door knob and shutting the door back.

Naruto groaned, going over and taking off his coat to hang it. "Yeah, Dad. I tell you the hospital's been crazy busy. I barely have time to breathe sometimes!" He hung up his coat, almost feeling like he was getting migraine just thinking about work. He didn't know how his father did it all the time, looking so relaxed and well-rested. His father was a doctor, one of the best in the city of Tokyo, and that was what inspired Naruto when he was younger to have some type of job working in a hospital and help people. He had admired the fact that his father saved lives ever since he was little and he wanted part in that. He wanted to save people and give them another chance at life.

"Well, you are at least getting enough sleep and eating properly, I hope." Minato said concernedly and Naruto looked at him, grinning.
"Oh yeah! Of course, Dad!" He may have lied about the 'enough sleep' half because there were many times when he was simply exhausted and didn't feel like he got enough sleep but he was always sure to eat, sort of. "Now, I'm gonna go see Mama!"

"Okay. I just need to run upstairs and grab the necklace your mother recently bought and asked me to grab it from the bedroom. She's dying to show it to Mikoto." Minato told him, rounding over to the staircase behind the front door and heading upstairs.

"Okay!" Naruto grinned wider, sprinting by the living room entrance to his left and out the corner of his eye he spotted Sasuke stroll in front of the lit fireplace and looking over the framed photos on the fire-place mantel, wearing a fitting, black sweater.

Naruto backtracked, going into the living room and smiled big. "Hey, teme!"

Sasuke turned his head over his shoulder, his eyes falling on Naruto. "What, idiot?"

He and Naruto had been best friends since high school and naturally their parents were introduced to each other and it wasn't long before Mikoto and Kushina genuinely hit it off, and since then their families would often have these dinners together. Sasuke didn't mind that Naruto was in a relationship with his older brother. It was fine actually. The way their relationship came about was unexpected, but Naruto and Itachi loved each other. Naruto had known Itachi since they were in high school, of course being friends with Sasuke, and the dobe, with much distaste, had mentioned numerous of times that he didn't like Itachi after a certain situation. However, fast-forward to after high school.

The business university that Itachi was attending at the time was near his and Naruto's university and so Sasuke would often meet up with his brother or take him lunch or whatever and up until he, himself knew Naruto still couldn't stand Itachi. But some way and somehow, during their second year of uni', Naruto came wailing to him that he blew Itachi in the bathroom of their university when Itachi dropped by for a visit one day. He didn't how the fuck that came about, and everything else that happened between them up until now was still unknown to him. He knew bits and pieces of what went on but not the full story and he frankly didn't fucking care. As long as they were content with each other.

Naruto went over and hugged the raven from behind. "Is that anyway to greet your best friend? I missed you. Did you miss me?"

Sasuke struggled in his embrace, frowning slightly. "Naruto, I heard you come in and I saw Itachi walk by. And we just saw each other the day before yesterday. Now let go of me, moron."

Naruto pouted, slowly letting go of the raven. "Fine, fine. Damn, you don't have to be so rude to me. Don't act like you don't cling to me," He muttered and Sasuke turned to face him, giving a skeptical raise of his eyebrow. "Right. You only like to be touched when you're in the mood. How does your girlfriend feel about that, huh?"

"Hn," Sasuke slipped a hand into the pocket of his crisp pants, the sweater he was wearing melding finely against his lean muscles. "Hinata is fine with it."

Naruto stuck his nose up at the raven, rolling his eyes apprehensively. He highly doubted she was fine with it. Naruto walked beside Sasuke, standing in front of the warm fire place with him and the blaze glowed on the reflection of his skin. "Anyway, what's up? Anything new happen in your life since the day before yesterday?"

"I got dragged here."
Naruto sucked his teeth, throwing his hands up defeatedly and turned around to leave. "You're being bitchy tonight. I'll give you your space, teme." Naruto grumbled, strolling out of the living room and heading down the rest of the hallway where the entrance to the kitchen was just before the backyard door. He heard the cheerful voices of Mikoto and his mother and occasionally Itachi responding to them.

Naruto turned into the warm kitchen, grinning and Mikoto was moving a large bowl of steaming potatoes over to the kitchen island in the middle of the room and his mother was talking with Itachi as his boyfriend helped her de-shell shrimp over at the sink. "Hi! How is everyone?" Naruto greeted brightly, walking in. His mother looked beautiful in a casual, purple dress underneath the apron she wore and Mikoto appeared graceful, even in just simple pants and a burgundy blouse.

"Oh, Naruto! Hello, sweetie!" Kushina turned to smile at him, dropping the shrimp she had in her hand and rushed over to him, careful not to touch him with her hands as she leaned in and hugged him, kissing his cheek. "Welcome home. Glad you finally made it." She pulled back, looking him over. She missed her baby. "Itachi told me there was traffic."

"Yes. There must have been a lot of traffic, Naruto-kun." Mikoto said from where she was mashing the potatoes, her mouth pursed, playfully suspicious.

"Uh, yeah, something like that," Naruto replied, a sheepish laugh leaving him as he went over and hugged the raven haired woman. "Hello, Mikoto-chan. Dinner isn't ready yet? I figured everyone would be eating by now. I was pretty sure we were late." Naruto mentioned, cocking an eyebrow as he pulled back.

Mikoto giggled a bit. "Um, well, when I arrived your mother and I may have engaged in conversations that lasted longer than they should have. You know us. But thankfully Sasuke nagged us to get cooking before it got too late."

"Ah, I figured." Naruto laughed. His mother and Mikoto were two women that loved to talk, and they could for hours. They were close friends so he guessed that was to be expected of them.

"How are you, Naruto-kun?" Mikoto smiled, eying him. "Itachi tells me you're well taken care of."

Naruto parted his mouth to respond, but as her words registered in his brain, his eyes narrowed and his mouth snapped shut. "I don't know why Itachi speaks like I'm a child incapable of taking care of myself but I'm fine, thanks. You?" He asked considerably, his slight glare burning into the back of Itachi's shirt as the man chuckled about something with Kushina.

"I'm well, thank you. I couldn't get Fu-kun to leave the Second Branch Company early so he's absent, of course."

"Well it is Father, Mother." Itachi commented, unsheathing the shell off of another shrimp.

"I know, Itachi." Mikoto sighed heavily, wishing her husband wasn't such a workaholic. She thought his work load would slow down after Itachi took over his father's position at the Main Branch.

Naruto nodded. "Yeah, it's cool. Always next time," He walked over to the sink and look over his mother and Itachi's shoulder to see that there were two bowls in the spacious sink and he turned toward his boyfriend, touching his shoulder. "What? You helping cook now?"

Itachi side-eyed him impassively. "Of course, Naruto. Do you think I would allow our Mothers to prepare everything themselves. Be more considerate." He slyly said, smirking.

Naruto's eyebrow twitched annoyingly. How dare he use his own words against-
"Yes, Naruto! You can help too!" Kushina sharply exclaimed, turning to him and shooting him a chiding look. "You can go into the fridge and grab the lettuce. You're in charge of the salad."

Naruto's mouth fell open but the twitch in his mother's eyebrows forced him to close his mouth shut. He knew better than to argue her orders. He slumped, heading over to the refrigerator. "I don't even like salad, Mama." He murmured in disgust, opening the fridge door and kneeling on the floor, pulling out the bottom drawer in the fridge where all the vegetables were stored and he grabbed the bag of stalked lettuce. He closed the drawer back, getting to his feet and walked over to the kitchen island, joining Mikoto as Itachi and his mother chatted.

Mikoto set the seasoning she used for the potatoes down on the marble counter of the island and looked over at the lettuce Naruto slammed onto the counter. "Oh, wait, Naruto. Let me get you a knife and cutting board. Also you have to rinse the lettuce first. You know that," She said with a slight laugh, spotting the adorable, sulking expression his face and moving to get the things he needed.

"Oh, yeah. ..Sorry." He pouted cutely, leaning arms onto the island and crossing them. He hoped he would be able to watch TV until the food was done, and he hated salad. He looked over and caught Itachi's quick glance back at him.

Naruto then raised two fingers, pointed to his own eyes and then turned his fingers from his eyes and to Itachi, pointedly. Silently letting him know that he had 'his eyes on him.' Itachi smiled that handsome, captivating smile that melted away Naruto's slight irritation and the Uzumaki poked his tongue out at him adorably, blush heating his cheeks. He loved the sexy bastard beyond belief.

"Hey! Why the hell Sasuke ain't in here doing nothing!" Naruto yelled, deliberately loud enough for Sasuke to hear him all the way in the living room.

"Naruto! Language!" Kushina scolded sternly.

"Kushina, I can't find the necklace!" Minato shouted from the second floor of the house.

The dinner table was lively as everyone ate and chatted with one another. Naruto licked over his lower lip, looking at his plate of sticky-ginger shrimp and white scallion rice with mouth-watering eyes. He was so hungry, especially since he exhausted so much energy from sex earlier. When he and Itachi were going at it they were often so consumed with each other that food slipped their mind. And they could have sex for hours at a time. It often had him wondering if their sex-drive was normal or on the edge of addictive. He didn't think he ate much yesterday either. Naruto shrugged to himself, using his chopsticks to gather up some rice and shrimp together and brought the food into his mouth. If only he had some ramen to go with this right now.

"What about you, Naruto? How is work?" Kushina looked over at Naruto after speaking with Sasuke.

"Work's fine. It's just been insanely busy, Mama," Naruto said before he huffed, his shoulders sinking and then he shoveled some more rice into his mouth. "Hopefully it'll slow down soon."

"Yes, hopefully it will. You must be exhausted," Kushina said, her voice soft and concerned.

"Naruto barely has time to eat lunch." Sasuke mentioned briskly, wiping his mouth with his napkin. "We have the same lunch break so we usually go out to lunch together and he never takes his time to eat."

"That's not good." Mikoto softly uttered, reaching for her glass of water.
Kushina nodded strongly, forking at the food on her plate disconcertedly. "Naruto, you need to eat properly. Should I come down to the hospital and have a talk with your boss?"

"Kushina," Minato chuckled absurdly at his wife from his end of the table.

"W-What? No, Mama," Naruto laughed at his mother's overprotectiveness. "And it's not a big deal 'cause Sasuke works like a block away from the hospital so I don't want to keep him from work too long and I don't rush that much," He smiled sheepishly at his mother.

"Hn." Sasuke snorted, his tone saying otherwise and Naruto threw him a light scowl.

"Kushina-san, you needn't worry. I've already had a talk with Naruto's boss and I think he fully understands the importance of Naruto being able to eat a satisfying meal in order to continue the work day." Itachi voiced assuredly, finally looking down at that end of the table, seated beside his baby brother.

Naruto blushed furiously, remembering how Itachi had his superior trembling in his shoes and lowered his head.

Kushina's eyes were wide with admiration as she set down her fork and clapped approvingly with flushed cheeks. "See, Minato, even Itachi-kun has had a talk with your son's boss." She looked at her husband pointedly.

Minato sighed, taking a glance at Itachi who held his head rather high and haughtily.

"I like to know that Itachi takes such good care of him." Mikoto smiled warmly at her oldest.

Naruto brought a hand to his eyes, embarrassed. He couldn't believe this.

"Of course." Itachi smiled.

"Ever think you're too protective of him, Nii-san? Naruto is perfectly capable of taking care of himself." Sasuke said, digging his fork into his salad.

"Sasuke-kun is right, Kushina. I think the problem is that you and Itachi-kun spoil Naruto too much. Sometimes a superior won't be reasonable, but you have to suck it up." Minato said sensibly, bringing a piece of glazed shrimp to his mouth.

"Thank you!" Naruto blurted agreeably, gesturing his hand toward his father's end of the table and his mother and Itachi looked at him baffledly. "I can take care of myself and don't mind working hard. So what I miss lunch sometimes. That's life. I don't mind, really." He eyed them firmly and his mother looked down at her food, murmuring something to herself that he couldn't comprehend and Itachi simply stared at him blankly. The Uchiha probably didn't see a problem with scaring the fucking daylights out of his boss and irrationally threatening to shut down the hospital if his demands for Naruto to be given longer breaks weren't obeyed. Uchiha, man. He couldn't deal with them. He then looked at Sasuke and grinned at him. Of course Sasuke knew he could take care of himself.

Itachi tapped his sleeve-cuffed wrist on the table, indifferent on the matter.

Mikoto giggled, witnessing the expression on Itachi's face. Regardless of if Naruto couldn't or could take care of himself, Itachi was going to do as he pleased and what pleased him was to take care of Naruto.

Overtime, everyone fell into conversation about other things and Naruto laughed at something that his father told him about his grandmother. Then Naruto's blue eyes wandered over and landed on
Itachi, who was across from him. The man was talking to Sasuke, something about what Sasuke should expect when he and Hinata finally moved in together. But what caught Naruto's gaze was the way Itachi was fluently reclined back, his dress shirt unbuttoned a little below his collar-bone because of the light warmth in the house and the way Itachi's full lips pressed onto the glass that he sipped juice from. Itachi then smiled handsomely at something Sasuke said and touched the younger raven's shoulder affectionately. Was it possible for a man to be so damn beautiful? Clearly it was.

Itachi turned away from Sasuke, his glass empty and spotted the juice pitcher beside Naruto's plate, letting him know that Naruto had been the last to get more to drink but probably forgot to put the pitcher back in the center of the table. Itachi sat forward and raised his eyes to Naruto. That was when he noticed the Uzumaki staring at him with a spaced-out expression. "Naruto," He said calmly.

"Yes? What is it, Daddy?" Naruto responded blankly, the kinky petname leaving his lips smoothly, without a second thought.

Itachi blinked at him surprisingly and everyone else happened to get quiet at the table and eyed Naruto oddly.

Naturally, Minato raised his eyes from his the food on his plate and looked over at his son. "What?" He asked, slightly confused. Naruto had never called him 'Daddy.' It was either Dad or Papa.

Naruto glanced at his father expectantly and idly waved him off. "Oh, no. Not you, Dad. I was talking to," He pointed at Itachi but then he caught himself, his mouth dropping open and closing, as if he had just inhaled a huge breath of air and his eyes shot big. Did he just fucking call Itachi 'daddy' in front of everyone? In front of not only his own mother and father, in front of Itachi's mother as well?!

Naruto looked around at everyone and his mother looked away from him, a dark flush on her face and Mikoto seemed flustered as well, and like she was trying to hold in a laugh. Sasuke set his fork down, looking horrified and then Naruto dreadfully looked at his father. The man appeared more shaken than anything.

"Does anyone want dessert?" Naruto quickly shot up from his seat, nodding in answer to his own question and began moving out from the table. He was desperately trying to play it off, even though he knew that everyone knew something they weren't supposed to know about him and Itachi. His face felt like it was on fire and he could see that his mother and father couldn't even look in him in the eyes at the moment. "Dessert?" He pointed to Sasuke, then at Mikoto, and when he went to point at Itachi, a darkly sadistic and delighted look appeared in the raven's eyes. Naruto felt like the look set him ablaze and mentally cursed the man, walking away from the table and hurriedly leaving out of the room.

Sasuke then leaned over toward his older brother and quietly asked, "Did he just call you 'daddy'?"

Itachi cleared his throat lightly, impassively casual. "I believe he did, Otouto."

"I cannot believe I said that," Naruto finally said with a whimper once they were pulling off from his parents' in Itachi's blood crimson Jeep Grand Cherokee and dropped his face into his hands, beyond embarrassed. He was humiliated. His face was still so hot it felt like it would burn off.

"What is it you said?" Itachi asked, arching an eyebrow slightly as his fingers curled around the steering wheel and he drove smoothly.

Naruto's head shot up and he snapped his wide, bewildered eyes over to the man. "Itachi, are you
serious! I called you daddy in front of my parents and your mother!"

Itachi nodded in remembrance. "Oh, that. Yes, that was unexpected of you but I'm sure they've forgotten by now."

"Itachi, they did not forget. They will never forget! Oh my God, I'm so embarrassed and just... I can't stop blushing." Naruto pressed his fingers into his cheekbones, knowing that was where the red had gathered. "Look at my cheeks." He turned more to the man.

Itachi glanced over at Naruto, easily spotting his lover's fluster before looking back at the road ahead. "Baby, I assure you your parents will forget soon enough."

Naruto threw his hands up, a sound of disbelief leaving him and face forward, leaning back in the passenger's seat. "Itachi, your mother witnessed it too, or did you forget? They are never going to forget what happened tonight and--Damn it. You didn't see the look on my Dad's face. He looked mortified, just destroyed. Like the look on his face when he realized I was talking to you... He is never going to look at me the same. His 'little boy' image of me is probably ruined." He huffed, tossing head back into the headrest and the crisp air wisping through the lowered car window and licking at his face.

"Naruto, it's not that dire. Hn, what happened may stay just between them."

"-Oh no, no, no! This will not stay just between them, Itachi! I'll tell you that shit right now. My Mother will most likely mention tonight to my grandmother and then my cousins are going to find out, uncles--Uncle Gaara already doesn't like you!" He threw his hands up again, agony claiming his expression and then slapped his hands down onto his face dreadfully.

Itachi brought the vehicle to a stop at a stoplight and then tapped his finger against the wheel, casually. "What's not to like?" He asked undauntedly and Naruto dragged his hands down from his face and looked at him with a roll of those pretty blue eyes.

"You think this shit is funny, don't you? When you asked 'what is it you said?' in that stupid, pompous, asshole voice of yours, you already knew what the hell I was talking about." He said knowingly, narrowing his gaze darkly at the Uchiha.

Itachi stepped on the gas, silent for a moment while keeping his eyes ahead before taking a quick glance over at the pissed off blonde and then returning his gaze back to the road. "It was rather comical." He said with a deep, slight chuckle.

"Do you have any humility?" Naruto crossed his arms, eying him honestly but this was Uchiha Itachi he was speaking to. "Well of course you don't. But still, why aren't you embarrassed about any of this? Your mother and Sasuke were there too, Itachi. Sasuke I'm not worried about because he would've found out eventually. He was bound to catch me slip at some point." He shrugged inevitably, raking the fingers of his left hand through his hair and the fall air cooled him down a bit.

"Simple. Because it only asserts the claim I've engraved on you," Itachi smirked, his eyes glinting sinisterly. "Or rather in you."

Naruto's mouth immediately dropped open and he blushed hard, flinging his hand over and hitting Itachi in the arm. "Oh shut up!" He laughed a bit, his heart pounding fast in his chest at Itachi's words and an unnecessary amount heat rushed south, between his legs. Fuck. Sex should be the last thing on his mind. He put his hand on the center console, leaving it there. "I'm serious, you dick. ...I guess I'm going to be avoiding my parents' calls for the rest of the week, and possibly next week. I can't face them after tonight..." He put a hand to his forehead, feeling his embarrassment rising all
over again.

"Enough of the melodramatics, Naruto," Itachi laughed lightly, taking a hand off of the steering wheel and taking Naruto's hand that had been on the center console in his, the blonde naturally entwining his fingers with his. "Your parents are still going to look at you the same. So what they caught a glimpse of your rather lewd side."

"That's terrible, Itachi! I'm supposed to be innocent! Like a virgin in their eyes!"

"Hn." Itachi snorted elegantly, his thumb rubbing soothing circles on the back of Naruto's hand. "They are well aware you are not a virgin, Naruto."

"Well, yeah! Now!" Naruto exclaimed, his mouth dipping into an adorable pout.

Itachi breathed another laugh, veering the jeep into a left turn. Naruto was too cute sometimes. He smiled, compelled to bring Naruto's hand to his lips and pressed a kiss to his finger.

Naruto blushed slightly, looking over at the raven, more attentively this time. "God, even after what happened tonight I still want you to make love to me." He breathed ridiculously, rolling his eyes and giving a shake of his head.

"Oh? Why not in here? Pound you into the backseat of this jeep. Make you come all over the leather interior." Itachi said huskily, his voice dripping heavily with lust.

A throaty moan left Naruto along with a mingled laugh and he bit his lower lip at the thought, his blue eyes electric with thrill. "Yeah? Add it to the list of your cars you've already fucked me in? I might be down for that." He grinned crookedly.

It was then Naruto's phone binged multiple times at once and he strangely looked low at his jacket pocket as he reached into it and took out his phone. He unlocked the front screen, seeing that he had been alerted with new text messages and saw that he had a few, actually. One was from his Uncle, Gaara.

_Tell Itachi I need to have a talk with him._

Then there was one from his older cousin, Yahiko.

_Let Daddy-Itachi know that I say what's up, ya pervert! ? ¯\_(ツ)_\_*(˘ ³˘)⁄°˖*

And then there was another from one of his other cousins, Karin.

_Oh Naruto. I didn't know you were such a naughty boy. Tell your hot ass boyfriend I say, heyyyyy! ? 😊_

"Can we just go home please!" Naruto cried obnoxiously, throwing his head back upsettingly and Itachi arched an eyebrow concernedly, unaware of the humiliation Naruto was undergoing by his own family. Naruto whimpered and glared back at his phone and desperately shouted, "I'm innocent! I'm not a pervert! ...I'm a good child."

He didn't even want to the read the one he saw he received from his grandmother. And he knew he would be getting more, probably until tomorrow morning. Yup, his whole family was about to chime in on this shit.
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