Sibling Slaves to the King

by Ladyofthe_Alpha

Summary

Naruto king of everywhere has personal slaves to relieve stress, this is the story of the famous sibling slaves.

Note: Tagged it with non-con but just because of the slavery element :)

Notes

Hi!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Hope you like it!!!!!!!!!! First fic for this fandom so please please please! Comment say what you like don't or want to see!!!!!!!!!!! Thanks!!!!!!!!!!

Soooooo I have edited this a bit just the ages so it all makes a bit more sense!!!!

See the end of the work for more notes
There are many different lands that make up this world, many different leaders but the Hokage’s of each main village had a leader too. Naruto Uzumaki was the leader of the Hokage’. Everybody knew of him, that he ruled with an iron fist but he was generous and many rumors about him said that he wasn’t to be feared because he kept the demon lands at bay. These lands were occupied by many disgusting harmful people. He was supposedly the strongest person in the world, yet he didn’t believe in fighting for nothing he fought, yes, but it was for something he believed in. Over many years his rule ran smoothly, he was young for a king, but many people looked up to him. They all wanted to serve him because he was generous to those around him that made him happy.

Although Naruto inherited the class system which was to keep peace, he believed that it worked so he kept it running. Naruto believed that having children at the age of fifteen tested to see where they would fit into the community was best. Therefore the class system was created there were a total of four classes; the ‘Brains’ who were the people like Hokage’ and the people who run the villages also a select few were picked to be advisers to Lord Uzumaki himself. Then there were the ‘Workers’ who did normal jobs ran small businesses or worked the farms. ‘Protectors’ were another class who were the army and fighters of the village they belonged to, a select few also being invited to the palace to be trained into ‘Ninjas’ by Naruto. Lastly were the ‘Slaves’ who were breed to be the most attractive people in the classes and job it was to relieve stress from anybody in their division or if they were lucky become the Lords personal Slave.

Out of all the classes the best and hardest was to be a ninja you were set for life and didn't fight many battles, at the age of fifty you could retire and because of your work for the government the paid for everything. This was a place many people worked hard to get to but the other class that was even better and more sought after was slave to the king.

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Itachi Uchiha was trained from birth to become the best Ninja of all time. His family wanted him to become Lord Naruto’ personal protector, a warrior from the Uchiha clan.

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“Hello, please sit up on the table and the examination will begin” says the doctor as soon as he walks in the door. I sit on the cold metal table, naked as the nurse before had told him that he would be tested for every class (Even though he'll be a ninja! She had said). “Okay lets start the examination, please state your name, age, clan and sexuality.” the doctor said as soon as I sat down. “Ahhhh… Itachi Uchiha, Fifteen years old from the Uchiha Clan. And um …-” I stutter at the last question and the doctor looks at me closely. “It’s okay son, nothing to be embarrassed about, do you like girls or do you fancy boys?” he said after a minute. I look down with my cheeks red “Boys…” I whisper. “Right good, good!” he says then “Well, Itachi next we are going to do a few flexibility tests then strength test, a written exam then I will do a body check up sound good?” I nod thinking this will be easy.
I am exhausted. The flexibility test was more like indurance and had me doing things from touching my toes to balancing weights on my body. Then the strength test was all about fighting styles and physical tolerance to things. In these two tests I felt as though I did pretty good, the written test was hard and confusing so I have absolutely no clue how I did there. Finally it was down to the body check up, and I am physically and mentally tired but I know I still have to try my best.

“Okay, back up on the table. Good. So this body exam does get a bit intense, Itachi, if you feel like you’re getting overwhelmed your safe word is going to be; Red. Got that?” says the doctor. Safe word? Why would I need a safe word? The confusion must have shown on my face because the doctor says “Look Itachi, everyone that comes in here gets the test that you’re getting now, so there's no need to be embarrassed or anything, okay? Another man is going to come in and all you will have to do is sit back and react to what he’s doing. Think you can do that?” Still confused, I nod slowly and he leaves.

Then another man walks in, he has white hair and eyes different colours one red and one plain black. I look up when he says my name, he smiles and says “Hello, little one. My name is Kakashi Hatake, I usually work in the palace but I was called down here by your doctor. He believes you are a very special person.” I smile at him a little and he chuckles. “So I'm here to give you a body exam, I know it's a bit uncomfortable but you're going to have to get use too it. Lets get started, first lets see your body.” I stand up and get on the stand so he can see me. He slowly circles my body, giving me a critical look and all I want to do is cover myself.

I jump when he touches my back, shivering a little at the gentle touch. “Sorry, didn't mean to startle you, this is part of the test. You're doing fine, just know that whatever reaction you have it's normal.” he gives me a smile then continues on with is light touching. Many of the touches make me shiver, they are pleasant and I start to feel warm. After about half an hour of touching me from head to toe, Kakashi stands in front of me and says “Usually the test would run longer and I would get you to do more, but the reactions you have given me are perfect and I have all the results I need. So please put your clothes back on and sit back on the exam table and wait until I come back and fetch you. Okay?” I smile and nod relieved that I did good and am finished. All I want to do is go home and sleep.

Kakashi comes back after ten minutes of waiting. “Good boy for doing as you're told.” he says once he sees me sitting patiently. He walks right up to me so that he is standing in between my legs, “Itachi? Do you know what happens after someone has taken this test?” he asks. I nod saying “Yeah, after you finish the test you go back to your family and wait for your results once you got them you are sent to training for the class you were assigned.” He winks at me “What happens to those who are good enough to serve in the palace?” I look at him and shake my head “I don't know?” “Well, sometimes if someone is very special they go straight to the palace and start training. Did you know that?” Thinking about that I realise that I have heard of that before, someone with amazing talents are
taken to the palace too get started on training as soon as they can. “Well do you want to know your results now?” My Eyes widen, I didn't think I would be getting my results today! “Yes please!” Kakashi gives me a big smile “You, Itachi, have been selected to be Lord Narutos personal pleasure slave.” I stare at him. This is pretty much the job everyone in the world wants to have. Becoming Narutos personal slave meant you were set for life, you had no worries, no problems and no one could touch you except for the Lord. You were pampered, cherished and loved. Your entire lifes job is to give and receive pleasure to the king Naruto Uzumaki.

All my life I have been training to become a Ninja, my parents expect this of me. My father expects me to train everyday three hours in the morning and five hours at night, they always put so much pressure on me it's the only thing they ever talk about, they ignore my thirteen year old brother so focused on living through me. I look up at Kakashi, I whisper “Okay.” He pulls me up and I put my arms around his neck. I burry my head into his neck and he carries me off to my new life in a new home.
Untrained Ninja

Chapter Notes

I know it to me forever to post this update and I can't promise much better but I can promise that I will finish this story! I will post slowly and not on a time table but it will be finished!!!

Please stay with me!!!

Thank xoxo
Lady Alpha

Enjoy!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I remember falling asleep sitting on Kakashi’ lap as we were escorted to the palace. Now I wake up slowly to Kakashi lifting me off the horse and carrying me in the door. “Oh how precious is that?” I hear a ladies voice say, I scrunch my eyes not wanting to see the attention on me. I feel more than hear Kakashi’ chuckle in response “Yes, quite a fine young boy, he is. Itachi, do you want to meet Lady Tsunade?” Kakashi asks. I peek my eyes open while my head rests in the hollow of Kakashi’ throat. “Hi, Miss Tsunade.” I say politely. “Why, hello kitten. Aren’t you just so pretty, I wish I could just. Eat. You. Up.” She purrs at me, in response I blush colour lighting up my whole face. Then I whimper and turn my head back into Kakashi’ neck. “Hey now! Lady Tsunade, you can't be talking like that to the Kings new slave. He’ll have your head if he thinks you’ve upset Itachi.” Kakashi says calmly walking around the Lady and up the steps of the palace.

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I started my training immediately. My tutors were Kakashi and Jiraiya who were to teach me everything I had to know on how to pleasure Naruto in the best ways. Although they taught me many things in my first three months in the palace, it was all from books or watching others, they never let me practice saying that I must be as virgin as possible for the King. Every single day without fail I was woken at an ungodly hour to get up and train, they said it was so I could look my best when presented to the King. Then I was to quickly wash, never more than five or ten minutes. Secretly I knew this was because they thought I would try to relieve some stress by masturbating. Then I was to have five hours of studying the human body and learning different techniques of pleasure, Kakashi and Jiraiya would constantly be watching me and at first I thought it was because they believed I would do something wrong either hurt myself, ruin my training or try and kill the King. Then I realised that it had nothing to do with what they thought I would do but what they thought others would do to me. So any time of the day I was in the presence of one or both of the males. What also came to be normal was that with the exception of the morning trainings, Kakashi and Jiraiya would take as much effort and stress off me as possible. They would offer to read books aloud to me so I could just listen or carry me any place we were headed I accepted this, quickly I was becoming quite use to the physical contact. I asked them about once and they replied that it was good that I was becoming extremely tactile because I would have to be like that with Naruto.
I had a lot of time to think now, more time in general. I thought about my brother and if he is okay. I miss him and wish I had brought him with me when I left. He would always tell me to look up when father got angry at either of us; he was always the positive one. He liked getting into trouble a lot but mother always looked the other way. Every time I think of Sasuke I think I made a mistake choosing to come here. Early on in the second month of training Kakashi and Jiraiya realised that I was getting home sick and distracted me every chance they got.

I also thought a lot about the King. I had no idea what he looked like or if he was as nice as everyone believed he was. I learned a lot about the King through the nobles that either lived at the palace or came to visit. They never thought to keep quiet around me because I was just a slave they thought I had only looks and not brains. Yet I listened and learned, father always said that while protectors were the warriors, ninjas were more deadly because they weren't noticed, they gathered information right from the source. Although I'm to be a slave I haven't forgotten the training and the lessons from the head of the Uchiha Clan.

So, I listen and learn and wait until I can use the information to my advantage. What I have learned from the nobles is that they have only bad things to say, snob their so called ‘friends’ behind their backs. Everyone in the court is out to get someone else and almost if not all the nobles think that the King is an idiot that doesn't have any original thoughts.

I learn all the nobles believe that the King is weak and that his father before him set everything up so that his son had no work to do. They all believe that he is the rich son of the King that is too stupid to rule the Kingdom and he makes his advisor's do all the work.

One night just before I am about to go to sleep Kakashi comes over “Itachi your lessons are almost over, you've learnt a lot faster than we expected.” I am conflicted at this comment, I want to stay where I am but I also want to meet the King and start my job. It's true that I have learnt fast, I was always bugging Kakashi or Jiraiya to teach me more each day. I wanted to be ready. I’ve grown too, while on arriving at the palace I was very small for a boy my age but now I'm just under average height.

I smile at him sleepily “Thank you Kakashi” I yawn and he puts a hand through my hair, which has gotten past shoulder length now, while pulling the covers over me. “Good night, Little one.”

As I wake up I feel sunlight streaming onto my face I grumble and dig deeper into the cocoon of blankets that are wrapped around me. I hear a chuckle and open an eye to see Jiraiya spying on me. “Too early” I mutter into the blankets. He laughs at that “It’s midday Itachi. We need to get you up too meet the King.” My eyes fly open at that and I sit up too look at him. My eyes widen at the reality that I will be starting the job that I will have for the rest of my life today. I smile at Jiraiya “Then what are we waiting for?” I say feeling confident that the King will love me.
So please tell me what you think?
Prep

Chapter Notes

I know! Another chapter so soon? Crazy!!!
I'm trying to be faster, but no promises!
Hope you like!!!
Alpha Lady. xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jiraiya and Kakashi lead me too Naruto’s room where they said I would be prepared. I walked slowly behind Jiraiya while Kakashi walked behind me. I start to become nervous the closer we get, I’ll never get too see Sasuke again or be treated like a human with rights. I’ll be Lord Uzumaki’s personal slave. But a slave none the less, slaves don’t get rights they are owned by their masters. I wonder if I’ll be able to talk my way out of this. No. I chose this life for a reason to have a life that I want to live.

I hold my head high and walked proudly, like a real Uchiha. Jiraiya stops me at a set of golden double doors and he says “This is Naruto’s room that you will now be sharing with him. He will be here shortly so let’s get you inside and prepared.” I lock down on all nerves that I have and follow Jiraiya into the room. Kakashi closes the doors behind us and pulls me towards the biggest bathroom that I have ever seen. He pushes me towards the shower that could probably fit up to twenty people. He rolls up his sleeves and pulls me closer undoing the tie at my yukata letting the robe fall open he pulled at the black briefs letting them drop to the floor. He pulls the yukata the rest of the way off and ushers me into the shower too scrub off. As I get out of the shower Kakashi engulfs me in a big white fluffy towel. I follow him into the bedroom where Jiraiya is setting things out on the bed but before I take a closer look Kakashi sits me in a chair too dry my hair.

Once I am fully dry Jiraiya comes over and says “Itachi there’s no reason to be scared but in case the King wants to take you straight away we will need to stretch you, okay?” I nod understanding what he means because of the training. He pulls me up and closer to the bed where I see a few objects placed out ready use. They both lie me down and pull my legs apart; I feel heat reaching my cheeks and turn my face into the sheets to hide. I feel slick fingers at my hole, unsure whose and too shy to look, rubbing and getting me wet. They take their time and it starts to feel good, I blush again when I realise that I’m getting hard. I gasp as the first finger pushes inside of me twisting and turning, grazing my walls. I moan as the finger disappears only to be replaced by two more with extra lube. The fingers inside me start too scissor open, the burn feeling extremely good all too soon the fingers leave and I moan in want. “Jesus, he really is as sensitive as you said?!” Jiraiya whispers quietly, Kakashi just chuckles in response. My hole clenches down on nothing, feeling so open, until a foreign object starts pushing into me. I yelp and try to move away

“Itachi, stop.” Jiraiya mutters holding onto the wiggling boy. Itachi’s eye fly open and he whipmper in pain. “You didn’t stretch him enough.” Jiraiya says stopping Kakashi’s movements. “It’s okay Itachi you’re doing great just a little more and then we’re done. Can you do that?” Kakashi says.

I nod slowly, taking a deep breath and relaxing as much as I can. Kakashi pushes more in and I can
feel the plug getting wider stretching me even further. I feel tears in my eyes but refuse to let them fall. As the widest part enters me I whimper but I don’t let any other sound escape me. Kakashi settles the plug all the way inside of me and I breathe a sigh of relief. “There, such a good boy. All done. You’re finished.” Jiraiya says pulling me into his arms. I fold into the warm embrace, “Okay one more thing we have to do then you can get dressed.” Jiraiya says soothingly. “I thought I was finished?” I mutter. Jiraiya carefully picks me up and takes me into the bathroom where Kakashi has filled the bath with water. “Okay, Itachi this isn’t going to be fun but we have to deal with your little problem…” Kakashi says. I frown, problem? What problem? It takes me just a second too understand what he means, I look at the water no heat but ice cold. I pout but don’t complain about getting lifted in. I am submerged in the water for only a second but long enough to kill the erection I had. Jiraiya pulls me out and into another fluffy towel that Kakashi is holding. Still pouting at the cold treatment, they take me into the bedroom once more too finally put clothes on. The yukata they dress me in is a deep red with black linking, which drops all the way to the floor flowing out gracefully. The red is sheer but it’s cleverly crafted so that it only gives alluring glimpses of what’s underneath.

“There, done!” Jiraiya said fixing the sash on my yukata while Kakashi fixes my hair into its usual ponytail. “All beautiful too meet the King.” Kakashi says. I take a deep breath. This is it! The man I am going to be owned by. Jiraiya and Kakashi leave me in the room saying that the King will join me once he is out of his meeting.

I sigh, walking over to sit on the window seat looking out to the large royal garden. Did I make the right choice? Or did I save myself and now my brother is stuck where I escaped?

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I hear chatter getting closer to the doors, many people trying to get the last comment to the King. Nervousness bubbling up inside of me. This is it. Breathe, Itachi. The door open slightly and I hear the King say “If it was so important to tell me Sakura why did you wait until after the meeting too talk?” I smirk; Sakura is one of the many female nobles at the court trying to attain the Kings attention. The door opens wider and I hear Sakura say “Well my Lord, I just came to see if you needed the company it must be hard to run the kingdom without anyone too take your stress away at the end of the day?”  

I keep the reaction off my face but the offer is surprising, a noble like her offering herself shamelessly like that is unheard of. The King chuckles “Thank you for your concern but I have no use of you here.” The curt reply is accompanied by the door opening widely and the King walking in.

He gives the young girl enough of a glimpse inside to see a beautiful boy, sitting by the window, with a halo from the setting sun. He has long midnight black hair that fans across his back with a few strands loose over his shoulders. The red sheer yukata sweeps gracefully down his body with brief glimpses of toned muscular skin. His eyes are obsidian making his skin even more porcelain looking. Sakura gasps then the door is covering her sight of the young man.

I smirk at the pink haired girls shocked expression before the door closes on her. She was one of the many that gossiped once backs were turned. She also said many bad things about the King; she’s obviously trying to play him. Once the door closes my eyes flick over to the King. I gasp, this man in front of me is gorgeous his eyes are as deep and blue as the ocean. He towers over me with a large muscular build, tan all over and his blonde hair flowing and curving around his face. His lips curve upwards into a smirk like he knows exactly what I am thinking. I start to think that if I’m not careful the erection I got rid of is going to come back in full force. I feel hot all over and realise that this man owns me. And I’m okay with that if it means that I own him too. I make my mind up right then and there this man is mine and I’m sharing with nobody.
Chapter End Notes

Please review!!!

Comments are food for the soul!!!
The King saunters into the room more “You must be Itachi Uchiha” he says, I feel my cheeks burn because his voice is deep and velvety. I then smile sweetly at him and nod my head. I can do this! He is mine and I’ll make sure all he will ever want is me. I turn more towards him and stand slowly, letting my hips sway and get his attention. My yukata flows down my body and fans out on the floor as I gracefully make my way over to him. “Well aren’t you confident.” he says as I step up and rest my hand on his upper arm. I smirk “Of course I am, I’m the Kings personal slave after all.” He rests his hands on my lower back and I shiver at the feather light touches as his fingers travel lower. “And it’s my job to take away the stress you were talking about. Any possible ideas of how you want me to do that?” The Kings fingers travel further down to rest on the cleft of my ass. I stand on my toes to get closer to him but he still towers over me. I become annoyed at my small stature until, in one smooth motion, the King uses his grip on my ass to lift me up. I pulled my legs around his waist and smoothed my hands in the hair on the nape of his neck. In this position our lips are almost touching and I see the playful glint in his eyes. He chuckles “Well I do have a few ideas that could help. But first let’s see about making you more comfortable. Maybe take this out?” I open my mouth to ask what he means but his hand reaches between my cheeks and tugs lightly at the plug inside of me. I hadn’t forgotten about it but it had been at the back of my mind, now at the Kings ministrations I feel sparks of pleasure. I rest my forehead on his and breathe through clenched teeth. My hands tug at the hair threaded through my fingers and thrusts the plug back inside me.

“Hmm. I must say... th- that it isn’t as bad... as I first thought. In fact I think... if you take it out I feel to empty. Is there any way you could... h- help me with that problem?” I stutter out through his thrusts. “Oh, I see. You wana play, do you?” he murmurs. I smile as sweetly as I can and nod he growls and stalks over to the massive bed throwing me onto it like I weighed nothing. I yelped as I landed on the plug ramming it deeper into me. I watch eyes half lidded, as the King crawls his way on top of me. I gasp at the feeling of a hard toned body above leaning on me just enough to feel the muscles. I feel one of his hands slide in between my clothes, loosening them with a tug. His hand glides over supple skin touching everywhere, but it's not enough. I grab his clothes tugging them
away so I can attack his chest. I hear a rumbling in his throat and my hands are grabbed and tugged up over my head, he holds them both in one hand as he starts back with the fleeting touches. “Relax, my pet, lie back and let me hear you.” Naruto orders. I breathe out a breath and go boneless, if this is what the King wants then who am I to say no?

The touches go on for what seems like an eternity; slowly tracing all over my body except where I want him to go the most. I am reduced to a moaning mess gasping at every touch until I shout “Master fuck me please!” I don’t realise what I said until the King bites my nipple hard, I gasp out “Master please, please take me! Mark me up and make me yours.” He growls out a moan and pulls my yukata fully open. He looks up at me with a smirk and raises an eyebrow “No underwear?” I let my legs fall open so he is sitting in between them and say “So you can take me easily anytime, anywhere.” His pupils dilate at that comment, a fact that I file away for later. He reaches across the bed and opens the bedside draw pulling out a few objects. Before I can ask what they are for he shushes me with a tongue in my mouth. I moan and close my eyes as he licks and bites at my mouth. I whimper at the roughness sucking on his tongue. He moans and grabs at my dick pumping it with quick strokes. I scream into the kiss finally getting friction. But as soon as it starts he pulls back and I feel a tight band encircling my dick with a resounding snap. I sob with the realization that the King has put a cock ring on me, stopping me completely from cumming. He shushes me, and licks the head of my cock cleaning the precum from it. I sob and whimper more, not use to the constriction around my cock.

Naruto slides up my body to look in my eyes “Hey look at me, this may feel bad now but I promise that before the end of the night I will make you scream in pleasure. Okay?” I blink the faint tears from my eyes and nod. “Good, I’ll teach you everything you need to know my perfect little pet.” He winks at me as his eyes take on a red tint. All of a sudden his fingers grasp at the plug, stuffing me full and pulls it out. I moan at the feeling then he is ramming it back into me twisting it in all the right ways. Soon he is throwing the plug aside and pulling the rest of his clothes off. I grab the headboard so as not to move my hands from where the King put them, he sees and chuckles “Kakashi and Jiraiya taught you well.” I blush and turn my head away but he grabs my chin “You are beautiful pet, never feel embarrassed or ashamed around me.” I blush harder at his words but don’t look away.

He pops the cap on the lube and pours some on his cock but his eyes never leave mine. I hold my breath as he lines up but as I feel his head at my entrance his mouth engulfs mine, he thrusts hard and fast once and is balls deep inside of me. I scream into his mouth as I am stretched to the limit, the plug tiny compared to his large member. The pain is searing the burn of my hole stretching around him. My nails are clutching his back and I can feel blood dripping from where I have scratched him. He doesn’t move waiting for me to adjust yet it feels like he is ripping me apart. I gasp as he kisses down my throat his hand pumping my length; I moan at all the feelings building up. His mouth travels down to one of my nipples biting and lick until it's pebbled and hard he gives the same treatment to the other and I’m so lost in those sensations I don’t notice he’s pulled almost all the way out until he pushes back in. I scream at the pain but it turns into a moan when his hard thrusts hit something inside me that sends sparks everywhere. He smirks and does it again and I moan with abandon. “Scream my name little one.” His voice rumbles to deep places inside of me, finding new pleasures.

Soon he lifts my legs to rest on his shoulders, leaning down so I’m bent in half, thrusting so much deeper than before and I cry out “Please, Master PLEASE!” He thrusts a half a dozen more times then I feel heat explode inside of me, I tense using my muscles to milk him. I whimper needing release but not getting any. “Hush pet, I’m not done with you yet.” He starts moving soon after thrusting in and out slowly let his cock re-harden inside of me. I whimper as he drags his dick across my prostate each time. He picks up speed and soon he is tongue fucking me as well. I cry out as my sensitive body is pulverized thoroughly.
All my pleasure is building up, Naruto doesn’t stop he’s cum so many times now I’ve lost count. The blinds are still open and the moonlight is shining in but Naruto doesn’t stop. My heart is racing and his cock is still perfectly aimed at my abused prostate. He changes his pace from fast to slow and hard but it doesn’t matter my whole body is thrumming on the edge for what seems like hours. “How are you feeling now my pretty boy?” Naruto hums out. All words are lost to me, the tightness in my lower belly is all I can think about, so I whimper. The King chuckles “Alright then, tell me how it feels afterwards.” Naruto pulls my protesting legs from his shoulders and wraps them around his waist. He leans forward again but puts his hand on my belly, giving more pressure to my prostate. I scream out my pleasure feeling my whole body constrict then I’m crashing over the edge tightening around Naruto feeling hot liquid fill my whole again. By this point I’m wet and loose around him. I shake underneath the King still feeling like a string pulled tight. Slowly he sits up and pulls out “Came dry, eh? Well you’re gonna feel great now.” He wraps his sinful lips around my still hard cock and sucks HARD; my brain is literally being sucked out through my dick. Then Naruto unclicks the cock ring and I’m cumming into THE KINGS MOUTH! Fuck! I sob at the feeling of finally cumming mewling at him when he finally pulls off. He smirks and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. “Gorgeous, my little pet. You are amazing.” He falls to the side wrapping me in his arms pulling the blankets up, I smile as he kisses my head. “Go to sleep pet. Sweet dreams.” I turn in his arms and nuzzle into his neck “Goodnight master.”

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment!!!

Thanks to: Angel and TiiRawr
for their comments you really made me write faster!!!
The morning after

Chapter Notes

Yay! New Chapter!!! Not much to say
Wrote too much and had to cut it in half so sorry if nothing much happens

Thank xoxo Alpha Lady.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

I open my eyes slowly to get a beautiful view of the Kings naked ass as he walks to his dresser, towel on his head drying his hair. I smirk thinking about last night and how this powerful sexy man is mine. He pulls on his royal robes that are covered in gold and turns towards me. “Morning pet.” he says as he notices I’m awake. “Good Morning master.” I say with a small smile. I wonder how the King will act around me when he isn’t lust crazed. I start to worry thinking that he might not treat me like a human being when he doesn’t need me. He does call me pet, fuck. I’ve let my feelings get to me, I’m his slave not his boyfriend. He’s the King for Christ sakes he’s not going to let me be seen, I’m for his bed not for flaunting on his arm. I jump when I feel the Kings hand brush through my hair. Relaxing and reminding myself that this is my job and the King probably expects some pleasure from me, I smile as seductively as I can. “Master?” I purr, he smiles “Nice try pet, what’s upsetting you?” I look away and shrug not saying anything. After a minute he sighs and prompts “Okay, you are getting upset because…” My eyes flick up to his and he arches on golden eyebrow at me. I huff in defeat and mutter “I’m your pet, why are you being nice if you don’t need something?” I turn my eyes away and wait for the part where he tells me he does want something but all he does is laugh. He sits up and keeps laughing and I just lie there bewildered thinking I’ve broken the King. He looks down at me and says “That’s what you’re worried about?” He chuckles some more “If there’s anything you’ll learn about me it’s that you’re mine pet, I own you, whatever I own I take very good care of. I show off what’s mine so that everyone can know what they’re missing out on. No one but me is allowed to touch you like this…” He runs his hand down my neck almost innocently then grabs my nipple and twists it, causing me to moan whorishly. I shudder feeling a tongue soothe away the burn “No one is allowed to seer hear you like this…” One of his hands grabs my hair and yanks my head back exposing the long line of my neck. He moves so that his body hovers over mine and I can feel the heat coming from him. His other hand slithering down to roughly grip my hip pulling me up while he thrusts down so I can feel his hard member rub along my own. I mean all the nerve endings in my body lighting up at the feeling of him hard because of me. “Don’t worry, you’re my pet but everyone else is going to treat you like my partner, you having my ear and all, wouldn’t want to upset you would they” He starts chuckling again “You’ll see. Everyone will treat you like a Prince.” He smirks thrusting down; getting both our cocks lined up perfectly and the friction clouds my mind with lust.

The knock at the door is what cuts through my clouded mind. Naruto starts chuckling again he stands to leave and I whimper at him leaving me this way. “Come now pet, I’m the King, do you really think they’d let me sleep in?” He gets up and walks toward the door, looking back at me he winks “Kakashi and Jiraiya will come to collect you in a few hours try to go back to sleep, they’ll bring you to me once I’ve finished my meeting.” I could get use to this life, sleeping in and having
sex all the time would be a great way to live. I roll over to face the door looking at Naruto “Have a
good meeting master.” I say as he opens the door. Once he’s gone I roll onto my back again with a
groan.

***

I wake up later in the day and decide to get up to wait for Kakashi and Jiraiya to arrive. Once my
brain starts to begin functioning I realise that my body feels really sore, I look down and see many
bruises in the shape of finger prints on my hips, hickeys run over my belly and down my thighs but
what makes me yelp is the ache in my ass. I get up slowly and limp my way to the bathroom,
halfway there I see myself in the full length mirror gasping I limp over. My whole body is covered in
bruises and hickeys, I take a closer look at my neck and there is a massive bite marking my skin. I am
black and blue all over. All the pain in my body thrums and I give up on the bathroom in favor of
lying back on the bed. I flop down on my stomach, flipping the blanket over me, and my head hits
the pillow. I see a flash of red from underneath the pillow and grab at it, my fingers wind round the
plug I was wearing yesterday. It's a deep maroon color that matched my outfit, it was suppose to
stretch me for Naruto’s cock but it didn't help much because of his massive size. Annoyed that the
plug didn’t do its job I pull my arm up to throw it away but before I can there is a knock on the door.

It opens slowly and Kakashi walks in with Jiraiya, I realise that I shouldn’t be angry with the plug
but with the people who thought it would be big enough. So with my hand still on the plug I throw it
at their heads. “Whoa!” Jiraiya shouts ducking down while Kakashi just tilts his head and the plug
sails past. In the next minute Kakashi is sitting down on the side of the bed with a worried look
“Itachi? What’s the matter? Are you hurt?” I think it’s quite amusing that their worried, flashes of
Naruto’s face as he cums enter my thoughts and the mind blowing pleasure he gave to me. I turn my
face into the pillow and snicker which turns into a full blown chuckle which turns into me laughing
outright. Looking back at the worried confused faces of both Kakashi and Jiraiya makes me laugh
harder. “Oh my God! Your faces are priceless!” snickering I wipe the tears that have formed away.
Jiraiya’s face hardens and he asks “Why did you throw that plug at us? Did you think we were
Naruto?” I giggle at the thought of throwing a butt plug at the King but shake my head. “Did he hurt
you, Itachi? Did he… force… -you?” Kakashi asks slowly as if worried about my sanity. I smile
smugly “Nope.” I say. They both wait for me to continue but I don’t, their reactions are just too
funny. Kakashi’s brows turn down, he grabs the back of my neck and I yelp “Stop being a brat
Itachi.” his voice is filled with dominance, and my eyes flick down in quick submission. “Now, do
have any problems that we could help you with?” I pout, “No fair Kakashi, how do you always do
that?” He smiles and his thumb rubs along my neck. “What did you expect kid? I picked you out,
brought you to the palace and trained you.” I feel my body relaxing at the touch, feeling the pain
throughout my body thrum again I say “Two problems.” Jiraiya chuckles “What one do want fixed
first?” I move closer to Kakashi wanting more of the amazing touch. “Want a bath.” I say and they
both roll their eyes. “And?” Kakashi prompts me. I snicker again but stop as I feel his hand tighten
on my neck in warning. “Can I have a bigger plug next time?” Both Kakashi and Jiraiya look at me
with their eyebrows raised, I chuckle again but stop quickly at Jiraiya’s serious face. “Wow, I
thought those were just rumors. I think we really should do some investigating into this Kakashi.”
Jiraiya said. I frown not sure what they mean. Kakashi sighed “It's always hard to tell rumors from
the truth when it comes to the King. Some days I think he planned all the rumors about himself just
so nobody would really know anything about him.” Jiraiya looks at me and says “So just how big
was it?” I frown not wanting to assume I know what they’re talking about, so Kakashi expands
“How big was the King’s dick, really? There have been rumors that he was massive but nobody
really believes that because of how… easy going, he is?” It’s now my turn to raise my eyebrow at
them. “Are you saying that because the King doesn’t act cocky that he must not have a big cock?
And are you really asking me what size the King is?” I honestly didn’t realise that these two were
such big perverts, “Yes. And Yes.” They both say at the same time. Looking between them I say
“Well maybe the reason he isn’t so arrogant is because he doesn’t need to be. He’s the King, he’s handsome, rich, powerful, and smart and he has a massive dick. I’d be pretty easy going if I was him.” They both look at shocked at what I said but then Jiraiya’s expression turns a little evil “Well someone seems quite taken by the King.” He says hinting something more. I scowl at him “Well let’s just say he was an amazing fuck.” Kakashi squeezes my neck again but this time for my language “Now, now. No language like that, you can’t be heard speaking like that to anyone got that?” I nod my head and relax back into the sheets feeling tired already. “Come on then go have a bath and me and Kakashi will find you another, bigger, plug.” I groan “That was one of my problems!” Kakashi yanks my neck up “Hey, like I said before stop being a brat. You can have a bath by yourself; you shouldn’t need us watching over you all the time.” The hand still on my neck holds tight waiting for me to agree “I already tried getting to the bathroom but it hurt too much.” I mumble half into the blanket. I see both of them frown while looking over me, Kakashi then grips my neck harder while Jiraiya throws the blanket off me, yelping I try to curl in and cover myself. “Oh, shush, we’ve seen you naked before stop being a baby.” Out of nowhere Jiraiya flips me onto my back and both of them gasp at the mauling I have received. “Jesus kid. You tried to move looking like this?” Jiraiya says. I shrug in response. “Right new plan, Kakashi you get him presentable, I’ll go for the plug.” I look towards Jiraiya and ask “I don’t have to wear the plug all the time though, right?” Both of them chuckle in response, the bastards. “Yes all the time, although if you want to hear more rumors about the King many say that he will love getting you to wear different toys, or clothes, some rumors even say that he is a very sadistic Dom.” I look at both of them closely to see any hint of a joke, but they both look very convinced by the rumors. “You’re kidding though right? ‘Cause that sounds kinda bad?” Looking at them with worry on my face both their expressions soften “Don’t worry kid; he won’t make you do anything you really don’t want to do. I think you’ll be surprised at what you’ll be willing to do when it comes to pleasing your Dom.” Kakashi says kindly. I sigh; at least my life is going to be interesting.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment!!!

Thanks to all the comments so far I love reading them!!!!

Thanks to all the people who gave kudo!!!!

You all are amazing xxx.
Dressing up!

Chapter Notes

YAY!!! Another chapter!!!

Hope you all like!!!

xoxo
Alpha Lady.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I suddenly have a thought that Sasuke would really like it here, which is weird because Sasuke has never been in the least bit submissive. I still think he would really like Naruto I wonder if slaves are always subs.

Once Jiraiya leaves and Kakashi helps me to the bath I decide to ask him. “Kakashi?” “Yes, little one?” I smile at the name; he is sitting on the floor washing my hair. “Just wondering but are all slaves submissive?” I ask quietly. “Well, yes and no. Yes everybody picked as a slave is submissive but not all slaves are naturally subby like you.” I frown “What do you mean subby like me?” He chuckles but explains “Well you are submissive in the way you do things, you like touch and respond to it. While others that are submissive become aggressive, they are strong minded and need to be put into their place to feel happy these people require a very strong hand and are usually more masochistic than others. That doesn’t mean that you’re not as submissive as them it just means that you have accepted it rather than fighting it. Either of the two are great slaves as long as you know that they have different needs, as well as know what you are doing.” I hum in acknowledgement as well as the great feeling of his hands in my hair. He chuckles some more “That’s exactly what I’m talking about; your reaction is just so ‘subby’.” I give him a little glare that fails when he digs his fingers into my scalp, making me nearly moan. I think on, is Sasuke a sub? He does have some of the attributes that Kakashi was talking about. I’m probably making it up in my head, giving myself false hope that I’ll see him again. Kakashi breaks me out of any other thoughts by asking “Any reason you’re asking little one?” Should I say something about Sasuke? He’ll probably just say it’s wishful thinking. “I was just thinking.” Kakashi yanks my hair a bit pulling my neck back “Start talking little one, what’s got you thinking?” I huff; I really need to get a better poker face. Nobody use to be able to read me, now here in the palace everybody can. “It’s nothing, just wishful thinking.” I look towards Kakashi and he raises a brow, when I don’t start talking straight away I feel another pull of my hair. “Alright, alright. It’s just I think my brother would like it here, it got me thinking about the King getting another slave and just… “I shrug, hoping he’ll just drop the conversation. “Well I doubt the King will get a new slave any time soon, with you being so new and all. If he does it is possible for your brother to be picked. I has been known to happen, siblings both being submissive enough to go into slave work. In fact it’s rather common for that to happen… “Kakashi trails off in thought. I realise too late that I have put my brother in the spotlight; Kakashi will be looking out for him now. But is that a bad thing? I think he’ll like it here and anyway it’s not as though he definitely will be a slave anyway. Maybe I was just the fluke of the family.

Once out of the bath Kakashi takes me into the middle of the room. “Right, this is going to be your
new routine.” He says as Jiraiya walks into the room with a wooden box in his hands. Setting it down the first object he pulls out makes my heart sink. Tipping my head back, so I don’t have to watch them putting a cage on my cock, I roll my eyes. “Why do I have to wear this?” I grumble. Jiraiya chuckles “Well kiddo, I bumped into the King while going to get these and he specifically asked for these so here we are.” I groaned, it seems the rumors about the King being sadistic were true. After they cage me, I have a new plug inserted (This time a lot bigger than the last) and the then have standing naked in the middle of the room. I sigh, as the two of them mutter about clothing. They look over me a few times still muttering things, I start to get fed up “Why does what I’m wearing matter so much?” They both turn to look at me nodding, finally having agreed upon something, Jiraiya answers my question after a while “Well little one, after this you will go eat breakfast with the King and his officials then you will kneel by his side, on the throne, for the debates that go on. As King the people come to him from all over with their problems and most of the time the high court rules in his place but he can overrule if necessary. You must sit at his side the whole time.” I look at him shocked. So many people will see me, what happens if I do something wrong? So not only do I have to worry about punishments but could it be in front of people? What if I embarrass the King?

“Itachi? Itachi. Itachi!” Kakashi grabs the back of my neck. “Hey, calm down. You’ll do fine and nothing bad will happen because it’s Naruto’s job to make sure you know exactly what you’re doing. Okay?” I nod at him slowly. God I really wish I wasn’t doing this now.

Kakashi and Jiraiya finally decide on putting me in girls’ clothing. For FUCK SAKE! “No! No. Not doing it!” I say as Jiraiya comes over with the outfit. “Yes you are.” Kakashi says as he grabs my hands. “NO, I don’t want to!” I shout. I struggle in Kakashi’s grip and kick out at Jiraiya but all he does is grab my feet and start dressing me. I struggle some more but it doesn’t work so I try a new tactic. “Fine, fine. I give up. I can put on the clothes myself!” Jiraiya just smiles and shakes his head. “Nice try little one.” Kakashi says.

They put me down in a chair once they have me in underwear, which means blood red panties with matching thigh high stockings and garter belt. As well as red leather cuffs on my wrists and ankles. I am not okay with this. “I am not okay with this.” Both men look over and smirk. “Noted.” Kakashi says and goes into the wardrobe to get the rest of the outfit. Jiraiya comes and sits next to me, “It’s okay to be shy little one, this is all really new but you’ll get use to it.” I pout and look away. Jiraiya just picks up one of my hands and pulls out some black nail polish to paint my fingers. “Why am I being dressed like a girl when it obvious that I’m not.” I ask after watching him paint one hand and move onto the next. “It’s just you look so pretty and all the lace looks stunning with you features. You look feminine without the girls clothing so with it you look so delicate.” I blush a bit at the honest remark but don’t say anything more on the topic.

When Kakashi comes over holding the rest of my outfit I groan at the sight of more lace. “Are you going to be good and let us dress you? Or are you going to be a brat again?” Kakashi asks. Pouting I mumble “I’m good…” Kakashi smiles “Yes you are.” Standing up I get into the black lace shirt that’s partly sheer, the arms end just before my elbow and the end of the shirt gets tucked into black lace boy shorts that are just the wrong side of too short. Once I’ve finished both Jiraiya and Kakashi stand back and take a look, I roll my eyes at their proud looks. “Few more things to go Itachi.” Jiraiya said with a laugh. Kakashi comes over sits me down and ties my hair in its signature ponytail with a red bow. Jiraiya goes over to the wooden box and pulls out a red collar “This is the last thing coming out of this box, promise.” He says as he comes towards me. He settles it at my neck just above my shirt collar, clipping it tightly. “The last touches then you’re good to go. Just close your eyes a minute.” Kakashi says, and I feel a brush across my cheeks and a flick across my lips. Frowning I open my eyes to twin innocent looks “What was that?” I ask, unsure if I really want to know the answer. Both of them shrug and Kakashi answers “Just a little bit of make up.” I want to get upset but why bother? They’d just hold me down and I’d have to wear it anyway. Sighing I nod
my head in acceptance. Kakashi smiles warmly at me while Jiraiya picks up my feet and one by one puts little ankle heeled shoes on each foot. The heel is quite small, and the shoes have a buckle wrapping around it completing the black and red gothic look I seem to have going.

“You are finished little one.” Kakashi says. I take a deep breath, this is it, I am now going to be judged by the public.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think?
Send me a comment!!!

Thanks for all the lovin' and support!
Getting down on the King.

Chapter Notes

New chapter yay!!! A bit longer than normal, yay?!!

So I'm going away and won't update for just over a month, BUT I'm NOT abandoning my baby! PROMISE!!!

Hope you all like

xoxo Lady Alpha

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kakashi and Jiraiya lead me to breakfast slowly so I can become confident in walking with the slight heel. “Now, we’ll leave you at the door little one and all you’ll have to do is walk to the Kings side and kneel. If he wants something he’ll tell you, don’t be afraid to talk but do try to stay as polite as possible. Any questions?” Jiraiya asks.

I think about everything he’s told me and then shake my head. “No I think I’m good.”

God, I hope I screw anything up.

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Once Jiraiya and Kakashi have gotten me to the door they both smile, say good luck and leave. Well here goes.

Opening the door they have left me at, I walk in with my hands clasped behind my back. The door leads to a large dining room with many tables placed around the room, surrounding the biggest table. This table holds the highest ranking officials and the King himself while the other tables hold generals and guests of the King.

Calmly and slowly I walk to the Kings chair, the room becomes silent as they watch me, assessing and calculating. I see their eyes, some filled with lust, some hatred, pity and jealousy. The King catches my eye and he winks, lifting a hand to grab my waist and pulls me in. I smirk at him and using all the grace I posses sink onto the waiting pillow at his side.

Keeling there with the Kings hand on my neck, his fingers softly tracing patterns, makes my muscles release and relax I feel myself sinking into the position easily. “Good pet, very good.” The King whispers under his breath, for only me to hear. At this I let out a little breath that I had been holding in. This isn’t so bad, I’ll be fine.

Soon the chatter and hum of the morning starts back up in the room, once everybody has finished eyeing me. The King chats to the officials making plans for the day and giving orders. I see some of the esteemed Akatsuki, Naruto’s personal guard, hiding in the shadows. With nothing better to do I pick one of the three I see and watch him, judging his abilities and learn what I can about him. What else am I supposed to do kneeling here? I may not have inherited the Sharingan but I am still an Uchiha, I can still understand more about him by watching.

The man is fair skinned with chin length red hair but what captures my attention is his amazing eyes.
They are purple in colour with a circular pattern in them; they remind me of the Uchiha Sharingan. I try to remember the name of them; it’s on the tip of my tongue! I can tell he is powerful, I watch him as he walks the shadows of the room surveying potential threats. I notice that he is skilled at keeping out of sight from the people in the room and that the other two members seem to be his subordinates. Damn, I know the name of his eyes, I learnt all about the Sharingan and other types of eyes but I just can’t remember.

I’m so absorbed in watching the man that I don’t realise that Naruto has turned to me until he pinches the place where my neck meets shoulder. Gasping I turn wide eyes to him but he just smirks at me. “Whatcha’ looking at pet?” he raises one of his golden eyebrows.

Without thinking I answer “Watching the man with the Rinnegan.” My eyes flicker to the man again who is now staring intently at me, then back to Naruto who is regarding me with a look I can’t name. Unsure what to do I bow my eyes respectively and wait until Naruto decides to say something. Passively I wait, hands clasped behind my back and eyes on my lap until Naruto reaches a hand down and pulls me up. In the next minute I have been pulled into his lap straddling his thighs with his hands resting on my hips. I stare wide eyed into bright blue and the corner of his eyes crinkle in a smile.

His thumbs rub circles into my hips as he says “That’s Nagato the leader of the Akatsuki; he is a very powerful man and a good friend of mine. You’re very observant, little one. It’s hard enough to catch a glimpse of an Akatsuki member let alone him the head of the group. You also know the name of his eyes, how is that?”

I smile shyly at the compliment and answer his question “The Uchiha clan is known for the Sharingan eye, I learnt about the history of my family and the different eyes. My parents believed that I would possess a Sharingan and become a ninja but that didn’t happen…” I trail off, half because the King knows the rest of the story and also from his fingers drawing patterns on my back. I drop my head into the crook of his neck and ask “Is there any reason that the head of the Akatsuki and two other members are here? Or is that just normal?”

Naruto full out laughs at that “Jeez kid you are observant. Well the reason is because of you. You are, obviously close to me and there is a possibility that you could ‘kill the King’. I don’t think you would but Nagato wanted to asses you all the same.” From the crook of his neck I see Nagato nod to the King and slip out one of the doors.

“Does that mean I passed?” I ask, noticing that another member follows closely after Nagato. I feel the King shrug, but he doesn’t say anything else.

After a minute the King rearranges me in his lap so that I face the table with my back against his chest. Breakfast is served and I listen in on the chatter around the table. To my regret Sakura, the one after the King’s attentions, is sitting next to him at the table intent on him talking to her. So I sit watching the rest of the table, picking at some food, learning the names of the nobles. The King’s hand travels over my body anywhere it pleases, much to the anger of Sakura, and on a few occasions he has lifted his thigh to push the plug in me higher. He seems to have taken great joy in feeling over the cage that has my cock trapped and I feel dick trying to get hard yet not able to. Although everything about him seems to be focused on Sakura his touches tell me he’d rather be doing other things.

Taking pity on him I bring a piece of fruit to his lips and his eyes slide to me, smiling he opens his mouth and takes the fruit in his teeth. I see Sakura fuming behind the King now that he has turned in his seat to face me. Finding amusement out of toying with her, I pick more fruit feeding it to the King piece by piece. After a piece I would lick my fingers catching any stray juice left behind. Picking up a strawberry I put it in between my lips and lean into the King, he chuckles and bites it sharing the
taste in a closed mouth kiss. I hear a few comments down the table to Naruto about “how precious I am” or “how I’m a big tease” and that he should “lend me to the rest of them”.

Naruto responds saying “Nope, this one’s all mine.” His hand runs down my side and it makes me giggle. Blushing when I hear “Awww’s” and a few wolf whistles from other tables, I hide in the crook of Naruto’s neck again.

Breakfast starts finishing up, I was lured out of Naruto’s neck by kisses and sweet touches only to hide again when somebody comes over. “My Lord! Pardon the interruption but your Highness is wanted in the Throne room.” The man bows lowly and then goes to pull out the chair that both the King and I are sitting in.

Naruto chuckles and stands, bringing me with him so I wrap my legs around his waist and curl my arms around his neck. “Thank you Guy. Like I said before you really don’t have to bow, okay?” The man, Guy, escorts us out of the room with many nobles following behind.

“Yes my Lord has made that quite clear but how else will I express the humbled honor that I feel to serve you, your Highness?” Naruto just sighs and shakes his head.

Once we leave the dining room he sets me on my feet but pulls me in close. We walk through the halls of the palace, the King holding my collar to keep me near, many eyes follow the procession and I get a few curious glances. The mumble of noble and officials talking is a quiet hum the only other sound being the click of my heels on the floor. Tucked under the King’s arm allows me to see the castle for the first time, there are many high ceilings and archway doors. I find myself leaning into the King because of the enormous amount of space I could get lost in. In the process of keeping close to the King, Sakura tries push past me making me almost fall I put my hand out to steady myself and the King hugs me closer. I blush when I realise that my hand is now resting on his belt but as I try to move away slightly he grabs my upper arm in one hand and my neck in the other. I notice other people watching the little dominance display going on so I quickly drop my gaze, the King hums his approval and I relax into his hold some more.

This is the most relaxed I’ve been in a room full of people, ever. I guess Kakashi did really pick me for being ‘subby’. I don’t think I’ve ever felt anything like this before. I have my orders and all I have to do is obey.

***

The doors to the Throne room are opened for the King and the people inside all turn towards him in greeting. There are all kinds of people in the room from nobles and officials to royal families and commoners. Yet as I walk in close to the King I feel all their eyes judging me.

We walk into the room and all the way at the end up levels of stairs sat a Throne that was made entirely of gold. Slowly we make our way towards it but I am unsure where I am supposed to go. It’s not like I’m sitting on the Throne with him, right? The stairs leading up to the Throne have different levels that officials sit showing the hierarchy of who is important. The King at the top obviously has the most power but he almost never has to use it. The officials determine the problems around the world and find solutions for them all the King has to do is observe them to make sure that everything is running properly.

As we get to the top of the stairs I notice that a pillow has been laid out next to the Throne with a leash laid upon it. Naruto pulls me by the collar to the pillow and picks up the leash; he then clips it to my collar. Knowing that the pillow is my seat I gracefully kneel on and bow my head.

The King sits down and the room goes silent. A man at a lower level stands and introduces
everything and begins the day.

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It's been about two hours of people talking back and forth about nothing, I thought it was going to be interesting but I was wrong. I feel my legs starting to cramp up and I know we still have six hours to go. I close my eyes and try to take my mind off everything but a tug on my collar has my eyes flying open. Worried that I've done something wrong I slowly look up at the King who looks down at me with a smug smirk on his face. He leans down and wraps a hand around my neck pulling me closer until I am resting between his legs. Slowly I kick my legs out from underneath me and Naruto smiles at me. His hand on my neck guides my head to rest on his thigh and his fingers move to my hair.

From this point all I can see is the Kings giant clothed cock but that is far more entertaining than the rest of the room. So I lean forward and nuzzled into his crotch, I thought his hand would use my hair to pull me away but all he does is massage my scalp and slouches back on the Throne. I flick my eyes up to his face but his is looking out at the room seemingly absorbed in what is being said.

Fine if he wants to act like that I'll just do as I please. Anyway both Jiraiya and Kakashi said that is was normal for a slave to perform sexual acts in public. Nobody batted an eye lid.

Rising to sit on my knees again I slip my hand into his pants to pull out his large member. I stroke it a few times but when he tugs my hair I put the tip into my mouth and suck hard. My eyes flick up to see his look down at me with a golden brow raised, I pout and wait until he nods his head to keeping going that then I undo his belt and pants.

As I am slicking my hand along his belt and he lifts his belt buckle I am looking up at him. I rest my hand on his belt. My eyes flick up to see his look down at me with a golden brow raised, I pout and wait until he nods his head to keeping going that then I undo his belt and pants.

After a while my eyes become heavy lidded and I feel numbness throughout my body, like I’m floating. I’m drooling around the fat cock in my mouth and everything feels great, almost like I’m high. The hand in my hair pushes me down harder than before and then starts playing with strands of hair, he hasn’t moved me off his cock so I stay down with the warm flesh filling my mouth and throat.

Pulling out of my mouth and tucking himself back into his pants he then grabs my face and wipes me with a cloth. My mind still running slowly barely realises that Kakashi is standing next to the Throne. Where did he come from? Shit, I feel like I’m losing time.

The Kings hand cups my face I look up into his eyes that are so dreamy and blue. “Hello beautiful, are you with us?” He asks. What is that supposed to mean? Of course I’m with him. I try to nod my head but my body feels too heavy. I frown and try to pull away. What’s happening? Why is it so hard to answer?

I must have made a sound because the King is shushing me as he pulls me from the floor onto his lap saying that I’m a good boy, that everything’s okay and how I did great. Yeah, I am good. And if the King says everything is fine then it must be, right?

Smiling I nuzzle into the crook of his neck and float. Feeling high I barely realise that the King has picked me up and is leaving the now empty Throne room. Six hours went pretty fast after all I think.
“Go to sleep pretty one.” Naruto says once we get to our room. Still feeling really high I mutter “This is OUR room.”
I hear a laugh from above me as I am placed on the bed.
“Yes it is?” He says.
“I just like it. Our. Nobody else shares a room with you, just me.” I say as an explanation.
“I like that too pet. Now go to sleep, yeah? I’ll be here when you wake up.”
I soon feel the blankets pull up over me and… when did I get naked? Too exhausted right now I try to stop questioning things.

In the morning I’ll think more.

Chapter End Notes

Love comments will try to reply!!! How was is??? Any ideas on what's going to happen??? If you want anything to happen in the story I'll try to give it to you!!!

As always thanks for all the comments loved them and they helped me write a lot faster than I would usually!!! Thanks for anybody that gave kudos it always made me smile!!!

xxxx Lady Alpha oooo
Sub Drop

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry it took me so long to post this chapter!!! I'm trying really hard to keep to a deadline I make for myself but... I fail.

So... New Chapter!!! Yay!!! You comments are what got me through it you lovely people! But I do have a few questions for you... I was wondering how a beta reader worked and if anyone would be willing to help me proof read and edit my work???
(Some of you might be like does this girl know that her writing sucks sometimes.. Yes. I have noticed and I do try to make it better but again... I fail.) Also if someone would be kind enough to stop and tell me how to use the Italics and bold on this thing it would help a lot. Yet again... I fail.

Anyway back to the story... I hope you like it!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Watching Itachi sleep off his intense subspace, I work on some papers needed for tomorrow. His ivory skin is pale next to the golden silk blankets, while his midnight hair swirls around his body giving the young boy a haunting look. I know what the rumors say about him, that he will be the envy of the Kingdom. The Akatsuki already intervened on a group trying to kill my pet; they say it will only get worse. This boy might just be the death of me, capturing my attention in every way, his eyes seeing more than everyone expects. Including me. Many nobles have already said that he will only become more alluring as time passes. This boy will be the most wanted person in the Kingdom some day. Everyone will want to be him or kill him.

And he’s all mine.

***

My hearts beating fast and I’m terrified, he’s left me. He’s gone and I’m not wanted. My parents wouldn’t take me back; I’ll be out on the streets alone. Tears fill my eyes and I want to start crying but I have to be strong. Uchiha should never let their emotions show. It’s a sign of weakness.

“Itachi!? Hey, hey? What’s the matter?” Naruto stands from his work desk and walks over to me. Now, he’s going to tell me I’m not wanted. That I’m worthless.

He looks concerned, watching my face something dawns on him and his eyes crinkle. Slowly, as if not to startle me, he moves closer.

“Itachi? You’re okay and everything’s going to be okay. You’re experiencing sub drop. It's what happens when you go into subspace and the high leaves you and you feel sad. You had a massive high yesterday and now this is the low. It's normal and you’ll be okay.”

He touches my face gently and I try to move away. What he’s saying makes sense but my body is
telling me that he’s wrong and he hates me. His hand moves to brush the hair behind my ear and all I want to do is move away but he’s the King and I have to do what he wants. The moment he touches my face I feel warmth in that spot. Seeking more of that hot touch I move closer to him. His hand stays on my face touching and smoothing down my hair. Feeling a tiny bit better I close my eyes and feel his hands run over me.

“I need to finish these reports so you’ll have to come over to the desk.” Naruto says after a minute. Immediately I tense he’s leaving me. No. He said I have to come with him.

Slowly he moves again but before I can follow his arms are around me and he lifts me into a bridal carry. Carrying me over to the desk I feel warmth bloom in my tummy as the King’s body is so close. A thin layer of clothing the only barrier between us.

Naruto places a pillow on the ground at his feet and that is order enough to me, so I fall effortlessly to my knees sinking into the pillow. Kneeling between the King’s legs with one of his hands in my hair makes me feel better already.

Slowly muscle by muscle I relax until my head is pillowed on his thigh and his fingers firmly planted in my hair. Slowly my head rights itself into more of a normal head space just a bit more needy than usual.

“Hey? How’re you feeling pet?” Naruto asks. Smiling I look up to see worry in his blue eyes. “I feel fine master, just… I feel better when you’re touching me.” Naruto chuckles while nodding. “Well I guess you’re spending the day with me then aren’t you?”

After a while there is a light tap on the door “Yes?” Naruto asks. Guy walks in and bows saying “Pardon the interruption my Lord, the council meeting is about to take place.” Naruto sighs and tugs my hair. He’s leaving me. Alone. Kakashi isn’t even here or Jiraiya. A shiver runs down my spine at the thought of being left in this room alone. “Alright Guy, I’ll be down in a minute once I get Itachi dressed.” And… Wait, what? Dressed? Looking down I notice that I’m completely naked; blushing profusely I refuse to meet Guy’s eyes.

“I hope I don’t overstep your majesty but taking a slave so young to a highly confidential meeting is unheard of. Are you sure he won’t…” Guy lets his sentence trail off at the growl the King made. There is a tense silence and then Guy says “Of course the King’s slave is trusted what am I thinking? Not just anybody gets to be your slave, your Highness.”

Guy bows again and leaves the room quickly.

Turning his head towards me Naruto tries to catch my gaze but I refuse to look him in the eyes while kneeling naked. As if reading my mind Naruto chuckles and says “It's cute that you’re shy. But there’s no need if I want to keep you naked at my feet where will you end up?” He tugs my hair harshly until I have to meet his eyes, he raises an eyebrow waiting. I blush but say “I'll be kneeling naked for you, master.” He nods and smiles “Good. Now, you were dressed up all pretty yesterday for everybody to meet you but today I think we’ll go for something simple.” The King stands and pushes me towards the bathroom “Go, get cleaned and I’ll get something for you to wear.”
I slip into the bathroom and quickly wash up and dry my hair. As I walk out of the bathroom I put my hair into a quick side plait to keep it out of the way. Walking back into the room I see Naruto standing beside the bed clothes already laid out. Slowly walking over he smirks at me and I get a bad feeling about this.

“Alright first on…” He hands me baby pink stockings with hot pink lace trimming. I look at the stockings then at him. 

God! I wish he would look away but his gaze is firm as I roll the stockings one by one up my legs. Blushing I keep my gaze at the floor refusing to look at him.

“Hmm…” Is all he says as I avoid his gaze.

Don’t look don’t look don’t look don’t look. I keep chanting in my head.

Nope. I will not meet his eyes while I stand here with my cock hanging out and pink stockings on. Nope. It will not happen.

My eyes flick up and lock with his. I feel my cheeks burn bright red. Naruto is leaning against the bed looking gorgeously casual. He is also fully clothed in dark pants and a midnight blue shirt that makes his eyes look like the sea, not a hair out of place.

And that just makes it worse because I probably look like a young child that is barely past virgin status, tomato red looking like an idiot in pink.

“Stop!” Naruto says in a voice of steel. My eyes widen, he’s angry. Shit. It’s all my fault. What did I do?

Naruto takes two long strides and grabs my chin “I said enough. I can feel you putting yourself down over here. You look perfect. Just how I want you to look.”

“Yes Master.” I say. He’s not angry at me. Everything’s okay.

Naruto pulls me closer to the bed and picks up a hot pink garter belt. Handing me the lacey item I keep eye contact as I put it on.

“Very good, little one.” He smirks.

Finally he picks up a big hoodie, before I could ask, pulls it over my head. “This is mine but it’s probably best for you to wear it today. It’s warm and cozy so it’ll help with the sub drop. I also like seeing you in my clothes.”

The hoodie reaches just on my mid thigh so you can see the end of the stockings and the garter belt straps. The sleeves cover my hands completely and one of the shoulders is hanging off my body. I feel wrapped up and warm in the clothes but…

“Sir? … I …”

He raises an eyebrow “You?” he questions.

I pull my arms around myself slightly and say “You haven't given me anything to wear… Underneath.”

He chuckles and says “Nope I like you like this. My little slutty Uchiha.” I blush as he says my family because Uchiha are anything but slutty.

“Everybody will have little glimpses of you but nobody will know that you don’t have anything on underneath.” Naruto says.

***

Keeping close to the King was more interesting than I first thought it would be. He had meetings with nobles and Generals, even one or two esteemed Akatsuki members would come and notify Naruto on things. Every new room in the Palace we go to Naruto makes sure I am comfortable first before seeing to his guests. He gives me a book to read or sits me either on his lap or a pillow at his feet. Always touching me, petting and teasing.
The days go by quickly, each night Naruto takes me to bed and fucks me until his stress leaves him. Not every night but most, he goes many rounds before tiring.

Life is good in the Palace, I still think of my family, Sasuke, but I am happy with the King. My beautiful sun kissed Master, with eyes that hold the ocean and hair that shines like the sun.

Kakashi and Jiraiya are still training me, school lessons and how to act like a slave fit for the King. Naruto has his own lessons, tying me to his bed for days teasing me when he likes, how to cum from order alone, punishing me if I do something bad.

Naruto told me once that most Masters would need a heavy hand when punishing a slave but because I’m so submissive I learn the lesson quickly, told me that ‘I was a good boy for being so obedient’. I asked him why people became slaves if they weren’t good at following orders Naruto said that it was that they craved the punishment and the boundaries needing to push those boundaries to feel safe enough to let themselves become submissive. I questioned Kakashi and Jiraiya about it as well they said the same thing except that they warned me that after a while the King would be expected to take on another slave one that isn’t as easy to train as me. They said that while I was naturally submissive that most of the nobles will expect him to get a difficult slave to prove that he is powerful.

It sounds stupid to me but I don’t question it. All I have to worry about it having to share my master.

Chapter End Notes

How was it??? Comments are food for the story!!! They help me write a lot faster!!!

Please comment if you have any answers to my questions!!! Thanks a bunch!!!

Love the Alpha Lady xxx

P.s Sasuke will hopefully come into the story in the 10th or 11th chapter!!!
Punishment

Chapter Notes

Hope you like it!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One would think that living in the Palace like I do would be boring, only it's not. While I am King Naruto’s slave I am treated like royalty here as well. My job consists of looking perfect and graceful all the time. Many people believe that I am locked away in Naruto’s room until he has need for me but he would never do that, he lets me do anything I want. I can get away with almost anything, he spoils me and I know it.

I have finished all my studies learning everything at a fast rate that made my tutors (and Naruto, because that’s who matters most) very proud.

It's hard to believe that it's been a year now, I'll be turning sixteen soon. I love my life at the Palace although I do still miss Sasuke, he’ll soon be turning fifteen just a month after my birthday, and I’ll miss his graduating ceremony. Although I miss my family Naruto has allowed me to keep updated with what they're all doing.

Naruto, my handsome master, has trained me into being the perfect slave. Although I know that his punishments could’ve been much worse I never really got into enough trouble to warrant one. So my training went by considerably smoothly.

Naruto came to me this morning wanting to talk about my birthday; he wants a celebration a party to carry on into the early hours of the morning. A party can only mean one thing a public sceneing with Naruto.

We’ve been to many public scenes and visited a few clubs that are run by some Akatsuki members. It turns out the main original members were introduced by Naruto into BDSM and now own their own clubs.

But… Naruto has never shown any interest in exhibition before. What if I do something wrong? I represent him, what if I make him look bad? I’m not sure if I want lots of people watching me… watching him… he’s mine. Nobody should be able to see him the way I see him.

I have all these mixed emotions swirling around in me, I feel happy that he wants to scene, to make me submit but something could go wrong and with everybody watching…

Sitting out on the balcony to our room with all these thoughts running through my head I watch as the day grows to a full. While many emotions plague my thought I know I’ve become a master at keeping my face blank, which is helpful when hiding something from a palace full of Akatsuki. I’ve decided not to do anything to strenuous today therefore am sitting in stockings and a white collared shirt borrowed from Naruto (I know he loves to see me in his clothing).

I know I shouldn’t question what my master has planned for me and this is why I can’t talk to him about it. I should just follow the orders he gives me. I just don't want to share him with anybody but that’s not my place. He is the King and I am his slave.

Wishing that master was here to guide me, fingers running through my hair as he whispers orders into my ear, I can almost feel him stroking my dark locks. Leaning back his hand massages my scalp,
dragging his nails down my neck until…

I gasp as my hair is pulled back in an unforgiving grip I look back to see Naruto leaning over me. “Master!” I gasp as he tugs my hair roughly again.

“No pet, you are going to keep quiet or I’ll gag you. Understood?” he growls out.
Nodding I close my mouth but open it again once Naruto drags me off the chair and inside. Crying out once more has Naruto’s hand tightening in my hair once more. “What did I tell you? Shut UP!”

I feel tears prick my eyes at the rough treatment but obediently keep quiet. Naruto lets me go and I drop to the floor eyes down waiting for him to tell me what’s going on.

I wait patiently as Naruto paces the length of the room. Finally he stops right in front of me. “Alright pet, I’m going to ask a few questions and you’re going to answer truthfully got it?” Naruto says voice hard with steel in it. I’ve never heard him speak to me like this before, it’s almost like his dom voice but harsher, meaner. I’m in trouble.

“Yes, master.” I say and it echoes in the silent room.

“Good, so tell me, why is it that you were ignoring me this morning?” he growls at me.
My eyes widen “Master I would never-” talking over me he says “Because that’s what you must’ve been doing since I told you that I had a very important meeting, in the Throne room, that I expected you to be at, half an hour ago. You didn’t say anything about not feeling well but I was worried that something had happened. Yet when I come to see if you were alright, I find you here…” stopping his rant he grabs my hair again.

“You’re in trouble, you know that?” He says into my ear. Gulping I nod slowly. “Master, I’m so sorry…” tears prick at my eyes but I force them down, I made Naruto angry, disappointed.

“Yes pet, of course you are but I have to make sure you know to not do it again, so you will be punished.” Naruto says in a kinder voice.
Knowing I’m getting what I deserve I slowly stand and wait for the punishment. Naruto grabs my neck, hand fitting around the collar, and tugs me over to the bed. He sits and pulls me into the space between his legs, his hands run up and down my back sliding lower to rest on the underside of my cheeks.

“Safeword?” Naruto says voice neutral.
My eyes flicker up to his and his hands tighten on my ass as a reminder “Red, for stop. Yellow, slow down. Green, for go.” I say quickly.

Naruto nods once then my world spins and I’m over Naruto’s left leg, my legs pinned by his right.
Gasping I wriggle not liking where the punishments going.

“Be still!” Naruto growls.
I freeze, upper body resting on my arms on the floor. I feel his hand push up the shirt I was wearing to show off black satin panties that he then rips off. I watch as the ripped fabric falls to the floor, feeling his hands grip at now exposed flesh.

He keeps rubbing up and down my cheeks and slowly I feel myself relaxing until the first smack is landed.
Yelping I struggle as the pain warms my ass cheek, then Naruto’s hand covers the mark and I’m not sure if his touch is wanted or not. Either way I lean back into his palm wanting as much of the nice attention as possible. Naruto chuckles “You will count the remainder, you get twenty from my hand if you forget to count we start again. If you miscount we start again. If you try to stop me we start again. If you move away from me we start again. Understood?”

My eyes widen what? I feel my breath quicken and my throat constrict. Since I’ve been here Naruto has never punished me like this, never even spoken I such a hard voice to me before. All that I’ve learnt about myself here has been about how my training never needed harsh punishments; I dislike most kind of pain. Not like my brother and some of the other slave I’ve met here, they seem to push the boundaries not caring if they get punished to some extent. I don’t do that; I hate the feeling of
disappointing anybody.
“Y-y-yes… Master.” I whisper.


Slowly I get through the punishment but Naruto isn’t going easy, starting hard and getting harder.
The first spank that he gave me was nothing compared to the rough slaps I’m getting now. My ass is
on fire I feel my skin bruising and all the blood traveling there making me go a dark red.
Smack. “Thirteen, sir.” I tense waiting for the next smack but it doesn’t come, instead I jump as
Naruto’s gentle hand rubs my sore cheeks.

He sighs “That was actually only twelve pet.”

My eyes snap open “No, Master please! Don’t make me start again! PLEASE, please. I can’t.” I
move on his lap grabbing his ankle, then looking back over my shoulder I see his pupils blown wide
but the unmistakable red of his iris is clear, not the usual blue. My heart jumps into my throat,
hammering with speed. As if hearing it his eyes flick to mine.

He smiles gently, a smile that calms me; blinking tears out of my eyes I look up to him and his eyes
are blue. Confused I try to struggle “What- Master? You’re… eyes, they’re red. They were… I
don’t- can’t.”

“Hush pet, you’re alright. Its fine everything is okay.” He hushes my mumbling. “From one, again.”

Then his hand comes down on my red ass and all thought goes out of my head.

“No please! Not from one! Don’t make me start over please!”

The pain is harsh running up my spine. The warmth has grown into something more like fire and I
just want it to stop.

Naruto keeps raining down fast hard spansks until I scream “ONE! One- Master please one.”

Sobbing, the flesh tender and abused I start my count again.

“Good Little one, you’re learning another important test.” He says.

The spansks rain down; I’ve lost the ability to care about staying strong and am bawling my eyes out.

Tears and snot run down my face onto the floor but I never stop counting. His hand is as strong as
ever but he is still holding back considerably, for that I am grateful. His hand has traveled all over my
backside from the top of my ass down over the sit spots and is now trying to make my creamy white
thighs into red hue. The pain has made way for an almost floating sensation I feel like I am flying but
at the same time curled up on Master’s lap. I feel great because there are no problems when Master is
taking care of me, he knows how to fix all the problems that I’ve been worried about and I won’t
have to worry; I want to stay here forever.

All too soon the rhythm of his hand on my ass is gone and he is pulling me to straddle his legs,

putting his arms under my knees so that my ass doesn’t have to touch anything. The fire feeling is

going and I’m afraid that the floating feeling will go with it. I feel another wave of tears fall on my
face and there is a warm hand wiping them away.

“Please” I beg barely getting the words out. I want to say ‘please let me stay, I need more pain.

Please.’

“Little one? Come back to me sweetheart, what do you need?”


***

I startle back from my perfect little pet, why would he want more pain? Looking into his glassy eyes

I realise that he wants to stay under, in that perfect place only few can reach. Looking at the whole of

him, his pale flesh and the flesh that has gone a dark red from the punishment to the dark lock and

the erect cock, he’s beautiful. This is the reason that he has become a slave, many noted his

experience and willingness to become an Akatsuki member but his needs would never be met there.

Here I can train him to do anything, be anything. He can reach amazing levels of subspace; I can
meet his needs here while training him to become even stronger than a normal Akatsuki member.
Chapter End Notes

How was it? Hit me up with a comment and tell me!!!

Thank you all!

p.s Sasuke might come into it next chapter but I'm not sure but he will come into it in chapter 11 I can PROMISE you that!!!

Love the Alpha Lady xxx
I know what Itachi is scared about but I need him to come to talk to me about it, I know it’s unacceptable that he doesn’t think he can talk to me. That will change though. I look down on the bed to my darling little pet, his dark locks swirling around him and his pale flesh red from my flogger.

He’s never expressed any like towards pain before but I do understand the need to stay in that special place, floating without worry. It’s interesting that he went into subspace from the punishment, since he is a submissive that stays in the boundaries set for him usually. He must’ve been stressing for a while.

It’s obvious that he’s worried about the party but I need him to come and talk to me. It’s the one lesson that he hasn’t learnt properly since coming to live here, that if he has problems he needs to tell
It seems that this punishment didn’t work so I’ll have to try a new tactic. I turn and walk past my desk and into the room on the left, this room Itachi hasn’t ever been into. I know he’s been curious about it but I forbade him from entering, and I know he hasn’t broken that rule. I had made it very clear to him from the beginning that he would be punished severely if he ever went near it.

The room was filled with anything needed for a slave; I had Yahiko fill it once he retired from the Akatsuki. He now owns a club close to the palace that all the nobles, officials and Akatsuki members visit often.
I use to go but I was too worried that it would upset Itachi; he seems worried about anything involving exhibitionism.
Going into the room the Saint Andrews cross in the corner and other benches towards one side, I open a drawer that glides out slowly, putting away the flogger I used on Itachi.

I adjust my half hard cock in my pants, just thinking about how Itachi’s eyes had widened when I’d brought the flogger out. How he’d taken a step back from me, but then the tears had started. Him knowing that he wasn’t getting out of it and had looked so brave when I had told him to stand at the foot of the bed with his hands on the bed frame. Legs shoulder width apart and his cock still hard as a rock. I’d started off gently just tapping the flogger down his back, him moaning in surprise at the pleasure filled sensations.

Well, shit! Now I’m hard. Just from the thought of Itachi whimpering out his release onto the floor just from my hits with the flogger. Now if only I could make him realize that doing the same thing at a party is no big deal, I’ll be there the whole time and he has nothing to worry about.

Anyway, now I have to figure out a punishment that won’t turn into something Itachi will like, I mean obviously I could give him a proper spanking, one he won’t like but that’s too cruel so soon after the one good experience with pain he’s had.
Usually he has free rein over the castle and goes wherever he likes, unless I’ve requested otherwise.
Hmm.
Settling on a plan that will be a suitable punishment and will surely help with communication I grab the items I need.
Leaving the room with said items I carefully place them in a box with a note to go and look in the closet, I then place it on the coffee table in the middle of the room.
I then go into the closet and prep what I want Itachi to wear, leaving it set out I turn and leave.
I look towards Itachi, lying on the bed so peacefully. My marks look good on him, the red lines weaving down his back and onto his ass then going lower to end on his thighs. With a plan in mind and the rest of the morning off, I go about putting the plan in motion.
Opening the door I signal the Akatsuki member to come closer. Knowing that a member is always close by even when I can’t see them I wait as Konan appears from the shadows. I tell her what I want done and she goes off to find what I need.

Back in the room I close the door quietly, debating for a minute I finally decide that the Kingdom won’t fall if I sleep the morning away with my beautiful pet, I strip and hop under the covers.
Instantly Itachi wriggles closer, making me smile. So tactile, my amazing little pet. I put my arm around his small body and he nuzzles into the crook of my neck.

***

Waking up to a warm embrace all I want to do is dig deeper into it, but as soon as I try to move sharp pain runs down my back and ass. Whimpering wakes the sleeping body next to me and then I’m enraptured by blue ocean orbs. I feel the rumble of a chuckle before I hear it, and Naruto’s eyes
crinkle at the corners. Pouting I try to turn away but a sharp pinch to my already tender ass has me freezing and crying out. “Hmm.” Is all the King says, at my bratty show. I keep my eyes down and wait for him to tell me what he wants. His arm wraps around my waist and pulls me towards him until I’m lying on his stomach with my head just under his neck. His other arm comes up to thread his fingers through my hair, relaxing I leave him to his ministrations soaking up as much attention as I can get.

Yet as much as I love the attention I can’t stop my mind from slowly wandering. Why is the King Still in bed? Doesn’t he have meetings? Is he still mad at me? Am I going to be punished more? What if someone walks in on us? What’s going to happen at the party? Is he going to want a public scene? What would happen if I say I don’t want to share him? Will he get angry at me? Will I get punished? What if he shares me? Will I have to have sex with other people? Would he Make me? Would he force me? What if I do something wrong? Will he punish me in front of everybody? What if he gets rid of me? What would I do then? Would I go into another class? If that happens would they even accept me into the ninja class? Would the others treat me as an equal if that did happen?

SLAP!

I freeze as pain wracks my body. Whimpering I tense waiting for another blow, but all I get is a soft rub where he had hit me. The slow caress dulls the pain.

Naruto sighs and I feel guilty all over again. “It seems we’ve hit your limit for lying still.” I frown and look up at Naruto. He chuckles “You’ve been thinking to hard, bad thoughts, I can tell. If you’re worried about something tell me, okay?” I nod my head but I don’t say anything, I know he’s waiting for me to say something but I can’t. All the thoughts in my head are stupid but real and if I say anything to him there’s no way he’d keep me.

SMACK!

Crying out as another wall of pain overtakes me I tense, but that wasn’t the right thing to do because the next slap that hits on my other cheek is worse on all the tensed muscle. I feel tears streak down my face and I whimper as the pain slowly fades.

Naruto sits up slowly, taking me with him and soon I am straddling his legs as he sits on the side of the bed. “Right, this is how today is going to go.” Naruto says in a clipped tone, “We’re going to get up and wash up then I’m going to go to the rest of my meetings. You’ll kneel here until Kakashi and Jiraiya come to get you ready.” I open my mouth to tell him that I haven’t needed Kakashi or Jiraiya to help me get ready since the first month of meeting him but the look Naruto sends me tells me to shut it. “Listen, pet, because I am not in the mood for bratty behavior, got it?” He raises a brow at me and I nod quickly. “Hmm. Then they’ll bring you to me in whatever meeting I’m in. You will not talk to them or anybody else, give any signals or leave them at any point. Questions?” My eyes widen at the cold orders, why? He’s never told me to do anything like this before? I shake my head, if this is what he wants then my job is to follow.

He stands up but keeps hold of me so I wrap my legs around him as he walks towards the bathroom. Since we’re both naked he walks straight into the shower. Washing was fast, the King holding me as I grab the shampoo, running my fingers through his hair he hums in pleasure. Once I finish he sets
me down carefully and repays the favour by gently rubbing suds into my scalp. When we usually take showers together I end up being roughly thrown against the wall to be ravaged, yet this time Naruto stays completely soft. I don’t push it, not wanting to anger him anymore.

He leaves me in the bathroom to dry my hair as he goes to get dressed.

When I come out I see him standing fully dressed next to the coffee table, pillow lying on the floor next to his feet. There’s a box on the table that garners my interest but one look at Naruto face tells me to do as I’m told and kneel where directed. I walk over quickly, kneeling down at his feet, and I feel a hand rest in my hair.

“Good boy. You’re doing so well, but this is supposed to get you out of your comfort zone.” He pauses to let these words sink in.

I breathe in slowly trying to calm my nerves.

“This is what’s going to happen: you’ll wait here, like this, and wait for Kakashi and Jiraiya to come and get you. They’ll get you ready and bring you to me. Understood?”

I tilt my head towards him, looking into his eyes I nod my head, gulping down any fears I have.

He sighs but pulls away.

After he grabs a few papers from the desk he turns and leaves. Throwing over his shoulder a “Be a good boy.”

Then he’s gone.

And it’s quiet.

***

Kneeling on the pillow, waiting for Kakashi and Jiraiya to come I remember the earlier orders: I am not allowed to talk to them. Shuddering, I kneel straighter on the pillow. This isn’t going to be like the spanking, it’s not going to be pleasant.

Suddenly emotion hits me and all I want to do is cry, bawl my eyes out so I can feel a little better. I pull my shoulders back and put my hands behind my back holding my wrist in the opposite hand. Trying to focus on being in the perfect kneeling position for my old teachers helps me ignore the catch in my throat and the wetness in my eyes.

I shiver a little at the coldness in the room, kneel naked in such a spacious area is not helping the chills that run down my spine.

As more time passes the more I tense up, still feeling the catch in my throat I soon feel tears drip down my cheeks.

Soon after, the door quietly opens and in step my old teachers. Jiraiya closes the door as Kakashi walks over to me but I keep my head down until I see Kakashi come to a stop in front of the pillow. His shoes the only part of him I see, I jump a little as his hand gently runs through my hair.

“Shhhhh shhh. You’re alright, its fine. Everything is going to be okay.” Kakashi responds immediately.
I panic. I can’t respond to them. Do they know? Will they think I’m being bad? I don’t want them to be disappointed as well. Naruto giving me that look was bad enough.

Kakashi crouches down and grabs the nape of my neck, pulling me to rest underneath his chin. “Enough, Itachi! Now follow my breathing.” Kakashi’s tone brooks no argument, so I do as I’m told.

Once my breathing has calmed Jiraiya comes over to stand next to me by the table.

“We know that you can’t speak, it’s alright. You’re doing great, little one.” He says after a moment.

Relaxing completely into Kakashi’s hold my body sags, as if a weight has been lifted from my shoulders just from that nick-name. Kakashi just chuckles, his hand absentmindedly running through my hair again.

As Kakashi wipes the tear tracks from my face Jiraiya turns to the box on the table but blocks my view of what’s inside.

“Hmm.” Turning to Kakashi, Jiraiya gives him a look. They have a silent conversation for a moment, and then Kakashi grabs the back of my neck and pulls. I stand following him until I am placed on the same pillow but further away from the table with my back to it.

I hear Jiraiya whispering to Kakashi then they both move back to the box. I tense waiting; if they’re worried about the contents then this is worse than I first thought.

“Okay… Well this isn’t good Itachi.” Kakashi says after a moment.

I sigh and nod knowing that they’re watching me.

“Right well let’s get started. The first item might need some explaining…” Jiraiya says slowly.

I hear him walk closer to me until he is standing next to me. He then drops into a heap beside, crossing his legs. I turn my head towards him and notice straight away that he’s holding a blindfold. Naruto’s going to make me cover my eyes; I won’t be able to see.

“Well you see, when Naruto was first training some of the Akatsuki, specifically Nagato and Tobi, who posses powerful eyes, he blindfolded them. He said that it’s to train them to be powerful without their sight; they then had to train harder than the other members just to be on the same level. Before their graduation to fully fledged members Naruto came to them and said that they had earned their sight, and took away their blindfolds. That’s how Nagato became the leader of the Akatsuki, and Tobi one of the most powerful members.

Now it doesn’t happen often but Akatsuki members sometimes do something wrong and need to be punished. Nagato and Tobi, when punished, get blindfolded so that they do not have their sight. Obviously they have orders to take them off if in dire trouble but other than that only Naruto has the power to give them their sight back.

It’s a punishment to be blindfolded, yet it’s also admittance to how strong you are. For Naruto to want you blindfolded, as well as the fact that you’re an Uchiha, has major importance behind it. He’s taking away your sight, for an Uchiha it’s a big deal.

Take it as a compliment but do not underestimate how hard this is going to be. Many people will want to test you to see if you really deserve this. But, in the end you’re a slave and Naruto is bound to protect you. So even though this punishment is supposed to be hard and challenging, you’ll pass and be stronger because of it.”
My eyes are wide by the end of Jiraiya’s explanation. How am I going to do anything without seeing?

“Don’t worry everything will be fine, you’ll learn to see with other means. Okay? Now we really need to get going. The King’s already in a bad mood don’t want to make it worse by keeping him waiting.”

Kakashi says the last part to Jiraiya but I flinch at the remark, Naruto’s in a bad mood because of me.

Jiraiya looks at me and smiles sympathetically. “Hey look its okay there are even a few hand signals we’ll teach you that Naruto will watch out for. He’ll keep a close eye on you the whole time, we all will.”

Watching Kakashi closely, as he steps in front of me and kneels, he holds out his hands and shows me a few signals.

“First is the question, which is a palm face up, he’ll brush his fingers on your palm to allow you to talk. Easy right? The second is your stop signal, you just have to click your fingers and the blindfold comes straight off. Third is the help signal and you just point two fingers out, like this. That’s all, okay?”

I turn my head to face Jiraiya; smiling a little he slips the blindfold over my eyes. It’s thick and doesn’t let a single bit of light in. There’s a beat of silence and it’s almost peaceful, then I remember that this is Naruto’s punishment.

I was bad.

And he was disappointed.

“Little one? Stand up for us. We’ll try to get through this as fast as possible.” Jiraiya says as he steadies me with his arm.

I feel a hand on my left shoulder and assume its Kakashi. He lets his hand drag down my arm and then he’s grabbing my cock and I feel cold metal enclosing me. A cage. This cage seems to have ridges on the inside and every time my cock would try to get hard the ridges would dig in. It’s painful. Naruto customized it for me; I’ve only worn it once, when it first arrived. It wasn’t a pleasant experience.

Once I’m locked in place Kakashi takes my hand and pulls me forward until I’m placed with my hands in the bedpost, leaning down so that my hole is exposed.

A wet finger traces my rim making me gasp. As it enters me I have to hold in my moans. The fingers stretch me quickly then I feel a plug at my entrance, the press is steady and it pops in slowly. Now that the plug is situated I realise that its purpose is to stretch me wide and deep but avoids my prostate completely.

I feel my cock fail to get hard as the plug is pushed in, it doesn’t hurt now but I know that as the day wears on my cock will get more sensitive and it’ll hurt more and more.

Then I feel warmth between my legs as one of my teachers wipes up the excess lube. The hands that straighten me are warm but I jolt at the cold strips of leather wrapping around my thighs. The leather then travels up over the curve of my ass and front of my thighs to wrap around my waist. The leather then travels up over my shoulders and back down my chest to tighten onto the waist strap. Leather straps encircle my arms then tie onto the shoulder straps. They tie more straps onto my lower thighs and ankles that connect to my upper thighs.

It’s a harness.
All the straps are done on the good side of to tight and it feels amazing to be tied up like a gift. I feel wrapped up and safe. Like at night when Naruto comes to bed late, and I’ve been lying on his side of the bed to warm it, he never pushes me away just pulls me under him and holds me close share the warmth together.

“All done.” Kakashi whispers in one ear.

The next thing I feel is cloth wrapping around my face, covering my mouth. It’s a gag of sorts, I think. Although its material and I could easily talk through it, I think it’s more of a reminder not to talk rather than to stop me.

Kakashi pulls my hair out of the way and extra hands help him in getting the gag situated. The hands in my hair then start braiding it down my back keeping it out of the way of the gag.

I feel Kakashi’s warmth move away and I hear him move in the direction of the closet.

“Arms up.” Jiraiya says quietly.

Move makes the harness even more pronounced pulling tight in places, reminding me of Naruto’s hold. I feel soft fabric tickle at my arms before it falls over my head and lands on my shoulders. I feel it being pulled into place by two sets of hands until it sits two centimeters below the end of my ass. The dress is simple, folding up once around my waist to give it shape then flowing down my ass comfortably. The sleeves stop at just past the shoulders and the neckline is high.

The shortness of, what I can only assume is a dress, makes me slightly uncomfortable. Neither Jiraiya nor Kakashi has given any indication of giving me underwear, so I can only assume that Naruto doesn’t want me in any. It’s uncomfortable because everybody can almost see the cage around my cock as well. It’s bad enough that everyone will see the blindfold and gag and know Naruto’s punishing me.

Hands that I think are Kakashi’s pull me over to a chair and sits me on his lap. Then hands grasp my feet tugging on socks and, from what I feel, flat ankle boots.

“Right, you’re done! That wasn’t so bad was it?” Kakashi says in my ear, from where I’m perched on his lap.

I hold still remembering that I’m not allowed to give any signals to either of them. I want to thank them and say that they have been so nice about the whole thing.

Jiraiya grabs my hands and lifts me up, and I hear my dress swish with the movement. With each movement I feel the harness tightening in places and holding me.

“Let’s not keep the King waiting any longer.” Jiraiya says.

From behind me Kakashi grabs the right side of my dress and through it the harness, while in front of me Jiraiya grabs the left side of my dress. This is how they lead me out of the room and down the hall, it’s easier than I thought it would be, knowing that Jiraiya is leading me means that I can step in confidence that I won’t walk into something or trip.

I hear a few people around us as we walk the palace but I keep my head down as though keeping my eyes averted.

We walk for a while until Jiraiya slows, I hear a door opening, we step through the door slowly and I hear murmuring throughout the room. I’m unsure if they’re talking about me or what they’re working on. It makes me self conscious anyway.
I feel Jiraiya let go but then Kakashi is pushing me further into the room. I feel panic grip me. What if Kakashi leaves now? What would I do?

Before I think up anymore panicked thoughts a warm arm wraps around my waist hand snaking up my dress pinching me hard on my already tender bum.

I gasp and my knees start wobbling. The hand that pinched me slowly releases my abused flesh and rubs away the pain it caused. After a moment I relax into the hold and let the arm pull me close. I feel heat from another person’s body as I move closer, then I’m engulfed in strong arms as he pulls me onto his lap.

He smells like my Master.
He feels like my Master.
With my head tilted to lean on a muscled shoulder I poke out my tongue and like a stripe up his neck.
He tastes like my Master.
But what if…

“Figured out who I am yet?”
Master….

It’s like I’m a puppet with all its strings cut, I sag to rest on his chest. I whimper, everything overwhelming, no sight, not being able to talk. The clothes I’m wearing feel foreign and I’m trapped in a harness tight and restricting my movements. Yet I’m okay when Master’s here, holding me, grounding me, I’m safe with him and I’m loved.

I cling tight to him as his meeting goes on, keeping one ear towards the room so I can follow what’s being said, completely relaxed into his hold. His hand is massaging my left butt cheek, gripping it then letting go over and over again. His other hand is nowhere on my body so I can only assume he’s writing notes with it or something. Otherwise it should be on me.

The meeting is boring as usual; it’s about the Kingdom and its finances. So I decide to entertain myself, I poke my tongue out and let it travel up Masters neck. Reaching an earlobe I suck it into my mouth and graze my teeth over it. Then moving my mouth upwards I lick slowly over his ear and—

Shooting up in the King’s lap I gasp into the gag loudly, silencing the room. Master slowly lets go of the plug he rammed into my prostate and I readjust in his lap. My cock is now aching slightly in the cage from where it tried to get hard. Master’s hand goes back to my cheek and, he must have signaled everybody, the people in the room resume their conversation.

I feel a blush flaming my cheeks a bright red, as I hide away in Master’s neck.

Master’s meeting finishes soon after that and I hear everybody get up and leave. I feel him move his hand and I then feel the gag sliding down my face.

I hear Master sigh. “Pet, how ‘bout we go and get some dinner?”

Before I can even think about the question I hear my stomach growling loudly. I feel my cheeks heat in embarrassment again while the King laughs.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” He chuckles.

***

Walking into the dining room I see many people turn to stare. It makes me smile, they can look all
they like but this wonderful boy is mine. Even without sight he walks with a certain elegance never faltering but puts his complete trust in me. I lead Itachi over to our table and as I sit down I watch in astonishment as he lowers himself to his knees, folding down with so much grace onto a pillow that is in fact waiting for him.

I sit there watching him, seemingly happy to kneel for me waiting for what I decide to do next. I know that he wishes for me to pick him up and hold him close, yet I can’t bear to move him out of my line of sight because I know the moment I bring him into my arms he’s going to relax into my neck, like he belongs there.
And he does.
Just not now when he looks so appetizing.

I usually leave him to pick out his own clothing but maybe I should do it more often. I knew the moment that I took his sight away that he would relax and let whatever happens. Like a hooded hawk.
I know that Itachi’s been having some trouble with the whole idea of exhibitionism but blindfolding him seems to be working fine.
He looks amazing in the matching red cage and plug. His cock looking edible surrounded by the cage. While his ass is beyond words, the red plug jutting out from his bruised ass cheeks framing it just… Damn! But what brings the look together is the matching white dress and harness. The harness pulls Itachi’s already tight body tighter, gripping him all over (the best part being how it tightens over his ass lifting his cheeks and pushing them out even more). While the cute little white dress he’s wearing is completely sheer hiding absolutely nothing. Everybody in the room can see all of him, every perfect little piece.

I reach out to pick some food from my plate; lifting it to Itachi’s lips I nudge him slightly. His lips open slowly and wrap around my fingers, his tongue curling around the food. He releases my fingers slowly, sucking on them as they leave his mouth. I repeat this for a while enjoying the attention of other people on us, I can feel their jealous eyes on me wishing that this beautiful creature was theirs. After a while of this Itachi turns his head away, I can see the uncertainty in his body, not wanting to upset me again. I also notice how he looks full and his belly is rounded and oh, so, cute!
“Good boy, so very good, my little pet.” I say to him so he can stop looking so nervous.

He relaxes his body and I can see now how sleepy he seems to be. My poor little boy.

I eat quickly but not rudely. Can’t be scoffing down food as a King! Oh, no! Not at all. If only my tutors could see me now, they’d be proud!

Finishing my meal I decide that my poor pet is in need of some attention. Smirking I reach down and run my hand along Itachi’s cheek. His head and body are resting on my leg one cheek face up, completely relaxed. He doesn’t even jump when I touch him just snuggles his cheek into my leg more.

“Come here pet.” I say.
Itachi’s head jolts up as if almost asleep. I hear a few ‘awwws’ down the table but I ignore them in favour of watching my pet. His hands creep up my thighs and he uses them to push up onto his feet. Before he can straddle my legs I grab his waist and spin him around then pulling him so he falls backwards, his back to my chest.

I hear a beautiful mewl come from Itachi at the fast movements, but then he relaxes into me.

“Aren’t you just gorgeous.” I say, seeing the blush tint his face.

My hands travel down his body until they rest on his protruding belly. He whimpers, his hands
moving to rest on my forearms. I let my fingers dig into his little belly massaging slowly while his fingers clench down on my arms.

“Aww your belly’s so cute, pet.” I whisper in his ear.
He whimpers in response.

“But we still have dessert, little one. Don’t you want any?” I question.

Smirking again as his open mouth hesitates to speak. Before he makes up his mind I speak first.

“It’s okay pet, just have some anyway. No need to feel guilty.”

Reaching over to the table I pick up a strawberry out of the bowl that’s been placed there, dipping it in the bowl of chocolate sauce. Then bringing the sweet treat to Itachi’s lips he moans as I place it on his tongue. The moan is loud and it’s like he has forgotten where he is, and it’s beautiful. He chews slowly then leans forward to catch my fingers that were resting at his lips. Sucking them into his mouth he clears them of any chocolate or juice that was left.
I feed him more and more, different fruit, changing to whipped cream just to see him beautifully suck on my fingers with those sinful lips.
He tries to turn away a few times but I coax him into a few more bites, then a few more. His belly is protruding even more now and it’s the one of the cutest things I’ve seen. The whole dining room has been blatantly watching us this whole time, very silently which is probably why Itachi forgot where we are.

“Hmm. Let’s get you into bed. How does that sound little one?”

His head turns towards me and he nods. Throughout the room there are a bunch of ‘awws’ as I help him up but either Itachi it to out of it to hear them or he doesn’t mind because he doesn’t react at all. He’s a bit unsteady on his feet so I stand and sweep him into my arms. He groans as his full stomach makes contact with my front. It makes me laugh, oh how fun it is to tease my perfect little boy.

***

The King sets me down on our bed (Well I can only assume it’s our bed) and moves away. I lie back resting, shit I ate waayy to much food. Why? Why didn’t I just stop!? God damn it! Now I feel like I’m going to explode. This can’t be healthy.

I feel the King’s warmth near my legs which are hanging off the bed. His hands touch my stomach and it feels good and bad all at the same time. The pressure almost painfully too much, yet his hands massage my belly and the cramping stops. I groan as his fingers dig into my sensitive skin, massaging sore muscles and it’s the first time today since I’ve felt okay. Maybe the King is forgiving me slowly.

The King grabs my arm and pulls me up, grabs the dress and pulls it from my body. Then he throws me back onto the bed. Oh God! To full! Way to full! Whimpering I try to tell the King to stop. But… can I? I mean it’s my job to pleasure him so… can I ask him to stop? Wait! Am I over thinking this?
I can still feel Naruto towering over me as I lay on the bed so I slowly reach my hand out palm up.

“Hmmm.” Is all he says but I still feel the tips of his fingers brush my hand.

“M-master, I don’t… I mean I can’t…. I don’t feel too good and I don’t want to… have…” My voice cracks, oh God! It’s too embarrassing to say! What’s he going to think of me?

“Hey, Pet? It’s okay. You did so good trying to tell me and you’re such a perfect little boy. Okay? We won’t do anything tonight while you’re not feeling well. Promise. Such a good pet.”

At Masters words I feel tears escape my eyes but they get caught by the blindfold. Sniffling a bit I
feel Master’s arms wrap around me holding me and it feels so good.

Once Master lets go we get ready and go to bed. He takes off the cage but makes me sleep in the harness and the plug, it’s nice. I feel safe and warm.

***

Hearing a knock on the door I pull on the rest of my clothes and go open it, slipping out to talk to Jiraiya and Kakashi so as not to wake Itachi.

“Good morning, Sir.” Kakashi says.

I wave them off. “No need for formalities today, I just need a quick word.”

“Right, well your new pet is in the castle but… he… -well he is… Ahh-” Jiraiya sighs. “It's not good. He’s completely misbehaving; we can’t talk to him without having insults thrown our way. Right now he’s in one of the old pet training rooms. We had to tie him to the bed so he didn’t hurt himself or others.” Jiraiya explains.

“Yes we also added a blindfold and ball gag because it seems to make him calmer when he isn’t in control. Itachi was right he’s the most beautiful pet I’ve seen in a while, he’ll be gorgeous once he finally submits.” Kakashi goes on to say.

“Hmm. This’ll be fun. But I’ll need you two to look after Itachi while I’m gone. He’ll still be blindfolded and in his harness so you could read him a book or something I don’t know but nothing to strenuous.”

“Yes, of course we’ll do that.” Jiraiya says.

“Good. Thank you for all your hard work. I’ll be off then.” I say as I start down the hall.

***

Walking through the castle I remember the call I received from Kakashi a week ago saying that this young boy was a perfect example of a pet, but he was fourteen. At first I was confused, why would Kakashi even know if he would be a pet? People get tested when they were fifteen, this child would be too young. Kakashi explained that the family had called him to ask for help. I was surprised at that, the Uchiha’s were furious when we had taken Itachi and denied that he was their son for a while. Now though, they were desperate. Their second child seemed to be struggling with the lifestyle they lived with and was rebelling to the extreme. They told Kakashi that he was cursing all the time; he was completely disrespectful to his teachers. He threw a chair through a school window. They said that he got drugs from friends and was high a lot of the time. While high (they think) he got tattoos and piercings. He was just starting to whore himself out to anybody, gagging for it, when Kakashi collected him.

Kakashi explained that it seems that his basic nature presented earlier than usual because of the harsh training his family was putting him through. It was interesting that the family produced two royal pets, yet they seemed to be polar opposite. One completely submissive in nature and the other who would need the harshest hand to submit even a little.

Many people have wanted to get their advice in and all have said to me, that I’ll have my work cut out for me when I meet the new royal submissive. Most officials have heard the rumors about the untrainable, unteachable child that is the youngest Uchiha. I just think it’s going to be fun.

***

Reaching the room that the boy was being kept in I enter quietly, knowing that he can’t see. The
room is filled with anything one might need to train a pet with; similar to the room I banned Itachi from but a lot less specialized. In the middle of the room facing the door is a large four poster bed.

In the middle of the bed was the one of the most beautiful boys I’ve seen. All pale ivory skin and midnight black hair. His arms and legs were tied to the four posts, stretched out to keep his muscles taut. I can already tell that he was utterly beautiful, even though the view of his face was obstructed by the gag and blindfold. Although what caught my eye the most was how the boy has both his nipples pierced along with his cock, a Prince Albert at the tip while the underside seems to have three bars close to the base.

Interesting, he doesn’t mind pain.

The boy was asleep but slowly wakes, moving a bit to test his restraints. He groans and tugs his arms and legs hard shaking his head from side to side I hear him garble out something that doesn’t sound very appropriate.

So I grab a small whip from the dresser quietly and slowly make my way towards him.

SMACK!

A red mark instantly blooms on his thigh, and he freezes.

“Hello my naughty little kitten.” I say.

Chapter End Notes

How was it? Please comment or Kudos if you like it! It makes me happy and want to write more! Thanks and until next time!

Alpha Lady

xoxo
I'm back! But sadly with only a small chapter...

It's a little jumpy, but I just wanted to post so here it is...

Sorry!

I'll try to update soon!

xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
When I got the call it was about two months before Itachi’s birthday. At first I thought they’d want something, to be invited to the party with all the merits of being the King’s ‘esteemed guests’ or make sure we weren’t using the prestigious Uchiha name.

But. They were calling for help.

The boy must be trouble if Itachi’s parents are asking me to come in to assess him early. Although I think they might be over reacting, just because their child is a little more expressive the other expressionless Uchiha’s doesn’t mean that he’s broken or anything.

Anyway I’m now stuck riding out there to see another Uchiha child, and the first time didn’t go badly so I’m hoping this one will go well to.

***

They weren’t over reacting.

***

The moment the door of the Uchiha residence opens I know it’s going to be difficult. Both Fugaku and Mikoto Uchiha open the door and their faces say it all. They look tired and worn around the edges, most unlike the proper well respected Uchiha’s that normally never leave the house let alone the bedroom with a hair out of place.

“Hello, Mister Hatake thank you for coming on such short notice. Please do come in!” Mikoto Uchiha says.

I smile, it going to be a long day. “Thank you, and please call me Kakashi.”

They step aside and I take my shoes off at the door.
“Would you like some tea?” Mikoto asks.

“Tea would be lovely, thank you.”

Moving more into the house we enter the kitchen and Mikoto busies herself with making tea for all of us.

Fugaku goes to sit at the table and I do the same, he sighs.

“Listen, Kakashi. We both know that Mikoto and I along with the rest of the Uchiha clan didn’t take well to Itachi being shipped off to be a slave, of all things. We still are unhappy, we haven’t ‘come around’ to the idea but we don’t know what else to do. We’ve tried everything and the whole clan came to the decision that we would call to see if you could do something to help Sasuke. He’s an impossible child and we’re all worried that he’s going to end up hurting himself before he gets help. We also realise that while some of his attributes are well suited to becoming a warrior, a ninja for the King, these attributes are also the same that Itachi had and since Sasuke isn’t taking well to his training that it might be healthier for him to become a slave instead.”

At this stage Mikoto has passed out the tea and has sat down next to her husband.

“We’re obviously not prepared to cater to his needs, since he is… well-

He’s our little boy and we love him. We don’t want to see him hurt.” Mikoto says quietly.

I smile at the both. “I know you’ve all had trouble with him but the boy can’t be that much trouble, Itachi was fine with the training that he went through while he lived here with you. Sasuke wouldn’t be that different or submissive that he wouldn’t be able to handle the training.”

Mikoto and Fugaku look at each other. “You’re our last hope, we can’t send him to school anymore because the teachers were too worried about him hurting or defocusing the other students. He threw a chair through a class window, for no reason one day. We don’t know what else to do.” Fugaku said in a tired voice.

Interesting, it seems that he’s more trouble than I first thought. It’s hard to picture the boy that they’re talking about when thinking about how good Itachi is. They are obviously worn down, no matter what the boy is or isn’t his parents are definitely worried about him. Since I’m talking to the great Fugaku Uchiha and his almighty family, the boy, Sasuke, is going to be trouble on some scale.
It’ll be best if Sasuke’s parents aren’t around to watch me test him, they’d be horrified and I don’t think humiliating the boy on the first go is the right way to do things.

“Well, I’m sure I can help in some way but I’ll need you both to bring Sasuke to the testing centre for me to see him. It’ll be for the best. I’ll talk to him alone and test him as though he’s an adult so I’ll get you to sign some papers now allowing me to do so.”

Handing them the papers they sign quickly after a cursory glance by Fugaku.

“Bring him by tomorrow, once inside you both can go by your day as usual and I’ll drop by in the evening with him or his results.

“Thank you so much. We are very grateful.” Mikoto said leading me to the door.

***

The next morning before the Uchiha’s get here I prepare the room that I’ll be testing Sasuke in.

The secret to the testing process is that there is more than one test; the test that will be applied is based on teacher’s reports, parent’s thoughts and your medical file.

While Itachi’s test was straightforward since the overall report filed on him ticked all the boxes of an easily submissive slave, Sasuke’s test is going to be a lot different.

Mainly the problem we have with people like Sasuke is that while he’d be a perfect submissive slave if given time, yet the law states that if the subject, Sasuke, was to be adamantly against being in a specific class the subject may then be placed in the next best fitting class.

Sasuke won’t willingly stay in the slave class.

This is why any slave that’s labeled as a ‘flight risk’ will be tagged and people like Jiraiya or myself will go and assess these individuals ourselves.

Sasuke is labeled as a major flight risk, now that I’ve read his file I’m shocked to see the trouble that he has gotten into. So that’s why I’m in this specific room of the testing institute.

Sasuke is in for a long day with what I have planned for him.
The door is flung open and in walks the Uchiha boy. His dark eyes flick around the room before settling on me. Hmmn, seems the boy doesn’t know how to knock.

Sasuke was dressed in a simple blue t-shirt and white shorts his hair was sticking up in all places in a controlled mess with what looks like blue high lights through it. He crosses his arms and looks at me pointedly.

“Tch. Well?” He says after a minute of us looking at each other.

I just raise an eyebrow.

He rolls his eyes. Hmmn, more attitude.

“Look old man, I know that my parents called you down here to see me and ‘fix’ me, I don’t care. They got you to come and test me early then that’s fine, I know the rules once you do your stupid test then I can rebuff that class refuse to be put there and go train to become a Warrior for the King. So do whatever and hurry up with it.”

I sigh, major attitude right there.

Luckily this is going just as I hoped; the boy is smart I’ll give him that.

Getting up I walk slowly over to where he’s standing. He tries to stand up taller, tilting his head up, but it’s a show. His body language shows his need to be dominated.

I smile at him, but I receive a glare in return. Slowly I reach my arm out, I lean in close to him and I see Sasuke tense as my hand comes closer to his neck. But all I do is reach past him and close the door that he left wide open.

Turning around and walking back to the desk I was sitting at I know Sasuke is watching me intently.

“ ‘Do whatever?’ That can be arranged but you have been signed down to be tested the whole day, so I don’t have to hurry now, do I?” I smirk at him.
“Hnn. Whatever. Let’s just get on with it.” He says after a moment.

My eyes flick up to him “Very well, please take your clothes off and sit on the table.”

I go back to the paperwork that I was doing, I brought it with me from the castle.

After a few minutes I look up to see the boy glaring at me, sitting on the table exactly how I asked him to be.

Interesting, the boy seems to be acting very civilized for someone with his reputation. I think he’s trying to play me, or he’s going to test me. Either way as a submissive it’s normal, testing to see if the dominant is right for you as well as testing the boundaries.

It would seem the boy is seeing what I’ll do if he does something right.

Hmm. I can’t treat him like Itachi; Sasuke will think I’m being condescending.

“Very good, thank you Sasuke.” I say fast and to the point.

As I grab his file off my desk I notice he sits up straighter. A good sign, most likely due to the fact that his parents never compliment him. He seems to be going into a headspace faster than expected, which is good. The first time is always the easiest, they fall into it when it goes well but then it’s the training that’s the hardest.

Well Sasuke seems to be the next perfect pet for the King. Many people have been adamant that because Itachi has become well accustomed to the palace that Naruto should seek a new pet. This pet would obviously be trained by the King himself. So everybody can see how well he handles his pet, they seem to liken this to how he’ll rule as King.

This is going to go easier than expected.

Moving towards the boy I pass the table with the supplies that I have left out, grabbing one item I go and stand in front of Sasuke.
I hand the blindfold to him. “Put it on, please.”

“Why?” he says, suspiciously.

I sigh, feigning annoyance. “It's simple Sasuke, even if you’re determined not to be a slave I still have to test you, so we might as well get that one out of the way.”

He glares but puts the blindfold on.

I step away and give him a moment, seeing if he’s going to keep it on or throw a tantrum. He sits quietly and relaxes his shoulders.

“Good. Thank you Sasuke.” I say after a lengthy pause.

I turn and go sit at the desk once more.

It takes Sasuke around ten minutes to say something.

“This *test* is ridiculous.”

I smile.

“Hmm? Really? Shall we move on then?” I say as I stand.

I see him tense and reach for the blindfold. I quickly move, grabbing his arm and pulling him off the table. He yelps as I do so, clutching my shirt so as not to fall over.

“Ah Ah Ah! No touching the blindfold.” I reprimand him.
He ducks his head, before remembering where he is then he tries to pull away.

“I’m not letting go Sasuke, the test isn’t over we are just moving to a different phase of it. Understood?” I say, as I lead him over to the stand.

“Fine, yes. I get it. Can we just hurry up this is boring.” He says, but I can tell that the blindfold is doing the trick. He trusts me faster without his sight than if he could see.

“Take a step up.” I say.

He leans into me as he gets on the stand and I get him to kneel in the middle of it.

“Sasuke, what I’m going to do now does take some time, so I want you to just sit back and I’ll tell you once I’m ready for you to start the next test. Okay?”

He nods his head but keeps quiet.

I go back over to the table and grab the rope I’ve left out. Moving towards Sasuke I go about tying him up in the rope. My plan isn’t to restrict him but to have the rope there as pressure all over his body.

***

Once all the rope has been tied, taking an hour to do, Sasuke is now swaying slightly on his knees. The rope has been tied from the soles of his feet up to around his shoulders.

Sasuke has gone into a light subspace but nothing major. My plan is going perfectly.

I then move to get clothes for Sasuke to wear to the palace. I chuckle to myself, the boy would never wear these normally but all ‘flight risks’ are assessed in their hometown institute then brought to the palace to be looked after for a time.

The best clothes to transport these people in are rather amusing. First is a straight jacket that locks his
arms across his body then I connect the top to the white pants. Then I buckle two straps under his
groin on to his back. I lie Sasuke down, his head facing one way to allow him to breath, then fold his
legs up so that he is completely tied down and unable to move.

By this time Sasuke is coming out of his mini-headspace and is struggling a bit. I can see him start to
take deeper breaths and I know he’s about to start speaking.

“Quiet pet, I don’t want to hear any noise from you understand.” As I say this I grab a ball gag from
the table.

Sasuke struggles a bit more then as he opens his mouth, most likely to shout at me, I shove the ball
gag in his mouth.

“Good boy. Such a good pet, I know it’s hard but try to stay calm. Otherwise we’ll have to sedate
you and I know you don’t want that.”

I open the door and two guards walk in, I nod to each of them as they walk over to Sasuke. They
will carry him to the carriage that we’ll ride back in.

I now have to go and talk to the rest of the Uchiha family.

***

This is unbelievable, that prick tied me up and thought I wasn’t going to try and escape? He jabbed
me with a needle half way into the trip, but it wasn’t my fault my legs had gone numb.

Then when we got to the place he wanted to take me to he puts me to bed like a child. Except he tied
me to the bed, and the ropes were hard.

This is ridiculous; he’s treating me like an invalid. I’m not even tired, but does he care? No.
Aww, shit. I fell asleep. Now the guy is going to be all smug probably going to say that I was tired.

“You are fucking wrong, I hate you! You fuckin-”

SMACK!

Fuck that hurt.

“Hello my naughty little kitten.”

Who the hell is that?
Thank you!

Leave a comment about what you thought!

Thanks for the kudos!

Until next time
Alpha Lady xxx
Chapter Notes

Hello! Sorry how long it took me to update!

Buuuuuuut.... Its here now!!! :)

YAY!

Hope you like it ;P

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Warmth blooms from the spot on my thigh that was whipped, a stinging sensation. My lungs ache and I realise that I’ve forgotten to breathe. Gasping in a breath I hear that deep voice chuckle. This isn’t the same man as before. That fucker was clinical in his steps. This guy… this man, he’s unpredictable.

Only one smack and already my body it’s… I’m tensing all over and I’m not sure why.

This man is dangerous.

The man chuckles again, it's a deep rich sound that makes me shiver all the way to my core. Jesus fuckin’ Christ, what the fuck is wrong with this guy?

“Kitten? Pay attention. You will not swear, at me or anybody else that doesn’t explicitly deserve it. Or else you will be punished. Understood?”

His voice, God! A shiver runs through me as he talks. Every instinct is telling me to nod my head, please him. But…

Who the fuck does this guy think he is? The fucking King or something?

Well fuck him. Why should I do as he says?

“You don’t want a punishment kitten, you won’t like it.” As he talks the cold leather of his whip slides over my thigh again.

This guy’s crazy but warmth blooms over my skin, I want to trust him.

“That’s right kitten, relax you can trust me. I’ll give you what you need. Just let go.” The man slips onto the bed more and I can feel his knees on either side of me. His tongue drags down the side of
my neck.

“How ‘bout we make a deal, if I take the gag out you won’t swear?”

With every word out of his mouth my body relaxes more and more. As his fingers reach up to the buckle on the gag I feel my body jolt and tense and in the next moment I’m flinching and moving my head away.

The man quickly moves his hands, placing them flat against my chest.

“Hey, hey. It’s alright, you’re fine.

Kakashi did say that you were calmer with the gag.”

The last bit the man mumbles to himself but I heard it anyway. I huff indignantly; I do not need a gag to make me calmer.

But this man mentioned a name, Kakashi. Kakashi was the one who took my brother from me.

I can’t breathe, he’s right on top of me and I can’t get away. All the training I did and I can’t come up with a single plan to get out of these knots.

It’s obvious what he wants but I’m not a slave, I’m not.

I don’t want-

The shivers get worse and I can feel myself shaking more. I feel light headed like I can’t breathe and my eyes start to water. Tears fall from my eyes and it’s like I can’t get enough oxygen into my lungs.

Kakashi took my brother to be the King’s slave. This man… he isn’t. He can’t be.

The man says something but I can’t hear him. Once the tears start every emotion that I’ve tried to ignore comes running in.

Itachi left and he didn’t say good bye. I missed him so much.

I’m glad he got away, he wasn’t happy in the Uchiha household. I always hoped he was happy being a slave for the King. I know most people would’ve dreamed for that job but I didn’t think that my brother would want something like that. My brother who was always so good at everything, he trained with all the older kids at home and was better than them all! Then he just gave it all up.

Everybody just accepted it, saying that the offer was just too good to resist.
He’s gone and my parents sold me out to that Kakashi guy and now I have no one. I’ve been taken away from my family, I don’t know where I am and I don’t know who I’m with.

I hear the man say something else but I don’t understand the words. I frown, tears still dripping down my face; words seem out of reach somehow. It's like there’s fog in my mind, making it feel thick and heavy, unable to comprehend speech. Trying to focus seems like too much and it hurts and I’m not sure what to do?

What does this man want? Did I do something wrong?

Of course I did.

I’m a fuck up.

Itachi was the one who did good; I couldn’t even get the basics down. I’m worthless.

SLAP!

The pain clears the fog a little but how dare this man…

“What the fuck! Who do you think you fuckin’ are? You stupid moth-” I try to shout around the gag.

SLAP!

The next hit makes my breath catch, it feels good?
Without me noticing the man had undone my restraints and pulled me over his lap. My head is now upside down, and I can feel the blood rushing to it. My arms are pulled behind me and are being held by one of his hands. His other hand is running up and down my bare ass that is now resting in his lap.

A whimper is pulled out of me when his hand runs across the area he slapped, and I can hear him shush me.

I snuffle a bit and, eww. The blindfold is sticking to my face, wet from my tears that still haven’t stopped.

The fog in my mind hasn’t eased much but the pain feels good. I wait patiently for another, wanting to feel the tightness in my chest ease that little bit more.

I wait, but all he does is keep rubbing.

Slowly the tightness returns putting pressure on me, making it hard to breath. I start to feel light headed and I panic.

I don’t understand? How can I get him to do that again?

Whimpering and pushing back against his palm makes his hand tighten around my arms.

“I told you that if you swore at me, or anybody else, that you would be punished. I’d prefer to not punish you before we properly meet so I’m going to give you a choice. Choice one: I will punish you and you will receive a spanking. Choice two: you will get a second warning and I will put you on your knees and you will apologize. Show me what choice you want with your fingers.” His voice rumbles.

I can feel myself blush but I hold up one finger, arm still tight in his grip.

“Hmm. Very well, usually I would get you to count but tonight you can keep the gag in.”

Without any warning the first slap hits me, it burns my ass and I can feel the sting grow. Slap after slap rains down randomly so I am unable to tell where it's coming next.
The tightness slowly releases and I start to feel lighter. After a while, and a lot of slaps, I suddenly feel my muscles release all the tension that has been bugging me since I walked into that room with Kakashi.

After a few more light spanks the man pulls me up to sit on his lap. My knees are on either side of his legs. He has let go of my arms but I think it's best if I keep them there so I grab my wrists. His hands are on my hips and they slowly rub circles up and over my back. He’s warm and I feel light so I relax until my head rests on his shoulder.

“What a good kitten. Red and sore looks good on you. The question remains, are you sorry for breaking my rule?” He says after sometime.

I nod my head feeling slow and thick.

“Ah ah ah. Nope I need an apology. On your knees, kitten.”

The hands at my hips tighten and lift me off his lap placing me on my feet between his legs. With my arms still behind my back I slowly sink to my knees, feeling his warm thighs either side of me.

“I’m taking the gag out now. Then we can talk but if you need it in again it’ll be right here.” His voice is rich and silky smooth, reaching through the fog in my head.

This time when his hands reach around to undo the gag I just relax further into his touch. He murmurs praise in my ear but it just fogs my mind more.

After a moment of quiet I realise that he’s waiting. Stupid. God I’m horrible. I open my eyes. And when did I close them? And I realise that he’s also taken the blindfold off.

Looking up my breath catches.

He’s…
He’s the-

I feel my cheeks heating up as a blush blooms.

The man, no no the King, is gorgeous. Bright blue orbs shine down on me framed by golden unruly hair. He has a smirk on his face, one eyebrow raised.

The apology.
I’m supposed to apologies.
With words.

“I- I’m sorry.” I choke out, my voice dry.

His eyes twinkle. “Sorry for what?”

The bastard! He knows what!

I open my mouth to reply but before I can two fingers are resting on my tongue.

“Hmm. I know it's difficult to but I need to know that you know what you did wrong. So that’s how I know you’re not going to swear again. Right?”

The fading blush comes back full force. He knew straight away that I was going to disobey again. Feeling the twinge in my sore ass, I’m thankful he stopped me before I’d said something I would’ve regret.

Suck it up Sasuke; get it over and done with. My eyes flick up to meet his and I swirl my tongue around his fingers. He raises an eyebrow at me but slowly pulls his fingers from my lips. So I suck hard and they slip out with a loud ‘Pop’ in the quiet room.

Putting on my best puppy dog eyes I look up at him through my lashes.
“I’m sorry for swearing. At you. Twice”

“Hmm. Sir.”

I frown. Sir? Sir. Hell no! How dare he? This guy is a dick!

“You are-” I start to shout.

His fingers are back in my mouth.

“Do you not understand what just happened here? I gave you a rule, you broke that rule. Then you were punished. If you want to keep breaking rules it's going to hurt you more than me.”

I glare at him. I really want to bite his fingers off but…

My stinging ass stops me.

He takes his fingers out of my mouth and moves them to grip my chin, hard.

Gritting my teeth I growl out “I’m sorry for swearing at you twice. Sir.”

Then all of a sudden he beams at me, my breath catches and all these butterflies swell in my stomach. I made him smile like that.

“Good kitten. Very good.”

His hand goes to my hair brushing it back from my forehead. Then he digs his fingers in deep, scratching along my scalp in the best ways. I hear a moan and it startles me.
Shit I made that sound.

I feel a blush creeping up my face again.

His eyes twinkle but he says nothing about it.

We sit there like that for a while, his hand scratching over my scalp and me on my knees. My head rests on his leg and I feel weightless. It’s good. Great even.

“You’re the King.”

“And you’re an Uchiha.”

“Yea.”

“Yup.”

“Is my brother here?”

“In my room, yes.”

“Can… Can I see him?”

“Ahh… Yes. Although he won’t be able to see you.”
I stiffen. Of Course I’ll have limited time to see him. And only from a distance or something. He’s much too important to see the likes of me.

“Hey, hey. Don’t take that the wrong way it’s just he’s… being punished.”

Punished? Itachi? No way! No way. That’s not him. My perfect brother, that never does anything wrong…

“Why?”

“He was acting like brat.”

“So, he can’t see?”

“Blindfold.”

“Ah.”

“Yea.”

***

It seems like a lifetime of resting at the King’s feet, it's nice and relaxing and I feel like I could be here forever. It's the first time in a long time that my head has felt so empty, that I haven’t had to worry about something.
“I really should discuss with you what you’re doing here.” The King sighs out.

And at those words all the peace shatters away. I tense and almost without thought the hand resting in my hair starts petting me. Like I’m a goddamned cat!

“Calm down will you!

Look your job here is the exact same as your brother, okay? Just think of yourself as a prince, ‘cause that’s the way everybody will treat you.”

“Not you.” I say quietly. And it’s so true it hurts, that even if *most* people treat me well there will always be someone that owns me. I won’t be free.

“You don’t seem to mind that right now.”

I flinch at his words. It's true, but I can’t just sit back and let it happen. I’m not my brother.

“Anyway, we can take it slow. Just because you’re classed as a submissive doesn’t mean that you’ll be like that all the time. I won’t humiliate you. You can just submit in private if you want to?

As long as you’re on your best behavior in public, you can sit next to me. If you follow my rules then we’re good, you’ve already learnt what breaking them means. I’ve never much cared for what all the Lord’s think, as long as my people respect my order then I’m doing my job.

I only really follow through with noblemen ideas when refusing makes them rebel against me. And they decided that making me get slaves was going to be the idea that they all agree on.

So here we are.”

“What about my brother?”

“What do you mean? He wants to submit…. so I’ve got rules for him and I treat him like my submissive. Everybody else treats him like a prince. Except Kakashi and Jiraiya, those are his teachers. You’ve met Kakashi but they will look after you both when I can’t.”

“I’m not a child, I don’t need a babysitter.”
“No but like I’ve been telling you, you are going to be treated like a prince and that involves being surrounded by people every day. They are there to look after you, keep you safe and help you with any problems. They don’t babysit.”

“Sorry, Sir.” I say looking away from those piercing blue eyes.

“It’s alright kitten.”

The pet name makes shivers run down my spine. Leaning in I nuzzle into his leg, slipping forward I relax and his hand scratches along my neck.

“Be careful there, kitten, or I’ll start to think you’re asking for something, more.”

My eyes widen fractionally and flick down to his clothed groin. While I might’ve acted like a major slut having flirted with everybody in my year group, I’ve remained a virgin and just looking up at the King with my head so close to his crotch makes my heart pound.

I’ve wondered how it would feel, even considered letting one of the mongrels at my school take my virginity but I couldn’t stand to have any of their hands on me. This is the first time I’ve looked at someone and not felt repulsed by them but I look at him and want.

Slowly with my eyes on his the whole time I lean forward and gently lick the outline of his cock.

He smirks at me and raises an eyebrow.

“I’m going to give you one chance to stop, kitten.”

Ha! This man thinks he’s so powerful? Just because I’m on my knees now doesn’t mean I’m going to just roll over and take it!

I smirk back at him and lean backwards putting my hand on the ground until I’m completely exposed to him. Then with my other hand I grab my cock and give it a few strokes.

“Who says I wana stop? Sir.”
He glares at me and growls.

“I’m going to make you regret that Kitten.”
Chapter End Notes

So? How was it?

Comments are food for the soul!
Thank you for all the kudos <3

xoxo

LadyAlpha
I'm so sorry.

This is a long time coming but its finally here!! YAY!

Anyway hopefully the next chapter will be faster than this one :)

It seems that every time this kid gets into a nice headspace he rebels against it and drags himself away. The little shit.

Everybody knows that as a slave their pleasure is now owned. Which means no more touching themselves without express orders from their Masters.

Everybody knows that.

This kid knows that.

So for him to grab his cock, stroke himself, just to taunt me is unacceptable.

Fuck.

I had wanted to introduce him slowly into this lifestyle.

Fuck.

Okay… Okay. I’m going to have to change the way I do things. This kid isn’t going to succeed if we keep going the way I planned.

I let a sigh out and rested back on my hands leaning towards the bed. Sasuke was still glaring at me on the floor. He’d only given himself a few strokes before he realised that I wasn’t going to stop him. He’d stopped and was now trying to goad me into doing something with a glare.

He looked like a puppy.
One of his hands rested on his cock while he leant back on the other. His head was tilted to the side and tipped back showing off the gorgeous line of his neck.

I shake my head slightly. Think. How do I get this kid to start accepting his training.

He was pliable and needy after the spanking. And I’m sure that pushing him close to humiliation in public will keep him well behaved. Positive reinforcement always works wonders.

***

He’s just staring at me. He’s been sitting there for ten minutes just staring. He’s an idiot. He must be. Slaves aren’t allowed to touch themselves ever. Master’s don’t really ever order their slave to touch themselves either, so why isn’t the King furious?

I’ve disobeyed him. I should be punished. But he’s just sitting there.

Then the King barks out.

“Stand up.”

My breath catches in the back of my throat. A shiver runs through me. Slowly I lift myself up, knees shaking.

I feel really weak. He’s going to punish me again. I fucked up. I’m always a fuck up.

I stare at the floor. I don’t want to meet his eyes, filled with anger and disappointment.

I can hear him slowly get up as the fabric of his clothes rustle together. Some more rustling and then material floats softly over my shoulders. It’s warm and smells like him. In my shock I look up and
he’s taken off his jacket and slipped it onto me.

“We’re gonna go to a different room.” Naruto states calmly.

Surprise flares in me. Where? Why?

He smiles slightly.

“You’re a slave now. No matter what you think it's not gonna be that bad. So we are going to my room, where you’ll see Itachi. You are going to have to accept me eventually, Sasuke, and I highly recommend that you don’t try to embarrass me because then you’ll be punished, again, in front of everybody. In the end it’ll be more embarrassing for you. So don’t even bother.”

I get to see Itachi. If I don’t embarrass the King I get to see Itachi. I look him in the eye and nod.

“Okay, good. Then once you’ve seen him we’re gonna go over some rules that both you and Itachi are going to follow.” The King says confidently.

Ugh. Of course. He thinks that just because Itachi will follow him I’ll follow to. Fuck him. I’m not some pet that rolls over to his every whim. I roll my eyes at his sure tone. Saddly he sees my eye roll.

Before I know it he’s grabbed my hand pulled me half upside down so i’m now draped over one of his legs. He quickly delivers five hard spanks to my already sore ass.

Yelping I try to wriggle away but he just tightens his hold.

“The more you fight me the more spanks you’re going to receive.”

My ass was already feeling very abused so I quickly sink into his hold trying to wait out the slaps. My hands grip his pants as I struggle to remain still.

After a few more he stops and holds me bent over his leg for a minute. A few tears drip from my face as he pulls me slow up but I refuse to look him in the eye. It feels almost unreal that King Uzumaki just punished me, by spanking my ass, for rolling my eyes.
“Okay. I think we need to talk about your definition of respect. Because I’ve tried to tell you if you respect me you’ll be treated just like a prince. There will be somethings that you will have to get use to but I won’t force you into a relationship with me. Being a slave means that you have needs that can be met in a safe environment. It doesn’t have to include anything sexual. You seemed just fine kneeling for a while, we don’t have to do anything more than that?”

Anger slowed boiled in me. Why doesn’t anyone listen to me?

“Oh yeah? You won’t force me into anything? Well I don’t want to be a slave! None of you will listen! I am NOT submissive. I don’t care what your stupid test says. It's wrong. I don’t need to kneel or any of that other shit. I don’t want to be a slave.” By the end of my rant I’ve started shouting and glaring at the King.

Once I’ve finish silence fills the air, my harsh breath the only sound in the room.

As my heart rate slows down I realise what I’ve done. I was shouting at the King. Who just spanked me for swearing. Did I swear again? Shit I’m not sure if my ass could take another beating. The twinge I feel from just the extra spanks are enough to have me worried.

“What do you want to be?” The King asks, no emotion in his voice.

“I-I… I um… Be?” I realise I’m shaking when my words stutter out.

“Instead of being a slave what did you want to be?”

His voice is still emotionless. I can’t tell if he’s angry. Well… of course he’s angry. But… enough to spank me again? Shit.

“My family expects all Uchiha’s to become Ninja.” I mumbled not daring to meet his eyes.

“So? Is that what you wanted to be? Because it sounds like your parents decided for you.”

“No! I want to be a Ninja. I’m going to be.” I say. This is getting ridiculous he’s still not listening to me.
“You do realise that the sole job of the Nin are to protect *me*, right? Because right now you are in the castle where all the Nin live.” Naruto questions.

This is becoming infuriating.

“It doesn’t matter that they’re here. Because if I’m a slave then I won’t be able to train and I certainly won’t be one of them. I’ll just be the slave that belongs to the King.” The corners of my mouth turn down at this thought.

Oh God. I can only hope that none of the Akatsuki have seen me, otherwise I’ll forever been known as the guy who started as the King’s slave. They’ll think I whored myself out to get a place in the Akatsuki.

“You haven’t been listening. And I’ll tell you right now that you’ll never get into the Akatsuki with an attitude like that.

Like I’ve said many times, you are going to be treated like a Prince. The Akatsuki included will be treating you like royalty. You seem to be misunderstanding the role of a slave. You think it’s shameful? That people won’t respect you? That your power has been taken away. It’s wrong to think like that. To be able to completely give yourself over to someone is powerful, you have more strength than you realise. Just accept it.

You want to become as powerful as an Akatsuki member? Well if you stay here then they will have no problem teaching you. Hell I’ve been considering letting Itachi join their sparring sessions just occupy his free time.

There’s nothing wrong with being a slave, it's best to accept it and then go from there.”

“No. I won’t accept it. The Akatsuki will never accept the King’s whore as a true member. I don’t need your special treatment. I’m good enough to become an Akatsuki member on my skill alone.” It’s not going to happen. I refuse. I’m *not* submissive. He’s not listening to me.

“You think being a slave means your a whore?” The King asks quickly.

I almost roll my eyes at him but I don’t want to give him any excuse to abuse me again.

“That’s exactly what this is. Just another way for the entitled to show off how influential they are.”

The King smirks at me. Which makes me step back. I didn’t accidentally swear again did I? Shit what did I do?
“Well thats interesting. Because the way I see it is that slaves aren’t ‘whores’ but partners. The dominant party has their needs met by the slave so that they are capable of doing their job. The slave's job can vary though. For instance out of the main Akatsuki members half of them are submissive. Most of them became slaves for other Akatsuki members and then learnt as they served.”

Doubt has clouded my thoughts. What if he’s right? If some of the Akatsuki are slaves to then there is a possibility that I could still be one even as the King’s slave. But I’m not submissive!

“I don-...” I start to say.

“It doesn’t matter if you refuse, for now you are my slave. So we are going to talk about respect and then I’ll take you to our my room where you’ll be able to see your brother. Understand?”

Swallowing thickly I nod my head. It won’t be that bad. The King is gorgeous and I also get to see Itachi. I’ll be introduced to the Akatsuki although I’m not sure how I feel about that.

I should just focus on the positives for now.

I’m going to see Itachi. A warm feeling bubbles up my throat. It's been too long since I saw my brother.

I’m excited.

Chapter End Notes

How was it? I know its a little rough but I thought that I shouldn't keep you guys waiting any longer?!!!
xxx

Alpha Lady
Respect

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry. I know its been soooooo long but all of your comments have gotten me to post. Thank you!

I hope you like it

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The kid seems willing enough to go see his brother, accepting the fact that he can’t change being a slave right at this moment. So now all I have to do is get him to accept it for life.

“I’ll cooperate if you’re taking me to see Itachi.” Sasuke says glaring up at me.

Smirking I nod my head.

“Very well. I’ll take you there now.”
The kid is still naked and hasn’t realised it yet, which I can use to my advantage. He walks ahead of me towards the door and I grab a collar, leash and his gag.

Quickly I move towards him and slip the collar around his neck with the leash clipped to the front.

At this Sasuke tries to pull away from me but I hold the leash tight. He growls and reaches for the collar but I intercept his hand and pull towards me. I push one of my own legs out and go to pull him over it. I think spanking him again would be pointless but maybe the just threatening it will be enough.

Just as I hoped when Sasuke realises what’s about to happen he starts squirming.

“Please I’ll be good. Please! No more. I’m sorry. Sorry. I—... Sir! Sir. I’m sorry, sir.” Sasuke says his voice becoming more and more strained.

I smirk to myself then let him rise slowly. An eyebrow raised I say:

“You act like a brat I’ll treat you like one. You respect me and I’ll respect you. You’ve been acting terrible this whole time so until you’ve earnt my respect back you’ll be treated how I see fit.”

Sasuke looks at me with wide eyes. Maybe he’s realising what kind of position he’s really in. Or maybe he’s winding up for another outburst.

Time to step in.

“I’m going to give you a choice. Gag or blindfold.” I ask holding up the gag. “You have to pick and if it’s the blindfold you still won’t be allowed to talk. And it’ll come off once we get to the next room.” I’m not sure giving him a choice was the best idea but hopefully he’ll accept it.

A few emotions flicker across his face, mainly a pouty and annoyed expression. He looks away thinking but I’m happy to wait him out. I see that he wants to argue with me but he’s holding back, which means he’s learning. It’s slow going but we’ll get there.

As Sasuke looks back towards me I see a determined look in his eyes.
“Both.” He demands looking at me as if I would challenge him.

Huh. This was better than I expected. His stubbornness is helping me put him in his place further. He probably thinks by choosing both he’ll be able to show me how ‘not’ submissive he is.

“How about you try that again with more respect.” I sigh.

Sasuke falters a bit at that but quickly amends.

“Both please. Sir.” He says.

It's said sarcastically but I'll accept it for now. We can work on it later.

Right now I smirk and grab his chin squeezing it until his jaw is open wide enough for me to place the ball gag in. Then I grab the ends and buckle it behind his head. He looks very good with his wet, red lips pushed out around the gag.

I then turn away from him and walked back over to the bed where I left the blindfold. I turn back and look at the boy, he really is gorgeous. His head is tilted down and he is standing there naked arms at his sides. My clothes covering him and my handprint on his ass.

Walking back over Sasuke meets my eyes when I’m close and he already looks calmer. Which is good. Kakashi really does have a good eye when it comes to this, Sasuke’s calming down with just a gag.

I walk back over my steps slow because I don’t want Sasuke to jump out of whatever quiet headspace he’s managed to gain. I left the leash dangling by the collar so I pick it back up when I reach him. My movements are slow as I lift the blindfold up and cover his eyes but Sasuke doesn’t move or flinch. He seems to just quietly accept the darkness.

Once the blindfold is secure I use the barest hint of pressure on the leash to pull Sasuke forward. He sways into it and takes a hesitant step. I’m pleased that he’s following the tugs on the lead, it means that he’s starting to trust me.

As we leave the room Sasuke tries to reach towards me but before he can I grab his hand.
“Ah ah ah. No Kitten. I want your arms behind your back. Don’t let go until I’ll tell you to. Okay?” I whisper into his ear.

He shivers at my voice and nods quickly.

The walk to our room is slow going but it doesn’t bother me. Sasuke walks in small but sure steps until we reach our destination.

***

Upon entering the room I see Kakashi sitting on the couch with Itachi’s head in his lap, his fingers running through Itachi’s hair while Jiraiya works on papers at the table.

Sasuke heard the door open as we enter and I can see him getting restless. He has come closer to me and is brushing up against my back. Another sign that he’s starting to trust me, or at the very least starting to accept his place.

Both Kakashi and Jiraiya are looking at me for direction so I motion for them to leave giving a nod to the pair in thanks as they close the door.

This leaves Itachi lying on the couch, his head now resting on the cushions, stiffened and alert to the fact that I’m here and Kakashi and Jiraiya have left. Sasuke on the other hand is relaxed and steady as he leans on me, I’m not sure if he even noticed the two that have left.

“Itachi please sit up for me.” I ask, deciding that I’ll just let the two brothers have their reunion here where I can keep an eye on them.

Itachi sits up slowly folding his leg underneath him, while next to me Sasuke stiffens. I walk over to the couch and push Sasuke onto the now vacated spot. I pull out his gag then move over to Itachi. Leaning down I kiss Itachi on the forehead, brushing some of his hair off his face as I straighten up.

By now Itachi’s figured out that there is somebody else here besides me, and that they are sitting
rather close to him. Sasuke similarly has frozen up and has probably realised that Itachi is close by.

Reaching out I rest my hands on the back of Itachi’s head right on top of the blindfold knot. I start undoing it and Itachi seems confused and disappointed. Hopefully that won’t last when he sees his brother.

“You can move your arms now, kitten.” I speak to Sasuke.

Itachi flinched at my voice but now seems overall more confused.

Sasuke pulled his arms in front of him quickly, and I notice his hands make an aborted movement towards the blindfold but stop half way. Good. That means that he’s learning. Not about trusting me but about his actions having consequences, namely his ass becoming a lovely shade of red.

“It's alright, take it off.” I say softly, still directed at Sasuke.

I’ve been purposely going slow with taking Itachi’s blindfold off wanting Sasuke to get his off first. Both the brothers and in different states of dress but I think Sasuke will have a harder time accepting how Itachi looks rather than Sasuke just being naked, with only a jacket to cover him. I guess the boys will have to get use to each others bodies being on show now.

Sasuke’s hands shoot the rest of the way up to quickly fumble around with his blindfold but he gets it off quickly. I give him a few moments to look before I finally pull off Itachi’s blindfold.

I move away quickly to give the boys some space, knowing that they’ll want some time together.

***

When Master first enters the room Kakashi and Jiraiya leave without a word, which is unlike them. Usually they make jokes about me being good or not to have too much fun. Instead they quietly slip out and I’m left with Naruto. I’ve already heard the second set of footsteps following close behind him so I know we’re not alone.
At first I wonder if I’m suppose to do something but then I just accept that Naruto will guide me like always.

“Itachi please sit up for me.”

At his words I fold myself up. I’m in a new dress that feels like the same fabric as the one Naruto put me in, but Kakashi said that this one was a different colour, and the harness underneath it pulls tight as I move. It feels good, the dress silky and flowing around me with the tight pull of leather on my skin.

I can hear Naruto move closer as I curl up on one side of the couch, I’m expecting him to sit next to me and pull me in close.

Instead his warmth stays above me as someone else drops down into the chair. Naruto brushes his lips against my forehead and gently flicks some of my hair behind my ear.

It’s like he’s going to leave, while another person sits close to me. I’m sure I don’t know whoever is sitting there. Why would he leave me? Unless he plans to share me with this person…

Master has reached around to the knot of the blindfold at the back of my head and seems to be undoing it. I feel upset, he said that I would only regain my sight when I deserved it. I know I don’t. Not yet. I’m not ready. Why is he doing this?

“You can move your arms now, kitten.”

What? My arms are free. Move them where? He’s never called me kitten before. I don’t understand what’s going on. I almost feel like crying. My heads a mess and I’m not sure what I’m suppose to do.

Then it hits me. Naruto wasn’t talking to me. He was talking to the stranger. He called them kitten not me.

At this realisation I relax into Master’s chest. His hands seem to be slowly undoing my blindfold, I’m disappointed in myself but I can’t argue with Master’s decision.
“It's alright, take it off.” The King says softly.

This time I know he’s not talking to me so I stay calm and try to sense what the stranger is doing. What do they have to take off?

After a moment, with loud breathing of the person next to me, the King pulls my blindfold off and steps back. I look towards Master first, incase he give any direction but all he does is smirk and walk away.

Turning towards the stranger has me breathless.

I blink, once, twice, but the man… no, boy, sitting next to me is still my brother. Sasuke. My brother Sasuke. Who I thought I would never see again.

From one minute to the next I jump into action, flinging my arms around Sasuke and squeezing tight. Sasuke gasps in surprise.

“Itachi? Are you alright?” He asks.

I hear the King snicker from behind us but I ignore him for now.

“Yes! I’m fine! Why wouldn’t I be?” I ask right back. Pulling back just a bit to see his face.

“Well, it's just… Why were you…?” Sasuke gestures between us and makes a face. Oh, I forgot. Uchiha’s don’t hug, it's not in their ‘nature’.

I roll my eyes and say “Am I not allowed to be happy to see my brother?”

He makes a face but I see that he’s dropped it for now.

Looking him up and down I notice that he’s naked except for a jacket, that I know is Naruto’s, that is barely doing anything to cover his bits. The way he is sitting also tells me that his backside is hurting. It makes me smile, that before I even get to see my idiot brother he’s already gotten himself into trouble with Master…
I jump a little when I think that though… because that means… gasping I turn to Naruto, who is sitting at his desk doing paper work. As I look at him, he glances at me giving a slight up lift of his mouth.

“Does this mean?” I ask.

“Yeah Pet, it does.” He smiles fully at this.

“Rules?” I prod.

“Discussions, later on.” He shrugs, nodding his head towards Sasuke.

So Sasuke is the King’s new Slave. He’ll be here with me from now on. Naruto confirmed that the rules will be changing with Sasuke’s arrival but that's okay, I’m happy that my brother is here with me.

Turning back I see Sasuke glaring at us both. Which make me stop for a second. He opens and closes his mouth for a second then settles on muttering “What the hell? You didn’t call him Sir once.”

At that thought I start to laugh. Sasuke gives me a startled expression, probably because ‘Uchiha’s don’t laugh’, then just looks annoyed.

“Ooh, you must’ve been pretty rude if Naruto was starting you off with titles.” I say after calming my laughing.

He rolls his eyes “No, I wasn’t being rude. I was annoyed that I was getting beaten with a whip while tied up.” Sasuke says growling.

I sigh. Sasuke wasn’t like this before I left but I guess I can’t be too surprised that he changed. “Sasuke, it's about respect. I respect him, I call him by his title and sometime, alone, I don’t have to.”

“How can you respect him when he blindfolds you and makes you dress like that?” Sasuke says harshly at me.
Surprise overtakes me and I look down to what I’m wearing. Seeing that I’m in a black sheer dress and that I can easily see the harness underneath it makes me laugh. Of course Naruto would put me in this. He always seems to get me out of my comfort zone without me freaking out over it. This dress is very similar to the one I was wearing last night and I know that a lot of people were around, so that means those people essentially saw me naked.

The thought doesn’t make me as upset as I thought it would. Especially considering the only people who touched me like that was Kakashi, Jiraiya and Naruto I felt completely safe with them the entire time.

Laughing again I look up at Sasuke who is looking at me like I’ve got two heads and I say “I trust him.”

Sasuke gives me an unusual look that I can’t place but before I can ask it’s gone and he puts on his ‘I’m too cool to show emotion’ face. I resist rolling my eyes. “So, Sasuke, how are Mother and Father?” I ask instead.

He shrugs “Their fine. When you left, mom joined some book club or something with those bitchy ladies from down the street. She always coming home talking about how they always choose the worst books and never read them.”

That makes me smile. I do miss them but I think I love it more here. I also think that having Sasuke here will be even better.

I want to ask more about everyone back home but before I can the door opens quickly. Two Akatsuki members walk in and Naruto gets up to meet them. Sasuke jumped a little when they came in but I’m use to different Akatsuki members coming as they please.

Most come to see Naruto for business but every so often one or two members will come to just sit around and relax close by. I’ve met most of the Akatsuki by this point and I know that this is business not pleasure.

The two Akatsuki that have come in are Deidara and Sasori. Deidara steps up and comes in close towards Naruto they exchange words we can’t hear and Naruto nods.

“Allright, just give me a minute.” Naruto says.
He turns around and comes towards us.

“Okay, I have some business that needs sorting out so I’ll be gone for a while. You two are gonna’ stay here with Sasori until I get back. The rules are simple, Sasori is me. He can and will punish you as he sees fit. Your blindfolds can stay off unless he decides otherwise. And know that he will tell me anything that happens while I’m gone. Understood?”

I nod my head looking Naruto in the eyes. It’s not the first time that the King has been quickly pulled away for business so while it sounds urgent it might be nothing serious. Naruto then looks over to Sasuke and smirks. “Be careful of this one. He’s trouble.” He says directing a nod at Sasuke.

Sasuke glares but doesn’t say anything. Sasori just nods away with no comment. Deidara then motions for the King and they’re about to exit the door when Naruto turns back. “Oh and Sasori? Could you please tell Sasuke about your job when you first arrived here?” Then he’s gone.

***

Once the King leaves the Akatsuki member, apparently named Sasori, turns to me. “What would you like to know Sasuke?”

I shrug, “I’m not sure what he means.”

Sasori just smirks and saunters over to the couch we’re on. When he gets closer he moves towards Itachi who seems to already know what Sasori is planning. From one move to the next Sasori bends down picks Itachi up, turns and sits down with Itachi curled up onto his lap. Itachi seems perfectly happy to be there and rests his head on Sasori’s shoulder.

I sit there watching all of this happen and all I can wonder is how has my brother changed so much. He use to be cold and calculating, ruthless in his training. Now all I see is a soft, cuddly slave that bends to others will.

I’ll won’t ever become like him. I’ll fight. I’m going to become an Akatsuki member.

Sasori looks at me then. He sees what I’m thinking, and he smiles at it. “When I first came here I was placed in the Slave Class. They had me submitting to Akatsuki members, they would be able to relax and rest around me and I would be able to submit in a safe environment.”
My eyes widen. This is who Naruto was talking about when he said that some Akatsuki members were submissive? Sasori is well known as one of the King’s personal guard. A powerful warrior like him started off as a slave?

“Naruto saw potential in me. I was alway getting into trouble for being disrespectful and disobedient. So Naruto pulled some strings and got me to train under Yahiko. It was brutal and painful but Yahiko made me realise that I could be both an Akatsuki member and still submit.” Sasori says.

That’s incredible. Training under Yahiko is impressive but being a slave that made it up to King’s guard is unheard of.

But if Naruto wanted me to hear this because he thinks it’ll change my mind then he’s mistaken. I’m not submissive and I don’t have needs that could be ‘taken care of’ with a whip. They’re wrong and I’ll prove it.

“Good for you. It's Impressive that you made it all the way from whore up to Ninja but I won’t be following you.” I say looking away. I saw the way Itachi flinched at the word whore but he should see what he’s become, he should’ve known better.

Uchiha are Ninja.

“Yes your right. You definitely won’t be following my path if you don’t learn respect. And I know for a fact that Naruto warned you about bad language, I consider degrading words ‘bad’ and will not put up with them being used. Not to mention that not only are you referring to your position as degrading but Itachi’s and mine too. You’ve managed to insult both people you were with, and an entire class system. That unacceptable behaviour.” Sasori says in a low tone.

I roll my eyes. “What are you going to do? Slap me on the wrist and say that’s my one and final warning?”
“No. You will be punished.” Sasori says calmly.

I frown and look at him. “What? No ‘you get one chance’? Or a warning not to do it again?” I ask. My ass is still sore and I’m not sure how much more the skin could take until it breaks.

“I don’t believe in second chances. I think that if you made a mistake or broke a rule you didn’t know about, punishment will help you remember it better.” Sasori says calmly.

This isn’t good I don’t think I’ll be able to avoid another punishment but… I look towards Itachi and his eyes are on me. He looks sad and pained but his grip tightens on Sasori’s robes and he looks away from me. Itachi is going to let this stranger beat me bloody.

Sasori lifts Itachi off of him, placing him on the couch, and stands up. I stiffen. Not here. He can’t. I’ll fight him. No. He wouldn’t. This isn’t how it’s suppose to go.

Sasori picks up the blindfold that I was wearing before, slowly sliding it back on. Why didn’t I move away? I should try to stop him.

The more I try to move the more my limbs refuse to cooperate. Leaving me open and vulnerable.

Sasori slowly ties the blindfold in place and then he lifts me into his arms. At this point I realise that I’m still very much naked. But in the end I can’t do much to change that fact so I try to ignore it as much as possible. I wrap my legs around his waist and he starts moving.

He walks a few paces then stops picks something up then I feel him walk back to the couch. He sits down so I end up sitting back straddling his legs. His hand come up to my mouth and the ball gag I was wearing is in it.

No. I will not let him gag me. It’s not going to happen.

“Ahh!” I gasp as he pinches down on my sore ass. Opening my mouth enough for him to push the gag right in.

I try growling at him but he only sighs.

“Ima, would you go and get me the cuffs Master Naruto uses please?” Sasori ask.

He wouldn’t. My own brother wouldn’t do that to me.
I feel the couch move as Itachi gets up. And I feel betrayed. There's a rustling sound and he's back, then Sasori’s moving to lock my arms behind my back.

“Now relax, nothing else is going to happen. You’ll stay like this until the King gets back. I’ll let him decide what to do with you for now. Next time you won't be so lucky. Your new so I’ll give you half a chance.” Sasori says this like he’s doing me a favour. I mean seriously? Naruto’s just as bad as the rest of them!

They don’t care what I want.

I feel Sasori’s hand on the back of my head, pushing me down to rest on his shoulder. Him and Itachi start up a conversation but it's hard for me to follow.

I’m tired and I just want to go to sleep hoping that this whole day will all just be a dream.

Chapter End Notes

Please tell me how it was?! I tried hard to put everything into this chapter but I still feel like the brothers interaction wasn't good enough.

Sigh. Anyway, Comment! Tell me what you thought!!!
Thanks for reading!
As always, lots of love
AlphaLady.
xxx
Walking back to the room after long hours of discussions between politicians. It was lucky that Sasori was free to oversee Itachi and Sasuke because otherwise Naruto would’ve had a very sore upset slave to get back to. Most of the other Akatsuki would punish, hard and severe, but Sasori has a gentler touch. All calm words and soft actions.

Naruto knows that Sasuke will get himself into trouble but Sasori knows to let him handle it, which is why after the arduously long meeting finally ended he could go see his pretty pets.

Walking into the room Naruto sees Sasori sitting at the window with a small wooden puppet, carefully pulling the strings and testing its strength. After a moment he looks up, giving a small smile he nods his head at the bed.

Looking over Naruto sees Itachi sitting up in bed with Sasuke’s head on his lap. They're both asleep, Itachi having fallen into slumber while petting Sasuke’s hair. It's absolutely adorable to see.

Naruto notices that the blindfold and gag have been put back on Sasuke, which is good but sleeping the whole night with a ball gag is dangerous as it could injure the jaw. So, he smoothly pulls the strap and releases the ball, slowly pulling it out of Sasuke’s mouth and placing it on the bedside table. It will be cleaned by one of the maids and placed back in its allocated draw.
Naruto turns back to Sasori as he gets up to leave. He packs up his things and walks to the door. As he passes the King he says “Good luck with that one, sir. He has a knack for getting himself into trouble.”

Naruto smirks and nods. Obviously Sasuke did something to get into trouble but Naruto doesn’t need to waste anymore of Sasori’s time asking what exactly. In any case Itachi could tell him if need be, it would also be a good test to see if Itachi would lie to protect Sasuke.

Sasori closes the door gently behind him and the King is left with two very cute slaves. Rolling his shoulders out, finally having finished with all the meetings for the day, the King is starting to feel knots in his back. He sauntered over to the liquor cabinet intending to have a glass of whisky to unwind.

Pouring himself a glass, on the rocks, he moves silently to the couch. Naruto relaxes back into the cushions and look over to the bed. His beautiful boys curled up together make the prettiest sight. Having this time to relax gives Naruto a chance to really think about the way Sasuke will be punished from now on. Obviously if he’s still pushing the limits, things haven’t sunken in for him yet. Which is to be expected. Naruto thinks that his main problem is himself, not allowing himself to truly let go.

In time he will accept. For now, they’ll all have to put up with a troublesome, demanding little kitten.

***

Waking up blindfolded isn’t one of the best experiences, especially when Sasuke forgot where he was. The memories of Kakashi and the King, the punishments and seeing Itachi all come back to him. Flooding into existence from one moment to the next.

Everything is so confusing, he’s unsure how to feel about all the events that have happened. Sure, he is happy that he got to see Itachi and even spend time with him but having to sacrifice his freedom to get that is...

Itachi seems to be happy here, Sasuke thinks he could be too. It all comes down to the fact that he’ll be a slave. He doesn’t understand how his brother can accept that.

Suddenly a hand is brushing through his hair.
“You’re thinking too hard kitten.” The King says.

He wants to be angry and annoyed at the King. But he’s not. He feels warm and safe and for the first time in a long time he doesn’t feel the need to get up as early as possible to start training. Sasuke trains all the time, always doing something that will contribute.

He doesn’t even know what time it is, and he never sleeps in.

The hand in his hair tugs slightly, and a shiver goes down his spine. It feels good, and Sasuke doesn’t want the King to stop.

He tugs and each time it melts Sasuke into a puddle of happy-fuzzy-pleasedon’tstop-more. The King chuckles and pulls him slightly closer. Sasuke grumbles at being moved out of his warm spot but then his body comes into contact with the length of the Kings leg. He’s warm and it heats Sasuke, his body temperature seeming to run higher than his own. Naruto is sitting up in bed and Sasuke rests his body along Naruto’s legs, head nestling into both the bed covers and the King’s side.

After a moment his hand returns to Sasuke’s hair and then he’s in heaven. Feeling warmed to the core with shivers running up his spine as the King’s hand scritches down his neck. It’s peaceful and he’s happy.

It doesn’t last. Sasuke needs to pee but he doesn’t want to have to ask permission. Nobody should have to ask permission to go to the bathroom.

“How about we make a deal?” The king asks as Sasuke’s squirming grabs his attention. “You give me a week. You’ll follow Itachi around and won’t fight it or run away, you’ll be a good boy. And if, after a week, you still don’t want to be here then you can train with the Akatsuki. I’ll personally recommend you to the ninja academy and you’ll be able to start training immediately.”

Freezing at the thought of possibly being able to go straight to the academy. Can Sasuke give the King a week? He’ll have to allow himself to be a slave. To give up his freedom.

But it's just a week. The King will probably be working for most of that anyway. It’ll be like a week with his brother, that will be nice since Sasuke never sees him.

Slowly Sasuke nods his head. He’ll do it then he’ll leave.

“Nice try kitten, I’ll need verbal confirmation. Your word. I trust that you’ll do as you're told then.”
Sasuke rolls his eyes behind the blindfold but says; “Yes, you have my word. A week here doing as you say then I can leave.”

“Hmm.” Is the King’s response.

After a few more minutes, where the King’s hand runs through his hair, he says “Are you going to ask permission or just wet the bed?”

The bastard!
The King is laughing at him.
Sasuke hates him.

This week is going to be harder than he first thought.

“Would you let me up to piss, then?” Sasuke asks, annoyed.

The King snorts in response. “Cute, kid. But we both know that’s not how this is going to work. You will call me Sir, you will say please and thank you, and you will be polite. You will answer if I am talking to you, and you will be respectful. If not, then you get a warning and if it keeps happening then you get punished.

With that in mind would you like to try asking again?”

Sasuke feels a blush creeping up his neck. Fuck, he’s enjoying this! The sick fuck. Sasuke is not going to do it. It’s not going to happen. This week is going to be a disaster.

A sharp sting lands on Sasuke’s already sore ass and tears sprang to his eyes.

Fuck, that hurt. The King had the fucking cane at the ready.

After another hit on his other ass cheek Sasuke knows he must ask properly, otherwise it’s just going to keep happening.

“Alright!” Sasuke yells. “Alright, Sir. May I please go to the bathroom, Sir?”
After the words are out of his mouth his stomach heats and he feels all fuzzy. It’s nice and Sasuke knows that he made the King happy.

“Good kitten. That's perfect.” He says.

The King then moves out of the bed and the warmth leaves with him. Sasuke shivers at the cold air but as soon as it's gone he's back and lifting him into his arms. Sasuke feels himself nuzzle into the warmth of his neck. Sasuke can’t seem to stop, he wants to be closer to the King. Which is disturbing, he knows, he wants this week to end as quickly as possible to get away from Naruto.

While Sasuke is distracted the King has moved to a different room. It's warmer and feels steamy so he can only assume he’s brought Sasuke to the bathroom. He sits Sasuke down on the toilet and his hand rests in his hair.

“You get a few minutes in here alone while I organise what we’re doing today then we’ll take a bath. How does that sound, hm?”

Fuck this is too much. He just put Sasuke on the toilet, like he’s incapable of looking after himself. He’s not a child. He doesn’t need to be babied.

Before Sasuke can say anything, the King must notice his bad mood because he says “Do it now or wet yourself later. You pick.”

And with that he leaves with the door clicking shut behind him.

Sasuke could refuse but wouldn’t put it past the King to follow through with his threat. So, he finishes his business and fumbles around until his hand hits the flusher. Navigating the bathroom blindfolded with his arms cuffed behind him was harder than he first thought it would be.

But soon he finds the edge of the tub and sinks to his knees beside it. Sasuke figures this would be a sensible position to be in when Naruto comes back.

Sasuke hears the door open and close but the King says nothing about his position on the floor. Sasuke can feel a blush rising to his cheeks. Then there’s a soft hand petting his head.
Sasuke lets out a breath he didn’t realise he was holding. He didn’t feel like he needed the King’s approval but having made him feel better. Kneeling on the floor in front of him doesn’t feel as bad as he thought it would either. Not when the King is petting his hair and scratching in all the right places. Sasuke leans forward just slightly, enough to lean against Naruto’s leg.

It's quiet for a while.

“Come on Kitten, we should get in.” The King says.

Sasuke jumps at the sudden noise and pulls away. He can feel his cheeks flushing again.

Goddamnit.

He keeps leaning in to Naruto. He can’t, not anymore. Sasuke will be a ninja. He’ll become a ninja no matter what. His entire family thought that Itachi was the prodigal son, that he was the one to become the next head of the Akatsuki. Well Itachi couldn’t handle it. Sasuke can. Sasuke will. He’ll be the best.

For Sasuke’s entire life he was told that his brother was the greatest. Their father expected the world for Itachi.

But Itachi left.

And Sasuke was left to hear all about how he was going to fill Itachi’s shoes, how he wasn’t as good as Itachi, but he was good enough.

Itachi was gone. Off to be somebody’s whore. Only later did the family find out that Itachi was living with the King.

But Sasuke’s parents didn’t care. It was like they never had two sons. Sasuke was suddenly treated like an only child. They stopped caring. It was like a big shame on the family, to have their first son become a slave.

Sasuke never forgot. He loved Itachi. Sasuke wanted Itachi to be happy. But it still hurt that he left so
suddenly.

Throughout his musings, Naruto moved away to get ready for their bath. He comes back and lifts Sasuke into his arms, he removes the blindfold and the cuffs freeing Sasuke and startling him into awareness.

Sasuke wants to move away the moment he’s in the water. But the heat has his muscles relaxing until he’s boneless on the King’s lap. The King sighs above him and sinks further down, taking Sasuke with him.

It’s nice. Again, Sasuke finds himself leaning into the King and feeling soft and happy.

Maybe this is what convinced Itachi to leave. The utter peacefulness that comes with being coddled. It’s not like they had much of that growing up. Uchiha’s were not tactile at all. Apparently, it was a weakness to need human touch.

But getting it now, it was addicting. Sasuke knows what he wants. But he can’t seem to pull away. He wants to become an Akatsuki member. He wants to become a ninja.

But it’s warm in the King’s arms. He likes being held. He will not, however, admit that to anyone.

Soon Sasuke is being nudge slightly and the King begins soaping his hair. Washing him slowly and softly makes Sasuke feel pampered. He feels cared for and content to bask in the attention.

The King doesn’t mention how disobedient Sasuke has been, or their little deal, or how much Sasuke is enjoying everything now. He stays quiet and Sasuke is thankful.

He’s not ready to admit anything yet. He’s not ready to give up on his dream.

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They’ve finished their quiet bath and dried off, Naruto dressing in his formal clothing while Sasuke waits to be told what to wear.
“Alright, so usually I or Kakashi and Jiraiya would pick out your clothing. But I’m feeling generous today, so I’ll let you pick out your own. I will however make changes if I do not approve.” Naruto states.

Sasuke knows when a gift is being given so he heads to the closet Naruto directs him too. Apparently, everything in here is for Itachi and him, so he spends some time looking around. Naruto leaves him too it but it's hard to decide what to wear when Sasuke knows that Naruto might change him.

As a good little obedient slave Sasuke knows he should pick something somewhat revealing but he doesn’t want to look like a whore. He’s never really put much thought into clothing before, all his clothes were very simple and all of them were black, white, blue or red. Now he has all sorts of colours, materials and designs.

This was going to be harder than he thought.

“Kitten? Take as long as you want. I need to step out for a few minutes, but I’ll come back to get you. Do not leave this room.” Naruto calls from the door.

Sasuke doesn’t bother replying, he can hear the door close as soon as he finishes speaking.

Alone, Sasuke wonders out of the closet he has no fucking clue what to wear and he doesn’t really give a shit. He’ll ask the King what's appropriate or maybe Itachi will come back soon and can help him.

Walking around the room Sasuke can finally have a good look around, seeing as he was occupied yesterday. It surprises Sasuke somewhat that he doesn’t feel more exposed fully naked and walking around a foreign room. But he feels safe and warm here.

Walking into the closet he saw Naruto in, he runs his hands across the Kings clothing. Slowly he walks around the wardrobe until his hand hit something very soft. He stops and tugs at it until a large jacket falls out. It's bright orange with a white collar and blue shoulders and on the back there’s a red spiral design. The jacket is worn and so soft that Sasuke pulls it up to his face.

Deciding that he’ll steal the jacket to wear Sasuke heads back to the other closet and grabs some shorts and a crop top. He wanted a t-shirt but apparently there are only dress length shirts or crop tops. He picks everything in blue because it a safe colour and he likes blue so whatever. He can only
find panties in the closet, so he goes without underwear, but the shorts turn out to be way shorter than he expected. He’ll just have to deal with it, this is his life for now.

Throwing the jacket on he can smell Naruto’s scent on it and Sasuke is definitely not ready to think about how he already knows what the King smells like. But he inhales anyway, and it makes him feel warm and safe. The King smells like burnt wood, and cinnamon with vanilla and Sasuke may or may not love it a lot. The jacket ends up coming down to his thighs just above his knees, covering his shorts and swamping him completely.

But he likes it.

Sasuke hears the door open again and hears Naruto murmuring to a few others so Sasuke grabs some black ankle boots and puts them on then walks out of the closet.

Naruto closes the door to the room just as Sasuke comes into view. Looking up Naruto sees Sasuke and pauses.

“That, kitten, did not come from your closet.” Naruto says.

In this moment Sasuke remembers that his ass is still painfully red from yesterday's punishments. He probably shouldn’t be pushing the King since he wants to avoid as many punishments as possible.

But it's too late to turn back now.

“Yeah I was looking around and it was really soft.” Sasuke says.

The King raises an eyebrow but doesn’t say anything.

After a moment Sasuke quickly thinks back over it and mutters out an aborted “Sir!”

Smiling the King walks over to pat Sasuke on the head. Like a fucking pet dog. Ugh. He will never get used to this.
“Good kitten, you’re learning. I don’t mind you wearing the jacket. You look good in my colours. With my family insignia on you too.”

Letting out a breath that he didn’t know he was holding Sasuke leans slightly into the King. Sasuke hasn’t even left their room and this day is already stressful. This week is going to be hard. But then Sasuke will be one step closer to becoming an Akatsuki ninja.

Resting in the Kings arms Sasuke decides; he’ll allow himself one week. One week to rest, indulge and be pampered. Then he’ll go back to working, training and fighting.

He’ll prove to everyone that he can make it. That he is strong.

His family will be proud of him.

Chapter End Notes

No clue when the next one will be up. I hope people don’t hate me. I’m so sorry its taken this long and I wouldn’t be surprised if no one remembers this fic. lol I’ll finish it eventually.

Okay well comment if you liked it and tell me anything you want to see in later chapters. I might get around to writing it. You know, in like, another year.

I’m sorry again

End Notes

How did you like it??????????? Do you wana see more????? Please comment it helps me write!!!!!!! Comments=Chapters

Thanks beautiful readers!!!!! xxx

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!