A Lewd New World

by EvilFuzzy9

Summary

Infinite Tsukuyomi is executed. All of the world is now blanketed in an unbreakable illusion of a better world... unfortunately, Tobi had not anticipated that THIS would be considered a better reality. Because no matter how you change the world, Naruto Uzumaki will still wind up the main character. Even if he is literally the last man alive. [NaruHarem, genderswap, SMUT]

Notes

WARNING: This fanfic depicts activities of an adult nature between characters who would be minors in the real world. The author of this fic does not endorse such things being done by minors in real life, and in fact strongly discourages minors from reading this, and also from participating in any and all such activities until they are at the age of majority/consent.
as defined in the laws or customs of their state or principality.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Obito Uchiha, as he was once known, scowled darkly. After so much blood, sweat, and tears, Project Tsuki no Me was finally complete. It had been an uncomfortably close call, and a near total defeat for him, but ultimately he had pulled through and successfully caught the world in Infinite Tsukuyomi.

Honestly, he should have been celebrating. He could finally leave behind the dead heroes and broken promises of the reality he had denounced as illusory. He could have Minato-sensei back, as well as Rin, and even Kakashi as he had once been.

There was only one tiny snag.

Madara had misunderstood how Infinite Tsukuyomi worked (or else the Uchiha patriarch had willfully misinformed his descendant, but Tobi was not ready to believe that). True, it put every living person on earth under the most powerful genjutsu ever conceived, ensnaring them in a perfect fantasy world, creating what was essentially an illusory utopia for all living things, but there was a problem. A problem resulting from an apparently fatal misunderstanding of the nature of the world created by Infinite Tsukuyomi.

The nature of the illusory world was determined not strictly by the desires of the caster, or the separate desires of each individual placed under the genjutsu. No, rather it would seem that it was determined by the deepest desires of the person with the strongest will.

And judging by the nature of the world that "he" now beheld, Obito was fairly certain that said person was, of course, who else but Naruto Uzumaki.

Scowling more deeply, "he" let the bloody crimson sharingan in "his" right eye fade to a plain onyx orb. The rinnegan in "his" left eye did not change. Swearing under "his" breath, silently lamenting the absence of what should have been dangling between "his" legs and trying to keep the new, sizable mounds on her chest from ripping out the seams of her shirt, Obito idly wondered if Obiko would be too obvious of an alias as she began walking in the general direction of the Leaf Village.

Mina Namikaze woke up that morning to the sensation of her lover, the vivacious and modestly voluptuous Kushina Uzumaki, playfully nibbling on her earlobe. She was lying in Kushina's bed, naked save for the thin white sheets which just barely preserved her modesty. Their legs were tangled together, and the room smelt strongly of their mingled sex.

It had been a hell of a wild night: the most fun either of them had had in months. Though only the two of them were still there, she remembered quite vividly that the two Uchiha heads, Mikoto and Fugako ("The Princess and the Tomboy," as the pair had often been called in their youth) had been with them, and their two daughters, Itami and Sasuki, had also joined in.

For a moment, the thought crossed Mina's mind of how two females could have biological children without in vitro fertilization, which she knew neither one had ever had, but she felt no need to dwell on it. Instead, she recalled how passionate Fugako had been in rubbing their tits together (though Mina usually bound her breasts tightly when on duty, so as to keep them from getting in her way, she was very generously endowed, on about the same level as Lady Tsunade, and Fugako was a similar size, though the headstrong Uchiha rather flaunted what she had). She also recalled watching as Mikoto and Kushina sixty-nined one another while Itami and Sasuki rimmed them.
Smiling softly at the memories of the previous night, and moaning as she felt Kushina bite down on her ear just hard enough to leave a mark, Mina sat up in the bed, allowing the sheets to slide off of her body. Her large breasts jiggled excitingly from the movement, catching Kushina's lustful attention.

"You look extra perky this morning," the redhead remarked teasingly, giving Mina's left tit a sharp, friendly slap. The sizable orb of flesh jiggled even more, and Mina yelped lewdly before returning the favor with a pinch or two on Kushina's bum, causing her to squeal and giggle.

"And you're hopeless as ever," Mina said, giving her lover a brief but passionate kiss. "But I suppose that's what I love about you."

"Shock!" Kushina declared theatrically. "And all this time I thought you loved me for my body!"

she cried, faking a sob.

"Oh, I love that too," Mina replied, further fondling the redhead's firm, shapely ass.

Kushina laughed. "Good!" she said. "Because this body wants every bit of love it can get!" And she winked exaggeratedly, causing the blonde to giggle and give her a spank.

"Oh, I should have listened when sensei warned me about you," said Mina jokingly. "She told me that you Uzumaki are all whores and vixens who want nothing more than ravish any half-way attractive girl they see, but I didn't believe her!"

"I take exception to that," Kushina retorted. "I'll have you know that we Uzumaki also enjoy being ravished."

They both laughed, playfully fondling one another, and soon they were once more making hot, sweaty love. Mina and Kushina fucked each other long and loud, not caring who heard their moans and dirty talk. For several minutes they carried on uninterrupted, but as they were in the middle of scissoring one another they suddenly heard a knock on their bedroom door.

Mina and Kushina paid the knocking no mind initially, but when the door swung open to let their handsome blue-eyed hunk of a son walk in they immediately became much more focused on their visitor. The two women blushed under their son's gaze, getting immensely turned on by the fact that he had walked in on them having sex, and as a result their fucking gained even more vigor.

Naruto blushed at the sight of his parents having sex, and he felt a certain embarrassing stiffness between his legs from the gorgeous view he was getting of their criminally hot bodies. But his arousal was mastered by annoyance, and he scowled.

"Mom!" he said. "Ma! Do you two really have to be so loud so early in the morning?!!"

Kushina smirked, seeing the sizable tent in the young man's boxers. She gave her son a come-hither look, angling her torso to give him the best possible view of her tits as they bounced and jiggled from the rocking of her body as she scissored Mina.

"You're welcome to join us," she purred huskily, winking at him. "The more the merrier!" And then she came from fucking her lover, and she moaned loudly, intentionally making the lewdest noises she could manage.

Naruto's face grew flush, and he tried hard not to stare at either of his mothers' racks or cunts even as his member further stiffened. He did not humor them with a response, though it would certainly seem he was tempted.
Mina smiled, seeing the bulge in Naruto's boxers growing even larger. She was soaking wet at the thought of getting her hands on the boy's cock, and just thinking about having his meat inside of her made her violently orgasm. She wailed, throwing her head back and rubbing her huge tits as her juices splashed all over her lover's thighs.

Looking into her son's eyes, bathing in the warm afterglow of orgasm, Mina happily spread the lips of her and Kushina's pussies, wiggling their juicy hips.

"Come in," she said lustily, the meaning of her words obvious. "It's nice and cozy inside."

Naruto, blushing with his gaze affixed to his mothers' pussies and his erection straining against the confines of his boxers, nonetheless still managed to gather enough wit to say: "Looks like a tight fit."

Kushina giggled. "Oh, but I'm sure you'll be able to slip right in without any problems."

All three of them grinned, enjoying themselves. This kind of battle of innuendos was quite common in the Uzumaki household, and they were all rather good at it. But still, Kushina and Mina would not be satisfied with just innuendo. They wanted him to fuck them. They longed to have sex with their son.

And perhaps this got across in their words, because soon they found that Naruto was paying less attention to their questionable game and more to the naked bodies of his mothers. His face was red and he was sweating, and all of this delighted Mina and Kushina.

Soon enough, Naruto's erection grew too large to be contained, ripping his boxers at the seams. The now useless garment fell to the floor, and Naruto's cock stood at attention, easily one of the biggest and hardest things his moms had ever seen.

Mina and Kushina smiled approvingly at the sight of their son's massive, throbbing erection. It twitched and pulsed menacingly. so large and phallic that it seemed the very essence of manhood. They eyed it hungrily, licking their lips and shamelessly presenting themselves: Mina squeezing her tits together and spreading the lips of her pussy, Kushina bending over and shaking her tight, round ass while spreading her cheeks.

And at the sight of how his mothers were acting, something small inside of Naruto snapped. His restraint was gone. It no longer mattered that they were his parents: he wanted to fuck Mina and Kushina - he wanted to fuck them raw and use their bodies and make them his.

"Naruto, son..." moaned Mina, bucking her hips up in the air, looking pleading into his eyes. "Please, fuck me."

Naruto looked from the blonde to the redhead, then back again. He had a small smirk on his face, his eyes glinting with a hint of something.

"You really want this, don't you," he said. It wasn't a question.

"We do!" Kushina and Mina replied eagerly, feeling no shame in abasing themselves before their son. "We've wanted this for so long!"

Naruto's smirk widened, and he approached the pair.

"To think my parents would be such sluts..." he remarked with amusement. "Wanting to fuck their own son. How sick," he said, giving Kushina a smack on the ass.
"Ohhhhh!" the redhead moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as she came. It was incredible. Just a single spank from her son was enough to push her to orgasm. "Yes! Fuck me!" she exclaimed.

Naruto gave Kushina's ass a soft squeeze, delighted at the reaction he had garnered from her. Then he turned his attention to his other mother, the Yellow Flash Mina Namikaze. Leaning over, he grabbed one of her massive breasts and squeezed. Mina came immediately from this, and the noises she made while doing so were extremely lewd.

Naruto smiled, and eyed his mothers once more. His dick twitching and his balls aching, he decided. He would fuck them. They wanted it, and he wanted it. The only question was, who would he do first?

Looking at his redheaded mother's round, shapely bum, seeing her tight asshole and soaking cunt, Naruto made up his mind. Kushina would be first. He would take her ass, make it his.

Grabbing her by the hips, squeezing and fondling, he rubbed the tip of his dick between her buttocks and pressed it against her anus. She groaned at the feeling, lustfully grinding her ass against his cock. Silently, she begged him to go inside her. Her body urged him to press onward, but Naruto took his time. He teased her asshole with the tip of his penis, causing her to moan and whimper.

Mina smiled as she watched this, gleefully diddling herself as she watched her lover writhe in ecstasy beneath their son. She pinched her stiff, puffy nipples, and rubbed her massive breasts, visibly lactating. She thrust her fingers in and out of her pussy, panting as she teased her clitoris and plumbed her depths. She came a time or two before Naruto and Kushina even really got started: but when they did, her masturbation grew all the fiercer.

Kushina let out a cry when her son finally plunged himself into her, shoving his massive rod into her anus. The pain was immense, at first, as he stretched out her insides and tore up her asshole, but soon enough it melted in pleasure. She moaned lewdly as he fucked her, delighting in the sounds he was making as he pumped in and out of her ass. He was enjoying himself so much that it was almost adorably to her.

Naruto groaned and panted as he passionately rocked his hips against his mother's behind. Her ass was tighter than he could have ever imagined, and it was all he could do to keep from coming the second he went inside her. He was in heaven, fucking his mom's ass, and he did not care one bit if it was wrong or right. It simply felt to good not to be done.

So he did it, long and hard.

Kushina gasped when she felt her son suddenly shoot a load of hot semen into her ass. She moaned perversely, delighting in the sensation. His seed splurted out of her anus as he continued to fuck her, still rock hard even after coming.

Naruto banged Kushina for close to twenty more minutes, coming in her ass countless times, and causing her to come at least just as much. But eventually she collapsed into the bed from exhaustion, completely spent and awash in a profound sense of euphoria.

Pulling out of his mother, Naruto then turned his attention to his other mother, Mina, who eagerly spread her legs in anticipation of what was to come. He also saw that her nipples were liberally dribbling with rich, creamy milk.

When Naruto saw the buxom blonde MILF before him spread her legs, and then the lips of her
pussy, he smirked. It was intoxicating how empowered he felt, seeing a kunoichi so famed throughout the Elemental Nations abasing herself before him. That she was his own mother only sweetened the deal, and his member was rock hard at the sight of her shame.

"You still want it, huh?" he observed, briefly glancing back at Kushina. The vivacious redhead had been reduced to a barely coherent puddle of liquefied bliss, weakly moaning and purring in the afterglow of numerous orgasms.

He then looked back to Mina, his other mother, and she smiled when his eyes met hers.

"More than ever," she said huskily, bucking her hips a little as he came nearer. She licked her lips hungrily as she eyed his imposing cock, no doubt imagining how it would feel to have it inside her.

"You two are hopeless," Naruto said with a chuckle, before getting on top of the blonde. He teasingly tweaked one of her nipples, rubbing his manhood teasingly against her womanly entrance.

"We are, yes," said Mina, whimpering as her son toyed with her. Her pulse quickened when he pinched her nipple, and she moaned lowly. "Yes! Oh god, yes we are!" she wailed as he slowly, tortuously probed her entrance. He was teasing her, willfully prolonging the torment of desire.

It was not long before she broke.

"Please!" she begged Naruto pitifully, mewling and squealing as he persisted in torturing her through the forestallment of penetration. "Don't drag it out, Naruto! I...!"

The blond smirked, hearing his mother's voice crack as she writhed beneath him.

"If you say so," he replied playfully, before kissing her deeply and thrusting himself into her womanhood. Mina moaned loudly, melting in ecstasy as he finally began to truly fuck her. The noise was muffled by his lips, though.

Naruto pounded his blonde mother, setting her curves to jiggling and shaking as he slapped his pelvis repeatedly against hers. He played with Mina's tits as he fucked her, squeezing and rubbing them with incredible skill. She was like putty in his hands, his masterful ministrations rendering her senseless from euphoria.

He hammered her like a bent nail, banging his mom long and hard. She loved how her son was making her feel, and she came a number of times. He came also, filling her womb with his seed. In this Mina took much delight. The thought of potentially becoming pregnant with her own grandchildren aroused her immeasurably, and she egged her son on to the point were she felt like her belly should have been bulging from all the seed he pumped into her.

Eventually, Mina could take no more, and she passed out. Kushina was still out of it, too.

Naruto, pulling out of his mom with no small amount of reluctance, belatedly realized just what he had done.

He blinked. Then he shrugged. They had asked for it, after all. No use crying over spoiled milk, and all that.

Pulling his boxers back on, he chanced to look at the clock on the bedside table. His eyes widened when he saw it and realized that he was late.

Late for a *mission*. 
Sakura-chan was going to kill him.
A (New Kind of) Normal Mission

Naruto swore when he realized that he was late for a mission assignment, even by Kagome-sensei's standards. Odds were even that either Sakura or Sasuki would kill him if he didn't get there now.

Running back out into the hall, half-dressed, Naruto dashed to his room, running in to grab his forehead-protector and shuriken holster. He threw on his usual orange and black coat, grabbing a small, multi-purpose storage scroll and a half dozen kunai, as well as as a knapsack packed with the sorts of various odds and ends that could always prove useful on a long term mission.

Last of all, as he used all the speed and grace inherited from his parents and cultivated by his training to flip out the nearest window and dash down the side of the house. The wind whipped in his face and tore at his clothes as he shot like an arrow from the bow, leaping from the side of the house once he reached the halfway point.

Closing his eyes for second, Naruto focused on his navel and willed forth a bit of kyuubi chakra: just enough to give his shunshin an extra boost. The instant he landed in the street, he flexed his legs and pushed, kicking back off the ground in an extra-potent body flicker. He disappeared in a blur of orange and yellow.

A fraction of a second later, a blond, whiskered comet impacted the side of the Hokage Tower, just outside the eponymous figure's office. A bit of plaster fell from the ceiling within as the walls of the structure shook from the force of the collision, and the eyebrows of a certain buxom, blonde medic-nin began to twitch.

"NARUTO!" she shouted in a commanding tone, her voice causing the windows to rattle. "Get in here!"

Naruto sheepishly poked his head in the window, smiling nervously at the glowering faces of the hokage and his teammates.

"Uhh... Yo?" he said nervously, hopping in through the window.

"You're late!" Sakura snapped at him angrily. "Even Kagome-sensei arrived before you!" She jabbed a thumb rudely in the direction of a curvy, masked, silver-haired kunoichi dressed in the tragically conservative standard shinobi uniform of the Leaf, with a forehead protector slanted over one eye.

"Yo, Naruto," said the woman casually, only briefly raising an eye from the garish piece of backroom literature written by the infamous Toad Sage Miraiya. She was smiling at him, as near as he could tell, and her visible eye was pointed down below his belt.

He smirked at her knowingly, and Kagome's smile widened. Sakura sighed, exasperated, and shook her head, cheeks slightly pink as she watched Naruto and their sensei mentally undress one another.

"What was the mission you wanted us for, Tsunade?" said Sasuki, cutting through with awkward tension with her usual degree of tact and delicacy. Nonetheless, this was sufficient to get everyone focusing back on the matter at hand, and the Hokage smiled softly.

"Yes," she said, "Your mission..." Tsunade paused to shuffle through the papers on her desk before continuing. "The other day, a border patrol captured three Cloud kunoichi trespassing in Leaf territory," said Tsunade with an air of authority and discipline. "We do not know what they were
doing here, but we have reason to believe they may have been sent to scout the village's defenses. None of our attempts to extract information from them has been successful, so it is up to you, Team Seven, to make use of your... unique interrogation methods."

Sakura flushed, though she did not look entirely unpleased. The silver-haired Kagome-sensei giggled pervertedly, already planning to try out some of the methods portrayed in Lady Miraiya's latest novel. Sasuki's expression was mostly impassive, save for a slight quirking of her lips.

But Naruto had a shameless, shit-eating grin on his face, and mischief was sparkling in his eyes.

"Anybody else you need questioned while we're at it?" he asked.

Tsunade frowned thoughtfully.

"Well... there is also that suspected spy... Kabuko Yakushi... She's a tough nut, though. We've had her locked up for three years, but nobody has been able to get her to crack. Maybe you'll succeed where they've failed."

"You can count on us!" Naruto replied cockily, and the rest of Team Seven reflected his confidence.

At the headquarters of the T&I division of the Konoha ANBU, situated in a secure location somewhere underground, three Kumo kunoichi had been forcibly stripped of their clothes and strapped to mechanical tables, which could be raised or lowered to suspend prisoners at any number of different angles. Right now, though, the tables were simply tilted 80 or so degrees upward, the captives secured upright in a cruciform position.

"We have nothing to tell you. The Hidden Cloud has nothing to hide from the Hidden Leaf. This was a purely diplomatic mission," said the buxom, pale, turquoise-eyed blonde who appeared to be the leader of the three-woman team. She spoke calmly and coolly, betraying no signs of fear or unease.

Ibiko, the tall, broad-shouldered, heavily scarred kunoichi in charge of the particularly messy interrogations, gave Samui (as she had identified herself) a frighteningly toothy grin.

"Is that so?" she said, eyeing the naked, curvaceous body of the blonde ninja with a wicked gleam in her eyes. "Funny. I don't believe you. In fact, I think you're lying," she said in an almost conversational tone, casually removing a decidedly scary-looking torture implement from the pocket of her trench coat. "And I don't like being lied to."

A single bead of sweat ran down Samui's brow, but she betrayed no other sign of fraying nerves.

"Well, that's really more your problem," she said, nonchalantly impudent.

To either side of Samui, her teammates were suspended in a similar state. The slender, redheaded Karui had a look in her sharp, golden eyes like she was silently daring their captor's to try something. The modestly endowed, white-haired Omoi looked worried, though, and she was sweating quite visibly.

Ibiko chuckled grimly, and Samui shuddered a little at the wide, mirthless rictus of a grin that found its way onto the interrogator's face.

"You girls are lucky," she said ominously. "Lady Hokage has decided to appoint someone else to interrogate you. Something about how my methods would be too brutal to use on shinobi from an
allegedly allied village."

At precisely that moment, the door opened. In stepped four individuals, all recognizable, and the timing of their appearance was so perfect that the Cloud kunoichi could not help but idly wonder if it had been practiced beforehand.

The handsome, powerful, blond, *male* jinchuuriki, Naruto Uzumaki stepped into the holding cell with an undisguised smile. He was followed by the pink-haired slug summoner and medic-nin, Sakura Haruno, whose lack of mammary endowments were said to be more than made up for by a tight ass and sheer enthusiasm in the sack.

After her then came Sasuki Uchiha, the quiet, aloof, but undeniably sensual genius and rumored lover of Naruto Uzumaki. She had a fairly good bosom for her age, and a lithe, athletic figure that made her the darling of countless enamored fangirls. Last was Kagome Hatake, whose conservative uniform somehow seemed only to emphasize how stacked she was, with tits to rival Samui’s and legs that just didn’t quit. Her perversion and sexual prowess were highly renowned, and many believed that Kagome and Naruto had a sensei-student relationship of a very intimate nature.

Karui grew flushed in the cheeks at the presence of these four, and she reflexively attempted in vain to cover up her body. Omoi looked to be in a daze, perhaps already lost in wild imaginings of what these guys were going to do to them.

Samui, for her part, began to wonder how long she would be able to hold out under the anything but tender care of these people.

Without the slightest bit of hesitation, Naruto quite casually let his trousers drop. His massive, godly cock immediately sprang up to attention, catching the undivided attention of everyone in the room.

Ibiko licked her lips, seeing Naruto's fabled dick, the greatest weapon in all the world. It was said that no one lived who could resist its allure, and the head interrogator of the ANBU T&I was no exception. Her breasts, large like and crisscrossed with scars like the rest of her body, heaved beneath her trench coat, and every inch of her was instinctively longing for the touch of the blond's manhood.

Samui repressed a shiver at the sight of Naruto's dick. She could feel her pussy aching already, even though she could not imagine ever being able to fit such a monstrously huge thing inside of her. Her mouth was watering as she beheld it's marvelous length and girth, and she wondered in a horny delirium what it must taste like.

Karui moaned in spite of herself, her hips unconsciously bucking Naruto's direction. It was almost as though her pussy was being magnetically attracted to his cock, and no small part of her wanted very much to just let it in. She wondered, quickly falling under the spell of preternatural lust, if Naruto-sama would deign to touch her, with her flat chest and rambunctious temperament.

And yes, she was already calling him Naruto-sama inside her head. That was just the power of the greatest – and *only* – dick in the whole wide world.

Omoi was even worse off than her teammates. The first glimpse she got of Naruto's cock was enough to make her come, and her modest C-cup breasts felt decidedly like they were lactating just from the presence of the Uzumaki’s baby-maker. Her head was rolling wildly on her shoulders, and she was moaning shamelessly. Already she was begging Naruto to fuck her, and the smirk she got from the blonde was enough to make her come a second time.
"It's always entertaining to watch people react to seeing Naruto's penis for the first time," drawled Kagome-sensei, smiling with her eyes at the way the three Kumo kunoichi were squirming and squealing. "And look, we haven't even started the show."

Sakura blushed, glancing sidelong at their sensei as the silver-haired woman casually grabbed Naruto's dick with one hand. Its girth was so great that her fingers couldn't wrap all the way around, but this did not daunt her from lazily and shamelessly beginning to stroke her hand up and down the blond's shaft.

The Kumo kunoichi (and the Konoha ones, too) watched in rapt attention as Kagome teased Naruto up to the brink with her hand, finally pinching the head between her fingers to make him come. Naruto grunted pleasurably at the sensation, and Samui, Karui, and Omoi just about lost it as he shot a bit of his seed onto each of their flat, naked bellies.

Despite the obvious arousal the three Kumo kunoichi were experiencing, they still refused to say anything. They were still holding on, if only by a thread. The allure of Naruto's was certainly potent, but not so much so that the sight of it alone could make these kunoichi abandon their training.

"I'm surprised they haven't given in, yet," Sakura remarked, watching the three girls squirm and come from the feeling of her teammate ejaculating on them. She pointed at Omoi. "I mean, that one is literally begging Naruto to fuck her, yet she still won't give us any information."

Ibiko nodded, her bandanna removed to reveal closely cropped dark hair. Her trench coat was also open, exposing a fair deal of her intriguingly scarred cleavage. "Kumo makes 'em tough," she said. "It'll take more than just a hand job to break them."

Kagome-sensei lazily quirked an eyebrow at Ibiko. "How much more?"

Ibiko smirked, and she shrugged her trench coat off her shoulders. Her dark kunoichi blouse underneath was low cut, to emphasize her goodly tanned D-cups, and her trousers rode suspiciously low on her wide, adult hips. She stretched her arms over her head, casually leaning forward and thrusting her big, firm ass backwards – giving Naruto a good and thorough view of her X-marked nether cleavage as her pants slid even lower.

Ibiko Morino was not, perhaps, the prettiest kunoichi in the Leaf (particularly not with the extensive scarring that covered her body) and her large, amazonian body made her look usually more intimidating than enticing, but this was not to say that she was without her feminine wiles. She was stacked any way you looked at it, and rumors abounded regarding her allegedly abnormal bedroom preferences.

"Naruto," she said huskily, a wicked grin on her lips as she eyed the three Cloud kunoichi, "Do you mind? I think we need to give them..." She hooked her fingers under the rim of her pants and slid them down. She wasn't wearing panties. "...a more thorough demonstration."

She wiggled her hips, making her ass jiggle, as she backed herself up onto Naruto's erection. The blond gripped her hips tightly, his dick being quickly enveloped by Ibiko's anus. The interrogator was not one to mess around, and she preferred to get straight to the point.

To wit:

Ibiko let out a theatrically lewd moan as Naruto began to thrust inside of her. She rocked her hips against his pelvis, making a point of demeaning herself as much as possible while he fucked her. She rolled her eyes into the back of her head, let her tongue loll out of her mouth, and threw her
head to and fro letting out wild, animalistic cries of passion.

Contact of any sort with Naruto was indeed an incredible experience, and having actual sex with him was nothing short of mind blowing, but still Ibiko took the incredible things he was making her feel and exaggerating them for the benefit of their captive audience. The Kumo kunoichi needed to be shown the futility of resistance, and what better way to do so than by showing them how much she, the intimidating and stoic Ibiko, debased herself upon Naruto's manhood?

And, in all fairness, a good part of the show she put on was quite genuine. Especially the praises she sang of his penis.

The blond was an incredible lover.
Naruto let out a pleased groan when he felt himself about to come. He pulled out of Ibiko, his penis glistening brightly with her juices, and he let his semen spray all over her back. He gave her a shower of jizz, making her moan in delight and come all over his thighs.

"You are a god," Ibiko moaned shamelessly and sincerely. "You are an absolute and utter god of sex."

Sakura was blushing, rubbing herself covertly through the visibly soaked crotch of her shorts. Sasuki was leering intensely at Naruto's gleaming manhood, licking her lips hungrily. Kagome-sensei had an amused look on her face, giggling pervertedly at seeing Ibiko reduced to this by her student.

"I know I am," said Naruto smugly, turned on even further by hearing these praises from someone like Ibiko. "And you're my dirty little slut, aren't you?"

Ibiko moaned, coming again just from being verbally degraded by the blond. And another voice spoke up.

"I want to be your slut..."

It was Karui, of the Kumo kunoichi. She was biting her lip and whimpering, her nipples hard as diamonds and her pussy wetter than the Hidden Mist. She was bucking her hips desperately against the restraints which held her.

"Me too..." said Omoi, her cheeks ruddy and her skin covered with sweat.

"And I also..." added the presumed leader of this three-woman cell, Samui. "Please... let us be your sluts... Please... use us..." She moaned.

Naruto smirked.

"You know what you have to do before I can do that," he said.

"We'll tell you anything!" the girls responded. "Lady Raikage sent us here on rumors of a man! A man in the Leaf, siring a new generation of shinobi...!"

"Is that all?" intoned Kagome, standing in for the fucked-senseless Ibiko.

"We'll tell you anything you want to know!" cried Omoi. "Defense plans! Secret routes into the village! Bee-sensei's bra-size! Please, just fuck us!"

"Yeah!" chimed in Karui. "We'll do whatever you want! Please, we just want to be your sluts! We want to be raped and abused by you! Oh, God! We need it so bad!" She was practically in tears, half-delirious as she spoke.

"We're yours!" moaned Samui. "Now and forever. We give you our everything. So, please!"

"Fuck us!" all three cried out together.

Naruto grinned.

"Well, I can hardly say no to that, now, can I?" he mused to himself. Then he nodded. "Alright
then. You pass. Now, just let me give you your reward..."

Samui, Karui, and Omoi were soaking wet with anticipation as Naruto walked up to them. His huge, erect member, glistening with the mingled fluids of Ibiko and himself, bobbed this way and that with each step, and the trio's eyes followed its every slightest movement with rapt attention.

Speaking of the interrogator, she was lying on the floor at the feet of Naruto's teammates, dazed and weakly whimpering from an overload of carnal delight. She was sweaty and panting and watching in awe as the bare-assed blond stalked so suggestively towards the three pleading Kumo kunoichi.

"Ahh... Naruto is surprisingly good at this..." said Sakura, sounding torn between a reflexive disapproval of his inexcusably lewd conduct and a burning desire to become a victim of his ravishing.

"He was taught by the best," remarked Kagome, who was eye-smiling at the way her pink-haired student was so shamelessly masturbating. "Lady Miraiya is without equal in the realm of *injutsu*, and she's taught Naruto everything he knows about the sexual arts."

Sasuki purred, humming delightedly as she ogled Naruto's firmly toned ass. "Give her my thanks, next time you see her," the Uchiha prodigy said to her sensei.

Sakura blushed even brighter at the implications of this sentence (not that it was exactly a secret) and she gasped suddenly, moaning and panting as she came in her shorts from the resultant mental image.

Kagome giggled in that perverted way of hers, noticing this, and she sidled over to give Sakura a comfortable pat on the bum.

"I'm sure they'd be glad to invite you, if you asked~" she said cheerily, causing Sakura's cheeks to go full-on infrared she was blushing so hard. The pinkette swooned, moaning weakly as her eyes rolled up into the back of her head. You could practically see the steam coming out of her ears before she went limp and collapsed bonelessly to the floor, unconscious.

"She *really* needs to work on her endurance," remarked Sasuki dryly. Kagome nodded absently in agreement, her attention wandering now back to Naruto and the Cloud Village trio.

The first went to Karui, who was the first to break and surrender. Her chocolate brown skin looked deliciously smooth and soft, and he grinned toothily at her small but perky tits.

"You're like a chocolate coated version of Sakura..." he mused, conspicuously looking at Karui's chest as he said this. "I think I'll call you my Chocolate Cherry!" he decided.

Karui blushed, feeling herself grow even further aroused under the direct scrutiny of this gorgeous stud. God, this was the first actual man she'd ever seen outside of a history book – she'd never realized how *attractive* that kind of muscular, distinctly *masculine* body could be... That dick alone was singularly more sexually appealing than anything else she had ever seen or imagined in her entire life.

Naruto laughed, seeing the awed look on the redhead's face (idly, he wondered if maybe she had some Uzumaki blood in her veins). "Like what you see?"

"Does Bee-sensei like to rap?" she responded rhetorically, absently giving an automatic response. At the blank look on Naruto's face, she added belatedly, "Umm, that's a yes."
"Oh!" said Naruto, brightening up. "I see!" he cheerfully gave Karui a playful smack on the hip.

"Ahhhh!" she gasped, eyes going wide as her nerve-endings went wild from that brief, sharp contact. She bucked her hips unconsciously, moaning loudly and lewdly as she came like a torrent. "Ohhh, YES!" she screamed, wriggling her hips delightedly.

Naruto grinned. "You really like that," he observed. "Don't you? Being spanked, I mean."

He gave Karui another slap on the hip, and she loudly wailed, squirming and squealing from pleasure. She didn't need to say a single damn word to get her point across. Not here. Not now.

The empathic powers Naruto got from the combination of his sage training and Kumiko, the Nine-Tails's chakra, enabled him to feel how Karui was feeling from the stimulation he gave her. And the sensations she got from being spanked on the hips a second time by him were enough to make Naruto himself come, just from the sensory feedback.

His seed spurted onto Karui's abdomen, a thick sticking mess of man-milk that starkly contrasted with her darkly toned skin. The redhead squealed, feeling his semen on her body, and she began desperately begging him to relieve this unimaginable ache which was building up in her womanhood. She was hungering for him terribly, and desire wracked her body.

Naruto felt this desire as if it were his own, and it aroused his lust greatly. Moving so fast that even sharingan eyes could only barely begin to follow the afterimage, the blonde undid Karui's restraints. The several highly complex and secure straps and locks released close to simultaneously, and Karui was suddenly dropped from the extremely tilted table.

Naruto caught her though, almost as soon as she started to drop, and the redhead could not help but swoon a little in the surprisingly muscular blond's arms as he grabbed her from the air and carefully set her down across his lap. He was sitting down, now, the to which table Karui had been strapped now leveled flatly horizontal, pushed into that position by a kyuubi chakra hand.

Karui could feel Naruto's massive hardness jabbing into her seed-covered belly as he bent her over his knee, in a perversely sexual parody of a father preparing to punish his child. The touch of his manhood against her skin left her in a state of complete euphoria, a state which even the sharp SMACK of Naruto bringing his hand down on her ass like a hammer on a nail could not break. To the contrary, it only enhanced the sensation, and Karui grew even wetter and hotter from the feeling of his fingers briefly exploring the contours of her backside for a moment a two before retreating.

Again, Naruto brought a hand down on Karui's ass with a far from insignificant force. Lean she may have been, but Karui was nonetheless built of far sterner stuff than any civilian. Kunoichi in general were quite resilient, and rough stuff like this was practically part and parcel of having intercourse with one. Karui's frame jerked from the force of his open palm striking her firm, round buttocks, and his splayed finger dug into the supple, brown flesh of her posterior, squeezing and fondling appreciatively.

Naruto's other hand went to Karui's small breasts, which were well overhanging his legs with the position she was in. He heard her whimper when he cupped one of those perky little tits in the palm of his hand, and he felt the pleasure this action elicited in her body.

"You know," he said conversationally, casually teasing Karui's backdoor and soaking pussy alternately with one hand while groping her A or B-cup breasts with the other, "I think Granny Tsunade once told me that massaging a girls boobs helps them grow bigger..." He squeezed, and Karui whimpered, arching her back in ecstasy from all of the incredible sensations going through
her body.

He raised his hand back up, then, and gave Karui's ass another hard swat. She moaned, the softer parts of her figure visibly rippling from the shockwave, and she came explosively, drenching her thighs and his hand.

"That sounds... wonderful..." Karui gasped. "Too... wonderful... too good... to be true..." She was panting so hard that she could scarcely string more than three syllables together without pausing for breath.

Naruto laughed, playfully fondling her small breasts a little more and giving Karui another, lighter, spank.

"Yeah, probably!" he conceded with a gay exuberance, unrepentantly cheerful in his laughter. Then he pinched one of Karui's nipples, mirroring the action down south with her clit.

The redhead's legs shot up and flailed wildly, her body seizing erratically as though a live wire had just been shoved up her ass. She came, her juices flowing like a fountain, and she let out a keening, ecstatic wail high and clear. Then she went limp with a sigh, satisfied and spent.

Content that she had been sufficiently rewarded for betraying her village, Naruto laid Karui down on the table.

"Mind giving her a quick check up, Sakura?" he said to his pink-haired teammate. "I wanna make sure this seal—" He pointed to a faintly glowing spiral mark on the redhead's left butt cheek. "—isn't interfering with anything Kumo mighta put on her."

The pinkette (blushing at being caught with a hand down her shorts) nodded, coughing nervously as she quickly assumed a more professional demeanor.

"Of course," she said, snapping her teammate a sharp salute. "But do you really think it's wise to mark a foreign ninja with that? It might cause an incident..."

"No, the Hidden Cloud would have expected something like this to happen," interjected Sasuki in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "They sent a three-woman cell into Konoha to investigate Naruto's existence? Please. As if the Fourth Raikage and her sister haven't personally gone on diplomatic missions inside his pants. They might as well have gift-wrapped those kunoichi and sent them here by post with a letter saying Hope you enjoy!"

Sakura blushed, partly from the implications of what Sasuki was saying, and partly just from the remarkable intriguing mental image of those three kunoichi wrapped up like gifts.

"I don't know..." she whispered back to Sasuki even as Naruto walked over to Omoi. "That seems a little..."

Sasuki shrugged. "Accept it or not," she said dismissively. "It's obvious either way. These three were sent over as a peace offering to the next Hokage."

Sakura frowned. "Do you really think...?"

"He's the single most obvious choice since the First," the Uchiha whispered bluntly. "But that's neither here nor there. Go and inspect that Karui girl. We'll have another one for you to look over soon enough, from the looks of it..."

She gestured to Omoi, whom Naruto was now pressing himself up against. The blond was fondling
the white-haired kunoichi’s breasts and nibbling on her curving, brown neck, leaving bite marks up and down her skin.

Omoi moaned, bucking her hips as Naruto teased her body with his hands and his lips.

"Yes!" she said. "YESSS! Ohhh, it feels so good!"

Her nerves were on fire, molten ecstasy coursing through her veins as Omoi felt Naruto's body against hers. He was hard and toned, and her soft curves melded into him so wonderfully as his manhood pressed against her virtue. She was not technically a virgin, having done it with her teammates on one or two separate occasions, but this was Omoi's first encounter with a real phallus, and not one of Sensei’s dildos.

Naruto went in smoothly, even though his size made it a snug fit indeed. Omoi squeezed down on him tightly just by the sheer virtue of existing in a physical form on his throbbing hardness, and Naruto greatly appreciated the feeling.

He thrust back and forth, intuitively hitting the ideal rhythm for her body through a combination of the feedback his empathic abilities and a plain sixth sense cultivated through his considerable bedroom experience. Naruto fucked Omoi raw, drilling her pussy like a big ass steel rig, and it wasn't long before he struck oil.

Omoi came quickly from Naruto's ministrations, her purse clamping down tight on the blond jinchuuriki's wit. Her nectar drenched his shaft like a bath in sex-scented perfume, and her flesh milked him of his seed, drawing an orgasm from the unbelievably resilient blond.

The feeling of his seed shooting up into the core of her womb made Omoi shiver with delight, and she was panting and sweating from the exertion as he released her. She felt profoundly drained from doing it with Naruto, who was so unimaginably skillful in such things, yet also she felt content, satisfied with what she had gotten.

Naruto lowered Omoi's table and undid the girl's straps. She had a matching spiral seal to Karui’s, on the same place as Karui’s, an Uzumaki specialty which denoted its bearer as one of the one and only kind of slave that that clan had ever kept in all its long and storied history.

"You were pretty good," Naruto complimented Omoi. "Not many girls can make me come that fast."

Omoi whistled.

"That was fast for you?" she said, openly marveling. "You must be made of iron."

"Just my balls!" Naruto joked cheerfully, giving Omoi a wink before stepping back and turning his attention to Samui.

Naruto got on top of the blonde beauty, fondling her large and supple breasts with a lustful abandon. She moaned and whimpered under his ministrations, and greedily took his length inside of her. He gave her a swat on the ass as they joined at the crotch, and a glowing spiral mark appeared on her left buttock.

He fucked her vigorously and insatiably for several long minutes. He made her come all over and scream his name at the top of her lungs. He shot her full of his seed without a moment's hesitation.

Samui loved every minute of it.
The three Cloud kunoichi were officially his bitches.
But I Digress

Long, spiked tresses cascaded down an armored back. The visible swell of generous, child-bearing hips was evident even through the archaic splint mail, and one did not need the byakugan to be able to tell that a full, round bum was inside those trousers.

Arms were crossed over a generous bosom, the bulge of the maille at the breast being no small matter. Of ruddy iron the armor was forged, dyed perhaps with some pigment or mineral.

Regal gray eyes, a violet gray, rippled like the surface of a pond, stared out intensely over the bustling village of Konoha. The skin of her face, a ghostly pally, had the appearance of a strange, papery texture.

"This is unacceptable," muttered a feminine voice from beside this woman. "You willfully misinformed me."

The speaker had much creasing and scarring on the right side of her body, a sharingan eye peering out from a softly feminine face. Her hair was short and spiked, and she had a rather more modest figure than the first one.

"Did you think I would not anticipate your treachery, Tobi?" retorted the armored, long-haired woman in low, husky voice.

The younger woman scoffed. A single rinnegan eye met the rinnegan of the older woman.

"Treachery?" she said. "Do not insult me, Madara. Such plebeian labels are beneath us."

Madara glowered at the impudent Obito.

"You tread a fine line, child," she said. "Because of your incompetence..." She gestured to their bodies, indicating her meaning silently.

"Don't think you can shift all of the blame onto me!" retorted Obito hotly, her bosom heaving. "You foolish neglected to pass along highly important information."

Madara scoffed. "It was anything but foolish," she replied imperiously. "A pawn does not need to know the ever inner thought of his king. He must simply do as he is told, and give up his life in service of a greater cause."

"You are impossible to reason with," Obito muttered under her breath. Madara still heard it, though.

"What is reason but an avenue for deceit?" Madara responded rhetorically. "I possess the greater cause, and the superior will. I cannot be bent to the cause of another."

"A superior will?" said Obito bitterly. "Don't make me laugh. What part of this world was your will? It's all Naruto."

Madara winced. "I will admit..." she reluctantly spoke, "...I greatly underestimated that boy... I did not believe that anyone could wrest control of Infinite Tsukuyomi away from me."

"Well, you believed wrongly," said Obito. "Now we are women, and Naruto Uzumaki is like engaging in all manners of sexual debauchery."
In spite of themselves, Obito and Madara felt their cheeks redden as they imagined the blond jinchuuriki letting his innermost desires run free. Unbidden, and half against their will, they envisioned Naruto's naked body, spending a great amount of focus on the general area of his groin.

As one, the two conspirators felt a little bit of blood trickle from their nostrils, their faces heating up.

"Ah..." murmured Madara, the image of Naruto's manhood burning itself into her mind's eye. "Perhaps we should seek him out... the Uzumaki, I mean."

"Yes," whispered Obito, cheeks bright pink. "Let's."

Elsewhere, in the Land of Wind, the Kazekage was locked in a heated debate.

"No matter how you look at it, mine are bigger."

"In a pig's eye, maybe. I'm sorry sis, but mine are so obviously bigger."

"You two are both idiots. Can't you see that mine are the biggest?"

The Fifth Kazekage, Gaara of the Cascading Sands, glowered icily at her two older sisters. Temari and Kanakuro were both topless, along with the Kazekage herself, and all three sisters were holding up their naked breasts as they stubbornly argued. Officially, the three of them were the same cup-size, but whenever one borrowed a bra from one of the others, they would always complain about it being too snug.

If Kanakuro borrowed a bra from Temari, she would complain about the bra being too small. The same thing would happen if Temari borrowed from Gaara, or Gaara borrowed from Kanakuro, or even if Kanakuro borrowed from Gaara, Temari borrowed from Kanakuro, and Gaara borrowed from Temari. No matter how they did it, each of them would insist that the others had smaller breasts.

Logically, of course, they couldn't all right, so snippy comments were frequently passed between the three of them over accusations of lying and possessing smaller tits.

Now, some might say it was a little odd that these sisters were borrowing each other's underwear so often that this kind of fuss was a regular occurrence, and those people would actually be half-right: this WASN'T a regular occurrence. Usually things would go no further than a snide remark, or a muttered complaint, but today it had just reached a boiling point.

"My boobs are TOTALLY bigger!" insisted Kanakuro, hefting her not inconsiderable melons up in the palms of her hands. "You two are delusional!"

"As if," replied Temari, arching her back and puffing out her chest to let her equally impressive bazongas stand out. "The only thing those glorified bug bites are bigger than is your brain. I, on the other hand, am CLEARLY the most well-endowed. I have the chronic back pains to prove it!"

Kanakuro snorted. "We all do. And that's as much from carrying our weapons as it is from our boobs. Just admit it, sis! You're as flat as a board!"

"You're both small," Gaara interjected, drawing the pair's attention to a grotesquely over-sized bosom nearly as big as the Kazekage's desk. "At least, in comparison to me."

Temari grimaced, and Kanakuro blanched.
"Ugh, gross," said Temari. "Is that silicone?"

"There is no way that's healthy," contributed Kanakuro. "And implants don't count, anyways."

Gaara scoffed quietly. "You two are just jealous that you can't do this."

Temari made a face. "Ehhh... I'd rather stick with what I was born with, thank you very much. Cramming that much sand into your boobs can't POSSIBLY be healthy."

"Yeah, can you even walk with a rack that big?" asked Kanakuro. "Those things must weigh a ton."

"I can control them quite easily," replied Gaara. Her breasts then began to flail around seemingly of their own accord, causing the redhead to fall down flat on her ass. "...for the most part."

Temari and Kanakuro rolled their eyes. Then Gaara whimpered when she felt her bosom stop levitating, the full weight of those monsters now pressing down on her chest. They were so heavy now that they compressed her rib cage, preventing her lungs from fully inflating.

Her face slowly started to turn blue as she gasped for air. Gaara's older sisters watched rather impassively as the redhead struggled with breathing for several long seconds, before finally giving up and gesturing with her hands.

Watching the particles of sand fly out of the pores in their sister's skin was a rather stomach turning sight, even for elite jonin kunoichi like Kanakuro and Temari. Once all the sand had left Gaara's breasts, though, they looked as good as new. Moreover, they looked to be the exact same size as her sisters' boobs.

"...okay, so maybe that was a terrible idea," conceded Gaara.

"Yeah," said Temari, "I dunno where you got such an awful idea."

"I think Naruto's been rubbing off on you with a lot more than just his dick," remarked Kanakuro. Gaara blushed deeply, becoming visibly shy at the thought of her crush/obsession.

"Though I wouldn't mind having him rub one out on me," Temari said with a perverted giggle, smiling slyly.

"Oh, of course not!" agreed Kanakuro. "By the breeze, sometimes I am just so jealous of you and Gaara getting to go to Konoha all the time."

Temari blushed a little at this. "Ah, well as for me, I've never actually gotten with Naruto, personally... I mean, he's usually booked solid."

Gaara allowed herself a small smirk. "And you're usually preoccupied with Shikamari, aren't you?"

Temari was silent at this, cheeks brightly erubescent.

Kanakuro then blinked. "Aha!" she exclaimed. "I've got it! I know how we can settle our little debate about bust-size: we can have Naruto be the judge!"

Temari, still blushing, smiled. "He's definitely seen enough tits to be a good judge, I reckon."

"Ooh, definitely," purred Gaara dreamily, a faraway look in her eyes. "Mm, I'm getting hot just thinking about it..."

At the very least, her nipples were stiff and erect.
"It's settled, then!" declared Kanakuro. "We're going to the Leaf, to have Naruto Uzumaki be the judge of who has the biggest tits!"

"Yeah!" cheered Temari. "We're going on a road trip!"

Meanwhile, back in Konoha, the long-imprisoned spy Kabuko Yakushi was being triple-teamed by Kagome-sensei, Sasuki, and Sakura. The white-haired medic writhed and moaned under the sensual torment being inflicted upon her by Naruto's teammates.

Sasuki and Sakura were each biting and suckling on one of Kabuko's modest C-cup breasts, nibbling her nipples and tasting her creamy mounds. Kagome-sensei, meanwhile, was molesting the spy's pussy, her fingers enveloped with the electrical current of a significantly nerfed raikiri as they mercilessly twiddled and tweaked Kabuko's most sensitive place.

"Give it up," said Naruto, watching sternly as his teammates wore down the intransigent captive's resistance. He was still pantsless from his round with the Cloud girls. "Or do you need another demonstration of what you'll get if you just tell us what we want to know?"

He gestured to three naked shadow clones of himself, who were standing at the ready alongside the equally naked trio of Samui, Karui, and Omoi. The three kunoichi, who had eagerly accepted their new lot in life, were quite clearly exceedingly horny and ready to demonstrate for their new master at the drop of a hat, all day and night long if they had to.

"N-never..." panted Kabuko weakly, biting back a moan as Sasuki breathed a bit of fire chakra onto one of her nipples.

She was gritting her teeth and swinging her head from side to side in an effort to distract herself from the immense pleasure surging through her body. She felt so good it hurt, but she couldn't afford to show any sign of weakness.

...not that her attempts at hiding her pleasure worked very well on Naruto.

"Keep telling yourself that, if you want," said Naruto nonchalantly. "...but I'd seriously suggest you just spill, already."

"No..." Kabuko gasped. "I don't know anything... I... I..."

She came.

Yakushi's nectar surged forth from her inner floodgates, dowsing Kagome's fingers. Her back arched, and she let out a shrill, keening wail. Her eyes were clenched tightly shut against the blinding light of fireworks inside her head, and her muscles refused to listen to her orders.

Kabuko's head rolled. She was panting heavily, redfaced and gasping for air. Her skin was flush with sweat, and she had a look of profound shame on her face.

"Your defenses were pitiful," remarked Sasuki, pulling her head back from Kabuko's bosom, along with Sakura.

"Next to our offenses, at any rate~!" remarked Sakura with all the bubbling cheer of a girl who was still riding the high of a recent orgasm.

Kabuko did not say anything. She merely whimpered, perhaps not trusting herself to speak without letting something slip.
"You were a pretty tough nut to crack, though," conceded Kagome-sensei with her characteristically laid back candor.

"But she cracked in the end, right?" came head interrogator Ibiko's voice from the doorway leading into Kabuko's cell. The scarred kunoichi was once more fully dressed, and she had a look of sadistic delight on her face.

"I think so," said Naruto, and he walked forward towards the white-haired double agent. His teammates stepped aside, allowing him access to the captive. "Well?" he asked her. "Will you talk?"

Kabuko glared at him impotently. There was no heat, nor ice either, behind her expression, and it was clear to Naruto that she was only hanging on to her resistance by a thread. She was this close to spilling the beans, singing like a stool pigeon, telling them everything they want to know. She was at the end of her rope. The adopted daughter of the former director of Konoha's Medic Corps was just one gentle nudge away from toppling over the proverbial edge into metaphorical oblivion.

So Naruto leaned over and kissed her, smack dab on the lips. It was a light kiss, chaste, with no tongue or any chakra tricks, but that soft peck was all it took, and all he needed.

Kabuko broke. She spilled everything.

And even as the (apparently) career spy started finally cooperating with her interrogators, Naruto and team turned and left to report back to Tsunade. The three horny Kumo kunoichi were escorted to Naruto's place by three equally lustful shadow clones.

Both of the latter parties were naked, but that was no big deal. Uzumaki concubines traditionally went out in the buff more often than not, and most of the villagers were apt to greatly appreciate the view of Naruto's nude doppelgangers.

In the meantime, Kagome, Sasuki, Sakura, and Naruto headed back to the Hokage Tower. They were all once more properly dressed, and satisfied from a job well done, as far as their mission was concerned.

"I bet we'll get a pretty big bonus for getting that Kabuko to squeal," mused Sakura idly as they walked down street towards the center of the village. "Maybe even another commendation! I'm so close to jonin I can taste it."

"You think so?" said Kagome, her visible eye lazily scanning through the text of her favorite work of literary smut.

"Definitely," said Sakura. "Naruto and Sasuki both made the grade, and I wasn't far behind them. Another couple good marks like this on my record, and I'll be a shoo in for sure."

Sasuki afforded herself a small smile. "Good for you," she said with rare sincerity, giving her pink-haired teammate a pat on the shoulder. "You deserve it."

Sakura beamed, a pink blush in her cheeks. "Thank you, Sasuki!" she chirped, looking ecstatic at this bit of well-wishing from someone she so greatly admired and adored.

Naruto smirked, seeing the way Sakura was looking at Sasuki. He waggled his eyebrows suggestively at the pair, causing Sasuki to lustily smile and put a hand on her hip while Sakura flushed beet red with anger and swore at him irritably.

"You damn pervert!" snapped the pinkette at the blond, causing the bluenette to giggle and their
sensei to sigh wistfully.

"Ah, young love..." said Kagome, teasing her students.

"Heh heh!" Naruto chuckled, throwing an arm around both Sakura and Sasuki. "You think so, Kagome-sensei? I guess they do make a pretty good pair, hanging off my arms!"

Sakura bopped him on the head, blushing bright scarlet from something quite distinct from anger. Sasuki gave him a suggestive smirk and a pinch on the ass.

"I'm game if Sakura is," she said, causing the pinkette's eyes to widen and her mouth to go agape. They could practically see the steam pouring out from her ears as the poor girl overheated.

Then they looked up, and saw that they were at the Hokage Tower. Grinning, satisfied with a job well done, they went inside to report to Tsunade.

They did not notice the figures watching them from the shadows.
Tsunade looked over the paper in her hands, reading the written mission report. She had a pleased look on her face, smiling softly as she scanned her eyes across the sheet's contents. She hummed thoughtfully, reaching the last line of the account.

"So Kabuko has agreed to cooperate, then? And the Kumo kunoichi were successfully broken down?" she said, setting the paper down on her desk and looking up at the members of Team Seven. She leaned forward a little, resting her chest on the desktop and folding her hands in front of her face in a spot on Gendo Ikari impression. "Mm. Excellent work, you four."

She leaned a little more forward, her bosom pressing into the surface of her desk. A good deal of her bountiful, generous cleavage was exposed, and her deep brown eyes were strongly zeroed in on the blond member of the squad.

"Especially you, Naruto," she added. "I understand you broke down their defenses?"

The jinchuuriki chuckled sheepishly, scratching the back of his head. "Heh heh, yeah..." he said. "It wasn't easy, but I got 'em to talk."

Tsunade nodded, and she was looking intently into his eyes.

"You also marked those three Cloud kunoichi as Uzumaki property, correct?" she said shrewdly.

Naruto blushed. "Er... Yeah, I did. They seemed pretty eager for it, though. Why?" he asked. "It's not a problem, right?"

The Fifth Hokage sighed, but she was smiling. She shook her head.

"No," said Tsunade, "I have a feeling it will be just fine. You're responsible for their well-being, though. So take good care of them." She then turned her attention to the team as a whole. "Naruto, Sasuki, Sakura! You three are dismissed. And, Kagome! I have a bit more business with you."

All four nodded, voicing their comprehension, and Kagome's students turned and left the office while Miss Hatake herself stayed behind to confer with Tsunade.

Outside the building, Naruto and his teammates walked down the village's main street. Sakura was humming jumbled snatches of music to herself, and Sasuki was walking noticeably close to her rival. She was pressing herself up right next to him, literally rubbing shoulders with the famous male jinchuuriki. She was not shy of showing her claim on the blond, platonic or otherwise, and while she was certainly willing to share she was nonetheless very possessive in her own curious way.

And, certainly, Naruto was the object of countless lustful glances from the village people, the sizable bulge of his groin quite visible through his trousers, which it should be noted were otherwise not even remotely formfitting or skintight, in particular being thoroughly ogled and admired.

"I assume we're still on for tonight?" Sasuki purred, leaning casually into Naruto's side as they walked. His body was hard and warm, and she could feel the outline of his muscles even through his clothes.
"Sure we are!" said Naruto, giving her a bright grin. He planted a light, but nonetheless suggestive peck on Sasuki’s cheek, before turning his head to look at his other teammate. "Hey, Sakura-chan!" he said "You wanna come with me and Sasuki, maybe make this twosome a threesome?" He waggled his eyebrows and grinned suggestively, making it quite obvious exactly what he meant.

Sakura blushed.

"Um, n-no thanks..." the pinkette stammered nervously, steam practically coming out of her ears. "Sorry, but... b-but, I've gotta go home and help my moms with... um... Bye!"

Blushing furiously, the mortified medic-nin darted off down the street. Sasuki eyed Sakura's nicely shaped posterior as she went.

"Oh, too bad," remarked Sasuki, still looking after the quickly departing form of their surprisingly shy teammate. Then she shrugged, and turned back to Naruto, smiling seductively. "Well, I guess that just means more for me." She licked her lips, eyes briefly flicking up and down Naruto's form. "Remember," she told him, "My place, tonight at seven. I'll be waiting."

Giving Naruto a wink when she said that last word, Sasuki turned and walked off towards the Uchiha District, consciously making a point to put a bit of wiggle in her walk as she departed. The blond watched her swaying hips as she left, grinning a shit-eating grin and already imagining how hot tonight promised to be.

As it would still be a couple of hours before the appointed time of meeting, Naruto decided to head back home and see how his concubines were adjusting... and maybe concubine wasn't quite the best word for what the girls were, but the slightly more accurate sex slave didn't exactly appeal to his sensibilities.

Naruto walked at a leisurely pace back to his family's place, waving hello to the various villagers as he passed them. Many tittered and winked at him, or blushed or swooned when he said hello or gave them a compliment. They adored the blond almost unilaterally, and there was not so much as a single sexually active female in Konoha who wouldn't want a piece of that fine jinchuuriki ass. It was not uncommon for ladies to just walk up and proposition him while going down the street, and thanks to his shadow clone jutsu Naruto rarely had to disappoint them with a "No."

The memories alone that he got from the clones were usually enough to get him off, and if he focused his sensory abilities he could literally feel everything that his clones experienced as they experienced it. Right now, for instance, as he drew nearer to his house Naruto could feel in his loins the phantom sensation of tongues going up and down an erect shaft, and a tight hole squeezing down against a rock hard dick. Unconsciously, he immediately knew that his clones were showing Samui, Omoi, and Karui the ropes – both literal AND metaphorical.

If he closed his eyes, or else specifically synchronized his chakra to that of his shadow clones, he could literally see what they saw, and feel what they felt, and all of it at once. Like the abilities of his sexy, masochist cousin Pain-chan's rinnegan, Naruto could use a combination of sage and kyubi chakra to create a shared sensory field with any active shadow clones so that instead of just getting their memories as they dispelled, he could experience what they experienced even as they experienced it. Anything that a shadow clone of Naruto could see, smell, taste, hear, or feel, he could also see and smell and so on and so forth.

And as he got closer to his home, Naruto decided to do exactly that, tuning in to some of his various active clones throughout the village.

"Ohhh, Naruto...!" moaned Hyuuga cousins Hinata and Nejie as a shadow clone used a kyubi
chakra cloak to attentively molest their inviting, voluptuous bodies. Hands of golden flame squeezed full, heaving breasts, cupping and groping heavenly mounds of the so-called True Hyuuga Bloodline Limit. "It feels so goooood!" these two beautiful, pearly-eyed babes moaned in unison, writhing and wriggling as the shadow clone pleasured them.

Hinata and Nejie's legs spread wide, and more chakra appendages were attending to their aching nether regions, forming brobdignagian phalli of pure life force to penetrate both vaginally and anally while hands caressed smooth, pale thighs and fondled plump, round buttocks.

"Hehe, looks those two are sure having fun," mused Naruto with a perverted snicker, quietly appreciating the sensory feedback from the shadow clone's chakra, which acted as an extension of its body in more ways than one.

The sight of those two Hyuuga princesses so thoroughly debased and pleasured also aroused him, filling him with a hint of pride.

Hinata might have been very eager to do it with him, but Nejie was famously frigid and impossible to please. That he could reduce the Ice Queen of Konoha to as big a puddle of orgasmic bliss as Hinata said amazing things about Naruto's sexual prowess.

"Oh, yes!" wailed Anko Mitarashi, seated spread-legged on a horizontal pole that rode a little up between her lower lips. She was naked as a blue jay, and many long, narrow, violent red marks crisscrossed the skin of her back and her buttocks. "Whip me harder! This filthy whore needs to be punished! Oh God yes! Ahhh! Ah!"

A riding crop landed a sharp stroke across the snake summoning special jonin's back, wielded by the hand of a leather-clad dominatrix Naruko, with the only difference from a usual female anatomy being the distinctively male cock and balls which Naruto sported even when he used the transformation jutsu to become otherwise female, rather like the tail of a kitsune which stayed with it no matter what form it took.

Naruto's futanari Naruko kage bunshin leered down at the squealing, wiggling Anko who she marked with her whip like a cow under a brand. And the violette was in fact hooked up to an automated milk pump, the suction cups covering her nipples filled with white as they sucked Anko's tits dry. The lactic secretions were pumped into a clear tank, large enough to hold a full gallon of fluid.

It was nearly half full.

"Ahh," murmured Naruto with a wide grin, "I guess Anko-chan really wanted to try that thing out. Wonder if she'll save any for me?" he pondered idly.

"Ahn...!" moaned the pineapple haired brunette genius, Shikamari Nara, as a shadow clone plowed the metaphorical fields of her bum in the middle of a forest, surrounded by cautiously curious deer. "What a pain in the ass...!" she whimpered through tears of both pleasure and pain as her anus was reamed by a hard, throbbing mass that some would call comparable in size to her forearm and fist.

He backdoor was incredibly tight, even after the many previous times that Naruto or a shadow clone had torn it a new one with their dicks, and the shadow clone was continuously at the brink of coming as it rocked furiously back and forth inside the lean kunoichi's rear end, making her tight ass jiggle as her modestly average tits were ground into the far from soft forest floor.

A few feet away, another shadow clone was having its manhood expertly sucked off by the plus-
sized and beautiful Choume, whose powerful build was adorned with curves that were like no other by the sheer virtue of the average Akimichi's body mass. The clone shot a load into Choume's mouth as she fondled its balls, and she smiled cheerfully as she swallowed down the salty treat.

Naruto felt himself get especially hard from this one. Shikamari and Choume did practically everything together, and the fact that this included sex was pretty common knowledge among their peers.

"I'm just surprised Ino wasn't there, too!" the blond joked to himself, grinning pervertedly as he thought of the Yamanaka lass. "But I guess she's kinda on a mission with Shiko and Kiba, at the moment, isn't she?"

He shrugged. That was unfortunate, but oh well.

"Do you like that, Naruto-sama?" purred career chuunin and gate-guard Testuko, who was sandwiching the shadow clone's cock between her and her friend Izumi's breasts, both women naked as the day they were born.

"Of course he does," replied Izumi, smiling lustily at her friend. Their endowments were fairly average in size, and by themselves a titfuck would be impossible. But by working together, these two could please a man (meaning here exclusively Naruto) in ways that almost no others could.

"Well," replied Tetsuko, "Do you think he'd like this, too?"

She leaned forward and planted a deep, passionate kiss on her friend and partner's lips. Izumi squeaked briefly in surprise, before moaning into Tetsuko's lips and beginning to reciprocate with some tongue. Naruto's shadow clone watched this occur with an erection and a grin.

"Ooh, hot," commented Naruto. A shiver ran up his spine at the mental image of Izumi and Tetsuko frenching one another with his dick mashed between their tits, and the blond felt one of his hands absently wander down south to his crotch, where a most visible tent had formed in his trousers.

Many villagers stopped and stared with unmasked lust and delight as Naruto half-unconsciously started to rub off his junk through his pants, making pussies to water and tops to burst just from being in relative proximity to him in this state.

It was one debatable "benefit" of Naruto's immense chakra, which was in turn both saturated with his preternaturally incredible life force and highly attuned to the natural energies of the cosmos, that when Naruto started to get really horny, the whole world around him kinda just stopped and became obsessively focused on helping this anointed one remedy his problem. Even if he didn't need the help.

The Universe was just really eager to please him, even if Naruto insisted that he was perfectly fine, and thanks but no thanks – being the prophesied savior of an entire reality was weird like that. And the Universe just so happened to include every person in the Leaf Village.

And "every girl in the Leaf Village" ALSO happened to include the devilish duo of Madara and Obito Uchiha, who had up to that point been trying to track Naruto down. These two questionably well-intentioned extremists were, by some grand cosmic coincidence, just on the other side of the street from the blond, having a lunch in a dango shop, when he started to get really hot and bothered from what and who all his shadow clones were presently doing.

They did not see Naruto at first, being absorbed in glowing silent accusations at one another as
they bitterly choked down the sweet, impaled dumplings. But they did not need to see him to feel
the sudden pull on their loins* when the Uzumaki began to absentmindedly manhandle himself in
public.

*Of course, to call it a pull on their loins, was a bit of a vast oversimplification. It was not as
though they literally felt some invisible force tugging at their hoohas like Naruto's dick was a
supermagnet and their pussies were made up variously of iron, nickel, cobalt, and steel. That would
be preposterous.

Rather, what they actually experienced was a complex series of physiological cues for arousal,
including vaginal lubrication and enlargement, as well as a flushing of the skin in many parts of the
body, caused by increased blood flow in those areas. Colloquially speaking, they got wet and ready
for sex down south, while a bright pink blush spread from across their bodies. There was also an
increase in heart rate, and a slight correspondent change in the pattern of breathing.

Madara, dressed conspicuously in her archaic armor, stood out even more with cheeks the color of
Sakura's hair and cutely girlish whimpers escaping her lips as her nostrils were suddenly filled up
with a musky, strangely addictive scent. She squirmed uncomfortably in her seat as her body
became increasingly sexually aroused, and these simultaneously foreign yet familiar sensations
filled her with undeniable lust.

Obito handled the abrupt arousal slightly better, in that she did not immediately begin tearing
futilely at sturdy armor to free painfully sensitive breasts from their suddenly far too confining
prison. Instead, she simply began casting her mismatched eyes this way and that in a desperate
search for something, although she knew not WHAT she was looking for. But she felt the ache in
her loins, and the almost irresistible desire to fill what now felt so unconscionably void.

Naturally, the pair being perhaps the only people in the world to remember what the real world had
been like, Obito and Madara were baffled and slightly afraid, initially. All of their conditioning was
useless against this inexorable onslaught of carnal desire, which washed away their mental defenses
with all the languid ease of a lava flow incinerating a house made of straw in the middle of a
drought.

As two of the most skilled shinobi of their respective times, this pair of Uchiha misfits rather
prided themselves on having near complete control of their bodies and all related functions. But
this arousal was beyond their power to resist, and even as they struggled to concentrate on who
they were and why they were there, their bodies began to move seemingly all of their own accord.

Like a waking dream, Madara and Obito were only just lucid enough to be aware of what was
going on when their bodies walked out of the restaurant – moving almost without any apparent
input from their conscious minds – and crossed the street to where Naruto was strolling down the
sidewalk, shamelessly touching himself through his trousers to much catcalls and applause and
offers of sexual services from all of the nearby village women. And the moment they saw the
blond, and realized what he was doing, Obito and Madara found themselves immediately drawing a
blank on any subject that didn't involve the immediate sight of Naruto all but whipping out his dick
and publicly masturbating, or the potential prospect of getting to have sex with Naruto and see that
dick up close and personal.

Regardless of what their inclinations or orientations might have been prior to the execution of
Project Tsuki no Me, Madara and Obito found that they were now at the very least firmly Naruto-
sexual.

Not the most comforting thought for the two, but then they were kind of distracted by the
hungering, implacable ache in their pussies and the pleasantly numbing buzz in their frontal lobes
that kindly asked their critical thinking to kick back, relax, and allow the reptilian hindbrain to take over things for the time being.

Maybe it was a little disconcerting, somewhere in the back of their minds, but at the moment the longer they stared at Naruto, and the closer they got to that brazen, chiseled body of a physical sex god, all they could think about was how good it would feel to let their cares go and surrender themselves temporarily to the unknown whims of this gorgeous stud.

They were feeling *just that horny.*
Big Babe Duumverate

When Naruto saw two beautiful, Uchiha Babes come up to him with desperation in their eyes and pink in their cheeks, he knew at once what they wanted from him. He could sense their emotions, after all, and pretty much the only thing he could feel coming from them was unadulterated lust.

Naruto might not have recognized these girls as anyone he knew, but that had hardly deterred him from lending a hand before. Plus he was feeling really horny himself, at the moment, so his interests were almost certainly intersecting with the interests of these two cute and randy strangers.

"Heya!" he said with a cocky grin. "Like what you see?"

The blond removed his hand from his crotch to point, without an ounce of subtlety or tact, at the massive tent in his trousers. Then he did a couple of short pelvic thrusts to emphasize, and winked suggestively at the pair.

In spite of themselves, Obito and Madara only got more turned on by this, and they practically swooned at Naruto's feet.

"Yes," said the normally proud and stubborn but currently so-horny-it-hurt Madara Uchiha through clenched teeth, and her hands started scrabbling senselessly again at her armor. She was so desperate to strip, it seemed, that she couldn't even remove how to take it off.

"And then some," added the second girl, Obito "Tobi" Uchiha who was currently wanting nothing more than to be fucked by this gorgeous Adonis. She was visibly salivating, staring without an ounce of shame straight at Naruto's crotch.

Naruto chuckled, absentmindedly noticing that both of them appeared to have the rinnegan, like Pain-chan. The second one even had a sharingan, too. How odd.

"Well, I can say the same for me," he told them with a waggle of his eyebrows, playfully leering at Obito and Madara's very feminine figures. The two blushed under the cheerful scrutiny of those gleaming cerulean eyes, and they whimpered softly at the feeling of an exponentially increased wetness in their vaginas.

"You do?" said Madara, uncharacteristically giddy at the thought that Naruto might enjoy the sight of her body.

"Do you... think we're pretty?" whimpered Obito bashfully, unable to function at all properly with so much burning lust inundating her mind, body, and soul.

Naruto laughed. "Pretty?" he said, taking a short body flicker forward to move behind the pair and smack them both playfully on the rear. "Baby, I think you're smokin'." He gave her a Fonzie signature double-pointing thumbs up and a click of the tongue and a wink.

Obito's heart did gymnastics, and she suddenly felt far too hot to be so heavily dressed. Her cheeks were bright red, and she raised a hand to the scarred and creased side of her face.

"You... You really think so...?" she asked nervously, feeling far too invested in Naruto's opinion for it to possibly be healthy.

He smirked, and wrapped an arm around her waist, slipping a thumb down the waist of her trousers.
"I know so," he told her confidently, causing what little resistance Obito may have still had to crack.

"Take me now," she said to him, her mismatched eyes boring intensely into his. She wrapped her arms around him, pressing her body tightly and desperately against his. "I need this."

Madara scowled at Obito, feeling oddly jealous of the attention her stupid distant descendant was getting from their flaxen haired Casanova.

Naruto grinned, feeling the pleasant sensation of this stranger basically spooning him standing up.

"Heh heh," he chuckled. "Do you want your clothes in one piece, or do you want me to go wild on you?" He thrust his pelvis against the girl, rubbing his erection against her groin through their clothes.

Madara glowered enviously, and went up to press herself into Naruto from behind.

"No fair," she said peevishly. "I want him too."

Naruto laughed.

"Don't worry, ladies! There's plenty of me to go around!" he said.

Immediately, Madara heard a poof, and then she felt hungry lips on her neck, kissing and biting the sensitive skin. She moaned, turning around to see a Naruto shadow clone had been conjured up for her. The clone grinned at Madara suggestively, and she felt her armor fall from her body, undone in movements too fast for even her to follow.

She was left standing naked in the middle of the street, being ogled predatorily by a visibly lustful shadow clone of Naruto Uzumaki. Her full breasts heaved and jiggled with every breath, and her soaking womanhood was visibly reddened and swollen with desire.

Madara moaned, perversely delighted.

Obito, meanwhile, had decided that she wanted to go at it fast and furious.

"Fuck me raw!" she begged Naruto desperately, feeling so starved for sexual stimulation and moral degradation. "I don't care what else you do, so long as you please fuck me!"

Naruto chuckled, seeing the girl tearing lustfully at her clothes, desperately flailing to remove them. She threw them off, stripping shamelessly and swiftly in the middle of the street, completely uncaring who saw her like this. Her nipples were visibly stiff and hard, and Naruto leered companionably at her modest, heaving breasts and soaking, flushed womanhood.

Sweat beaded down the girl's skin, running down her arms and torso and legs. Moisture dripped down into the nice cleavage largish C-cups, glistening temptingly on her pale skin.

Naruto saw that the scarring extended all the way down the right side body. Even her right breast looked for all the world like it had been completely reconstructed after some terrible accident. It was far from off-putting, though. Shinobi like himself were far from inexperienced with messy injuries and bad scarring. What most civilians though of as ugly or grotesque, many shinobi would as a mark of pride.

You could only get scars from injuries that didn't kill you, after all. Just surviving the kind of physical trauma that would induce such extensive scarring bespoke a considerable grit and
toughness. Shinobi were those who endured hardship. Naruto had taken this lesson firmly to heart.

So as far as he was concerned, it only made him that much more intrigued to see that this girl had so much scarring. She was obviously a kunoichi, and one who had gone through Hell and still managed to come out the other side. That was hot, in the sense that he perceived her to clearly possess many beneficial traits to pass on to a next generation.

Her eyes in particular.

Naruto knew of the rinnegan from Pain-chan, his distant BDSM-loving cousin who ruled Ame, where she was worshiped by the people a living goddess. It was an exceedingly rare visual prowess of considerable lineage, yet both of these girls possessed it. That intrigued him. Because even as thick as he could be, Naruto was no fool. He knew that there was something special about these two girls, even if he couldn't tell exactly what.

He smiled, eyeing this girl's naked body. As far as he was concerned, the scars only made her that much more desirable.

"You want this?" he said again, chuckling softly as he casually dropped his trousers down to his ankles. "Well, alright then, babe."

He gave her a wink, before pushing her back into the side of a building, pinning a moaning Obito against the wall as he began.

Naruto bit this girl on the neck, grabbing her breasts in his hands even as he pushed his hardness up against her pelvis. He groped her lustfully, giving her violent red hickeys all up and down her neck and shoulders as he thrust himself roughly into her.

Obito gasped as Naruto entered her. Not from pain, because it did not hurt. No, she gasped for the sudden surge of ecstasy that flooded her body. The instant Naruto went into her, the last of her resistances crumbled. She wailed out shameless at the top of her lungs, scraping her nails up and down the blond's back as he pounded her private place hard enough to make the building behind her shake just a little.

Like a hammer, Naruto nailed that beautiful, tough bitch to the wall. He fucked her hard and without restraint, giving her a feel of his full strength.

Madara, at the same time, was bent over on all fours, mewling and whimpering as Naruto's shadow clone violently plundered her bountiful booty with a sword of flesh great enough to rival one of steel. Her considerable breasts swung back and forth like pendulums with the rocking of her body. Her curves jiggled, was the best way to put it, as the shadow clone fucked her with all the dominating ferocity and power of a bull in rut.

"Oh, yes!" Madara moaned, ripples of pleasure and kinetic energy alike making her lascivious figure act like a gelatin sculpture, wiggling and wobbling as she whimpered and mewed. "Yes! Yes!" she repeated, gasping and panting, chest heaving delightfully as the horny shadow clone jackhammer-ed her. "Grind me!" she wailed. "Grind me into dust with that marvelous cock! Oh, God! YES!"

The shadow clone grunted as it thrust back and forth frenetically inside of her. There was a grin on its face, though, and it leered down at this woman playfully.

"Hehe, and here I don't even know your name," it said, pumping inside her body like a marathon runner's heart.
"Mari!" replied Madara without a second's hesitation, supplying a fake name for the clone. Except, a part of her was already taking to that name, and wanting to make it her one and only identity. "Mari Uchi—!" —ha, she tried to say, but her words were cut off as a sudden, loud cry bubbled up from her throat, her body shuddering in delight as she came unto the shadow clone.

The clone grinned, seeing Mari melt into a puddle of orgasmic euphoria. Her face was red, and her tongue was lolling out of her mouth as she panted, squealing and whining in delight as it fucked her.

"That's a nice look for you, Mari-chan~!" said the shadow clone brightly, before casually redoubling its efforts.

Madara – now Mari – let out a scream as the clone took her to heights of ecstasy of which she could never before have conceived, until now.

The original Naruto, meanwhile, was still thrusting the daunting full length and girth of his manhood into Obito, who was moaning and gushing nectar and tears, whimpering and wailing with unimaginable arousal as the blonde fulfilled these new desires she had never before known. Filling her up, in particular, which he did and then some, bumping her innermost depths with a nigh lackadaisical ease, Naruto made this girl feel things she had never before imagined could be possible.

He kissed this scarred beauty hungrily as he fucked her, stealing her breath while he gave her his meat. She moaned and she groaned as he made her his own, pounding her poon with a pen island cone – extra thick and doubly creamy.

"YESSSSS!" she wailed, feeling herself come as Naruto slammed her ass against the side of some building on the side of the street, punching right through her allegedly lost heart with his kindness and prowess in life and the sack.

Naruto smiled, smelling the intensity of her sex, and feeling the heat and the wet of her magnificent womanhood.

"I'm glad you like it so much!" he said cheerfully, licking his lips as he took in her visage. "Hehe, we should totally get together again sometime, once we're finished!" he added, thrusting into her again, eliciting a gasp from the girl.

"Obi...!" she squealed, head rolling on her shoulders as Naruto picked up the pace. "Uchi...!" she yelped, scarcely able to think or to speak as he fucked her.

Naruto laughed even as he pummeled her sex with his multiple gigaton penile warhead.

"Obi-chan, huh?" he said. "You must be Mari-chan's little sister!"

Obito, now cum Obi, did not refute or in any way dispute this claim. Whether this was because she thought it would be a good cover, or she just couldn't bring herself to care while Naruto was ravishing her, nobody can say for certain. Not even Obi herself.

All she would be able to remember, looking back later on, would be how incredible Naruto had been, then and every inevitable time after.

Time flew quickly as Naruto and his shadow clone did Mari and Obi. Though it was not perhaps as long as an hour that they had sex with the pair (it was doubtful if the girls even had enough stamina for that) it was nonetheless certainly a nontrivial stretch, at least relatively. But they could not last forever, not against a lover like himself, and the girls were rendered unconscious after some tens of
minutes of hardcore Uzumaki intercourse.

So naturally it was over when the girls passed out. The shadow clone dispelled, shooting a load into Mari (and interestingly speaking, a shadow clone's semen was as good as Naruto's own, and did not vanish when the shadow clone dispelled) and Obi went limp from exhaustion, smiling beatifically up at Naruto.

The blonde hummed to himself as he glanced between the two girls, wondering what he should do. On the one hand, the gathered crowd of civilian spectators could certainly be trusted to bring the girls home safe wherever they lived. On the other hand, though, Naruto was curious about these two very unusual girls.

It wasn't mistrust, or doubt of their motives. He had sensed well enough that they'd been completely up front about what they wanted, and aside from that he was not even a particular mistrustful person to begin with.

But he was still curious. The rinnegan alone would be enough to warrant inquiry, and he had been able to feel out the chakra of these two girls.

They were strong. Strong as a kage, at least. Obi-chan was at least on par with Kagome-sensei, he could tell, yet he had felt also an incredibly potent chakra inside of her. It was hollow and frail, but it could not be mistaken for anything but what it was: sage chakra. And Mari-chan, too, had a crazy amount of chakra, and a body like wrought iron reinforced with damascus steel and a healthy outer layer of Version 2 kyuubi cloak.

So of course Naruto wanted to get to know them better. He was very interested in these two girls. Few people ever managed to intrigue him this much (at least without whipping out the fishnet or maid outfits...).

Which was, in the end, probably why Naruto decided to dress the girls back up, summon a toad, and ride with their unconscious bodies the rest of the way to his house. He could let them rest in one of the guest rooms, and have his mothers or the Cloud girls take care of them while he went off to his date.

"Thanks for the lift, Gamachu!" said Naruto, stepping off the toad with Mari and Obi swung over either one of his shoulders.

"No problem, boss," the summon replied dutifully, before promptly dispelling.

Walking through the smoke, Naruto pushed the front door open with his foot, walking casually into his house carrying the two Uchi babes. His family's place was pretty nice, by all accounts, and the blonde grinned a little looking at the swanky decor. It was stylish without being stuffy, and spacious without feeling empty.

"I'm home!" he called out cheerfully. Obi and Mari stirred a little, purring contentedly as the snuggled themselves up against his warm body while he carried them.

In a flash of yellow, his blonde mom Mina appeared. She was dressed in her shinobi clothes, breasts bound down to allow ease of movement. At her feet, a hirashin seal was cleverly woven into the pattern of the welcome mat.

"Hi, dear," she said warmly, eyes glittering as she beheld her son. "Who are your friends?" she asked him, smiling at the two lovely ladies slung over his shoulders as though this kind of thing happened every day.
And, honestly, it more or less did.

"Obi and Mari Uchi," said Naruto cheerfully. "I met 'em on the way home."

Mina laughed. "My, but you were busy today!" she said. "First those girls from Kumo, and now these two? Oho, Kushina will be delighted to hear that you've started to take your role as clan head seriously!" she clapped her hands together, smiling lustily at the two girls in a way that made it all too clear just what she meant.

Naruto blushed. "Ah!" he stammered, "N-no, it's not like that... with these two at least... I just thought I'd bring them over since they conked out after doing it."

Mina smiled and shook her head.

"Oh, how sad your mother will be!" she said mostly jokingly. "She was really hoping you gather yourself an amount of chattel properly befitting the next Hokage and Uzumaki Clan headsman. She was even talking about taking you down to the market tonight..."

"Er," Naruto's ears were bright pink, knowing exactly what kind of market his mom was referring to. "Well, I kinda have a date with Sasuki-chan tonight..."

Mina perked up at this. "Really?" she said. "Ooh, how sweet! You must tell me all about it when you get home!"

"Well, um... it's not for another hour, yet..." said Naruto sheepishly. "And besides that, it's... ah, not exactly a going out on a walk sort of date, if you know what I mean."

Mina smiled wolfishly, leaning forward a planting a hand on her son's behind.

"Oh, I know exactly what you mean," she said huskily.

Naruto squeaked.
It was with no small amount of trepidation that Naruto twisted his body out of his mother's grip, smiling shamefacedly at her as he ducked aside and cantered down the hall. The softly, sleepily mumbling forms of Obi and Mari dangling over his shoulders and bouncing (in more than one way) as he went.

Mina smiled at her son's retreating back, laughing quietly to herself.

"Mm. What a nice ass," she observed, licking her lips while leering after her son's trouser-clad posterior. "He definitely gets that from Kushina."

Naruto, meanwhile, headed on down the hallway in search of the guestroom. It was, by some odd quirk of design, one of the furthest rooms from the entrance, being at the far end of one of the entry hallway's branches. He did not walk with any particular hurry after that initial spurt, and he neared the destination after about a minute of walking.

He heard the moans well before that.

"Ohhh, Mistress Kushina...! Yes! Fuck, yes! Yes!"

"Break me! Break me, please, Madame!"

"I'm dying! Oh, fuck! This feels too good! Ahhn❤!"

Naruto's cheeks blossomed with a rosy tint, a ruddy bloom that glowed from out his face. Even without hearing the mention of his other mom's name, or recognizing the voices, his sensory abilities alone made it quite clear what he was going on there.

His mom, Kushina could be very old fashioned, sometimes. The Uzumaki were a very old clan of great power and wealth going far back. For centuries, they had oft taken enemies alive in battle, and indoctrinated them as slaves. It had been a very widespread practice among many clans, of course, but the Uzumaki and their seals had perfected it into an art form. So called "war wives" were numerous among the most affluent and powerful Uzumaki, and some old accounts spoke of some clan grandmasters taking more than a hundred enemy shinobi captive over the course of their lives.

Naruto had always been a little skeptical of those sorts of numbers, and despite everything else had never exactly been of the disposition to enslave captured enemies. Certainly, a few had offered themselves to him in the past, perhaps feeling that life in servitude would be better than death or punishment at the hands of the mistresses, but until today he had never done so.

Part of him wondered almost why he had decided to do it now, of all times.

That part was quickly and ruthlessly silenced.

Still, Naruto walked past the room stealthily, where his mom Kushina was evidently trying out Samui and Karui and Omoi. Probably this was as much to assert a position of dominance as it was to get herself off on their nubile bodies.

Feeling a little embarrassingly hard at that thought, Naruto finally made it to the guest room. He slid the door open easily enough with his foot (it was one of those old fashioned sliding shoji deals), and carried Obi and Mari over to the bed. He laid them down on top of it, pulling down the...
After a moment of thought, he leaned down over the girls and took a cursory whiff of their clothes. He immediately blanched, recoiling and shuddering.

"Ugh," Naruto muttered. "Yeah, okay. Those totally need a wash."

Proceeding with a kind of swiftness both inherited from his mother Mina and honed through his training under Miraiya (occasionally literally, when she felt like topping), Naruto's hands blurred through the air. Fingers instinctively sought out strategic straps, ties, buckles, and buttons to deftly undo; hands masterfully slipped garments off of womanly frames without disturbing their rest.

Faster than even most sharingan could follow, Naruto had undressed the pair and thrown their dirty clothes into a conveniently placed laundry basket. Before having them taken away to be washed, though, he did pause to check if the closet had anything for the two lovely ladies to wear in case they awoke before their clothes were finished washing. A quick inspection of the closet revealed that, aside from a pair of matching French maid outfits, it was well equipped with several fine kimono and yukata in various sizes and colors.

That would do, he decided. Making a cross-seal with the first two fingers of both hands, Naruto brought another shadow clone into existence. "Take care of their laundry, will you?" he said to his ninjutsu doppelganger. "And don't try to swipe their panties, you creep!" he added warningly, recalling what had happened the last time he'd let a shadow clone do a guest's laundry (not that they'd minded, but it was the principle of the matter, or so he insisted).

"Tch." The clone gave its creator the stink eye. "Fine. Whatever, boss."

Naruto gave the kage bunshin a swat on the back of the head, light enough to not dispel it, but still plenty hard enough to smart. "Just do your job," he told it irritably. His clones could be so annoying about having to do this sort of boring, menial work. "Can I at least cop a feel offa one of them?" the clone said, eyeing Obi and Mari lying under the covers. "Give myself one happy moment before I have to burst?"

Naruto scowled. "Only after you do the laundry," he told it. Then, not waiting for the shadow clone to get another word in edgewise, he waltzed out of the room and back down the entry hall. He had just enough time to change clothes before his date.

Enjoying the moans coming from his mom and the Kumo trio as he once more passed the place where they were sequestered, Naruto made his way to his own room, walking more briskly now...briskly for himself, at least. Which, for most other people, would be considered closer to sprinting.

Just to really emphasize, again, how FAST he was.

The walk to his room was short, and it only took Naruto a few seconds to put on cleaner clothes (not that they would be staying on long where he was going) and freshen up with a light application
of deodorant. Then he headed back out, dressed in a pair of clothes virtually identical to what he had been wearing when he came in, walking down the hall to the entrance.

"Oh! Hello, dear!" came his mother, Mina's, singsong voice as she body flickered purposefully into him from behind, pressing her restrained bosom against one of her son's arms. "You heading out for your date with sweet little Sasuki-chan~?"

Naruto nodded, blushing a little from the feeling of his mom's breasts pressing against his arm, which he could feel even through her flak vest. Deciding to retaliate, he raised his hand to her cheek, tickling it. Mina giggled, cheeks pinkening.

"Yeah," he told his mom, feeling a bit of hardness grow in his groin as she pressed herself so cruelly against him. "I'll probably be out all night, too. Can you take care of those Uchi sisters while I'm gone? I have a shadow clone doing their laundry, but if they need anything when they wake up..."

A vulpine smile curved Mina's soft, full lips. Her cerulean eyes twinkled in a matter most like her son.

"Yes, I will take very good care of them," she said. "But don't worry about me, dear! Go out, and be sure to have plenty of fun with Sasuki-chan~" she sang suggestively, winking at her son. She gave him a kiss on the cheek, then, and if that kiss contained significantly more tongue than would be strictly appropriate for a mother-son kiss...

...well, I'm certain it would hardly surprise you, by this point.

Naruto chuckled as he waved goodbye.

"Don't worry!" he said. "I will!"

With that, he rushed eagerly out the door.

And, again, Mina eyed her son's swiftly departing posterior with an appreciative wolf whistle.

In the home of the Uchiha clan head, Fugako Uchiha's second daughter patiently awaited her date. Sasuki was dressed in a sheer, semitransparent, low-at-the-chest-and-high-at-the-thighs cut nightgown. Her nipples were faintly visible through the cloth, if you looked from the angle. She lay suggestively across her bed, striking a sensually brooding pose as she awaited her lover's arrival.

Across from Sasuki, seated in a chair and dressed in nothing at all, was her older sister Itami. The ANBU captain and Uchiha prodigy was concealed under a heavy genjutsu, one through which Sasuki could see with her sharingan, but which Naruto would be unable to detect.

The older girl had an interest in the blonde (for which Sasuki could scarcely blame her) and had more than once sat in on Naruto and Sasuki's "dates" recording the whole affair for posterity with her considerable visual prowess. She enjoyed the voyeurism on her end, of course, and certainly Sasuki had lots of fun with the secret exhibitionism from her end, but that was not their only motivation for doing this.

It was the majority reason, to be sure, and was very enjoyable for all involved, but there were certain fringe benefits, too. Replays of Sasuki and Naruto's bedroom encounters, shown to paying customers in the form of a relatively simple but effective genjutsu, were a hot commodity in the Uchiha underground, and one of their aunts had even been working on a way to convert these...
genjutsu into physical, written seals that, when fed a bit of chakra, could replay the recordings countless times over.

Strictly speaking, it was not the most altruistic of motives, but money was money. And they were very fond of Naruto, so it wasn't as though they were using him, or anything. Not really.

But, digressing from that tangent, Sasuki awaited Naruto's arrival. She had been laying here like this for a few minutes, now, getting into position a little bit before the appointed time for this tryst. She was getting a tad wet already from anticipation, along with the slight jitters of antsiness that were starting to dance through her limbs, but she knew it wouldn't be long, now.

She eyed the hiraishin seal engraved into the hardwood floor beside her bed.

The Yellow Flash was not, contrary to what many believed, the only person alive able to use that jutsu. Aside from her former bodyguards, there was one other.

Her son.

Naruto appeared before Sasuki's bed. His arrival was heralded by naught but a flash of color as he materialized there, and a slight sound from the sudden displacement of air.

"Hey, good lookin'," the blond remarked, looking down at Sasuki's body (which, for how little was actually concealed by her nightgown, might as well have been naked) with an appreciative grin. "What's cookin'?"

"Your ass, if you don't hurry up and strip," replied Sasuki, smoldering lust making her impatient for the main course.

Naruto smirked at her, and with a quick ram seal, his clothes vanished in a puff of smoke. A small storage formula glowed briefly below his collarbone, before fading into his skin. Hard, sculpted muscles rippled enticingly beneath his ruddy, bronzed dermis. The seal containing the Nine-Tailed Demon Fox, Kumiko, was visible on Naruto's belly, the center-most of the lower spokes of the trigram seal's outer shell vanishing into the thick, golden forest that crowned a dually intimidating and intriguing mass of throbbing manflesh roughly twenty centimeters in length and three centimeters in girth.

Sasuki delicately quirked a single slim black eyebrow, her attention focused as much on the storage seal as on Naruto's frankly delicious body.

"That's a new trick," she observed.

"Just worked out the final kinks of it yesterday," Naruto replied. "You like?" He raised his arms and flexed them. They were far from massive, but still the muscle on them was nothing to sneeze at.

Sasuki licked her lips, purring appreciatively. "Very much so."

She lowered her hands to slip up the front of her nightgown, then, only to find nothing there.

"Oh, yeah," Naruto said a little sheepishly. "I kinda seals away all clothes inside its area of effect. That was the best I could do."

Sasuki blushed, but she did not particularly protest this development.

"Even better," she purred lustily, smiling up at Naruto and batting her eyelashes seductively. Her
eyes twinkled as she spread her legs, giving the blonde an open approach to her cave of delights.

Naruto got down on top of her, kissing his teammate and rival hungrily, passionately. She moaned into his lips, arching her back as his hands grabbed her hips and pinned them still to give himself a clear shot. The blonde pressed himself into her, plunging his hardness inside of Sasuki's soaking fun house.

Itami moaned quietly, getting aroused as she watched Naruto get jiggy with her sister. Her eyes devoured the sight of his firmly, bobbing ass as the blond thrust himself back and forth, rocking his hips against Sasuki's. He had the body of a bronze god, that Naruto did, and even the famously stoic Itami could not help but melt a little bit every time she saw him in all his naked glory.

Licking her lips, the genius ANBU captain started to masturbate to the spectacle of Naruto and her sister doing it. In spite of herself, every time they did this, Itami found her barriers breaking down so quickly. It was frightening, how much she found herself desiring the blond's touch every time they did this.

Usually, Itami only spread 'em for her cousin Shimizu, whom she so greatly loved and admired, and her mother. That mistress of the shunshin was the only woman Itami desired as a lover, and she could never, of course, say no to her mom.

...of course, Naruto wasn't a woman, was he?

Itami blushed a little, in spite of herself, and she shivered, plunging fingers desperately into an aching, hungering womanhood. She moaned piteously, wriggling and writhing in her seat as she diddled herself dutifully, never once taking her eyes off of the scene in front of her.

Naruto grinned foxily, grunting briefly as he came into Sasuki, whose juices soaked his thighs. "Enjoying the show, Itacchan?"

Itami let out a most undignified squeak. He had seen through the illusion? How...?

"Did you forget?" he said, speaking almost as though he could read her mind. He was bucking his hips and shaking his ass, too, presumably solely for the ANBU captain's viewing pleasure. "I'm a sensor. The best in the world, probably. I knew about all of this from the get go."

Sasuki whimpered, looking rather shamefaced. Naruto just grinned at her, though.

"Haha! Don't act so scared!" he told her. "What, do you think I'm mad at you girls, or something?"

Itami discarded her illusory concealment, realizing now that it was completely pointless. "Aren't you?"

The blond laughed.

"Of course not!" Naruto said. "What'd make you think that? No, I think it's hot. I like having an audience, you know?" He grinned over his shoulder at Itami, waggling his eyebrows at her. "Now, why don't you come over here, sweet cheeks, and let me give you something to shoot sales through the roof?"

Blushing, but also highly aroused and still a little ashamed, Itami readily did exactly as Naruto asked.

"Hehe... Here," said Naruto, pulling out of Sasuki, who honestly pouted at being interrupted like this. "This should triple your sales, at least, once the word gets out..." He held his erect, throbbing
cock in his hands.

The enormous phallus glistened with the slick sheen of Sasuki’s vaginal lubricants, as well as a mixture of her and Naruto's ejaculate, and Itami's mouth watered at the sight of it. Naruto's penis was so close she could smell it, and it had one of the most gloriously arousing musks she could have ever imagined.

Itami knew immediately what Naruto wanted her to do. And she was eager to do it, soaking wet just at the thought of it.

Keeping her sharingan active the whole time, the Uchiha prodigy slowly went down on Naruto, being sure to burn every smallest detail of his cock into her memory as she took it into her mouth. Though only a third of the full length could fit in there without choking her, Itami nonetheless made the best of it.

She sucked Naruto off eagerly, and she traced every inch of his gorgeous body with her eyes as she did so. She tasted Naruto's beefiest ramen, moaning in ecstasy from the flavor and from getting to service him with her own mouth. Itami had deeply envied Sasuki for a while now, though she repressed it well, who could get a piece of this blond stud any time she wanted, but now that she had him to herself, she was making sure to get her proverbial money's worth.

Using nothing more than her lips and her tongue, Itami eagerly sucked Naruto all but dry over the course of twenty glorious minutes. At the end of it she felt bloated and overfull, but the lingering taste was like heaven in her mouth. And then Sasuki shoved her bodily aside, and proceeded to do the exact same thing for just as long.

They spent the rest of the night alternating as they had wonderful, incredible, mind blowing sex with Naruto Uzumaki.

It tasted like miso.
When Naruto woke up the next morning, it was to an influx of foreign memories. Foreign, at least, in the sense that they belonged to one of his kage bunshin.

In particular, it was the shadow clone he’d left back at his place to take care of Obi and Mari’s laundry. It must have only recently dispelled itself, too, judging by how fresh the memories were in his mind. It was a little difficult for most to sort through several hours’ worth of experience all at once, but Naruto had plenty of experience in that field.

Even with the warm, curvy bodies of Sasuki and Itami pressing into him, slender arms draped over his modestly ripped frame, the blond was easily able to discern everything the clone had done in his absence.

*Laundry was fucking boring.* He had several memories of silently swearing at himself and wishing himself a painful, messy death. This would have been sufficiently surreal to weird out most folk, but Naruto was used to this kind of thing. His shadow clones could be a very belligerent and petty lot, being made from the same mold as Naruto himself.

But aside from the laundry, the clone had also taken the liberty of helping Kushina with the love slaves – Naruto got hard, recalling how aggressively sensual Karui and Samui had been in their fight over the right to suck his cock, the redhead slapping Samui’s lewdly generous tits and the blonde giving Karui what could only be describe as a *cunt punt*.

The debate had eventually been rendered moot, he recalled, when Mina abruptly barged in with her hiraishin and proceeded to greedily guzzle down his man-milk. Naruto knew from experience that the ladies seemed to get downright *addicted* to his wild and wet oats.

After that, the clone it seemed had then gone in and copped some very rude feels off of Obi and Mari, spanking them a little bit in their sleep, solely for shits and giggles.

At least it hadn't pulled a Shinji and jerked off all over them. His shadow clones seemed to have a real problem with impulse control. Which was crazy, because Naruto was the most sensible, restrained, self-disciplined person in the world.

Lazily sticking a thumb up Itami and Sasuki’s asses, Naruto lifted the two sleepily moaning girls off of him and got up out of the bed. Then he smacked them sharply across their asses (leaving a note on either of their buttocks that said *Same time next week?*) and waltzed boldly out of the room naked as the day he was born. Leaving through the kitchen, he paused just long enough to give an early bird Mikoto a thorough quickie on the dinner table, before walking all the way to the other side of the village, where his house was.

Again, Naruto was stark naked, and he did not hesitate to show off his bone for anyone who happened to be up at that wee hour of half past nine in the morning. In particular, he happened to come (in both senses of the word) upon Tenten and Shiho, from the Cryptanalysis Department, in the middle of a heated, *em, training session*. The former blithely offered to meet up with him for "lunch" at Ichiraku Ramen, while the latter blushed and promptly begged him not to tell Shikamari of her indiscretion.

Naruto, purposely neglecting to mention the fact that the Nara genius was quite obviously involved with Temari from Suna, agreed to keep her secret. Shiho, of course, was so grateful that she immediately offered to give him anything he wanted.
"Even your ass?" Naruto had inquired crassly, feeling quite randy this fine morning.

Shiho, beet red, had anxiously replied, "Especially my ass!" at a volume he guessed to be several decibel levels above what she had intended.

"Meet me at my place, then," he said with a wink. "Tonight, if you mean it!"

Shiho had nodded, blushing, and Naruto had turned and resumed his trek home. Aside from that encounter, Naruto also got three offers of oral sex while going down main street, eight declarations of undying love, and twenty-three propositions of baby-making from assorted comely village lasses. The first, he accepted on the spot, the second he wrote down in his Big Black Book of Love Confessions, and the last he made a mental note to finagle into his schedule.

But eventually, Naruto got home, and Suzume-sensei (from the Academy) wiped her lips, thanking him for the "meal" and pressing a small bundle of crisp five ryou bills into his hand.

Some might have considered that a little suspect, but Naruto controlled the only source of male sex in the world, and demand for his supply was consistently sky-high. He didn't actually charge people for the opportunity to have sex with him, but some time after the approximately five hundred and twelfth time of refusing an offer of payment for his services he finally caved and began just accepting whatever people gave him.

Besides, it wasn't even too far removed from the rather mercenary shinobi mindset, anyways. That's what Sasuki and Sakura kept telling him at any rate, and both took quite eagerly to the informal role of Madame to his escort.

But that aside, Naruto walked into his house, cheerfully naked and whistling a jaunty tune. He was promptly greeted by two simultaneous, cheerful, girlish proclamations of: "Welcome home, Narusama!"

The two Uchi sisters, whom Naruto had brought back to his place last night after a vigorous session in the middle of the street, were standing before him with bright smiles on their faces.

The two lovely lasses were dress in the skimpy black silk and white lace of matching French maid outfits – which Naruto knew his parents to use for roleplay in the bedroom whenever things started to get a little stale. To be clear, these were not actual maid outfits – at the most generous, they could be called maid-themed lingerie, being scarcely more than a partially transparent boob-window apron over a short, frilly miniskirt so small that it was closer in surface area to a handtowel than any kind of modest attire.

Mari, the more buxom one, appeared a perfect fit for Mina's outfit, which said a lot about her bust size, since the Yellow Flash was second pretty much only to Tsunade and Fugako in terms of boobage. And Obi, logically, was thus wearing Kushina's.

A slight breeze from the open door stirred the criminally short skirts of these French maid outfits. Naruto caught a flash of naked, pink flesh, and a neatly shaven snatch. This was interesting not only because it meant that neither girl was wearing underwear, but also because Naruto distinctly recalled them being quite shaggy yesterday.

For a moment, the blond was caught off guard by the appearance of these two like this. But to his credit as a pupil of Miraiya, it was only for a moment.

"Hey there, ladies!" he greeted the two sisters casually with a wink and a peck on the cheek each. "Looking good!"
Mari giggled, cheeks bright pink. She leaned forward and grabbed hold of one of Naruto's arms, pressing her scarcely restrained breasts up against it. "Thank you, Naru-sama," she said with a ditzy titter. "These are, like, sooo comfortable."

Obi nodded, moving in and mirroring Mari's motions on the other side of Naruto, pressing her cleavage against his arm, enveloping it a little bit in the valley of her breasts. "When we woke up, Kushina-chan and Mina-chan said it was okay for us to wear these. Wasn't that, like, so nice of them?"

"I know, right?" tittered Mari.

"Yeah," agreed Obi brightly. "Oh, and by the way, Naru-sama!" she said, remembering something. "Thanks for last night. We really enjoyed it."

Mari purred, a borderline orgasmic expression of bliss on her face. "Oooh, yes. That was sooo much fun."

Naruto chuckled, seeing how grateful (and half naked) the girls were. He let them guide him inside, leading him by his arms into the living room, where the couch was. He sat down, and Obi and Mari immediately cuddled up to him in a manner that was at once both adorable and erotic.

"No problem," he said to the two, smiling down at them. "I'm glad to give you what you want!"

The two sisters immediately glanced down at his cock, which was quite erect from the walk home, and the proximity of these two sexy ladies. Then they looked back up at him, and their orbs gleamed with unadulterated adoration.

"You girls have beautiful eyes," he commented, his smile warm and his compliment sincere. "Especially you, Obi-chan. Where did you get them?" He brushed Obi on the cheek with a finger, watching as she blushed bright pink.

"I... I..." Obi stammered, getting lost in Naruto soulful blue lamps. His gaze held her attention firmly on him, and all the world seemed to melt away. "I guess... I don't really remember. Everything before meeting you on the street... It's all kind of, like, a blur. You know? All I remember is my name. When Kushina-chan woke us up this morning... well, we just found that we couldn't remember anything but our names. Our names, that is, and you."

Naruto's eyes widened, and he whipped his head around to look at Mari. She seemed to be giving off a visible gloom, her face downcast.

"Is that true, Mari-chan...?" he asked her.

"Y-yes," she said quietly, anxiously. "All we remember are our names and the night we had with you. Everything else is... kind of just gone. Your moms felt so sorry for us when we told them..."

Obi nodded. "Kushina-chan even decided that we can stay here until we recover. She even gave us a job as your personal maids." She blushed, then looked away. "If... that's okay with you, Naru-sama...? I mean, if you don't want us, then I understand..."

If there was one thing Naruto couldn't stand to see, it was someone getting sad. Whenever he saw someone who looked like they were about to cry, he always felt compelled to try and cheer them up. It was maybe his one true weakness, and whether or not they were doing this intentionally, Obi and Mari had successfully got him in the one way he could never say no, even if he wanted to.

"Ah! N-no, that's okay...!" he exclaimed nervously. "Don't worry, Obi-chan, Mari-chan! I'd be glad
to have you girls as my maids."

The two sisters instantly perked up. Mari hugged him tightly, and Obi kissed him.

"Oh, thank you!" they said. "We'll be the best maids you could ever ask for. We'll wait you hand and mouth, Master."

"Don't you mean hand and foot?"

"Not unless you're into that," said Mari, smiling up at him suggestively. She placed a hand on Naruto's lap, her fingers curling teasingly around his erect shaft. Obi, at the same time, leaned in and started to kiss his chest.

"Oh. Oh!" said Naruto, and he got a grin on his face as he realized exactly what they meant, and how much they meant it. He placed a hand on Obi's posterior, coyly flipping up the back of her frilly micro-miniskirt to fondle her finely toned buttocks. His other hand, meanwhile, found its way down Mari's apron, where it proceeded to tease and squeeze her generous teats.

The girls moaned euphorically under the ministrations of Naruto's magic fingers, Mari squeezing his dick tight as she bucked her hips and Obi biting down on one of his nipples, soaking wet and burning up down under. Naruto came with a delighted groan, a shiver running up his back from the base of his spine. His seed splattered Mari's hand, and much of it landed on the floor in front of the couch.

"Whoops, looks like you girls made a mess," remarked Naruto cheerfully, smiling mischievously at the pair of sisters. "One of you should probably clean that up."

Obi, blushing, nodded in understanding and got down on the floor. She crawled on all fours to the soiled spot of polished hardwood, her skirt hiding nothing as she wiggled her hips for her master's amusement. She was so wet just thinking about how the blond was no doubt leering so hungrily at her naked nether regions, and even as a sponge appeared in her hands, sorta swirling into existence the moment she thought about it, Obi took one hand to her toy box and started to masturbate.

Something about dressing up like a maid, intentionally degrading herself like this, was just getting her so hot and bothered. She moaned, twiddling her aching privates as she started sponging up her master's spunk.

Then she felt the hands on her hips, fingers spreading her buttocks, and the huge, hard, throbbing mass poised against the rim of her anus. She came all over her fingers, squeezing the sponge in her hands so hard that a good deal of the wiped-up spooge was promptly squeezed right back out all over the floor.

"N-Naru-sama...!" she gasped, feeling his erection press against her backdoor. "Ahn! It feels...!" She trailed off, whimpering and mewling pitifully as he began inching his length inside of her.

"Oh. Oh! OHHHH!" she screamed, her eyes widening as more and more of her master's cock slip into her asshole.

It felt so warm and tingly, where he penetrated her, nothing like the pain she would have expected from anal sex. If anything, a sense of vigor and health seemed to spread through her body, emanating straight from her stuffed-full rectum.

"Wha...What is this feeling...?" she moaned, eyes rolling up the back of her head. An intoxicating warmth spread through her body, and she felt like she was going boneless, like every cell in her
body was caught in a state of continuous, never-ending orgasm and she had never realized it until right this moment. "I feel... so... GOOD!" she came again, and again, her frame shaking and shuddering, and jiggling in all the right places.

Naruto smiled down at Obi, his naked body encased in the flaming, gilded radiance of his kyuubi chakra mode. The pure Yang chakra coursing through his body was being injected into Obi like a vaccine against every conceivable ill or woe. Life energy flooded every cell of her squirming, nubile body in the form of absolute carnal ecstasy.

It was kind of cheap for him to use Kumiko's chakra in sex like this, since it just made it so easy to pleasure his partner beyond anything they could ever imagine without even trying, but he felt sorry for Obi and Mina, he really did. Some small part of Naruto, perhaps, blamed himself for the sisters' loss of memory, since they had seemed perfectly fine before their tryst yesterday. So maybe this was his way of making it up to them: by giving them the greatest sex in the history of sex.

Back on the couch, Mari was wailing ecstatically was a similarly Yang chakra-cloaked shadow clone plowed her pussy, driving its empowered shaft back and forth inside of her most sensitive place as it attentively kissed and fondled her bosom. The top of her scanty french maid apron/brassiere flopped uselessly between their bodies, the upper loop having been slipped off over her head.

After a few minutes of this, Naruto and his clones relented. Obi and Mari were not tired out by the mindblowing sex – if anything they felt more energetic than ever before – and they immediately got to work cheerfully cleaning up the mess of bodily fluids that had been spread all over during the brief but intense twin lovemaking sessions.

Naruto smiled at the two.

"Well, I'll leave you girls to your work," he said brightly, winking. The two new amnesiac maids tittered and blushed girlishly.

"Of course, Naru-sama," they said, bowing low, giving him a goodly glimpse of their fine, fine cleavage. And with that taken care of, Naruto went further inside (still nude, of course).
The Objective Unreality of Originality

With the matter of Obi and Mari taken care of, Naruto headed further inside, looking for his mothers. His footfalls echoed softly through the hall, his bare feet flapping on the hardwood floor. His semi-flaccid member swayed to and fro with every step, like an elephant's trunk.

"I wonder where they are?" he murmured quietly to himself, scanning his eyes left and right down the modestly adorned hallways of his family's house.

Even as he said this, he heard a soft thump of feet behind him.

"Wonder where who are?" Mina asked her son playfully, a sensual spark in her eyes.

Naruto gave a start. Then he turned to face his blonde mother, and she wrapped her arms loosely around his neck in a rather intimate embrace. He smiled at her, and gave Mina a peck on the cheek.

"I was looking for you and mom, actually," he remarked. "But I guess one out of two isn't bad."

Mina giggled, and she gave Naruto a kiss on the cheek in return.

"Well, Kushina took those Cloud girls out. She said they would be perfect material..."

Naruto sweatdropped at that.

"Ah. You don't mean she's going to have them work at that strip joint she manages, do you?" he said in a bit of deadpan voice.

Mina sighed wistfully. "Yeah, she really broke them in good," she said. "They were calling her Madame Kushina and everything."

Naruto shook his head. "No wonder she's always nagging me to take concubines and junk..." he drawled. "It's a little scary she could have broken them so quick, though..."

"I know, right?" said Mina, though she sounded far more amused than disconcerted. "She has a real gift for that sort of thing. I think it might be a secret Uzumaki kekkei genkai or something!"

Naruto chuckled. "That would be a heckuva bloodline limit, wouldn't it?" he mused wryly, snickering a little at the thought of it. "A real scary sort of power."

"I think it's hot," Mina supplied, giving her son a kiss on the other cheek. Then she pulled her arms off of him, and stood up straight. "Well, I'd love to stay and talk, dear, but I have to go."

"You got a mission?"

The blonde nodded. "Yeah, Lady Tsunade delivered it personally just before you got home."

Naruto pouted theatrically. "Aw, damn. I missed getting to see Granny up and out of the tower? She hardly ever takes that ass of hers off of the Hokage's chair."

Mina laughed. "That's because she knows you'll take it for your own, if she does!"

"The chair or her ass?" Naruto asked with a wide grin.

"Both," said Mina, winking.
Naruto guffawed. "True!" he declared. "I totally would." He shook his head, grinning a little pervertedly at the thought. "So?" he said. "What's your mission, ma?"

"Oh, I'm going to Suna with a small four woman team," she answered cheerfully. "We're supposed to meet up with the Lady Kazekage and her bodyguards and escort them here, to the Leaf."

Naruto's eyes sparkled delightfully. "Oooh! So Gaara-chan and her sisters are coming here?" he said, snickering. "Niiice. Been a while since I've had some one-on-one time with another jinchuuriki," he remarked.

Mina giggled. "Oh, you!" she said teasingly. "What am I going to do with you? Having such a pervert for a son...❤"

Naruto chortled, giving his mom a playful smack on the rear. He winked at her, too.

"You know you love it," he said.

Mina tittered. "Too true! I wouldn't have you any other way."

She gave him one last kiss, this time straight on the lips. There was a good deal of tongue involved, and her hands wandered gladly up and down her son's naked frame for a few minutes. She pressed herself tightly against him, feeling his hardness pressing hungrily against her abdomen.

Then she pulled back, just as Naruto's arousal was beginning to peak. A glimmering trail of saliva was the last thing connecting their lips as Mina pulled away, a sultry smile on her face.

"Well, I should be going," she said. "I've already informed Kushina, so she knows I'll be away for a few days."

Naruto nodded, a little dazed and horny from the incredible smooch. "Yeah..." he murmured. "See ya later, mom... I'll miss you while you're gone."

Mina smiled. "The same here, son."

She then turned and headed out the door.

"Bye, Mina-chan!" Naruto heard Obi and Mari call out from behind him. They must have finished cleaning up already. Pretty impressive. He'd have to give them a considerable bonus if they kept up this kind of work ethic. "Have a nice trip!"

"I will!" Mina hollered back, just a step out the door. "Please take care of that sexy, incorrigible son of mine while I'm away!"

The two villains-cum-maids tittered and beamed.

"Oh, we will!" they promised warmly, even as the door slammed shut behind Mina. "We'll take very good care of Naru-sama."

Naruto heard the pair giggle pervertedly as he made his own way to his room.

It was a quick use of the Flying Thunder God Jutsu, one of the many techniques invented by the inimitable Second Hokage, for the retired Yondaime and Yellow Flash to reach the great village gate. A massive structure raised in times of war and mistrust, the gate was technically the weakest point in the massive, all but impenetrable walls which encircled Konohagakure no sato.
Technically.

In practice, however, the gates of the Hidden Leaf as much a fastness as any other section of the village's considerable defenses. Seals integrated into the very grain of the wood made it as hard as steel, and when the gates latched shut they completed a chakra circuit which sealed them as fast as if they were merely but a gate's likeness, hewn masterfully into a great timber monolith.

Mina Namikaze smiled, seeing the sight of those great gates held wide open. She was not old by any stretch of the imagination, yet still she could remember how in her youth such a sight would be considered a sign of impending disaster. The world was peaceful now, or at least as much so as it had ever been in human history, and the gates were closed only at the dead hours of night, when no merchants or ambassadors would be expected to come.

Just outside the village walls, she knew, were a number of inns and other establishments for the rest and refreshment of weary travelers, many boasting prices far cheaper than were to be had inside the Leaf proper. Though land was hardly at a premium within the walls, without them it was largely unsettled and effectively unclaimed. Most clans and businesses that called the Leaf home stayed inside the walls, for they were a reassuring fastness even in these happy days of amnesty and sisterhood.

Back when Mina was young, nobody would have been fool enough to build outside the walls so close to the village. Even during the uneasy periods of peace, War had been a constant companion. Konoha was kept as safe as any of the Great Villages, but beyond the walls it had been a no-woman's land.

Raiding parties had oft strayed uncomfortable close to the walls, testing the village's defenses, and the land outside the Leaf still bore some of the worse scars from the many resultant skirmishes. Much of the forest outside Konoha was fairly recent growth, much of the older woods having been devastated by the engines of war, and its battles.

Fights between higher level shinobi, particularly those skilled in the advanced arts of elemental ninjutsu, could level vast swathes of forest. Mina herself, though lacking in more direct wide impact techniques, had knocked down more than her fair share of trees with high level toad summons and redirected enemy ninjutsu. Even with her very precision style of fighting, compared to most other kage level kunoichi, the Yellow Flash could still incur a great deal of collateral damage when she got going.

But then, that was not really a concern, these days. There were still occasional skirmishes, to be sure, and shows of strength between the villages, but for the most part there was very little loss of life. Mission related fatalities were nearly unheard of, these days, thanks to a number of mitigating factors. Like increasing skill levels of the average kunoichi, and the spread of mandatory medical ninjutsu training under Mina's successor, the Slug Princess Tsunade (who was, ironically, something like a decade Mina's senior).

Peace, or something very close to it, reigned across the Elemental Continent. Conflict between villages was at the lowest it had ever been since the earliest years of their founding. Violent confrontations almost never ended in death, and grudges passed on quickly and without note.

In no small part, this was thanks to the magnanimous spirit of her and Kushina's beloved son, Naruto. The last man to walk the earth, according to history books, had been First Hokage Hashirama Senju, whose idealistic vision and peerless virility had paved the way for a brief but prosperous era of peace between clans, with the founding of the Hidden Villages.

And Naruto, the Sage bless him, seemed to be well on the track to following in Hashirama's
footsteps. International dialogue was frequent and open, thanks in large part to him and his bartering, and even the most bitter enemies have proven willing to set aside their differences if it meant a shot at the blond stud.

Sex was perhaps one of the most fundamental forces in human history, and Naruto Uzumaki represented an entire plane of sexual possibility that had not existed since the time of the First Hokage.

Not for no reason were people calling him the next God of Kunoichi. Aside from Lady Sarutobi, the Honorable Sandaime, who had been rather megami no kunoichi, the last to hold that title had been Hashirama Senju himself.

So Mina was proud of her son. Prouder than almost any other parent in history, or so she fancied.

Smiling, the Yellow Flash pulled herself out of her musings and greeted her teammates for this mission.

Before Mina stood three expert kunoichi handpicked from the Leaf’s most elite jonin, the best and brightest of their generation.

Kagome Hatake, the legendary Copy Ninja, was reading a signed copy of Make Out Naruto 12: Kunoichi Kink and Pervert Pink. A considerable bosom, perhaps only a cup-size below Mina's own, strained against a standard shinobi flak vest, and a slanted hitai-ate covered her transplanted sharingan eye.

Kagome was Mina's star pupil, and a child genius rivaled by pretty much only Itami and the Sannin. Her signature raikiri was a formidable assassination technique, and a lightning ninjutsu which even Kumo would be proud to call its own.

Next was Asuka Sarutobi. Daughter of the Third Hokage, modestly endowed, and dressed in roughly the same fashion as Kagome. The only real difference was a small sash on one side with the kanji for fire, a mark of one of the Twelve Guardian Ninja who protected the daimyo. An unlit cigarette was in her mouth, and her short, spiky brown hair complimented a smooth, dusky tan.

Asuka was an accomplished kunoichi in her own right, Mina knew, and her wind manipulation and Flying Swallow technique alone could put her on the short list of elite shinobi. But like her mother, Asuka was a Jill of All Trades, skilled in a wide variety of techniques and styles.

Lastly was Might Gal (or Maito Gyaru, for the more weaboo-inclined readers), the powerfully built, spandex clad taijutsu mistress. Her shining black hair was done in a short bob cut, and her eyebrows were dark and well defined. Her muscular arms and legs were accompanied by a stacked chest and rear – her "boobs of steel", as Gal called them. She didn't wear any underwear beneath her spandex, and those suggestive camel toe and wedgie were ever-present. If not for her flak vest, Mina imagined that Gal's nipples would also be perfectly visible.

Gal was the most specialized of these three, consciously choosing to use martial arts and nothing else. She rarely even employed weapons, and when she did they were never the conventional shuriken or kunai. Gal was a hard worker of the most extreme sort, and she had a drive to improve that only her student, Leah, could match.

Mina smiled at these three.

"So you'll be my team for this mission?" she said.

"Looks like it," remarked Kagome, lazily snapping her book shut and stowing it away in her flak
vest.

"The Beautiful Green Beast of the Leaf, Might Gal reporting for duty!" shouted the spandex clad taijutsu mistress.

"This should be a hell of a mission," mused Asuka wryly, glancing between her teammates.

Mina laughed.
Alone in his room, Naruto threw on some clean clothes. While he could waltz nude into the Hokage's office without a single complaint from anyone, and indeed certainly enjoyed going au naturel all over town, there was still something to be said for clothes. What went unseen could be even more arousing than that which was shamelessly paraded out in the open. Just taking off his shirt could be even more potent an aphrodisiac than outright letting his dick flop out all over the place.

The more something was wrapped up, the fiercer people would tear at the packaging to get at it. Under the right circumstances, at any rate.

And aside from that, going out clothed was helpful for when he didn't want to get immediately swamped by horny babes. Very useful when he had somewhere he needed to be. Or simply wanted to be.

Like now, for instance.

"I wonder how ma's doing with those Cloud chicks?" Naruto quietly mused to himself, putting his arm through his sleeve. "The Playful Fox already has plenty of part-time workers, so it's not like she really needs to get new attractions right away... Hinata-chan alone brings in tons of cash."

Naruto couldn't help grinning at the thought of the girl who was, by all accounts, perhaps his most serious girlfriend. Certainly, the buxom Hyuuga heiress had been one of the very first in their age group to take note of Naruto as a boy. Her mom and aunt had definitely encouraged Hinata in her pursuit of Naruto, but the initial revelation was all her. She had seen that he was different from the other kids in the Academy, and realized on an instinctive level what this difference had meant.

Now, Hinata was just one of a multitude of girls their age with hots for Naruto, but she had been the first in their immediate generation to perceive his difference and find it attractive. The two of them had been a couple to some degree or other for several years, now, and indeed Hinata had a special place in Naruto's heart and loins as his real first. Definitely, at least, she was the nearest to being considered his wife out of all possible candidates, and while polygamy was not illegal, a first wife traditionally held a position above any who came after.

Out of all the girls Naruto was with on a regular basis, Hinata really was the one where the most sentiment lay. He had a soft spot for her, and a relationship with her on a level above what he even had with Sasuki or Kagome-sensei, who most considered to be the next closest to him.

Of course, there was also Sakura, who had been his first real attraction back before Hinata had worked up the courage, in the Academy, to approach and court him. The feisty pinkette was certainly the object of many strong emotions for the blond, but he was never really clear on what it was they had. Back before the girls in his class really knew what a male meant, Sasuki had by far been the subject of the most juvenile desire and childish infatuation. Naruto, with his cockiness and loud mouth, had done little in those days to endear himself to his female classmates. While there were sempai in the upper classes who saw him as a promising investment, most of the girls Naruto's age had simply seen him as, well, a particularly annoying girl.

Sakura especially had been very intensely devoted to Sasuki, and had all but outright loathed Naruto for his obnoxious behavior. Even with the passage of time, and the gradual softening of her heart, the pinkette was – regardless of any saucy rumors to the contrary – completely uninvolved, sexually or romantically, with Naruto Uzumaki. She had a certain attraction to him, of course, and
could appreciate how rocking his body was, but there was still a certain intransigence toward the idea of actually being with the blonde.

Familiarity, as they say, breeds contempt. Being on the same team as Naruto since they became genin had done much to harden Sakura's flower against Naruto. She was, you could say, largely immune to the combination of pheromones and looks that usually got most women burning and drenched at the first sight of him. This, combined with the lingering sour impression from their youth, when he had so annoyingly tried again and again to court her, left Sakura Haruno as perhaps one of the few women alive who simply did not want to fuck Naruto.

Or, more accurately, her desire to fuck him was outweighed by her tsundere instincts and natural irritability.

Getting back on topic however, Naruto was zipping up his signature orange and black jacket as he pondered the matter of Kushina and the Kumo girls. If his mom was training the three (whom he had brought home as his... well, "indentured love servants" sounded relatively inoffensive, even if it was a tad misleading), he figured that he should at least go down and get a free show out of the deal.

Hell, he might even be able to negotiate a certain amount of royalties from any earnings Karui, Samui, and Omoi wound up making down at the Playful Fox strip club.

Naruto grinned at the thought of this, and he walked out of his room and down the hall. He saw that Obi and Mari appeared to be hard at work dusting and sweeping, dressed in their highly suggestive and revealing maid outfits. He could see quite clearly how their breasts jiggled as they moved to and fro, and how they cheerfully wiggled their asses wherever they went.

"Yo," he said, greeting the two sisters. "I'm heading out. Gonna check up on Kushina, maybe take in a show at her strip club. I'll probably be gone for a while, so don't expect me back anytime soon, okay?"

The two pouted adorably at their master. "Awww!" they whined together.

"Are you sure you can't stay, Naru-sama?" Obi said, her mismatched eyes glimmering with heartbreaking sadness.

"Yeah," said Mari, pouting cutely and squeezing her bosom innocently between her arms. "Do you really have to go? We want you here..."

Naruto laughed, knowing right away what the girls weren't saying. "Don't worry, Mari-chan, Obi-chan!" he told them cheerfully, before bringing his hands together in his signature cross-seal. "These two will take good care of you girls, as long you don't slack off."

He winked at the two, who each felt a pair of strong arms wrap around them from behind, and a noticeable erection tenting between each of their buttocks. The two shadow clones of Naruto breathed suggestively on the sisters' ears, making Obi and Mari shiver and mewl in such an adorably sexy manner.

"Thank you, Naru-sama...!" they cried out adoringly after his departing back, feeling the clones nibble lightly on their ears and sneak some roving hands up their skirts.

"Don't mention it," Naruto replied with a dismissive wave of his hand, pausing and turning to look back briefly. "You kids have fun, now~" he said to the two maids and his clones, before laughing and heading out the door.
Now, because the Playful Fox was owned and operated chiefly by Kushina Uzumaki and her wife Mina, there were a number of hiraishin seals located throughout for ease of travel back and forth. And while Naruto certainly enjoyed taking strolls through the village in his off time, that was not to say that he was averse to using the Flying Thunder God technique to reach his destination with minimal effort.

The instant he stepped out the front door, Naruto used the jutsu Mina had become famous for and shifted through space to a spot in the most VIP backstage area of the joint, where the employees unwound between shows and the owners had free rein. The employee wasn't particularly busy at this time of day, so there were only a couple of girls present when Naruto showed up.

Comfortable lounge seats, beanbags, and artsy sofas were scattered throughout the heart of the employee lounge. The lighting was dim, and most everything was done in dark shades of navy and maroon. There was a counter set, coffeemaker, microwave, and fridge in one corner of the room, and the far wall was lined with cryptically labeled doors which Naruto knew were connected to the various show-prep rooms.

Looking around, the blond idly cast his eyes over the same spiral Uzumaki motif on the walls and floors that he had seen every other time he'd come here, as far back as he cared to recall. The Playful Fox was one of the oldest and most venerable establishments in the Leaf, having been founded by Mito Uzumaki – the first wife of the First Hokage – back in the earliest years of Konoha's history. She had actually built it, in fact, as a place where people from both the Senju and Uchiha clans could come together over a shared appreciation of feminine beauty and sexuality.

Glancing to the wall opposite the many doors, Naruto saw another larger, ornate door of solid stone, engraved with a stylized depiction of the Nine-Tailed Demon Fox in her animal form. At the door's center, located between the carven jaws of a chained Kumiko, was the Uzumaki spiral. Naruto felt the faintest tug in his belly at the sight of this symbol, which he knew was linked to a massive sealing array that enveloped an entire, huge chamber of the Playful Fox, a single room that comprised nearly seventy-five percent of the building.

It should be noted, by the way, that the Playful Fox, aside from being one of the oldest establishments in Konoha, was also the single largest building in sheer surface area. Hokage Tower may have stood technically above it in height, but aside from the older, smaller portion of the building where most of the business happened, most of the Playful Fox had been constructed for the express purpose of containing the kyuubi's body outside of her jinchuuriki.

While Kumiko's Yang chakra was sealed inside of Naruto, the greatest of the bijuu was simply too large to be sealed within a single person, even an Uzumaki. Since the time of Mito, Kumiko's first true jinchuuriki, it had been tradition to contain half of the Nine-Tails's chakra within a living person, and the other half in the Playful Fox, where she had come to serve willingly as one of the chief attractions.

Glancing sidelong at one of the girls present (when did Ayame-nee-chan get a job here?) Naruto paused to ask, "Are Kumiko or Kushina in?"

The girl-next-door brunette, dressed in a sleek, lacy dress, glanced up from the book she'd been reading to see the son of the Playful Fox's owner, and the strip club's unofficial assistant manager. She smiled at him, shifting in her seat to give Naruto a better view of her cleavage.

"Yes and yes," she said warmly. "Madame Kushina came in with three new acquisitions a little bit ago, and she's out on stage training them in."

Naruto grinned. "And where new girls are being trained, Kumiko is helping do it. Right?"
Ayame nodded, slyly brushing a strand of hair away from her face. "You are right," she purred, smiling foxily at the blond. "Her and Hinata are both helping."

Naruto's grin widened.

"Hinata-chan is in, too?" he said, pleasantly surprised. "I didn't think she worked this early in the day."

"She doesn't," replied Ayame. "I believe she came in to pick up something special for a night with her boyfriend." She batted her eyelashes at Naruto, casting her eyes up and down his clothed frame. "I envy her, sometimes," she remarked huskily, eyeing in particular the bulge of Naruto's mostly flaccid manhood.

She licked her lips, and Naruto laughed. "Well, if you're back working at Ichiraku's in time, I've got a lunch date there with Tenten," he said cheerily. Ayame's eyes brightened at this.

"Oooh, really?" she said. "I'll definitely be there. I only have to do one more show, anyways, before my shift is over."

"Maybe you should try going naked apron, while you're at it," Naruto told her cheekily. "That would make it a lot easier to get at the good parts."

Ayame tittered lustily, and she gave the blond a nod. "We'll see," she said, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "We'll see."

Winking at Ayame, Naruto turned and headed out to the stage where she had told him his mom and the others were.

When he stepped out through the prep room (he didn't notice which) it was to see the three girls he had broken down and claimed as sex slaves just yesterday putting on a truly expert strip show for Kushina, Hinata, and Kumiko.

Naruto couldn't tell what the three had originally come out dressed as, because by this point they were down to pretty much just their lingerie, but he could immediately tell that they were doing a bang up job. The movement of their bodies was smooth and graceful, the gyrations of their hips tastefully suggestive as hands slowly danced up and down their own half-naked bodies.

The blond watched, aroused and intrigued, as Karui fluidly slid her hands down a smooth, gently curving waistline. Her hips swaying side to side, the redhead slipped her thumbs under the lace bands of her panties, then inched them teasingly, slowly down her hips in a way that made every smallest motion seem like a natural part of one great single movement.

Like the flow of a river, she slid her underwear down so confidently and gracefully that it looked like the most natural thing in the world as she bared her pussy to the spectating audience of three.

Omoi moved her body to the beat of the music, rocking her hips and snapping her underwear against her booty like a rubber band. She twisted and swerved this way and that, every member of her body describing the countless steps of some primal dance of passion. She was an extension of the music, and physical medium through which sound became sight, a display of understated sensuality and languid intensity.

As naturally as lifting one foot while setting the other down, Omoi undid the strap of her bra, letting it fall to the ground while her back was turned to the crowd.
Samui was naked already, by all appearances. She pressed her hands to her nipples, sensuously kneading and rolling her most generous breasts while gyrating her naked hips. A flower blooming up on stage, petals unfurling in the spotlight for all to see. Nectar glistened on the flesh of ripe fruit, plump and shapely and perfectly appetizing. Her loveliness was made a tribute in sexual dance, a show of her skill and her natural beauty.

She let it all hang out, running hands all over her body, cupping supple flesh and kneading sensitive curves for the pleasure of her audience, as small as it was.

All three were naked now, and they continued dancing for a number of minutes more, revealing and concealing to inflame the lusts of the spectators. They offered their bodies to the stage, to the crowd, baring every inch of themselves and their nakedness. Proudly, they displayed the spiral brand of ownership on their buttocks, the seal of Uzumaki which marked them as Naruto's.

The music ended.

Kumiko clapped her hands, smiling lustily at the three, who stood now at attention front and center. Her appearance was, in a nutshell, that of the late Mito Uzumaki in her prime. As a shapeshifter, the bijuu had modeled the appearance of this human form after her original jinchuuriki, as much out of respect as the fact that Mito in her prime had rocked one hell of a bod. She was dressed elegantly as a high-class courtesan, a long, slender pipe curled delicately between slim, pale fingers, the clothes revealing little of the underlying figure.

"Excellent, excellent," she said in a husky, womanly voice. Her eyes were half lidded and sensual, her smile subtle and confident. In every way, shape, and form, Kumiko was a true courtesan of the highest caliber, a woman of utmost class and refinement. "You girls did very well, I must say."

Hinata, dressed in her usual heavy clothes, smiled and nodded. "Yes, they must have taught you very well back in Kumo," she remarked innocently, the sweetest expression on her face.

Most would have found it odd to find someone like Hinata here, but the fact was that the Playful Fox was very much a cultural institution of the Leaf, a part of their heritage as shinobi of Konoha. Noble daughters oft came here for training in various sensual arts, and while most left once their training was complete, it was far from unheard of for some to stay on as part-time showgirls. Hinata just so happened to be one of those people who got a rush from doing striptease and dances and other things like that.

"Yeah, Naruto really picked the cream of the crop, with you three!" added Kushina cheerfully, leering shamelessly at her three newest attractions. No doubt she was already imagining all the money they would bring her.

...not that Naruto could blame his mom.

Stepping out of the shadows, the blonde gave the Kumo trio a grin, causing all eyes present to widen a little in surprise at his sudden appearance.

"That was a great show!" he said.
Can You Tell I've Shipped NaruHina 4eva?

The three former kunoichi of Kumogakure bowed low to Naruto, happiness visible on their faces. Their body language was completely deferential, and their naked bodies were every bit as fine as the blond remembered.

"Thank you, Master," they said, speaking in unison. Their tone was even and reverent, perfectly respectful and obedient. "We are honored to know that you enjoyed our performance."

Naruto couldn't help but sweatdrop at how the girls were acting. They were more reserved in their speech, now, and obviously restrained themselves quite well from throwing their horny, nubile bodies at his feet and begging him to have his wicked, violent way with them.

"I guess mom broke you three in real good..." he said, glancing sidelong at Kushina, who gave him a cocky, vulpine grin in response. Her eyes focused south of his belt, where he had a goodly bulge going.

"Yup!" said the former jinchuuriki of Kumiko's Yang chakra. "These girls are great, Naruto! We'll seriously be raking in some real cash with them...!" Her eyes were gleaming gleefully.

Kushina had not been an active kunoichi for well over a decade, ever since she had gotten pregnant with her son (nobody thought to question the how of that matter). While she had a jonin pension, and the money Mina earned as an on duty jonin and former Hokage, she had something of a taste for a very lavish lifestyle. Their house alone cost a small fortune in property taxes every year, even with Mina's de facto discount. Ever since she had taken over full time operation of the Playful Fox, Kushina had put a great deal of time and energy into maximizing her revenue from the establishment, and she was actually a scary in how ruthlessly she tracked down and hired potential new attractions.

And of course, former kunoichi from the Hidden Cloud, broken in and made slaves by her son, represented a potential goldmine. Karui and Omoi both had the distinctively exotic look of the doughty, resilient folk of the mountainous Kaminari no Kuni, and Samui herself had a bust the equal or superior of even star attractions Hinata and Kumiko. The gentle-ladies of the Leaf would no doubt pay a small daimyo's ransom for a glimpse of these foreign beauties.

And, speaking of Hinata, the girl herself sprang energetically up onto the stage and all but jumped into her boyfriend's arms. She pressed her thickly clothed bosom tightly against Naruto's chest, smiling warmly and practically purring as she nuzzled a cheek affectionately into the crook of his neck.

"It's nice to see you again, Naruto-kun," she said cheerfully, openly snuggling her boyfriend up on stage. "I hear you spent the night with Sasuki-san?"

There was no accusation in her voice, or jealousy either. Hinata and Sasuki were, while not the closest, still fairly good friends. As noble daughters of two grand auld clans, the pair had bonded somewhat in the Academy, each bringing out some of the other's better traits. Hinata had helped soften Sasuki's once-cold heart, and Sasuki had helped Hinata come out of her shell.

They respected one another, if nothing else, and saw each other as worthy rivals for Naruto's love and loins.

"Yeah," Naruto said, smiling as he squeezed Hinata hard with a suspiciously handsy bear hug.
"And her sister, too."

"Ah, Itami finally stopped hiding in the corner?" Hinata purred.

"Well, I called her out, is more like it," said Naruto sheepishly. "But she was definitely happy to get on board once I did."

"I don't doubt it," said Hinata, subtly suggestive. "Most women would be, I think."

Naruto laughed, and he gave his de facto girlfriend's behind a playful grope, making her giggle and grin.

"I guess so," he conceded. "They certainly seemed like they enjoyed it!"

"I'm glad," said Hinata warmly. "Sasuki is a nice girl, underneath that cool facade. And Itami is too, I'd imagine. They deserve a little slice of happiness like that, now and then..."

Naruto grinned, and he gave Hinata a peck on the lips. The other girls present (including Kumiko and the sparse audience who had been there to watch his Kumo love slaves strip) all flushed pink, just a little, with repressed jealousy at the sight.

Hinata, smiling, returned the kiss with interest, exponentially so.

Shuriken whistled, a sound high and sharp, as they flew through the air. Tempered pig iron embedded itself in wood and straw. Four black pointed tips, emanating radially from a central point, gleamed in the morning sun.

The projectiles spun as they went through their trajectory, cutting a swathe through the air, fixed tips rotating like a windmill.

More shuriken impacted the target. So close together, they were, that some glanced off the metal of an earlier hit and fell, deflected, uselessly to the ground.

"Damn," muttered Sasuki, the smallest of frowns marring her face. "I keep doing forgetting to adjust for that."

"Your aim is too precise, little sister," observed Itami, standing next to her sibling. They were in a training ground just outside the Uchiha compound, one which the two daughters of the clan head often frequented for practice in their spare time. "You need to spread them more. You still concentrate your fire on too tight an area."

"Yeah, I know," Sasuki said. "Like casting a net, right? You have to send your shuriken wide against highly evasive targets. Make the field of threat too narrow, and they can easily dodge out of it. Not that I've ever actually had a problem with this, in live fire situations. I always get my woman."

She shuffled a blunted training shuriken between her fingers.

"Indeed you do," said Itami, smiling at her little sister. "You are very skilled, and I am proud to call you my imouto." Her gaze then hardened infinitesimally. "But you have been neglecting some of your more basic training, lately. That is a mistake."

Sasuki sighed, looking abashed.

"Yeah, I know..." she said sheepishly. "I've been focusing so much on the high level stuff recently
that I haven't really had time." She shook her head, and produced a few more shuriken between her fingers. "But the fundamentals are fundamental for a reason. Right?"

Itami nodded, and she observed appraisingly as Sasuki slipped once more into a throwing stance.

"You're leading too much," she remarked. "With your right foot, I mean. Your stance is solid, but it's easy to see where you're aiming just by reading your body language. Shuriken are mainly for breaking the enemy's concentration, and this works best when done obliquely. You're too straightforward."

Sasuki rolled her eyes. "You're the only one who can read my body language that easily, sis."

"You should still try to improve yourself wherever you can," Itami replied softly. She slid fluidly from a standing position into a shuriken stance. Throwing stars appeared immediately in her fingers, and she swung her arms wide. The projectiles flew quickly through the air, moving in a curving arc as one by one they quickly impacted the target dummy. They formed a perfect circle around Sasuki's cluster of embedded shuriken.

The younger sister blushed, abashed at this show of skill from her elder and idol.

"I guess I still have a way to go, yet," Sasuki quietly conceded, scratching the back of her neck.

"And so do I, it would seem," said Itami, frowning softly at the circle her shuriken made around Sasuki's. "I was trying to make an uchiwa."

Hinata moaned delightedly, feeling her boyfriend slip his tongue past her lips. Her jacket was unzipped, a goodly deal of milky Hyuuga cleavage visible through the underlying fishnet. They were in one of the show prep rooms, Naruto hungrily pressing his girlfriend up against a wall as they made out.

Slender, pale fingers danced down Naruto's torso, tickling his skin through his clothes. Like it was second nature, Hinata casually sent small, precise bursts of her own chakra into Naruto's system. By stimulating certain pressure points throughout the body, she could increase or decrease the flow of chakra, and overall manipulate it in very specific ways.

Like getting her boyfriend to come in his pants just by tickling a few tenketsu along his biceps, or getting him erect with a single touch anywhere on his body. Though she was not as skilled as, say, her cousin Nejie in the more combative aspects of the gentle fist, Hinata Hyuuga was certainly the best in all her clan at manipulating a person's chakra circulatory system to their benefit.

Naruto groaned into her mouth, feeling the sticky mess Hinata had just made him shoot into his own trousers. He pulled back from the kiss briefly to say, "Jeez, Hina-chan... So mean..." in a teasing tone, before redoubling his tongue's assault on the sacred grounds beyond his girlfriend's luscious lips.

Hinata smiled into the kiss, trailing her hands to the zipper of his jacket. As deftly as Naruto himself, she tapped a point on his chest, just between his collar bones, and formed a ram seal.

Their clothes vanished in a puff of smoke. Naruto's erection sprang out so quickly, unbound from the confines of his trousers, that it smacked Hinata's thigh with enough force to snap bones on a lesser mortal. But as shinobi, they were made of sterner stuff than most folk. Hinata may not have been warlike or aggressive, but she was far from vulnerable or weak.

"Hehe, you're pretty impatient this morning, Hinata-chan," Naruto observed wryly, glancing down
appreciatively at Hinata's fine, generous bosom.

"Sasuki-san got to be with you last night," she replied, hungrily running her hands up and down her lover's naked body. "She is my friend, but you are my love."

Naruto's eyes twinkled, and he grinned knowingly.

"Hot," he commented wolfishly, giving her a playful wink as he squeezed and fondled her heavenly lumps. "I didn't take you for the competitive type, babe."

Hinata giggled demurely. "Because I am not, usually," she told him, smiling beatifically. "But I need you inside me. I'm ovulating today."

It was, perhaps, a testament to either his composure, or else how accustomed he was to this sort of thing, that Naruto's eyes widened only infinitesimally, and just for a moment. When he recovered from that split second of surprise, he let out a long whistle.

"You serious about that? I thought you wanted to wait until you made jonin and got yourself a better pension like Kurenai-chan, or your cousin. You know?" he said. "Your training will have to pretty much come to a stop, if you do this. Once the whole thing is over, you'll be about eight or nine months out of fighting shape, and probably never get another shot at advancement."

Hinata whimpered.

"I can't help it," she said, bucking her hips hungrily. "I just want it so bad. I need you inside me, Naruto-kun. I want to have your babies."

"You sure?" Naruto asked her again. "This is a big step. I know your sensei chose to go that route, but she still has her Asuka-chan to support her financially, and a jonin pension of her own. Plus, like, genjutsu is a really mental field, and would take a lot less re-conditioning for her to be mission capable again, if it came to that."

"You can provide for me, Naruto-kun," Hinata said, and the implication of her words sank deep into Naruto's mind.

With most of the girls he was with, it was a purely physical thing. If someone wanted to get pregnant, or just had a hankering for a dicking, then Naruto was the one to call. But most of them had their own lovers to provide for them, already, especially the adult ones. While there were a not inconsiderable number of ladies who got infatuated with him and him alone, they still provided for themselves, or had their families do so.

For Hinata to implicitly trust in him to take care of her, and provide personally for her and any child they might make...

"You really are serious," Naruto said, a little surprised. "Like, wedding bells serious."

Hinata smiled warmly. "I would be honored to take your name, Naruto."

He grinned, chuckling wryly. "Heh, Sasuki-chan will probably be bummed that you wound up getting to me first," Naruto mused, wrapping his arms more tightly around Hinata's body.

"Right now, I could not care less about Sasuki," moaned the Hyuuga heiress lustfully, pressing herself against his burning loins. "I just want you inside me, Naruto. I want to have your babies!"

Naruto kissed her on the lips, and pushed himself in. "And I wanna give 'em to you," he said
frankly, warmth in his voice. He penetrated her womanhood, making her squeal and squirm.

Naruto's manhood throbbed menacingly inside Hinata, hot and hard and loaded with lust as they fucked. Their hips slapped together at a frenetic pace, loud enough to wake the dead, and wet enough to fill a small lagoon. The Hyuuga's nectar gushed from her blossom like fountain, spraying and splurting all over Naruto's raging erection.

Her hands explored his body, stimulating his tenketsu to the best possible results. She pinched his ass with gentle fist precision, making him orgasm and shoot what felt like a bucket load of his seed inside of her. Naruto, himself, grunted in the heat of pleasure, but he also decided that two could play at that game.

Golden tongues of chakra like flame danced up from Naruto's skin. The slightest contact between his body and Hinata's was sufficient for incredible quantities of chakra to flow between them unimpeded. He made her libido erupt from the inside out, Kumiko's Yang chakra stimulating Hinata's nervous system to a point just short of completely blowing it out.

Hinata came like a machine gun. Life energy filled with lust and arousal permeated every fiber of her being. It stimulated her every erogenous zone to the highest possible capacity at once, overloading her senses with pleasure like none other, making her come instantaneously. But more than that, it filled her cells with vitality and vigor, eliminating any need for something as silly as a refractory period.

Her body was wracked with explosive, rapid fire orgasms.

But Naruto was not the only one giving. Even as his chakra flooded her system, Hinata redirected it back into him with pure gentle fist strikes. The kyuubi chakra boosted her abilities such that she could send precise bursts of chakra from any part of her body. Her pussy alone manipulated the tenketsu in Naruto's cock thoroughly enough to put even the Sixty-Four Palms to shame.

If she kissed him, she sent chakra from the tip of her tongue. If her breasts rubbed against his torso, she shot it from her nipples into his system. Every inch of her body, Hinata turned into a weapon with the sole purpose of making her lover come again and again. And it worked like a charm, Naruto's testicles churning out enough seed to fertilize literal acres of cunt, and their bodies were subsisting almost entirely on the Yang chakra of the Nine-Tails as they doused every surface in the dressing room with their leakage of their juices.

Strictly speaking, they were having sex at a level that actually transcended human existence. Their bodies were effectively acting as conduits for the sensual energies of the infinite cosmos as they made love. It was closer to a religious experience than mere intercourse, a moment of carnal enlightenment in which all the petty, mortal cares of this world fell away at their feet, leaving them floating in a sea of stars outside the boundaries of mortal comprehension.

And, all hyperbole aside, Hinata and Naruto really were stimulating one another in ways that nobody else could manage. The Hyuuga heiress was the only person alive, perhaps, with the sensual talents to rival the effects of Naruto's kyuubi chakra mode, and make him experience every bit as much pleasure as he could make her feel.

And they could have gone at it for hours, in all honesty, without tiring, but they both had their obligations to the world outside the two of them. After maybe half an hour or more of nigh continuous orgasm for both parties, they pulled apart with one last kiss – Hinata feeling assured of her chances – and headed each their separate ways.

Kushina immediately ordered Samui, Karui, and Omoi to clean up the mess the vigorous couple
had made of the prep room. She did not provide them with any sponges or mops.

They preferred it that way.
Heading back through the employee lounge, Naruto had a shit-eating grin on his face. He was dressed once more, having unsealed his clothes from the storage formula below his collar, and he walked with a cocky, satisfied strut.

"That... was awesome," he remarked proudly to himself. "Some of the best sex me and Hinata have had yet."

The smell of sex coming from him was overpowering, and the few showgirls who were in at this time of day all gave him knowing grins as he passed. Yoshino smirked, batting her eyelashes at him, and Hana tittered wolfishly with her mother and sister, Tsume and Kiba, the three of them wearing inumimi and dog collars with matching canine bikinis.

Naruto winked at the girls as he passed (recalling that the Inuzuka trio did a "dog show" in the morning this time of the week) clicking his tongue playfully as he swaggered on toward the exit. Feeling energized from his rendezvous with Hinata, he swung his hips for the viewing pleasure of the ladies, who followed the movements of his pelvis with intense interest.

However, as he passed out of the employee lounge and into the maintenance hallway that led to the employee entrance, the blond was stopped by a familiarly sultry voice, low and husky and brimming with sexuality.

"Naruto-dono, may we have a word before you go?"

Turning around to face the door he had just come through, Naruto saw the sensual Yin half of his tenant, Kumiko. She wore her scarlet hair in the same fashion as preferred by the late Mito Uzumaki, and the fine silk of her luxurious kimono seemed to shimmer even in the lifeless fluorescent lighting. Countless intricate designs of silver and gold were woven into the deep crimson fabric, forming flowers and vines and spirals and leaves.

It was a subtle embroidery, woven so naturally into the garment that only the sharpest eyes, through the closest observation, could make out the design clearly. Otherwise it simply appeared an intriguing mystique, an indefinable sheen that seemed to dance across the dress, accentuating the natural appeal of her plentiful hills and valleys, contrasting perfectly with her smooth, alabaster skin.

To all appearances, the only differences between Kumiko and Mito, after whom this form was modeled, were the eyes, red and slitted like a cat's, and the nine magnificent fox tails, which she hid usually within her garment, coiled stealthily around her own legs. Like the Scandinavian huldra, or indeed the Japanese kitsune, even when in the form of humans, Kumiko and her sisters still kept the mark of their true nature in the tails of beasts, for they were of course the Tailed-Beasts.

Of course, Naruto's attention was drawn specifically to the generous swell of Kumiko's bosom, and the gloriously bountiful valley of the cleavage which she now strategically exposed. Usually Kumiko wore her kimono in the correct, traditional fashion which have it closed right up the collar, exposing nothing of her "valley of the goddess." Even during her shows, she only exposed her cleavage like this while in the process of disrobing. She was a little old fashioned like that, having inherited many of her sensibilities from times long past.

The only time, indeed, that Kumiko deigned to compromise her manner of dress like this was when
she wanted something very much, and was willing to do anything to get it. Naturally, of course, this meant she had Naruto's interest immediately.

"Hmhm?" he hummed, eyes zeroing in half against his will on his the Nine-Tails's generous bosom. "What is it, Kumi-chan?" He smiled at her.

"I hear tell you have maids, now," said she, unperturbed by Naruto's affectionate form of address. "And I mean maidservants proper, something quite apart from those three slaves whom Kushina-dono and I have been training." She licked her lips, red and glossy and full. "I was on my way to 'check up' on them, see if they are up to the task of serving you, my lord, and it struck me that I may as well ask if you have any requests. I would not want them to disappoint you in any way, so I shall be... ahem... 'examining' them quite thoroughly."

Naruto smirked, eyes twinkling wickedly. He could figure out quite well how Kumiko would be examining and testing the girls, and it was a very sexy mental image.

He thought for a moment, though, seriously considering what he might want Kumiko to do as long as she was over there at his place.

"Hmmm... Well, maybe you could take a look at them?" he suggested. "Give them a check up, I mean, see if there's anything you can do to heal them."

Kumiko gave him a sultry smile, and stepped closer, the hem of her kimono passing various loose tools and bottles of cleaning agents that were stacked haphazardly along sections of the wall in between doors. The floor seemed to glow like new, clean and pure wherever she stepped. Her feet cut a gleaming swathe of cleanliness through the stubborn, encrusted dirt and grime that clung otherwise unfailingly to the surface even after countless scrubblings and moppings.

Coming close close to Naruto, feeling a reassuring radiance emanating from him like the warmth of a campfire against one's bare skin, the invisible glow of the blond's incredible human chakra mingled to even greater effect with the Yang half of her own chakra. She leaned forward slowly, sensuously.

Soft ruby lips tingled erotically against delicious, tanned skin. Kumiko kissed him on the cheek, letting her bountiful bosom press casually and enticingly against the blond's chest as she did so.

"I shall see what I can do," she purred huskily, pulling back from the kiss with a sensual gleam in her crimson eyes. "...on the condition that, tonight, you... I... the maids... Kushina-dono..." She trailed off, smiling suggestively to make her meaning one hundred percent clear. "Are these terms... acceptable to you, Naruto-dono?"

Naruto gulped a little, honestly just a wee bit intimidated by Kumiko's powerful sexuality. She was like a force of nature in many ways, even quite apart from her raw power and majesty. It was scary at times, how intense she could be.

But it was also hot.

Smirking, Naruto lifted a hand up to gently stroke Kumiko's cheek. "Sure," he said. "I've always wanted to try it that way..."

Kumiko returned the smirk, a victorious spark in her eyes as she leaned forward and gave him a matching peck on the other cheek. "Charming as always, my lord," she purred huskily, suggestively licking her lips. "We shall go at midnight. Prepare yourself for a magnificent time."

Naruto laughed good-naturedly as he turned to head out the exit. "Can do, Kumi-chan, can do!" he
declared cheerfully.

He walked out the door.

Hinata was ecstatic, practically skipping through the village streets. She was dressed in a spare change of clothes, practically singing under her breath as she took in the beautiful, golden sunshine. It was a glorious day, magnificent in every imaginable way. She felt like she was on top of the world.

And why wouldn't she? Her boyfriend had all but outright said that they would be getting married, now that she was probably pregnant.

Of course, it wasn't one hundred percent certain yet, and Hinata would likely need her mother, or a doctor, to check for any of the signs of quickening. But, still, she felt sure of it. Naruto-kun would be taking her as his first wife, this was certain. He would take care of her, and she would care for him in return. Even if she wasn't pregnant, they had still had but confirmed one another's intentions. They were completely serious, the both of them.

And anyways, the odds were in her favor that she was pregnant. Even aside from Hinata being at the peak of her fertility today, ovulating and ready for fertilization, Naruto's bijuu chakra was the very essence of life energy. His sperm, when imbued with this chakra, was immensely potent, and furthermore Hinata had been manipulating the chakra pathways inside her own gender to maximize the odds of a sperm cell reaching its destination successfully.

So she was sure she would get pregnant from this, certain that she and Naruto had successfully conceived the beginnings of a new life. And she could not wait to share this news with her friends, and her family.

But before anyone else, she intended to tell her rival.

Thus, Hinata was headed to the home of Sasuki Uchiha, the second daughter of the Uchiha clan head.

"I can't believe it!" Hinata cheered silently to herself as the walls of the Uchiha compound came within sight. "He said yes. He actually said yes! I'm going to be a mother!" She squealed aloud at this thought, so lost in the euphoria of this revelation, this certainty of her belief.

She was excited, to be sure, as she strolled into the Uchiha clan's section of the Leaf. The compound was practically a village within a village, so vast and self-sufficient inside its own bounds, and Hinata could not help but admire how impressive it was as she made her way to the house of her friend, and rival in love.

Even the Hyuuga compound was pretty much just a great, sprawling manor that housed the members of her clan. It was large, to be sure, but nothing like the Uchiha compound. The latter was like a small village unto itself, where the former was essentially just an extra-large manse.

"I hope Sasuki-chan and Itami-san don't mind..." Hinata murmured to herself as she neared the home of the two sisters and their mothers. "I know they both like Naruto-kun, too... and Sasuki-chan is very competitive..."

Sweatdropping slightly, Hinata came to the door of the clan head's house. Only just a little worried for how her love rival would take this news, she knocked.

The door slid open. Itami Uchiha's onyx eyes flicked down to meet Hinata's cloudy opals. The
genius elder daughter of clan head Fugako analyzed her visitor for a moment, as though looking for any signs of an imposter. The off duty ANBU captain was wearing a dark navy, high collared tee of a fashion favored among her clan.

The swell of her goodly breasts, maybe the same size as those of Hinata, who was – in contrast to Itami – still filling out (believe it or not) creased the front of her shirt around her bosom, accentuating the bulge of her womanly lumps.

Hinata gave the older girl a warm smile. "Hello, Itami-san," she said politely, giving a short bow.

Itami reciprocated the gesture, smiling and bowing to Hinata as well. "It is nice to see you, Hinata," she greeted the Hyuuga heiress with the familiarity of an old friend. She stepped back and gestured graciously for her guest to enter. "Please, come in. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Thank you," said Hinata, beaming at Itami as she stepped inside. "I am happy to visit."

She removed her sandals at the entryway, storing them neatly out of the way, as was only proper when entering someone's house. Then she followed Itami further inside.

"So what brings you here, today?" the young Uchiha heiress politely inquired of her acquaintance and guest. She was not as close to Hinata as her young sister was, but still Itami was nothing if not a good and friendly host.

Hinata beamed brightly, joy evident in her expression. "I have some very good news," she said. "And I can't wait to share it with Sasuki."

Silently, Itami pondered the import of this statement. She had a feeling that there was much more to it than Hinata was readily divulging, but she was not about to force anything out of the girl.

"Is that so?" she said. "Good for you."

Hinata smiled a little bit brighter.

"Thank you!" she chirped gaily, and the exuberance of this reply bemused Itami, who did not know Hinata Hyuuga to be a very vocal or extroverted individual.

"You're welcome," she said absently, before coming to her sister's bedroom door. She knocked on it, Hinata standing patient, yet also visibly excited, behind her. "We have a visitor, Sasuki."

The door opened. Itami's little sister stood behind it, dressed in shorts and a black bra that she appeared to be in the middle of fastening. Her hair looked damp, like she had very recently taken a shower.

"Yeah?" she said, looking a little vexed by this sudden intrusion on her routine. "What do you want, Hinata?"

At the same time this was going on, Naruto was at a training ground near where he and his team had originally taken their true genin exam. There were still a couple hours before he had that lunch date with Tenten, and he and the others had today off from missions.

So he figured he would take some time out of his schedule to do some training. It was more to keep his skills honed nice and sharp than to actually get stronger, because there was seriously very little he could do now to really improve beyond the level he had reached. As it was, practically no one alive would stand a ghost of a chance in a fight against him, no matter how many strategic
advantages they might try to stack up.

Naruto was simply at a level of skill and power where, even asleep and unarmed with zero reinforcements miles behind enemy lines, he just could not be realistically threatened by any human enemy. Even most supernatural powers would balk at the idea of going toe to toe with the Number One Hyperactive Knucklehead Ninja.

So he really only trained to keep himself sharp, these days, and refine his technique every now and then. He had mostly grasped the basics of sealing, and even genjutsu was not beyond his ability with the help of Kumiko’s chakra or sage mode. His taijutsu – the frog style kempo in particular – was really down pat, even if Naruto still preferred an uncomplicated haymaker to any sort of real fancy maneuver, and he had mastered the most fundamental schools of shurikenjutsu. He had wind manipulation down to nearly an art form, and he’d even worked on establishing an affinity for the other basic elements.

And that last one, in fact, was what he was working on now. While he was good enough with most of the elements to handle D and C-rank techniques (up to mid B-rank for water and earth) Naruto did not want to settle for just that. With senjutsu, he had an increased connection to nature, and at those he could feel the pull of the different elemental affinities on his chakra. Moreover, he had more than once entertained the possibility of teaching himself advanced elements, as in ones that typically were reserved for people with specific bloodline limits.

While at first glance this would seem a mad endeavor, Naruto’s efforts were actually not without some limited success. Using various instructional scrolls that had been sent to him by some lady friends across the elemental nations, Naruto had thus far seen limited results with three different kekkei genkai elements – hyouton, bakuton, and mokuton. The first two, he had more success with, presumably because the ‘wind’ component of both was his natural and best affinity, while the water and earth affinities were roughly tied as his second best.

This would also explain why wood was the most difficult to use of the three advanced elements he had achieved results with, and why he had no success thus far with any others. As for why he was able to use elements usually reserved for bloodlines or specific bijuu at all, well Miraiya-sensei had theorized that it probably had something to do with his mastery of both sage mode and the Nine-Tails. By mastering both of these, he had gained an subconscious insight into the workings of chakra that perhaps nobody since the Sage of Six Paths had been able to boast.

In layman’s terms, he wasn’t breaking any rules of nature, but rather using them in ways people hadn’t even realized were possible. Present theories of chakra were incomplete and questionably accurate, but since Naruto didn’t care much for the academic aspects of ninjutsu anyways, he didn’t bother to let those hold him back.

"Achievements in ignorance," Miraiya had called it. Ironically, because Naruto barely understood the theories behind chakra use, he was not restrained by the same preconceptions that plagued other, more learned shinobi. Because he didn’t really know what was supposed to be possible or impossible with ninjutsu, Naruto was able to innovate in ways that otherwise only the greatest of geniuses could.

Naruto, in the middle of the field, was surrounded by six groups of shadow clones. Each group of twenty-five kage bunshin was working on a different element. The ones assigned to fire were concentrating on igniting heavy logs without any manner of tinder or kindling, while the ones assigned to water worked on making water leap between stationary buckets, and the ones assigned to earth tried to alternately soften and harden the soil beneath their feet in rapid succession. And so on and so forth.
All in all, Naruto had clones working on each of the remaining basic elements, as well as ice and explosion. And he himself was sitting lotus position in the midst of this controlled chaos, seated opposite Kagome-sensei’s kouhai from the ANBU, Captain Nadeshiko. With a forehead protector like the Second Hokage, and the unique abilities of the First, she was tutoring him presently in the basics of wood-style ninjutsu.

Also, she was completely naked.

There was probably a goldmine of dirty jokes to be made somewhere in there about her teaching Naruto how to use wood.
It tickled. The blades of grass in the training field tickled Nadeshiko's nether regions with their movements. Her pussy was bare as she sat on the grass in a cross-legged lotus position, as was every other part of her body. The only thing she was actually wearing was her forehead protector.

Her skin was rosy from exposure, and the nipples of her modest B-cup breasts pointed like an arrow at Naruto Uzumaki, who was seated opposite her. He was not naked.

And, strictly speaking, Nadeshiko had no reason to be in the buff right now, either. It wasn't doing anything to improve her teaching and it didn't particularly illustrate anything (except maybe that even a plain Jane like her could be downright sexy under the right circumstances), yet still she was doing it like this. And, even while channeling a mixture of earth and water chakra to illustrate for the blond how to best nature his energy as wood, she knew full well that there was only one reason she was naked.

So she could be ogled by him.

Yes, feeling Naruto's intent gaze on her naked form, seeing him leer so hungrily at her womanhood, made Nadeshiko get aroused oh so very much. Her clit ached with longing as she blended the Yin and Yang of water and earth in her belly, letting the new *wood* flow up and out through her limbs, her modest life energy passing into the environment.

Of all ninjutsu elements, mokuton was perhaps the one most closely bound to nature and vigor. The purest essence of wood style was the creation of life, the nurturing of growing things. Already it thrilled her to possess such a rare and valued ability, and the warm glow in her abdomen whenever she put a small part of herself into the miraculous genesis of a living thing, the creation of a growing tree out of nothing but her own chakra, was very much how she fancied motherhood to feel.

In a sense, the trees she made with her ninjutsu were like her own children.

And naturally, using her mokuton jutsu for Naruto, displaying the creation of life for this gorgeous, virile young man, made Nadeshiko so horny. She consciously linked wood style with motherhood, the creation of a tree with the birthing of a child. The plants she made with her ninjutsu possessed her genetic material, albeit the arboreal equivalent. In a very literal sense, the trees she made were her children, her saplings, her daughters and sons.

So doing this for Naruto naturally made her horny. It made her imagination leap to thoughts of making other kinds of children with him, of creating more *animal* forms of life with his help.

Her pussy was soaking wet as she clapped her hands together in a snake seal.

"*Wood Style...*" she murmured, blushing in spite of herself under the knowing gaze of Naruto's glistening sapphires. "*Arboreal Genesis.*"

Naruto watched intently, eyes turning yellow and becoming lined with orange pigment. He could feel how the chakra in Nadeshiko's body was being twisted and molded as it was channeled into the ground through her legs and... well, her *fanny*. Like both the earth and water styles of ninjutsu, Naruto knew from experience that wood style chakra was almost always channeled out through the extremities, as in either the hands or the feet.

Nadeshiko's chakra pooled and concentrated, for a few seconds, in a point in the ground between
her and Naruto. When the energy in that spot reached critical saturation, the first big rush of chakra now dwindled to just a slim thread linking Nadeshiko to the small, globular accumulation of elemental power, the natural properties of mokuton began to be expressed.

A sapling – a small, living sprout – spontaneously generated from the wood natured chakra. It was small at first, very small, nearly microscopic, but it grew quickly as Nadeshiko channeled more of her chakra into it. Compared to the initial investment, it took only fraction of the energy to make the plant grow now that it existed in the soil. It was life in fast forward as a small root network spread out from the point of genesis in milliseconds, the trunk of the minuscule sapling bursting up from the soil, thickening and lengthening much like something else did at the sound of Nadeshiko's lewd moaning.

Branches quickly, well, branched out from the plant's central body, leaves sprouting from the woody tendrils to catch the light of the sun. Roots began sucking in water and minerals from the ground, but still most of the growth was fueled by Nadeshiko's chakra. The plant twisted and writhed in an almost grotesque fashion, now a foot tall, now two, now four, now eight. It stopped at nine and half foot high, after a brief stretch of time that could not have been more than four seconds total, a modestly sized young tree of healthy girth and foliage.

Naruto let out a low whistle in spite of himself, admiring the honestly amazing spectacle of the tree growing. With his sage mode, he could actually feel the plant beginning to synchronize with the natural energy around it. Though Nadeshiko herself could not use senjutsu, Naruto could tell that the tree had actually begun mixing the chakra she poured into it with the ambient natural energy. Not a conscious action on anyone's part, but rather a fundamental mechanical reaction. Trees were, of all life forms, among the longest lived and slowest moving. They naturally accumulated natural energy simply by existing, and introducing compatible human chakra into that system would result in the creation of sage chakra.

This was, it seemed, how mokuton ninjutsu could create life. The reasoning was a bit circular, but it made sense. More than just an elemental affinity, wood style was a natural connection with trees, a one in a million compatibility with these all but alien life forms. Plants were in a whole other kingdom from animals, more different from humans than humans were from earthworms. On a cellular level, flora were something entirely apart from fauna.

The First Hokage had been so attuned to trees, by the end of his life, that his DNA was as much plant as it was animal. His cells were a strange hybrid somewhere between two wholly separate kingdoms of life. Structurally, his body's tissues completely defied conventional taxonomy. Senjutsu and mokuton ninjutsu had so morphed his body that, on a cellular level, he was almost as much tree as man.

...not that Naruto really understood what all this sciencey shit meant. All he knew was that wood style ninjutsu was clearly something more complicated than just combining two different elements. Although one could argue as much for any advanced element. The reason they were kekkei genkai, more often than not, was because of certain physiological peculiarities that were necessary for melding separate elements of chakra. Chakra was a much physical as spiritual, and there was a metabolic component to the art of nature transformation. It was a certain unique property within one's body, a genetic quirk which biased one's chakra towards certain elemental modes. And advanced elements were a step up from this, something which required the body to become a little bit more like the element it molded.

There were theories to what these particular peculiarities might be best described as, but that was neither here nor there. Again, Naruto only had a general idea of what this all meant.
And, as it was, he was a little distracted by the sight of his mokuton tutor coming all over the grass.

"Ahhh!" cried out Nadeshiko, eyes wide and cheeks pink, moaning loudly as her juices rushed out from her vagina. Her nectar doused the grass where she sat, fluid bending blades under the force of ejaculation. She was breathing heavily, her skin slick with sweat, whimpering piteously as she felt Naruto behold her in this humiliating state. She was vulnerable and aroused, her body ready to surrender itself at the drop of a hat to Naruto Uzumaki.

"Captain...?" said the blond, walking around the trunk of the tree to get a better look at Nadeshiko. He had the beginnings of a smirk on his face when he saw more clearly the state of her body, and got an empathic flash of what she was feeling at that moment.

His smirk widened into a shit-eating grin, and his eyes twinkled mischievously as a tent started to be pitched in his trousers.

"You came," he said, a note of smugness in his voice. But there was also a touch of confusion. "...from using that justu? That's a surprise. Never pegged you for a perv, Nadeshiko-taichou."

The brunette's blush deepened. A lusty smile crossed her face, and she glanced up into the blond's eyes.

"Well," she said, smiling as she leaned backwards on the grass, holding herself up with her arms. Pushing out her chest and spreading her legs, she continued, "I guess there's a lot you don't know about me, Naruto."

The way she said these words was suggestive enough to make the blond get a bit hornier himself. The bulge in his trousers swelled more, now unmistakable for anything but his goodly-sized, semi-erect manhood.

"Mm, is that so?" He took a step towards her, a playful glint in his eyes.

"Oh, most definitely," she replied huskily, giving him bedroom eyes and a come-hither grin. "We do all kinds of things in the ANBU." She licked her lips, inching her hips a little forward while Naruto got down on his knees in front of her, leering at her naked body with obvious mirth in his eyes.

"Kagome-sensei's told me lots of stories about her ANBU days," Naruto remarked conversationally, glancing briefly at the tattoo on Nadeshiko's upper arm.

Nadeshiko smirked. "What kinds of stories?"

Naruto returned the smirk with interest. "Oh, you know. Orgies, BDSM, raping captured enemies, seducing officers, sleeping with marks before killing them. The usual stuff, right?"

The brunette laughed, a musical, lilting sound. "Right," she said. "Kagome-sempai always did focus on the... more sexual side of the job. She was a very attentive mentor."

She winked suggestively, and Naruto growled with delight.

"Nice," he said. "She really likes butt play, doesn't she? Always sneaking her fingers here and there... Heheh."

Nadeshiko cocked an eyebrow, intrigued. "She does that to you, too?"

Naruto scratched the back of his neck. "Yeah... She really gets a kick out of seeing her partner
"It is sublime, though," Nadeshiko purred. "Oh, I haven't gotten that from her in years..."

Naruto chuckled. "Yeah, I guess it is nice to mix things up once in a while." He cast his eyes playfully up and down Nadeshiko's naked body, taking in the rather nice view.

Casually, he placed a hand on her thigh and squeezed. She moaned lewdly, the sound greatly arousing as she squirmed a little under his hand.

"Ohhh," she groaned. "Yeah... Just like that..." She bucked her hips, grunting and panting.

"You're a naughty girl," Naruto purred amusedly, and he scootched his hand up and back to grab a handful of the brunette's firm, round ass. "You get off on that," he told her. "You like being felt up, don't you? What a little whore."

"Yessss," Nadeshiko hissed through grit teeth. "I am a whore! A filthy, shameless whore!"

"You want this, don't you?" Naruto remarked, using a subtle application of kyuubi chakra through his erection to unzip his trousers from the inside. His cock, lined with veins and throbbing mightily, sprang out from its confines. "You'll do anything for this." He grabbed one of her breasts with his free hand and fondled it roughly.

"Yes, yes!" Nadeshiko cried. "I want it! I need it! Oh, God! I need your dick so bad! I want you inside me!" she wailed without any sense of shame.

"Beg for it," Naruto told her with a feigned callousness. "Beg me to fuck you, and maybe I'll let you have it."

"Fuck me!" she pleaded immediately at the top of her lungs, a theatrically desperate wail that rose high in the air. "God, fuck me! I Please! I'll do anything, Naruto! Naruto-sama! Please I need your cock! I need you inside me! I'll do anything you want, just fuck me!"

Naruto grinned, getting further aroused by this dirty talk.

"Well, alright," he said, as though making a grudging concession. "If you really want it that bad..."

Nadeshiko squealed delightedly, and she presented herself eagerly, giving Naruto his choice of delights. She lifted her hips, spreading her buttocks and showing him her tight anus, while also spreading apart the lips of her soaking wet cunt.

Naruto licked his lips, hungrily eyeing the options Nadeshiko was presenting him with. Her pussy was tempting, to be sure, but she had also indicated an enjoyment of anal play. Not everyone liked having his dick shoved up their aft end (at first), so if she was willing to give him the option, well then he was willing to take it.

"Roll over," he told her, moving himself into position. She gladly did so, perceiving what he intended to do.

Getting on all fours, Nadeshiko gladly wiggled her ass, teasingly shaking it to entice Naruto in. It worked like a charm, and he gripped her hips tightly before thrusting his cock between her buttocks. Her impaled her asshole, making her scream in pleasure, and that was just the start.

He rocked his hips like a ship in a hurricane, ravaging the interior of her posterior as he ravished her with his dick. He smacked her toned thighs as he fucked her, spanking and groping her athletic
hips while he smacked her tight ass against his pelvis.

Nadeshiko was screaming and moaning in ecstasy. Naruto's manhood stretched out her asshole like a log in a sock, and her tits were being scraped back and forth against the grass from the rocking motion of her body as the blond had his way with her. The blades of grass scratched and tickled her peaky, sensitive nipples, making her even hornier and wetter.

She came a number of times from his masterful ministrations, his rough and tumble treatment of her needy, aching body. Her thighs were drenched with her nectar, and her knees and elbows were being rubbed raw on the coarse ground, to say nothing of her bosom.

She was loving this experience, and urging Naruto on deeper and faster and harder. She didn't know whether it lasted minutes or decades, but either way this sex was maybe the best in her life. It felt incredible, unbelievable, and when Naruto finally came, shooting his load up inside her ass, well Nadeshiko collapsed with one final, massive orgasm.

Naruto pulled out of her with a wet sound, a bit of overflowing spooge leaking out of her back door. Grinning, he gave her a final smack on the ass.

"Ahn!" she squealed, her eyes widening. She lost all strength in her limbs, and collapsed onto the grass, spent and exhausted, but satisfied.

"That was fun!" Naruto chirped, getting back up. His dick was still erect, but the sun was near its zenith in the sky above. "I'd love to stay and chat, too, but I have a date with Tenten and a naked apron at Ichiraku's."

Nadeshiko moaned unintelligibly. It sounded vaguely like "Have a good day." Or maybe "That's a good lay." It wasn't entirely clear.

Naruto laughed, waving goodbye. Casually, he willed another twenty-five shadow clones into existence. Each one had an erection sticking out of their unzipped pants, because that was how Naruto looked at that moment.

"Work on that wood style, you guys," he informed the clones. They just shot him irritable glances, though. Darkly glowering, they nodded silently at their erections, and Naruto rolled his eyes. "Oh, fine," he muttered. "Harem Jutsu."

In a puff of smoke, twenty-five buck naked 'Naruko' shadow clones appeared. By all accounts, they were smoking hot blonde babes with racks and booties and everything else to rival even the sexiest women in the elemental nations. The only difference was that they all had dicks, because that was that one constant of Naruto no matter what form he took with henge.

"Could you girls get those idiots off?" he told the group of futa-Narukos. The buxom beauties, themselves horny and erect, could not bend over fast enough before they too got their sexy jutsu asses stuffed full of kage bunshin cock.

Seeing the clones get down to business, Naruto turned and walked away. For some, this might have been a surreal thing, but Naruto's empathic powers already let him feel whatever the women around him felt. He was no stranger to what it felt like for ladies on the receiving of his dick, which was a big part of the reason he was such a masterful lover.

So, erect and needing to get to Ichiraku Ramen, Naruto focused and used hiraishin. He appeared instantaneously at his reserved seat in the establishment, the largest and most popular restaurant in all the Land of Fire, with lovely waitresses from all over. The building covered an entire city block,
and most people needed to book a reservation at least two days in advance to get any kind of good seating.

Smiling, Naruto looked one of the floor to ceiling windows that comprised the four walls of his private "booth". He had the entire top floor of Ichiraku's permanently reserved for himself and anyone accompanying him. Because of a huge favor he had done for Ayame, the owner's daughter, back when he was young, the blond got a blanket ninety percent discount off of everything on the menu.

Naturally, he ate here whenever he could. He was also an extremely generous tipper, and well over half of his income usually got funneled directly into his tab so that he didn't have to worry about waiting for the bill. He could just pop in, eat, and pop back out whenever he wanted, day or night (the place being open all hours of the day, and manned by a staff of the finest ramen chefs from across the continent, all of whom studied fervently under Ayame and her mother).

And out of all the facets of Infinite Tsukuyomi, truly this was the single biggest indicator of this world being Naruto's fantasy ideal. Because: *ramen.*
A Very Seinfeldian Chapter

Tenten was waiting for Naruto at the table. She wore a white and gold cheongsam with a hemline that stopped several inches from her knees, and her hair was loose. The long, silky brown tresses hung down to the swell of Tenten's bum, accentuating the tantalizing curvature of her hips and posterior. This was a very attractive look for her.

"Damn, she looks good..." Naruto whispered under his breath. This was his first time seeing the weapons mistress with her hair down, and he had to admit that it made a very stunning difference for the usually somewhat plain kunoichi.

He walked over, hands in his pockets. His dick, still sticking out of his pants from his 'training' session with Nadeshiko-taichou, bobbed a little with his movements, and it twitched delightedly at the sight of Tenten's smooth, creamy thighs. He saw her turn her head, and saw her eyes widen infinitesimally when she noticed him.

"Hey, Tenten-chan!" he greeted cheerfully, well aware of where the girl was looking. It always excited his dick to have an audience, and it loved to show off.

He sat down next to her, and Tenten licked her lips.

"Hi, Naruto," she said suggestively, giggling pervertedly when she felt his hip press against hers. She planted a hand on his lap, right next to the blond's penis. "Nice to see you could make it."

Naruto grinned, feeling Tenten's hand brush against his dick. "No problem!" he said. "I always keep my promises."

Tenten smiled. "So you do..."

Her fingers curled casually around Naruto's shaft.

"I think I'm pregnant," Hinata told Itami and Sasuki with undisguised cheer in her tone and expression. The eyes of the two Uchiha girls immediately widened, and Sasuki in particular had a gleam of jealousy in her onyx orbs.

"Pregnant?" said the younger of the two sisters, casting a dubious glance down to Hinata's abdomen. "You don't look like it."

"Oh, it just happened today," Hinata replied. "But I'm ovulating today, and Naruto-kun and I made love so thoroughly... he was even using his Kyuubi Chakra."

Itami nodded in understanding. "I see," she said quietly. "So it hasn't been confirmed, but you have reason to believe that it will be so."

Sasuki was scowling, though. "I don't see how this concerns me," she muttered a little bitterly, glowering enviously at Hinata.

"She is your friend, Sasuki," Itami gently rebuked her younger sister. "Clearly she wanted to share this wonderful news with you."

"She doesn't even know if she's pregnant, yet," Sasuki replied. "She's getting all worked up, but we don't really know whether she was actually knocked up. Have you even taken a pregnancy test,
"Hinata?"

"It was just this morning," the violette replied. "It takes more time than that for pregnancy to become evident."

"His sperm might have not even reached any egg cells yet," added Itami.

"If any will reach," retorted Sasuki. "You girls are too optimistic. Even under ideal conditions, there's no guarantee that anything will get fertilized."

Itami smiled knowingly at her baby sister. "Are you just being negative because every time you have tried to get pregnant with Naruto's children, you've gotten no results?"

Sasuki flushed angrily.

"It's a matter of probability," she said. "Probability. Nothing is certain, pregnancy least of all."

Hinata smiled softly. "I see," she said. "But have you ever told Naruto-kun that you want his babies?"

Sasuki was silent. She knew what the Hyuuga girl was getting at.

"If I ask, he can make it all but sure..." she muttered half to herself. "Yeah, I've heard that before. But I'd rather leave this to nature. Having him stack the deck like that... it's almost cheating."

Hinata gave Sasuki a sheepish smile. "Then I suppose you will just have to call me a cheater."

Sasuki froze, eyes wide. "You didn't," she hissed, disbelieving. "Fucking him while he's using that bijuu chakra, that's one thing. But, actually telling him that you want to have his babies...? Shit. You probably are pregnant," she conceded, sounding a little unhappy.

While they were friends, after a fashion, Hinata and Sasuki were also rivals. Specifically for Naruto's love. Next to Hinata, Sasuki had been one of the first girls their age to get interested in the blond, and her affections for him ran incredibly deep. Of all the girls their age that they knew, probably only the Kazekage could rival Hinata and Sasuki in the intensity of their feelings for Naruto Uzumaki.

"Sasuki... chan..." Hinata said quietly. "If it really upsets you that much, you could go to Naruto-kun and ask him to impregnate you as well. I mean, if there's anyone I could gladly share him with, out of all the girls in the world..."

She blushed, smiling at Sasuki. Sasuki blushed a little bit too, in response.

"Ah..." she said. "That does sound tempting. I really do want to have his..." She trailed off, and frowned. "...but, share him? Hinata... why would you even be in the position to say that?" she asked. "It's not like you're mar...ried... to..."

Sasuki's jaw dropped.

"You didn't," she gasped.

"I'm sorry, Sasuki..." Hinata said weakly. "But I asked him to marry me."

It was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. The tension was so thick you could have cut it with a knife.
"He didn't say no," said Sasuki. "Did he? He's not the kind of person to say no. Not to you." She swore. "Dammit. So is this it? You win, you're his first wife?"

Hinata blushed. "I... no, nothing is set in stone, yet..." she said. "All we did was talk about it."

"With Naruto that's all you need to do, though," Sasuki pointed out. "He stands by his word. If he said that he would marry you, then you might as well just start calling yourself Mrs Uzumaki."

"Maybe, but there's still time for you, Sasuki-chan. If you tell Naruto-kun what you want... well, I won't stop you. I'll support you as much as you need me to."

Sasuki was silent for a moment, pensive, sitting there topless on her bed, wearing just shorts and a bra.

"Even if that means not being his first wife?" she said at length. "I mean, you liked him even before I did."

"If it were someone else, it might be different," Hinata conceded, "but if it's you, Sasuki-chan, then I can accept it."

"You're too nice," remarked Itami, standing a little aside from the two.

"Me and Sasuki are best friends," replied Hinata. "I respect her, and..." She blushed. "...well, I really like her, too... " She cast a shy glance at the Uchiha lass's modestly generous cleavage, breasts masterfully lifted and separated by that bra.

Sasuki smirked, seeing where Hinata was looking. She cast her own gaze at the Hyuuga's own large bosom, concealed though it was within that sweatshirt.

"You're not half-bad yourself," she conceded wryly, and she leaned forward. A hand reached up to stroke Hinata's cheek. Onyx black eyes stared into milky opals, and she caught a faint whiff of seductive lavender.

She pulled Hinata's face down, leaning forward and up. Her lips met hers, smiling lustily as she tasted the tongue of the Hyuuga heiress. For several wonderful seconds, she kissed her friend and love-rival, hungrily exploring Hinata's mouth. Their tongues danced together, and she smiled against her rival's lips.

At last, Sasuki pulled back.

"Okay," she said. "You have a good point. I'm not out of this game yet. You may have started it, but I'll be the one to finish in first place."

Hinata smiled, a little dreamy from the surprising intensity of the kiss. While her heart still belonged ultimately to Naruto, that was not to say that she did not have other attractions as well. She felt warm and fuzzy, and she looked content as she eyed Sasuki.

"May the best woman win," she said softly and warmly.

At the same time that Hinata and Sasuki were agreeing, in so many words, to compete for Naruto's affections, the blond himself was preoccupied with a very different sort of matter.

"Gah... how am I supposed to choose between them?" Naruto opined morosely. "It's impossible... they both mean so much to me. I could never pick one over the other!"
Tenten nodded absentmindedly, her attention more focused on the array of mirrors she'd set up at the table earlier to let herself get a multiple angle view of Naruto's crotch — or, failing that, give Naruto a not-so-discreet peek up her skirt. She wasn't really paying that much attention to what her date was saying. The second she'd seen that he was letting his dick hang out for anyone to see, the weapons mistress had been unable to concentrate on anything else.

...Not to say that Naruto wasn't fun to talk to, or just listen to, but that body of his was simply too damn distracting for Tenten to pay attention to anything else.

She drooled a little, seeing the veiny surface of Naruto's penis twitch and throb. He was still fully erect, and Tenten greatly appreciated the view.

"I don't know..." Naruto muttered. "I mean, both of them have been such a big part of my life. As far back as I can remember, they've been there for me. No matter what happens, I can always trust them to make a bad day good."

"Mmm..." hummed Tenten absentmindedly, thoroughly zoned out as she ogled the multiple reflected angle views of the blond jinchuuriki's erection. "Why don't you just have both? I mean, you've got a big enough appetite to have those two, and a dozen more, just in one sitting..."

Naruto shook his head, and let out an exasperated sigh. "No!" he said. "Don't you get it? Principle. It's the principle of the matter. I know I can have both, and a lot more. And I'm sure I will! But, the one I have first is important. The first one affects every one to come after. The first sets a standard, and has, like, a moral significance. I could have a hundred of them if I wanted, but the first still has to be chosen very carefully, you know?"

"No, I don't," said Tenten bluntly, engrossed in her furtive bird watching. "It's not like you're picking the first hokage, right? It's just ramen. Pick something off the menu at random if you're having that much trouble choosing."

Naruto pouted. "You're lucky you're pretty, Tenten-chan."

The brunette blushed, and she giggled. Distracted at last from ogling her date's junk, she looked up into the blond's eyes.

"I could say the same for you, lover boy," she joked, giving him a playful wink. Naruto's scowl faded, and he chuckled.

"Do you want me to jerk off in your ramen?" he said, playfully threatening.

"Oh, yes!" said Tenten with a smile, eyes twinkling. "That would be wonderful. Mm-mm. Ramen that's had your dick in it? That sounds way better than anything on the menu."

Naruto chortled. "Then maybe I'll have some Tenten-flavored ramen!" he joked. "That pussy of yours is pretty fucking tasty." He waggled his eyebrows.

"Oh, you perv~" Tenten giggled huskily, leaning back in her seat. She teased the hem of her cheongsam up her thighs under the table, subtly adjusting the mirrors to let Naruto in on the color of her underwear, or lack thereof.

"Decided to go commando today, huh?" Naruto remarked, glancing into the mirror next to his elbow. He was quiet for a moment, thoughtful. "When did you even set this up, actually?"

"I came early," was the only explanation Tenten offered.
Naruto smirked.

"You need better endurance, then," he teased bawdily, making the brunette blush. "Learn to be fashionably late."

"Even Kagome-sensei doesn't take as long to come somewhere as you do," Tenten responded in a playful jibe.

Naruto whistled. "And how would you know how long it takes her to come somewhere?"

"Gal-sensei can be very talkative, if you know how to persuade her."

"Mmm... Yeah, she's real intense. Awesome bod, but fucking intense."

"Really?" Tenten looked at him disbelievingly. "You were even... y'know... with Gal-sensei? Eww. She's a total butter face."

Naruto shrugged. "I dunno, I think she's hot."

Tenten quirked an eyebrow, staring disbelievingly. "You're joking," she said. "What about..." she gestured to her eyebrows, fanning her hands out.

"They're a charm point," Naruto said noncommittally. "Y'know, like a mole on the cheek. Not perfect, but it's part of her appeal."

"That would have to be one big, hairy mole," said Tenten wryly.

Naruto shrugged. "Well, either way, her face wasn't where I was looking most of the time. That spandex leaves nothing to the imagination."

Tenten grimaced. "I don't know, but the muscles are a turn off, for me," she said. "Yeah, she has the most perfectly toned ass in the village, but Gal-sensei is all, well, muscular. Too bulky and... I dunno, unfeminine, I guess you'd say."

"Unfeminine?" said Naruto. "With those tits?"

Tenten laughed. "Big breasts aren't automatically feminine, you know! Some people might even argue that smaller breasts are more feminine than the kind of over-sized cantaloupes that Gal-sensei sports."

"They're womanly, though," said Naruto. "And bouncy. Very bouncy."

Tenten shook her head, but she was smiling. "I still say you're crazy."

"Maybe I am," said Naruto, shrugging nonchalantly. "But I think I should go ahead and decide what kind of ramen to start off with..." And indeed, as soon as he said this, Tenten noticed Ayame – wearing nothing but an apron and her little white hat – approaching.

"I could sure go for some of that," she whistled, ogling the waitress and part-time stripper's fine, girl-next-door body. She licked her lips, and out of the corner of his eye, reflected in the mirror, Naruto could see Tenten's fingers brushing up intentionally against her visibly moist slit.

He smirked.

"I thought you wanted dick-flavored, though~" he teased, giving his date a shit-eating grin.
"Why can't I have both?" asked Tenten meaningfully, giving Naruto a perverted smile.

The blond flicked his eyes up and down Tenten's frame, and his grin widened a little more.

"Tell you what," he said. "I'll see about getting you some of that, if you let me have some Tenten-flavored ramen."

"Oh yeah," said Tenten. "They do have something like that on the menu, don't they? The waitress ramen?"

"The one where they cook up a tub-sized bowl of ramen, then have someone strip down, shower off, and basically bathe in the broth and noodles while the customers eat?" said Naruto. "Yeah, they do. It's their claim to fame, even."

"It's real expensive, though, isn't it? Like, only really rich people can afford to eat it regularly."

Naruto smirked. "Maybe expensive for a lesser person. But for Naruto Uzumaki? I can practically get the whole thing for free." He paused a moment as Ayame finally reached the table he and Tenten were waiting at. "You know the shadow clone jutsu?" he asked his date.

"Yeah, I do," said Tenten. "It's really useful for information gathering, after all. Steep on chakra, though."

"But just one shouldn't be any problem for you," Naruto guessed.

Tenten nodded. "Yeah, my limit is three at a time, but one I can make without any trouble."

"Then what do you say to making me some Tenten-flavored ramen, and I'll give you some Naruto-and-Ayame-flavored," he said. "That sound fair?"

Tenten smiled suggestively.

"I think I can manage."
Preparing the specialty of Ichiraku Ramen was a tricky thing. Because ramen tended to be served hot enough to burn most people, it took very special conditioning for the waitresses to be able to handle to procedure. Endurance to high temperatures had to be built up gradually, but most waitstaff would not stay on at the average restaurant long enough to develop that kind of ability.

It was, in all honesty, a harsh, grueling process that weeded out all but the best and the most fit among Ichiraku's waitresses. Out of the fifty or sixty waitresses who worked full time at the restaurant, only a handful were certified to do this, and there were only a few more if you counted the hundred-plus part time employees. Those of the waitresses who were now or at one time had been kunoichi often likened the selection process to the chuunin exams – intensely competitive, and with a very high chance of hospitalization.

And indeed, being able to endure the near-boiling temperatures of the ramen was very much an ability that you'd be more likely to find in a kunoichi than a random civilian. Ayame was one of the few non-shinobi employees certified to act as a human ramen topping, and that could mostly be attributed to training for it from a young age.

She was one of the most popular items on the menu, too, thanks to her part time job at the Playful Fox. Her work as a stripper was in no small way a form of advertising for herself at Ichiraku, and this regular publicity did much to run her price sky high. Because a waitress could only be in one human ramen at a time, and Ichiraku's was a very popular restaurant, ordering one was often done more like an auction than anything else – the highest bidder would get to have the waitress in her ramen, and everyone else would either have to try and get someone else or settle for regular ramen.

Some critics of the restaurant considered this a degrading and objectifying process, but most of the waitresses who did it (who were usually among the biggest proponents of this) would simply point to the extraordinarily high commission they got. Even the least demanded ones would earn as much as twenty-five percent of the final bid plus any gratuity, and the ones at the top of the boards were usually sitting pretty with as much as sixty percent of the final price, which was usually several times the stated asking price.

Because of how specialized a job this was, and how much training it took for someone to be able to handle the heat, Ichiraku rarely took custom requests without having participants sign thorough liability waivers which placed any and all responsibility for possible resultant injury squarely on the heads of the customers.

Even Tenten, using a shadow clone, while accompanying Naruto, had to sign such a waiver.

It was just company policy. The only reason Naruto himself didn't need to fill out such a form was because he had himself been fully certified for this – he actually volunteered for free at the restaurant just to show his support, and when he did the bidding would reach absolute fever pitch. Such events were usually announced weeks in advance, with plenty of publicity throughout the Land of Fire and its neighboring countries, and usually the proceeds went either to charity, the village, or once in a blue moon even Ichiraku Ramen itself.

The last person to order a bowl of Naruto ramen had been the daimyo of the Land of Spring (formerly yuki no kuni), and the final bid had been equal to the price of around thirty S-rank missions. The cause then had been to find a cure for a very rare kind of degenerative disease peculiar to pure-blooded members of the Kaguya clan.
Kimmiko-chan had been immensely grateful for that.

But, as it was, shadow clones of Naruto and Tenten were currently waiting naked in the kitchen along with Ayame, and they were being washed down by one of the part-time cooks as the two furo-sized bowls of ramen were being prepared for them.

Tenten shivered and squeaked, feeling the hands of the admittedly pretty cook wandering rather liberally over her body.

"No need to be so handsy, babe," she remarked to the rather plain bluenette, squirming a little at the feeling of the girl's hands vigorously kneading and scrubbing her ass.

Naruto, whose erection was being very attentively polished by Ayame, laughed a little.

"There is, actually," he said cheerfully. "Doing that kind of stuff helps bring out the flavor, you know?"

Tenten, who was getting rather wet downstairs, blushed a tiny bit. "Oh," she said, before nodding, the blush receding as she smiled. "I see. Yeah, that makes sense."

She winked at him, and grabbed the cook's hands, guiding them over her body.

"If you want to get me good and juicy," said the weapons mistress huskily, "I would suggest doing..."

She whispered into the cook's ear. The poor girl's eyes widened to the size of dinner plates, and she blushed a glowing scarlet.

Ayame laughed.

A little while later, the bowls were wheeled out of the kitchen. Steam rose from them in great clouds, and as the dishes approached Naruto and Tenten felt the air get noticeably warmer and more humid, like the inside of a sauna, almost. Looking over the rims of the two giant bowls, they could see themselves each bathing in one of the ramens.

The Naruto shadow clone and Ayame were having passionate sex in the steaming hot broth, noodles draped over their naked bodies and wrapped around their entangled limbs. Ayame's moans were as loud as screams, the shadow clone's cock vigorously tenderizing her delicious cunt while its hands kneaded her breasts forcefully, massaging and teasing.

Tenten licked her lips, mouth watering at the sight of Ayame and the shadow clone of Naruto doing it in her ramen. She could see places where the clone's spunk had pooled around various toppings, and the smell of the pair's combined sex was truly overpowering.

In Naruto's bowl, meanwhile, the shadow clone of Tenten was floating on her back, smiling invitingly at the blond. She had narutomaki covering her nipples like ramen-themed pasties, and she was masturbating herself with a radish, of all things.

"You look delicious, Tenten-chan," remarked Naruto, his eyes raking up and down her kage bunshin's naked body.

"So do you, Naruto," replied the weapons mistress, licking her lips as she shamelessly ogled his shadow clone's toned muscles, and Ayame's fine-ass body. "You both look good enough to eat," she purred.
Grabbing her chopsticks, Tenten deftly plucked up a slice of chicken that had been sticking to Ayame's round, cushy bum. She plopped the thin, perfectly cooked piece of meat on her outstretched tongue, taking it into her mouth and chewing. Tenten's eyes widened, and she moaned, unable to help herself. The flavor of the meat was incredible, so tender and juicy, with just the right kind of seasoning and cooking to maximize the cut's potential.

She ate some more of the ramen, picking enthusiastically around the continually writhing and moaning bodies of Ayame and Naruto's shadow clone. It was delicious. The spices of the broth were subtle but flavorful, the arrangement of the toppings was colorful and enticing, and the noodles were utterly flawless in their taste and texture – not too soft, but not too hard, and in just the right proportion to the rest of the dish.

Of course, that much by itself was only par for the course as far as the ramen of Ichiraku Ramen, but what made this truly magnificent (aside from the added flavor of those two gorgeous slabs of meat and their mingling ejaculate) was how it was put together. How your food looked was almost as important as the actual taste – indeed, the appearance of a meal could greatly influence how it tasted to people – and the overall presentation of this meal was perfect. It was truly a masterpiece of culinary erotica, an experience that blended human beauty and the appeal of sexuality with subtle flavors and filling noodles.

It would be lie to say she didn't quickly find herself masturbating as she ate.

"Mmm..." Tenten moaned lewdly, sucking up some noodles that had gotten wrapped around the base of the Naruto clone's cock. "This is delicious."

Naruto, who was dipping some noodles and sliced veggies – held between his chopsticks – into the Tenten shadow clone's pussy for extra flavor, nodded and hummed in agreement.

"One of my favorites," he said, noisily slurping up his noodles. The shadow clone in his bowl was squirming in a mixture of agony and ecstasy, her skin bright red from the temperature of the ramen.

Tenten mischievously pinched one of Ayame's nipples between her chopsticks, plucking up a bit of tempura that had gotten stuck there. The waitress yelped, and moaned, coming in Tenten's ramen for the umpteenth time. "I think it might be my new favorite, too," she remarked cheerfully, before noshing the tempura with a bit of pork.

"It's expensive, though," Naruto helpfully reminded her, before playfully kissing the kunoichi's clone on the lips, swishing some of the delicious broth between their joined mouths. A few seconds of this later, he swallowed it down, and let the deeply blushing kage bunshin fall back into the soup.

While Tenten had barely made a dent in her own ramen, Naruto, with his voracious appetite for the noodle dish, was already down to pretty much just the broth and a few stray bits of meat or vegetables. And, in fact, he chose now to grab the bowl by its sides and – in a remarkably mundane display of his strength – lift it up to his mouth, tilting his head back to drink down the Tenten-flavored fluid. And the shadow clone in his bowl slid down to his mouth, her pussy colliding bodily into his lips when the broth was around half-drained.

"Ahhn...!" the clone squealed, eyes widening. She came explosively all over Naruto's face, the force of the impact against her womanhood pushing her to orgasm, before dispelling in a puff of white smoke, the crash disrupting the chakra that maintained the clone's structure beyond its ability to self-stabilize.

Naruto didn't take any particular notice of this, himself, being quite used to shadow clones and their
quirks, but Tenten immediately stopped eating. Her eyes widened visibly as the clone's remaining chakra was reintegrated into her system, carrying with it the kage bunshin's memories.

The chopsticks fell from the weapon mistress's hands, and her face rapidly paled.

She let out a piercing shriek.

"What the hell?!" she screamed, whipping her head around wildly, suddenly wide-eyed and tense. She half jumped, half fell out of her seat, scrambling frantically, blindly over Naruto. "What the hell?!" she repeated, dropping into a combat stance as soon as she hit the floor, eyes moving this way and that as she seemingly frisked herself for a few seconds, before finally producing a kunai in her left hand.

Naruto was genuinely surprised and perplexed by this abrupt freak out from his date. "Tenten...?" he said uncertainly, getting up out of his seat. His erection still stood bare and proud, peeking out boldly from his as-yet-unzipped zipper.

The brunette stared at Naruto and his naked cock, disbelief evident in her eyes. Her mouth was agape, and her body was shaking.

"Wha... What the actual goddamned Hell?!" she shouted, practically hyperventilating. "N-Naruto...?! What are you doing... Wh-what the fuck do you think you're doing?!!" Anxiously, she clapped her hands together into a shaky ram seal. "Release!" she cried, wildly fluctuating her chakra. "Release!" she cried again, pushing harder, a visible glow coalescing around her form. "RELEA—"

She was stopped by the feeling of Naruto's hand on her shoulder.

"Tenten?" he said quietly, those bright and soulful blue eyes of his staring concernedly into Tenten's own. "Are you okay? What's the matter?"

A bit of the tension in the weapon mistress's frame evaporated. "I..." she murmured. "I... No! I'm not okay!" she snapped weakly, shaking her head. "What's going on, Naruto? What are we doing here? Why aren't we still on the battlefield...?!"

The blond frowned. "What are you talking about, Ten-chan? We're on a date. Don't you remember?"

Tenten shook her head more frantically. "No..." she said. "No. No! This isn't right. Don't you remember? Madara! That Tobi guy! The Fourth Shinobi World War! Isn't any of this ringing a bell?!"

"Tenten..." Naruto murmured. "Calm down. You're delirious. We aren't at war. There hasn't been a war in almost twenty years. And there were only three big ninja wars. There was never a fourth."

The brunetted shook her head again, but her movements were a little weak now. "No..." she muttered. "It was now... We were... we were fighting... against those Madara and Tobi guys. D-don't you remember...? Naruto, Neji died! You saw it! You were right there when it happened...!"

Naruto frowned a little. "Do you mean Nejie-chan...?" he said softly, brow furrowed in confusion.

Tenten stared at him strangely. "Wha... Nejie...? No! Neji! Neji Hyuuga! Don't you remember him? How could possibly have forgotten...?!

Now it was Naruto's turn to look at Tenten strangely.
"Him?" he said, confused. "Ten-chan... There hasn't been a man other than me since the First Hokage. Did you hit your head, or something...?"

The weapon mistress's jaw dropped.

"What?" she said. "No, that's impossible...! Naruto, the First died decades ago. What you're saying is utterly preposterous... it's completely impossible!" She groaned, then, clutching a hand to her forehead. "Ugh..." she grunted. "What... what are all these...? These memories..."

She shook her head, staggering weakly. She looked close to collapsing, but Naruto wrapped an arm around her to support the brunette.

"Memories...?" he said, frowning softly.

"Y-yeah..." Tenten murmured. "I... I don't know what's going on. It's like, like this world is all just an illusion..." She hissed, clenching her teeth and wincing. "It hurts... My head hurts..."

Naruto was quiet. Deciding to see what was wrong, he closed pulled up a bit of kyuubi chakra. Immediately, thanks to the physical contact with Tenten, he could feel everything she was feeling.

Her mind was overflowing. It felt like there were two lifetimes worth of memories inside her head, threatening to burst her psyche at the seams. They were so vivid, too. Just standing there, holding onto Tenten, he was getting so many flashes of similar yet contradictory memories. His extensive experience with the shadow clone jutsu was the only thing keeping the jinchuuriki standing as he was bombarded with image after image.

The world he saw in Tenten's memories was so strange, to him. There were men, there. Indeed, most of Naruto's fellow ninja were men in these visions. And yet it was not a happy world. So much sadness and loss. Even just from Tenten's perspective, he saw a world of so much tragedy and woe. In these visions, there were so many people different or missing altogether, so much violence and strife.

It daunted Naruto, to see a world so much worse than this one, and yet at the same time, it felt so familiar...

He shook his head. No. He didn't know what was going on, but surely these visions were just from some sort of nightmare, or genjutsu. They weren't completely dismal, yet there was so much that was worse than the world he knew that it seemed almost insidious, nefarious.

But before the cascade of images came to a halt, he was assaulted with one final vision. Two men: one with long spiky hair and two rinnegan eyes, and the other with much shorter hair and a distinctively scarred body, as well as one rinnegan and one sharingan. Even as men, he recognized these two immediately, but the impressions of fear and hate that he got from this image, all the innumerable negative emotions he felt Tenten associate with these two, set the tiniest seed of worry in his gut.

"Obi-chan..." he whispered. "...Mari-chan..." Despite himself, he frowned thoughtfully. Surely, this was just a constructed illusion, some kind of false memory...

...yet, he could not help but wonder. Doubt, if only the smallest hint of it, began to foster in his stomach.

He was sure it was nothing, but maybe he would have a word with Obi and Mari, once he got home. If Kumiko was successful in restoring their memories, then maybe they would know what all of this was about...
Hopefully this was just some kind of twisted joke.

"You okay, Ten-chan?" Naruto asked the brunette, once she had mostly calmed down.

"Yeah..." she said slowly, nodding her head. "I don't know what came over me..." She put a hand to the side of her head with a groan. "What happened?" she muttered. "My head is killing me, and I feel so weak and shaky... and my heart is beating so fast..."

She shivered weakly, leaning limply against Naruto. Her eyelids fluttered briefly up and down.

"You don't remember...?" Naruto whispered.

Tenten frowned softly. "Remember what? One second I'm eating some ramen, and the next I feel like I just ran a marathon, and I can't even stand up. Other than that, nothing. Why? Did something happen? My head kinda hurts..." she said softly, a faintly dream-like quality to her words.

Naruto was silent for a very long moment, deep in thought, perplexed and bemused. Finally, though, he spoke.

"No," he said softly. "Nothing happened."

Tenten's frown became a smile. "That's good..." she said dreamily, nuzzling her cheek into the crook of the blond's neck. "I feel horny," she purred, casually hiked up the hem of her cheongsam and pressing herself hard against his body. "I need you inside me so baaaad..." she moaned, rubbing her pussy greedily against his erect manhood.

"Mmm..." Naruto hummed absently. "That's nice." He cupped one of the brunette's now-bared buttocks in his hand, bringing another up to tease Tenten's breasts through the fabric of her dress. He bucked his hips against hers, inching himself inside.

Grunting, he started to bounce the kunoichi up and down on his shaft while Ayame watched, dutifully remaining silent in Tenten's ramen, diddling herself eagerly to the sight of the two ninja starting to go at it. And the incident with those strange memories soon faded into the back of Naruto's mind, all but forgotten in the face of some quality kunoichi poon.
Itami Uchiha was smiling warmly when she excused herself from her little sister's room. Sasuki and Hinata clearly needed some privacy right now as they... quote-unquote "worked out their differences."

They were so passionate at that age. So filled with energy and verve. It reminded Itami a little bit of herself, before she joined the ANBU.

...she was a very early bloomer, okay? She and Shimizu got to exploring certain aspects of the body MUCH earlier than most of their peers. Her sharingan wasn't the only thing that started to bloom when she was seven.

"I remember when Shimizu and I were like that..." Itami mused nostalgically, pausing just a few feet outside the door to her sister's room, briefly listening to the pair as they talked.

"Ohhh, Hinata... you're so good with your hands..."

"Hmmm, your skin is so soft, Sasuki-chan..."

"Ahhn... I'm getting wet... You're making me so wet, down there..."

"Mmm, your nectar is so sweet... it tastes like honey."

...what? Pillow talk is still a kind of talking.

Itami cheeks were flushed pink as she listened to the two, and the mental images in her mind were quite vivid. It got her burning up south of the border, to hear those two like this, and imagining the position they were might be in now that she had left the room was providing her with enough masturbation fodder to last a week, at the very least.

She stayed there for a few more seconds, just listening as her sister and Hinata bonded. It wasn't until she could feel the moisture beginning to soak through her panties that Itami finally left, headed for her own room and a small chest of "personal devices".

Sasuki was naked by this point, pinned to her bed beneath a surprisingly forceful Hinata. The Hyuuga girl herself had also discarded her outer layers, leaving her in panties and a transparent fishnet top through which her stiff, erect nipples were clearly visible.

"I'm surprised you can get away without wearing a bra..." commented Sasuki huskily, whimpering a little as Hinata trailed hungry nibbles down her neck. "Even with support, I still get backaches from my own breasts... I can't imagine what it must be like for you."

Hinata smiled softly, playfully giving Sasuki what basically amounted to a very sensual purple nurple. She pinched the girl's nipples between her middle and index fingers, then twisted them sharply, licking one of the more prominent bite marks on the Uchiha's slender, pale neck while she did so. Sasuki moaned weakly from this, and she bucked her hips. Her nether lips glistened with the moisture of her feminine arousal.

"I left it at work, actually..." Hinata murmured, remarkably suggestive in her tone of voice. Her milky amethyst eyes twinkled brightly.
"Oh, you were on today...?" said Sasuki, raising her hands to cup the Hyuuga's most generous assets through the effectively transparent fishnet of her top. "I can't believe I missed it."

"Mmm," Hinata moaned, luxuriating in the way Sasuki fondled her breasts, rolling them tenderly beneath the palms of her hands, squeezing them together and kneading the bountiful, creamy flesh with her slim, deft fingers. "I was helping Kushina-san and Kumiko-sempai train in some new acquisitions... Apparently, Naruto-kun recently got some slaves from Kumo."

Sasuki smiled lustily, seeing the way Hinata was reacting to her passionate ministrations. "Those girls from Kumo? Heheh, were they any good...?" She increased the intensity of her groping.

"Ohh, yessss," Hinata hissed, eyes squeezing tight as Sasuki sharply pinched her nipples. She felt an incredible ache in her pussy. "They were incredible..."

She moaned, cheeks bright red. Sasuki was driving her to madness with her fondling.

"I guess I should go watch them some time, then..." Sasuki purred lewdly, right before she felt an incredible sensation in her chest. Her eyes widened, her breasts feeling suddenly unimaginably sensitive to Hinata's attentions. "...Ahhhh!" she yelped, squealing and wriggling. "Gentle fist...?!" she moaned, feeling the chakra being injected into specific tenketsu in her chest. "N-no faaaaAAIIIIIR!"

She bit her lower lip. She was practically on the brink of coming. Hinata was using her clan techniques to stimulate her breasts well beyond what would normally be possible. The sensations were indescribable, and Sasuki was barely feeling coherent under the Hyuuga's sensual assault.

But two could play at this game.

Channeling some soft raiton chakra into her fingertips, Sasuki imitated the pinch-tug-twist thing that Hinata had done to her nipples. The Hyuuga heiress immediately reacted.

"Ohhh!" she screamed. "OHHHHH! OH, YES! OH, BABY, YES!"

And only then did Sasuki let herself give in to the sensations.

"SOOOOO GOOOOOOD!" she shamelessly moaned. "GROPE ME MORE! AHHH! FUCK! MY TITS FEEL INCREDIBLE...!"

Hinata and Sasuki came simultaneously, from their assaulting and pleasuring of one another's breasts. Nectar gushed from their pussies, mingling betwixt them in a fragrant spray of female sex. They could smell it keenly, the potent perfume of this companionable intercourse between two rivals in love.

Hinata was panting, blushing heavily. Her nipples were still tingling from the mild electric current Sasuki had run through them. It hadn't been nearly as strong a shock as, say, hooking someone's nipples up to a car battery, but then those didn't exist as such in this world.

"No fair..." she mewed, falling down beside Sasuki on the bed, no longer on top of the girl. Though she still fondled the Uchiha's shapely C-cups. "You cheated, Sasuki-chan."

The Uchiha lass, herself in a similar state to Hinata, nonetheless managed a cocky smirk. "Really?" she said, removing one of her hands from Hinata's bosom, lowering it down to the Hyuuga's sopping wet privates. "Because I could feel you using some gentle fist tricks, yourself..."

Hinata blushed, partly from the comment, and partly from the way Sasuki was now petting her
currently very sensitive womanhood. She was still a little raw from her earlier session with Naru-
kun, and it showed in the way her body was reacting to all of this sexual stimulus.

Sasuki quirked and eyebrow after a few seconds of silence from Hinata. The girl didn't look like
she was about to say anything any time soon. She probably didn't have anything she COULD say,
after being called out like—

Her train of thought was interrupted by the Hyuuga's plump, sweet lips mashing themselves
hungrily against her own.

"Mmmm...!" she moaned, stunned by this sudden movement. Her fingers slipped straight into
Hinata's pussy, more out of surprise than any present intention on Sasuki's part to kick it up so
quickly.

"Mmm~" Hinata moaned happily into the kiss. Her frame shuddered when the Uchiha's fingers
were jammed so roughly and suddenly into her pussy, which was still a bit sore from hosting
Naruto's cock that morning, but it was a shiver of ecstasy, and not pain or discomfort.

Her own fingers finally left Sasuki's breasts alone, though Sasuki herself still had one hand playing
a little weakly with Hinata's nipples. But they danced their way down the Uchiha's torso,
describing an intricate course of feather-light pinpricks across the sharingan-wielder's abdominal
region, gradually descending, teasingly, torturously, to her fellow kunoichi's midnight-crowned
blossom.

They broke off the kiss briefly to look one another in the eyes. Byakugan met sharingan in the heat
of sensual passion. Ebony and crimson smiled lustfully, brightly, at ivory and indigo. The pale, fair
faces of both "Visual Prowesses Princesses" (as they were known by some) were dusted with
glowing pink and scarlet.

"You look gorgeous..." Hinata whispered adoringly, smiling as she cupped in one hand Sasuki's
firmly toned buttocks, whilst inserting the middle finger of the other gently and carefully into the
Uchiha's womanhood. She fingered Sasuki's pussy in the Hyuuga style, stimulating her genitals
with small, gentle bursts of chakra.

"So do you," remarked Sasuki warmly, moaning and feeling herself rise up once more, so to speak.
She sent a little more lightning-natured chakra into her fingertips, lightly zapping both Hinata's
nipples and clitoris.

They came together once more.

"AHHHHHHH!" screamed Sasuki.

"OHHHHH!" wailed Hinata also.

"I love you, Hinata...!" gasped Sasuki, redfaced and panting.

"I love you too, Sasuki-chan...!" replied Hinata, whimpering.

They kissed, a third time, hungry and passionate and loving and warm. Their tongues danced a
lustful tango betwixt them, and their luscious bodies seemed to meld together as they tightly
embraced. Breasts mashed and squashed delightfully between them, and their legs became as
tangled as a bag of un-balled yarn

A truce, in mutual affection and desire, was finally, and truly, reached by the pair.
The Land of Wind was every bit as windy as one would expect from its name. While it was hardly all desert, contrary to what many less educated folk might assume, the terrain was still very "flat" in most places throughout the country. Save a few regions in the far east and south, bordering the Land of Fire and the sea, there was very little in the way of forests in kaze no kuni. Mostly it was scrub and brush, and a few lonely trees in the less arid territories.

Apart from the northern hills and southern cliffs, and a few meager forests to the far east, there were very few natural barriers against the wind, in this country. And much of the land had indeed suffered from several millennia of gradual desertification. Once, long before humans, great swaths of the country had been a part of the ocean floor. But natural climate change over time caused the seas to recede.

And the winds have long torn all but unopposed through the barren inner country, eroding everything into sand. The environment was hostile, among one of the least humanly habitable regions of the Elemental Continent. Only the most well-adapted flora and fauna could be found living in the inner wastes of the Wind Nation.

Sunagakure no Sato was easily the largest stationary human settlement within the all but uninhabitable Great Desert. And it was nearly in the very heart of that hellish region, surrounded on all sides by endless miles of sun baked, arid sands. While this left the village virtually bereft of more organic industries or resources, aside from a few rich veins of iron in the surrounding countryside, it also made it one of the most strategically secure of the five major villages, simply because no sane man would try to bring any kind of invasion force through the hellish desert. Any military force large enough to threaten one of THE hidden villages would also simply be impossible to get to Suna alive and sufficiently supplied.

Not to mention the difficulty of navigation. While the stars could be trusted by night, usually, to guide one true, there were next to no permanent landmarks in the Great Desert. Even people who had lived in the country for their entire lives could still easily get lost in the desert, and die of exposure, if they were careless.

It was an unforgiving country, and extremely difficult to traverse at the best of times. Very few people could expect to make that kind of trip easily.

But Mina Namikaze just so happened to be one of those people. She had hiraishin kunai buried in a line throughout the desert as a kind of space-time markers for her to navigate by. With the Flying Thunder God jutsu, and these kunai, she could make the journey to Suna very easily.

The only reason she hadn't just teleported straight to the village (which she could easily do) was to let the "secret" desert patrols know that she was coming. It was a sort of minor courtesy on her part to the sovereignty of Suna to not just pop right in with hiraishin, but rather take the time to go through each of the many hidden "checkpoints" and let them follow her course through the desert. Which was largely why it had taken her this long to get there.

Also, because repeatedly using hiraishin with three other people tagging along could be taxing at the best of times.

Still, though, it was high noon, and they had finally reached the gates of Suna.

"Okay, girls," said the Yellow Flash kindly to Kagome, Asuka, and Gal. "We're here," she told them. "You can let go now."

The three younger kunoichi reluctantly removed their hands from Mina's ass, which was honestly feeling quite sore from all the pinching and fondling they'd been doing over the course of the trip.
Plus, one of them had stolen or destroyed all of Mina's breast bindings in the middle of the night, and she had been forced to completely unzip the front of her flak jacket and switch to one of her low-cut off-duty jumpsuits, which meant a shitload of sand in the vast, all-but-sunburned valley of her cleavage.

"Hello, Lady Mina," said the modestly pretty gate guard, stepping forward. "You must be here to escort Lady Kazekage and her sisters on their diplomatic mission to the Leaf." The girl was blushing faintly as she spoke, and her eyes were trained fixedly on Mina's considerable assets.

Mina smiled a small, sort of warmly indulgent smile at the young guard. She was not surprised that the poor thing was so visibly fascinated by her cleavage. The Yellow Flash rarely went abroad without using breast bindings, if she could help it, so most people outside the Leaf tended to be genuinely surprised when they saw just what kind of cup size she was really rocking under her flak vest.

"I am," she said politely, giving a short bow out of courtesy.

The guard's eyes widened, and she immediately clapped a hand to her nose. With how low Mina's casual wear had to be cut to give her melons room to breathe, and the way the blonde ex-kage was bending over in a bow, the lass could probably see everything from her vantage point. And, indeed, the intense erubescence of her cheeks, and the bit of blood that could be seen leaking out from between her fingers, seemed to strongly confirm this.

The other gate guard, visibly older than the first, shook her head and grabbed her partner's shoulder. The girl was frozen in place, it seemed.

"Bah, dang newbies," the obviously grizzled veteran muttered, shaking her head. "Flash 'em a bit of skin, and they freeze right up... wasn't like that in my day..." she continued grumbling audibly under her breath while bodily dragging the younger kunoichi aside. "...we actually knew how to handle ourselves... in my day, not a single person left the Academy a virgin..."

She shook her head, tutting to herself.

"Honestly, what are they teaching you girls these days...?" she continued muttering. "Sure as hell ain't combat skills, if your fieldwork is anything to go by..."

The four Konoha kunoichi stood there outside the village gate as the guard disappeared from sight, muttering about how things were better in her days. If she was to believed, from what they could hear of the woman's mumblings, it used to be that Suna's streets were paved with gold, the aquifers produced the sweetest of sake, no woman had a bust size under an F-cup, and back pain was reserved strictly for the elderly.

It didn't exactly take a genius to figure that she was definitely looking at the past through some damned thick rose-tinted lenses.

Asuka was the first to break the awkward silence, once they had been waiting there for a couple of minutes.

"Somehow, I get the feeling those guards aren't coming back any time soon," she said, with just the slightest hint of exasperation.

"Well, it's not like we're here uninvited," replied Kagome pragmatically. "We have official business with the Kazekage."

Gal frowned disapprovingly. "Why, Kagome! It almost sounds like you're suggesting we just walk
right into the village!"


Mina frowned. "I don't know, Kagome... We're here under the Kazekage's good will, as part of a diplomatic mission. Now, of all times, we should respect the official protocols."

Asuka shrugged. "Ehhh... I kinda like Kagome's idea. We'll just go straight to the Kazekage Tower and meet up with Lady Gaara. It is official business, and it's not like the gate guard doesn't know we're here."

"Ah!" said Gal. "But as much as we may wish to hasten this joyous meeting of distant friends in the loveliness of youth, should we not also respect our host village and wait until we are officially given permission to enter?"

"Really, Gal?" said Kagome. "I never thought you would be so unhip."

She visibly grimaced a little at saying this.

The buxom, spandex-clad martial artist, however, gasped.

"GASP!" she exclaimed. "How can you say that, my rival? Certainly, you may best me time and again in terms of hipness, but that does not make me UN-hip!"

Kagome cocked her single visible eyebrow at Gal. "Doesn't it, though?"

The bob-cut brunette spluttered, redfaced and clearly struggling with trying to reason this out. But before her head could explode (or she could challenge her "rival" to another pointless competition), the older gate guard reappeared, one of the Kazekage's attendants in tow.

"What?" she said. "Are you girls still here? Come on, what are you doing? Lady Gaara's been waiting for you."

Kagome satisfied herself with a single victorious eye-smile in Gal's direction. It was more encouragement than she usually gave her rival-slash-fuck buddy, but she was in a good mood today from getting so much quality ogling time from her mentor's exposed cleavage.

"AH!" Gal opined. "Bested again! But do not think this trend will continue, oh Eternal Rival! You are only one victory ahead of me. I will even the score next time!"

Kagome blinked, turning to look at Gal as they headed into the village. "Hm? Did you say something?"

Gal cursed. OR. Well, she kind of acted really dramatically stymied. Sort of.

"Curse you, Kagome!" she exclaimed. "Curse you and that infuriatingly sexy, hip attitude of yours!"

Inwardly, the infamous Copy Ninja smirked. And tonight, I'm gonna be the one on top.

Mina simply sighed.
The Fifth Kazekage, Gaara of the Desert, almost smiled, the tiniest bit, when she saw exactly who the Leaf had sent to act as her escort. Her eyes glanced up and down the figure of Naruto's honestly gorgeous mother, Mina. It was very rare to see the Yellow Flash without her breast bindings, and Gaara couldn't help feeling the tiniest bit self-conscious at the sight of the woman's truly explosive tits.

...or her cleavage, at least. Mina wasn't going topless, or anything like that. She was just wearing that low-cut off-duty outfit that she almost never actually wore outside the house, according to Naruto.

But it was a LOT of cleavage, and the sight of it almost made Gaara feel a little sheepish about her true reason for this "diplomatic mission" to the Leaf.

Almost.

She wasn't THAT easily dissuaded.

"I am honored that Konoha would send her most valued daughters to escort me and my sisters," said the Godaime Kazekage with a generous degree of obeisance.

"It was the least we could do," replied Mina warmly, smiling brightly at this girl whom she knew from past experience to have a serious case of the hots for her son, even compared to most folks. "The people of Suna are our valued friends and allies."

Gaara nodded, her usually stoic expression softening a little around the edges. "As the people of Konoha are ours," she replied, not just diplomatically but sincerely.

Temari and Kanakuro stood flanking their sister on either side, dressed in their usual service attire. Temari in her little black dress with the short skirt and low neckline, and Kanakuro in her black, skintight, Kabuki stagehand-style garb. They looked, however, to have spent a conspicuous length of time beautifying themselves, and if Asuka didn't know better she'd swear that the girls (their sister, too) had gone out of their way to seriously emphasize their far-from-meager bust-sizes.

But she didn't see why they would need to.

"Well, we greatly value our relationship with the village of Suna," said Mina suggestively, smiling at Gaara knowingly. "It is always important to ensure strong lines of communication between the leadership of the Sand and the Leaf."

Gaara's eyes twinkled, and she replied with a husky, "Whether it is with the current Hokage, the past Hokage, or the Hokage-to-be, I do not intend to let anything divide or separate us."

Kagome's eyes glittered gleefully at the heavy sexual tension. She could practically taste the lust in the air.

Mina smiled. "Well, if you are ready to depart, we can have you back in our village faster than you can say 'Hot.'"

"Yes, your hiraishin no jutsu, correct?" said Gaara.

Mina nodded. "Exactly."
The redhead smiled, turquoise eyes twinkling. "Every one of us will need to be in direct physical contact with you, for it to work. Correct?"

Mina giggled, the sound distinctly sensual. "Exactly."

"Then what are we waiting for?" said the Fifth Kazekage, her smile downright vulpine by this point. She proceeded to shamelessly and enthusiastically grab a generous handful of Mina's bountiful breasts. Her sisters followed suit, and the Leaf ninja promptly started effectively gang-groping the former Hokage's ass.

Biting back a moan, her cheeks bright red and her loins heating up from this considerable stimulation, Mina focused her chakra.

All seven of them promptly vanished into thin air.

Kumiko was en route to the Uzumaki household when she felt it.

Nine vulpine tails stood up on end. Striking crimson eyes went wide. She grit her teeth, hissing as a chill ran up her spine. Kumiko shuddered, feeling wrong.

Like a pulse of sound traveling through the air, the kyuubi's yin half was struck by a wall of emotion. A lesser empath would have staggered and fallen to their knees at this sudden onslaught, this blast of concentrated psychic confusion.

A thousand fractured, fragmented images flashed through her mind in under a second. She tried to grab onto them, to mentally hold those images in place and analyze them, figure out what the hell this was, but they slipped away like grains of sand through her fingers.

Now, as suddenly as it hit her, it was gone. Now there was nothing left of it, whatever it was. Nothing but a slight headache.

And after a few more seconds, even that soon passed away into nothing.

Kumiko shook her head, belatedly regaining her composure. She looked around somewhat confusedly.

A few passers-by on the street shot her confused or concerned looks, but most folk were familiar with Kumiko and her... peculiarities. They didn't really pay it much mind, probably just chalking down whatever had just happened to as "Some kind of bijuu thing."

Kumiko frowned a little, her eyes turning towards Ichiraku's, from whence she could feel the blended chakra of Naruto and her other half radiating.

"What are you doing over there...?" she wondered to herself. Then she shook her head.

She had the strangest sense of familiarity... not quite deja vu, but rather something like... nostalgia? ...No, that wasn't quite right either.

She could feel something. She HAD felt something. It was faint, and dispersed, but it was something that felt incredibly, loathsomely familiar to her.

She didn't like it.

Beneath a scarlet moon, an eldritch consciousness began to stir. It was something ancient and
incomprehensible, a brooding, primal intellect the thoughts of which were utterly alien to mortal man.

Roots bored deep into the foundations of the earth. Continents cracked as they spread, mountains cast down in the earth's cataclysmic upheavals. A great, incomparable weight was bearing down on the land, crushing it and compacting. Reaching higher than the tallest peak, grasping lower than the deepest crevasse.

A flower bloomed beneath the moon, beneath Tsukuyomi. From its center glared a dismal radiance. Earth stared into heaven. Moon and flower danced beyond the horizon.

And a great tree stood tall, greater and older than any other. Reborn after countless ages, it united Yin and Yang, heaven and earth, death and life, dark and light. The living earth was its throne, and the heavenly firmament its crown. The stars in the sky were as dew upon the leaves of its branches.

Shinju, it was called. God-tree, most literally. And the World Tree also, Yggdrasil, and the Tree of the Forbidden Fruit, Cheit Eitz HaDa'at.

Its bark was as thick as a fortress's walls, its trunk as wide as a mountain was tall. At its peak were branches, spread far, a canopy through which no light could pass. Darkness was its shadow, light upon its brow. At its foot rested countless ashen Níðhöggr, coiled about its base, entrapping all of mankind.

Every human alive was drawn into the tree. They were consumed by it, becoming a part of it. The chakra stolen from its fruit by Kaguya Ootsutsuki, used against it by Hagoromo her son, was returned once more unto it. A grim harvest, it was, drawing all of human life into its bark.

Humanity which in the past had worshiped the Tree, then stolen from it, then carved it up piecemeal and sealed it away, was now become part of it. Its chakra it reaped from them, taking back what it was owed.

The beasts of the earth congregated about the Tree. The birds of the air flocked around its boughs. Life-giver, life-taker, the Ultimate Catalyst, was returned at long last to its rightful domain. The Tree cared not for these creatures, one way or another. It gave them shelter and life by merely existing, but they were beneath its care, so small and fleeting.

The Tree shuddered, suddenly. Chakra twisted in its core, and the earth was rent into pieces beneath it. Beasts cried out in mindless terror and fled from the Tree.

A mortal will strove unconsciously against the Shinju. Dispassionate was the Tree, ancient beyond reckoning, grand beyond description. Its mind was to this mortal as all the oceans of the world were to a single, solitary teardrop. It was impartial and immovable. Emotion would not sway it. Right and wrong were human concepts beneath it.

It cared only for concrete reality, if it could be truly said to "care" about anything. The processes of its thought were subtle and intricate, running as deep as the earth's core, and as high as the furthest star. It was closer to a God than to any manner of earthly life.

Yet, there was one being which held primacy above. One entity with a will great enough to have bested and subdued it. And the Shinu's inscrutable thought turned inward towards that being, that creature which had mastered and dominated it.

All chakra flowed through the body of Naruto Uzumaki, whose mortal body was enthroned in its center, between heaven and earth. He was become the heart of the Shinju, the will of the Juubi.
The minds of all humanity were bent upon his thought and desires. Even many who had died lived again, souls pulled through sheer force of will from the Pure World beyond and given new bodies, cocooned at his feet.

The Shinju, seeing that all here was as it should be, pressed down upon this errant thought, quashing and subduing it.

The upheaval ceased.

Silence reigned.

The least finger of Naruto's right hand stirred the slightest bit, before going still once more.

Three of the bodies at his feet changed.

Kumiko reached Naruto's house at last, after no further incident. The strange flash of... *something*... had troubled her briefly, at first, but by now it had all but passed completely from her mind.

She had more pressing matters to consider.

"Hello," she called out, lightly knocking a single delicate, pale fist against the door. "Is anybody there?"

The door opened almost instantly. A lovely, dark-haired woman stood just past the threshold, dressed in extremely skimpy maid clothes and bowing low, exposing a goodly amount of soft, creamy cleavage.

"Welcome home, Naru-sam... ah?"

Two purple-grey eyes, within which were visible several concentric circles, widened in surprise as the woman looked up to see somebody she had clearly not been expecting. She frowned softly, this woman, appearing faintly perplexed.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Have we met? You seem familiar..."

Kumiko frowned slightly as well. She had gotten the very same impression, for a second. When she first laid her eyes on this woman, she had felt inexplicably like she knew her, and far too well for her taste.

Yet this was surely the first time they had ever met. Certainly, at least, she did not recall ever seeing this person before.

She shook her head, deciding that it was probably just deja vu.

"No, we have not," Kumiko told the woman. "But I am here on your master's behalf. He asked me to come here and inspect your memories."

The woman's eyes widened. "Oh! So you know Naru-sama?!" she chirped excitedly, hopping up and down in delight. Her breasts bounced rather gratuitously with the movement of her body, and Kumiko could not help but smirk a little and subtly ogle them.

"I do indeed," the kyuubi said, licking her lips. "I know him very well. But who, may I ask, am I speaking with?"

"Ah?" said the woman. "I'm Mari."
Then she bowed once more, and Kumiko could see a fair bit of aereola peeking up at her from down the maid's glorified bra.

"Mari Uchi, at your service~!" she singsonged cheerfully, smiling up at Kumiko, who was quite buxom herself, though MUCH more conservatively dressed.

Kumiko smiled pervertedly. "May I come in?" she asked.

"Yes, of course!" said Mari, snapping back up out of her bow. "Right this way, I'll take you to my sister. Then you can give us that check up!" She winked playfully, before turning and practically skipping down the entry hallway, flashing her big, delicious ass at Kumiko every time she landed.

Leering, intrigued and aroused, the Nine-tails followed after this maid.

"Those are some interesting maids Naruto-kun has found for himself..." she purred, drinking in and memorizing the sight of Mari's toned yet generous ass. "I never thought there'd be somebody who could actually fit into Mina-chan's maid cosplay, but I'll be damned if that woman doesn't wear it perfectly."

Mari led Kumiko to the living room, gesturing to the couch.

"Sit down, you must be tired," she said. "I'll go and fetch my sister." She bowed one more time, nipples poking visibly through her scanty french maid top, before spinning around and walking off. She was not skipping anymore, but she made up for that by sensually swaying her hips, proudly flaunting what she had to work with.

Kumiko's eyes followed Mari delightedly, her lips curved into a sultry smile.

"What a delightful maid," she remarked to herself. "So shamelessly sexual, and also perfectly cheerful and upbeat. Naruto-kun must have won the lottery with her."

She laughed haughtily at her own little joke.

As if there was ever a time when that boy didn't win the lottery.

It wasn't very long at all before Mari returned, her sister in tow. Obi was noticeably less buxom than her sister, though still far from scrawny, and Kumiko looked, interested, into the girl's mismatched eyes.

"Hello," she said, standing up. "I assume your sister told you why I'm here?"

Obi smiled at Kumiko, bowing politely. "She did indeed, Kyuubi-dono," she said, obeisant.

The Yin half of the Nine-tails giggled.

"Oh, there is no need to be so impersonal, darling," she said. "Call me Kumiko. Almost everyone does."

"Kumiko...?" said Mari, her expression strange. "Hm. What a..." She trailed off for a second, before her expression brightened, and she chirped, "...lovely name!"

Obi nodded agreeably, clapping her hands together. "A lovely name for a lovely woman~" she cooed flatteringy.

"Ahh." Kumiko blushed, smiling slyly. Her eyes twinkled. "You are very cute yourself," she
purred, "but let us save the foreplay for after the check up, hmm?" She winked at Obi, causing her and her sister to titter girlishly.

After a moment, they calmed down, and Mari said more seriously, "So... do you really think you'll be able to help us with our memories?"

"Who knows?" said Kumiko, shrugging dismissively. "I can't say for sure until I've had a look inside your head." She held up her hands, slender and feminine. They were glowing a dull red. "You ready?"

"A... as I'll ever be," said Mari a little weakly, faltering for a moment. She sat down on the couch, letting herself go more or less completely still as Kumiko brought her hands up to rest on either side of her head.

She could feel a tingling inside her temples as the fox spirit's cool fingers traced slow, steady circles over her skin. It was a queer sensation, not quite unpleasant, but just very out of the norm.

Mari couldn't help shivering a little as Kumiko dived in.

It was dark. Completely dark. Everything was pitch black. There was no sound, no smell, no discernible temperature.

Kumiko looked around, perplexed.

"How odd," she said in a considerable understatement. "I can't see anything."

The inside of Mari's mind was completely void. There was nothing. No memory.

"She really did lose it," Kumiko mused, drifting through the seeming abyss that was Mari's mind. Other parts of the girl's mind were untouched, the language centers, the muscular intuition, basic ideas and reasoning, mathematics and chakra theory and other such things. Those were all there.

But there was no memory. Nothing of who Mari was, nothing of her past, or her origins.

Kumiko peered through the endless darkness. She saw a small glimmer of light. And the instant she saw that light, it came immediately to her, or rather she came to it.

There was no such thing as "distance" inside the mind. It was all abstract, occupying no physical space. The instant you thought of something, you would be brought there. As long as you had the slightest idea what you were looking for, you could find it.

So long as there wasn't a mental block. But those were rare, and Kumiko had never encountered one so strong or impermeable that she could not slip her way through.

Here, though, there was nothing. At least, there was no memory.

No memory aside from what Kumiko now held in her hands.

It was small, like a drop of liquid silver between her palms. Just a tiny fleck of memories, amounting to no more than everything Obi had experienced since waking up this morning. Not even anything remote, from the woman's distant past.

Kumiko was stymied.

"It looks like she really has forgotten everything..." she said to herself. "No sign of any memories
from before this morning. This is very unusual... but I think..."

Sighing, Kumiko removed her hands from Mari's head.

"This is outside my ability," she said. "I couldn't find any signs of past memories in there. It's like your past was wiped completely from your memory." She shook her head. "Obi is almost certainly the same way, I'll bet."

"Isn't there anything you can do?" Mari asked her.

"Not without some seed or remnant of your past memories," was the bijuu's answer. "As you are, there's nothing I can do for you, or your sister."

"That's it, then?" said Obi. "What a relief!"

"Yes," agreed Mari. "Now we can be Naru-sama's maids forever~"

Kumiko frowned slightly at this. She had a vague sense of suspicion about... something... but she couldn't begin to fathom what it might be. It was, of course, a little strange that she hadn't been able to find any trace of the girl's past memories, but what was there to suspect about that?

Nothing, of course. Not unless they were actively suppressing their own memories.

But that would just be ridiculous, wouldn't it?
Kumiko shook her head, clearing of suspicion. Surely she was just being paranoid. For what reason would these two POSSIBLY want to suppress their own memories? Even if just to hide them from her.

But either way there was no evidence of this, and she could conceive of no motive. By all accounts, Kumiko was just letting her skeptical nature get the better of her common sense. There was no reason to believe that there was anything more to this than what met the eye.

Besides, if these two had had any untoward motives, either Naruto or herself would have sensed them by now. But all Kumiko could sense coming off of these two was absolute devotion, and a desire to do absolutely anything for the one they served. As far as she could perceive, all they wanted was to make Naruto feel good.

And she could understand a motivation like that.

The Yin half of the Nine-tails flicked her eyes up and down the curvy, scrumptious bodies of Obi and Mari. She could appreciate very well what these two were doing. And she could also appreciate their fine, round asses and good, bouncy tits.

Both of the girls were, as has been mentioned before, effectively all but naked. Basically, their clothing amounted to nothing than lacy, frilly, black and white bras and micro-miniskirts. It was maid-themed, but probably the only maids in the world actually dressing so scandalously were these two ladies right before her.

And Kumiko liked it. Between the two sisters, Mari was easily the more buxom. She was as well endowed as Tsunade, Mina-chan, or Miraiya-dono. Her skin was smooth and pale, and although she looked soft on the surface, Kumiko could see an underlying hardness. Even without those rinnegan eyes, it was blatantly obvious that Mari must have been a kunoichi before losing her memory. And from the amount of raw, unadulterated chakra Kumiko could feel bubbling up in the woman's gut, she had obviously been incredibly powerful.

Actually, Kumiko wondered if someone wouldn't eventually recognize the woman, and her sister, at some point down the line. There was no way that kunoichi as powerful as this could just drop off the face of the earth without raising some serious eyebrows. Mari, by herself, felt like she was on the level of a kage, easily. Not just her chakra, or the powerful underlying musculature in her limbs, but even what Kumiko had seen inside her mind said as much.

Mari might have lost her memories of the past, but she still appeared to possess all of her muscle memory. Which was actually a bit of a misnomer, since the muscles didn't actually have anything to do with it. But Kumiko had seen enough of that to know that, most assuredly, Mari would have been an absolute demon on the battlefield. The reflexes alone were easily on a level with what Kumiko could recall of the First Hokage, and that was enough to make even her grateful that this woman was not an enemy.

And, from what Kumiko could tell of Mari's little sister, she fancied that Obi had probably been pretty damned skilled herself. While not appearing to be possessed of nearly as much physical power as her older sister, there was something indescribably potent in this one's chakra that Kumiko couldn't help comparing to Naruto's, or her own. It was just a trace, and something about it was hollow, yet what was there would probably be sufficient to level the playing field between Obi and Mari, if they ever got into a fight.
Aside from that, Kumiko could as sense a high concentration of cells seemingly identical to the First Hokage's in Obi's body. She could feel some in Mari's body, too, of course, but Obi had to be almost fully HALF Senju, with how much of that old stud Hashirama's tissue Kumiko could detect in the woman's body.

In particular, it seemed like the scarred half of Obi was the half where the concentration of H-type cells was the highest. Probably somebody had tried to reconstruct the girl's body after some kind of nasty accident. But whoever had done it hadn't done a particularly GOOD job. While Naruto obviously didn't mind the scars, and could probably see the "beauty within," as he liked to put it, Kumiko could only think of what a _shame_ it was for the beauty of young woman to be so badly marred.

Human kunoichi might see such scars as something like a badge of honor, and a charm point in their own way, Kumiko, with her immortal, regenerating body, could only see it as an unfortunate flaw. Naruto would probably lecture her for being "shallow," but the way she saw it these scars showed only how fleeting and vulnerable the human body was.

And that wasn't something Kumiko cared to think about.

Still, though, apart from that, the sisters were certainly _damned_ attractive.

Finally concluding her lengthy, silent appraisal, Kumiko looked the two sisters straight in the eyes, mirth flashing in her crimson pools. She licked her lips, running a soft, pink tongue over white, pointed canine teeth as she smiled.

She looked distinctly predatory with that expression. Even without the nine, large, fluffy fox-tails coiling and swaying lazily behind her back, it would have been easy to tell what she really was just from the look on her face. It was keen and sultry and blatantly carnivorous.

"Ohohoho~" she laughed haughtily at the way Obi and Mari shivered under the intensity of her gaze. "Yes, I think you two will serve Naruto-kun _quite_ well❤" she purred.

The two blushed at this.

"Thank you, Kumiko-dono!" said Obi brightly. "That means so much, coming from you."

"Yes," said Mari, nodding and licking her lips. "Naruto-sama took us in when we had nowhere else to go... and, now, we will _gladly_ repay him with our bodies~!"

"I'm certain you will," remarked Kumiko. "But still, I think the two of you might benefit from some... _practice_..." There was mischief in her eyes when she said this.

Obi blushed, looking up and down the Nine-tails's human form. She was dressed conservatively, and with the utmost class, in only the finest silk and jewels. Her figure was voluptuous and perfectly proportioned, perhaps not as endowed as someone like Mari, but still unmistakably buxom, and her clothing did everything right as far as accentuating her natural beauty, and enticing the eyes of the beholder to envision what must lie beneath.

Kumiko smiled, seeing the way Obi looked at her. Casually, she began to shed her clothes. "This should be most edifying for you girls, and enjoyable for myself..." she said. A moment later, she added in a faintly thoughtful tone, "...and those scars of yours should be easy to heal. One round should be plenty."

Obi eyed Kumiko gratefully, blushing deeply. She looked a little unsure as to what the bijuu meant by "_one round,/_" but the thought of having her scars healed appeared to delight her. No doubt she
was terribly self-conscious about them.

Smiling, Kumiko let her robes fall to her feet. Obi and Mari promptly gawked, quite openly, at the sizable, throbbing erection that appeared between the vixen's legs. It looked to be a perfect replica of Naruto's cock, right down to the tiniest details. There had been no sign of it beneath the kimono, so most likely it was created by some manner of arcane injutsu.

Seeing how the pair gawked at the cock sticking up from between her legs, the Yin-half of the kyuubi no youko simply smiled enigmatically.

"Every bijuu has its own unique powers," she said huskily, "related to the nature of its chakra, and the form of its body... I myself, as a demon fox, am gifted with the ability to...say, blur... the line between genders."

With that said, she took a step forward. Their eyes gleaming, Obi and Mari quickly and enthusiastically got to work.

Meanwhile, Naruto was in the process of walking home, deep in thought. He had just dropped a thoroughly pleased Tenten off at her house after the end of their date, and now he was returning back to the place he shared with his parents.

He took the scenic route.

He needed time to think about what had happened.

Those... flashes... he had gotten from Tenten, back at Ichiraku's, were bothering him. It was strange. Just the content of those images had been enough to give him pause, and even as faint as they now were, he still felt something weird when he thought about them.

It wasn't easy to describe. It was sort of like a weird heaviness in the pit of his stomach, except there was also component of floatiness higher up, and a tingling in his spine. He couldn't pin it down to any one sensation, but whenever Naruto tried to think about the flashes of memory he had gotten from his date, he started to feel uneasy.

It was walking on a tightrope and thinking that if you looked down, the rope would snap. He couldn't explain it, but just the thought of the THOUGHT of those visions made him feel anxious and borderline nauseous. Somebody who had a better way with words might describe the sensation as a sort of vertigo, but Naruto did not. All he knew was that those memories weren't right.

Or, at least, what he could remember of them.

It was weird. Just having seen the memories briefly through that empathic link had made them his, in a way. Tenten had completely forgotten them almost as quickly as they had come, and Naruto was retaining the images only superficially better. Already most of the individual details were lost in a blur of thoughts, and the harder Naruto tried to remember those details, the more he contaminated the memories.

That is to say, in trying to recall the visions, his brain was automatically, subconsciously filling in the blanks where he had forgotten stuff, but the things it was filling the memories in with were all in the context of the world he knew. His own experience was tainting the visions of this world so like, yet also unlike, his own, and Naruto KNEW that this was happening.

Somewhat, at any rate. He could perceive, at the very least, a sort of odd awareness of that isn't right whenever he tried to concentrate on the memories, or pull some detail up. It wasn't an entirely
conscious perception, but he knew on some level that what he now remembered of those flashes was not, quite, what he had originally seen. And this sense of inaccuracy compelled Naruto to try harder to pull up details from the visions, which caused his brain to write in more of its own incorrect deductions, causing Naruto to feel that the memories were getting even less accurate.

It was a vicious cycle, and it made his head ache something fierce.

"Ugh..." Naruto muttered. "How can Shikamari and Sakura-chan think so much all the time? Owww... My brain is killing me." He shook his head. "I gotta stop thinking about this..." he said quietly to himself, turning down the street his house was on. "My brain's gonna explode at this rate. Or else I'll drive myself crazy."

Naruto sighed.

"Maybe I'll be able unwind at home..." he said to himself. "I've got that thing with Kumiko and the maids, and ma'll probably be there too, with the slaves... Oh, and Shiho, too! I almost forgot that I invited her over for some fun tonight..." He chuckled to himself. "That's nearly a full house of fine ladies for me to entertain..." he mused wryly. "Hah! I'll be busy all night."

The blond was grinning wolfishly, now, those strange memories all but forgotten when faced with the prospect of so much pussy to please. He was perhaps getting a little hard as he walked up to the door, and he was only jarred out of his planning for that night when he bumped clumsily into a soft, female body.

Looking up, Naruto saw a flash of cherry pink and platinum blonde. He had walked straight into Sakura and Ino, and if he had consciously done this as a ploy to cop some nice feels of the pair, well he couldn't have done it any better. One of his hands had plunged itself straight into the cleavage exposed by the Yamanaka's skimpy, purple tube top, and his other hand had managed to land itself squarely on Sakura's nice, soft buttocks.

Cheerfully, he gave the pair a squeeze. Sakura squealed, blushing furiously, and Ino purred most lasciviously, giving the demon-vessel some damned enticing bedroom eyes.

"Hey, Ino, Sakura-chan," he greeted cheerfully, as though he WASN'T currently groping the two like there was no tomorrow. The collision might have been an honest accident, but the blond was perfectly willing to milk his current position for everything it was worth.

"Hey, Naruto," said Ino huskily, leaning forward a little to give Naruto better access down her blouse. She moaned lewdly, theatrically. "Mmm, this is the best greeting I've gotten all day. I should go out on A-ranks more often, if this is what they get me."

She winked suggestively, and Naruto grinned foxily right back at her.

Sakura, in contrast with Ino, quickly slapped Naruto's hand away from her butt. "Pe-pervert!" she sniped, her cheeks radiating hot pink. The word lacked heat, though, and Naruto waggled his eyebrows at her.

"Feisty," he remarked playfully, causing his tsundere teammate to blush even brighter. Chuckling good-naturedly, the blond put the now free hand to work on Ino's behind, squeezing the generous amount of buttock that his fellow-blonde's scandalously short, and tight, daisy dukes shamelessly put on display.

Pulling the Yamanaka casually closer as he explored the depths of her modest cleavage, Naruto gave Ino a playful peck on the cheek.
"So what are you two doing here?" he asked her huskily. "Sakura finally decide to take me up on that standing offer of mine?"

Ino giggled lustily. "Oh, I wish," she purred. "But, no, we're actually here for Sasuki-chan. Sakura's been getting anxious for some one on one with her..."

Naruto laughed. "She still hasn't done you yet, Sakura-chan? Damn, she must be blind." He winked roguishly. "If I were in her place, I would be doing you six ways to Sunday every chance I got."

Sakura winced. "You know how she is, Naruto..." she murmured weakly. "Maybe if Sasuki-chan wasn't so obsessed with you, she'd be more open to my offers..."

Ino shook her head, taking a brief break from nibbling on Naruto's neck to speak up. "Oh, Sakura, you know how to make Sasuki accept."

The pinkette scowled. "That's cheating," she muttered irritably. "I love Sasuki-chan, but she would probably jump of a bridge if you told her Naruto was waiting for her off the edge. Asking her to join you in a threesome with Naruto is cheap, and dishonest." She crossed her arms, sniffing imperiously.

Ino quirked a single, slim eyebrow at this. "What's dishonest about it?" she asked rhetorically. "She's hot, and Naruto's hot. Who wouldn't want to be in a sandwich between those two?"

Naruto grinned at this, and he cheerfully popped one of Ino's breasts out of her shirt. Not that this required much finagling. That tube top was so tight and low-cut that it was nothing short of a miracle those puppies hadn't already popped out. Really, all he had to do was gently push up on the boob. Physics took care of the rest.

"See?" said Ino cheerfully, wiggling her behind suggestively against Naruto's skillfully groping hand as her fellow blond proceeded to bend his head down and take the nipple of the now-exposed teat into his mouth. She moaned shamelessly, squirming lewdly against Naruto as he sucked on the free breast. "He's so good❤ Why wouldn't you want this cutie's body pressing you into Sasuki-chan's arms?"

Sakura blushed beetroot red. She was trying very hard to avert her gaze from the pair, but she wasn't having much luck with that.

Naruto and Ino put on one hell of a show.
Sakura whimpered a little, feeling uncomfortably aroused at the spectacle that her friend and her teammate were making of themselves. Her cheeks felt very warm, and her stomach was all but doing gymnastic flips throughout her thoracic cavity. Her panties were undeniably wet, too.

"Mmmm, yesssss! Oh, **Naruto!**" Ino moaned so shamelessly as the blond bit down on her sensitive, erect nipple and pinched her firmly toned buttocks. "Oh! Yes!"

Sakura blushed a little hotter at the way her friend was talking. Unbidden, one of her hands went to the crotch of her dress. Underneath her beige belt/skirt, the medic could feel her tight, black spats getting soaked clean through the front.

Her breath hitched. Sakura could feel her fingers beginning to rub, almost of their own volition, against her aching, sensitive privates, desperately stimulating them through the fabric of her clothes.

She heard Naruto grunting as he basically dry-humped Ino while suckling on her one exposed teat and kneading her nice, athletic buttocks. And she heard Ino gasping and squealing in delight, in ecstasy, as Naruto Uzumaki pleased her so shamelessly, so casually and teasingly, right there on the front step of his house. They were doing this thing in plain view of the entire street, and Sakura couldn't help but become aroused from watching.

She did not dislike Naruto. She did not find him unattractive, or particularly unpleasant.

He was a good friend, in his own right. Even for how utterly, gratuitously perverted he could so often act, Sakura knew that the blond was a reliable as anyone. He was the kind of person to stand by his promises through hell or high water.

She really did like him. She really was attracted to him, in her own way.

She just... didn't really know how to express those feelings. She was so used to dealing brusquely with Naruto, from when they were children, that a small part of her was simply incapable of treating the blond the way she very much wanted to.

Part of it was jealousy, she supposed. Even aside from how obnoxious he'd been as a kid, Sakura had been truly aghast and dismayed the day she discovered that he was the one who held Sasuki's heart. Because Sakura had always really liked Sasuki, even more than most of the rest of the Uchiha's fan club. A big part of her was still a little bitter that **Naruto** was the one Sasuki loved, and not **her**.

But this didn't erase the fact that Sakura truly DID think Naruto could be funny, and charming and just so fucking hot in his own right. And, watching him engaging so skillfully and enthusiastically in such friendly foreplay with Ino, the pinkette couldn't help but wonder if keeping that grudge was really worth missing out on all that.

Smiling shyly, Sakura took a step towards the pair.

"Is..." she said softly. "Is there room for me...?"

Naruto looking up from ravenously suckling on Ino's exposed boob to eye-smile at his long-time crush and teammate.
"Of course there is," he said. "I'll always have room for YOU, Sakura-chan." He smiled warmly, pulling back from Ino a little to give Sakura some room to join in on the sensual embrace.

She came forward, slowly and a little hesitantly, but she was smiling as she did so.

"Do you wanna take this inside, then?" Naruto asked her a moment later, as a blushing Sakura got in between him and Ino.

Sakura shook her head. "No," she said. "Out here is just perfect."

"Kinky," said Naruto cheerfully. "I didn't know you were that kind of girl, Sakura-chan~"

The girl smiled slyly, pressing an index finger lightly against a spot somewhere below Naruto's collar bone.

"There's a lot you don't know about me, Naruto-kun," she purred, before bringing her hands together in a ram seal.

Smoke erupted all around them, a billowing cloud. It was dense and opaque, but it faded quickly.

Naruto, Ino, and Sakura were now buck naked. The Yamanaka heiress purred huskily at this, and she nibbled lightly on Sakura's ear.

"Nice, Sakura... Very nice," she said appreciatively, reaching hands up to cup and squeeze her best friend's small breasts. Then she began to lustfully dry hump the medic's perfect, round posterior.

"I had a feeling you'd like it," the pinkette purred, using her own hands to aggressively Naruto's hard, muscular ass.

Naruto simply smirked, his own hands on Ino's butt. Cheerfully, he led them to a nearby bench on the porch, where they could do their business in relative repose.

"Hehe," chuckled Naruto, eyes gleaming as he watched Ino and Sakura. "You two are so hot together."

"Mmm, then why don't you join in properly, Naruto?" said Ino suggestively.

Naruto smirked.

"You wanna do it like that, then?" he said.

Ino nodded, and Sakura, catching on quickly, mirrored her friend's gesture.

With a laugh, Naruto removed his hand's from Ino's fine ass just long enough to weave them into a seal.

"Oiroke no jutsu," he said, focusing his chakra.

He was enveloped by a puff of white smoke.

Meanwhile, inside the Uzumaki household, Kumiko was having her own fun with Naruto's maids.

"Kumiko-sama! Kumiko-sama!" wailed Mari helplessly as the bijuu in human form powerfully thrust her hips in and out of her womanhood. "Ahhh! Ahhhh!" she screamed, her goodly tits bouncing furiously.
"Good girl," said Kumiko. One of her tails came around to gently, teasingly stroke the woman's cheek. Her own very generous bosom was being worshipfully kissed and suckled by Obi, as she fucked the maid's older sister, and her perfectly flawless ass bounced and jiggled with the fervent motions of her hips.

Despite how passionately the Nine-tails was fucking Mari, the expression on her face was almost perfectly inscrutable and serene. Only the faintest of blushes colored those pale cheeks, and her scarlet eyes gleamed lustily down at the two lewd sisters.

"Kumiko-sama! Fuck! Oh, Sage! Kumiko-sama!" Mari gasped and wailed nigh incoherently.

"Mmm..." Obi moaned, with a generous mouthful of the bijuu's most bountiful breasts. "Kumiko-sama..." she purred around the redhead's nipples.

"Ahhh," sighed she, smiling ever so slightly. Her cheeks were darkening the tiniest bit more at the feeling of the girl's tongue curling skillfully around the nipple in her mouth, and the sensation of her teeth lightly, teasingly scraping the surface of Kumiko's sensitive, ovoid aereola. "Very good... Mmm..."

She moaned, feeling the semen building up in her cock. The member was fashioned quite intentionally after Naruto's, and it was every bit as real as the boy's manhood.

Except, of course, that Kumiko was shooting blanks, so to speak.

The bijuu did not have DNA, as such, being ultimately just sentient, self-perpetuating constructs of chakra. They could take human form, if the fancy took them, or else circumstances forced them, but these bodies were, on a sub-cellular level, at least, only mere *imitations* of humans. They could, in these forms, perform or at least mimic almost all the physical and metabolic processes that actual humans did.

But they weren't human. These bodies had no DNA – they were shaped and formed solely by the will of the bijuu. As such, they did not have any concrete, inheritable traits to pass on to a next generation.

The Tailed-Beasts were not truly organic, biological existences. They could not reproduce. Even if they took the form of humans, they could not conceive more things like themselves.

The bijuu were not fruitful. They could not multiply. They could not reproduce. They could not become mothers, or fathers.

...Not that they let this really bother them, of course. Kumiko, at least, couldn't care less about that.

Not when there were lovely lasses like this lying around and just *begging* to be played with.

"I'm coming..." purred Kumiko, feeling herself twitch and clench.

"Oh, yes!" squealed Mari. "Come inside me, Kumiko-sama...! Fill me up with your beautiful seed!"

Obi nibbled lewdly on Kumiko's teat, humming suggestively and wiggling her all but naked hips.

"Take it!" Kumiko groaned. "Take it like a good little harlot. Accept my cock like I am Naruto-dono!"

Mari's eyes widened, and she let out a euphoric wail. "AHHHH! I'm coming...!"
Kumiko, with a shuddering moan, shot a goodly wad into Mari's womb. And Mari herself came like a waterfall, her ejaculate gushing out generously upon her and Kumiko's thighs. The smell of their mingled sex was strong, almost pungent.

The three of them loved it.

Obi purred, pulling back from Kumiko's breast. There was a bit of milk leaking from the nipple.

"You're lactating," she observed curiously, visibly intrigued.

Kumiko smiled lustily.

"Drink," she said loftily. "Its healing properties are considerable. Nurse at my teat, and you will be healed of all your physical ailments."

Obi was silent for a moment.

"All of them?" she asked softly, tracing a hand across the extensive scarring which covered the right side of her body.

"All of them," Kumiko answered beatifically.

Obi immediately bowed her head and enthusiastically pressed her lips once more to the wet nipple. Mari moved and took Kumiko's other nipple into her own mouth.

And Kumiko moaned lewdly, lost in euphoria as Naruto's maids suckled adoringly at her teat.

Tsunade stared blankly at the Godaime Kazekage and her two sisters. The jonin who had accompanied this trio to Konoha had been dismissed, leaving her and Gaara to talk more or less in private.

...Along with the redhead's sisters.

All three of the Suna kunoichi were dressed surprisingly finely, and were rather suspiciously made up. In particular, each of them was clearly doing everything they could with their clothes to draw attention to, and emphasize, their goodly busts.

Not that these tits were anything impressive to someone like Tsunade.

The Fifth Hokage continued to eye the trio expressionlessly for several long seconds. It was completely silent, quite awkwardly so.

Finally, Tsunade shook her head and sighed. She raised her hands to massage her temples, as though attempting to alleviate a crushing migraine.

"Let me see if I have this right," said the military leader of the Hidden Leaf it a tone of something like exasperation. "You, Gaara, the Fifth Kazekage of the Hidden Sand, have been arguing with your sisters about which of you three has the biggest breasts?"

Gaara, Temari, and Kanakuro all nodded silently.

"Okay," Tsunade continued. "So you're bickering about your bust sizes, and so you decided to lie about coming over here on a diplomatic mission, requisition some of my very best jonin to act as your bodyguards on the way over here, all so you can go see Naruto and have him judge your breasts and decide who has the bigger ones?"
They all nodded, again.

Tsunade face cracked up in a wry grin. "Ah, fair enough," she said. "He would be the best person to ask..."

Her eyes twinkled lustily, and she licked her full, luscious lips.

"And it can still be a diplomatic mission," added Gaara. "I mean, he's already hokage in everything but name, isn't he?"

"Eh, mostly..." said Tsunade, a little quietly. She sighed, then, expression becoming a touch weary. "Honestly, if it were up to me I would've handed him the seat forever ago. But the council wants to wait until Naruto's taken his first wife. I guess they wanna encourage him to get cracking on making babies."

Gaara cocked her head to one side. She was frowning slight, thoughtful. "Does Naruto know about this?" she asked. "That he won't become Hokage until after he's gotten married to someone?"

"I told him," Tsunade said with a shrug. "Whether he knows it or not is another matter entirely."

Temari grinned wryly at this. She cast a sidelong glance at Kanakuro. "I know exactly what you mean," said the sandy blonde.

"You are such a bitch, Temari," Kanakuro muttered mutinously. "A complete and total bitch."

"At least I didn't make an anatomically correct Naruto puppet and pretend to have it rape me," replied Temari loftily.

Kanakuro blushed beet red. She immediately went silent.

"Well... If Naruto needs to take a wife before he can be Hokage..." Gaara spoke back up, after a few seconds of contemplative silence on her part. "...then I would be honored to become that wife for him," she said seriously, her eyes smoldering with a quite frightful intensity.

Tsunade quirked an eyebrow at this. Temari and Kanakuro didn't appear to react.

"Are you sure he'll go along with that, though?" the Godaime asked the Kazekage.

Gaara smiled suggestively. "I'm sure he will," she replied. She licked her lips, eyes going half-lidded. She leaned forward seductively onto Tsunade's desk, letting her not inconsiderable breasts and hips speak for themselves. "I've been told that I can be very persuasive," she purred, eyes burning hot with lustful desire.

Tsunade actually blushed at this. Not like a little schoolgirl, perhaps, but it was there, an unmistakable dusting of deep rouge that belied a fair arousal at what Gaara was doing.

"...very well, then," said the Fifth Hokage, smiling lustily as she met Gaara's eyes. "I suppose this is where I wish you luck?"

Kanakuro and Temari laughed. "Luck? Please. We don't need luck," they said confidently.

Tsunade giggled. "I see," she said. "Well, then. Go break a leg~"

The trio nodded, and left in a flicker of shunshin.

Tsunade, seeing that they were gone, shook her head and smiled. She leaned back in her chair.
"Poor things," she mused. "The competition is gonna eat those three alive."

She laughed.

Ino was lewdly moaning as she sucked off Naruko's enormous, throbbing cock. It tasted delicious in her mouth, even if only so much of it at a time could be fit in inside of her before she risked choking to death on this glorious phallus.

Which, admittedly, if she had to choose a way to go would be right up there in the top three, along with a heart attack during sex and old age in her sleep. But she had plenty to live for yet, so she took care with how much of that meat she tackled at any one time.

"That's so good, Ino-chan, Sakura-chan," purred Naruko huskily, her massive breasts heaving and rolling beneath the pinkette's fervent, fascinated attentions.

"They feel so real," murmured Sakura with a hint of awe as she fondled and groped Naruko's huge, soft tits.

"Why wouldn't they?" replied Naruko cockily, bringing her free hand up to slyly cup one of the pinkette's small breasts. Her other hand was on the back of Ino's head, fingers threaded greedily through the soft, platinum blonde strands of hair as they steered the Yamanaka's head in giving her the best head she could give. "I know tits better than a gynecologist!" he bragged.

Sakura snorted, smiling as she kissed one of the pig-tailed blonde's tasty, peaking nipples.

"Gynecologists work with the vagina," she wryly corrected.

"That too," said Naruko with a carefree laugh. Then she moaned. "Mmm, yeah."

She bucked her hips against Ino's lewdly expressive face, and sharply tweaked one of Sakura's cute little nipples.

"That's the stuff. Ooooh, yessssss..." Naruko hissed, feeling Ino lick the most sensitive part of her foreskin at the same time that Sakura, in lustful retaliation, bit down on one of Naruko's nipples. "That's the spot... I'm coming..!"

Her crude, voluptuous frame shook like a gelatin mold in an earthquake, Naruko shuddering powerfully as she came into Ino's mouth. The platinum blonde eagerly swallowed every last drop of Naruko's seed. Then she pulled her head back, and licked her lips.

"Wanna change places, Sakura?" she inquired huskily, giving her best friend a playful swat on that very nice ass of hers. "Or maybe you want to get down to the main attraction."

The pinkette blushed.

"You've... given it to Sasuki, right?" she asked Naruko a little shyly.

"Every way to Sunday~" replied the blonde, cheerfully suggestive.

Sakura smiled. "Then give it to me," she said quietly. "I want to feel that cock of yours... That penis Sasuki is so obsessed with... I want you to fuck me with that same dick you've used on her so many times before!" she declared, redfaced but undeniably passionate.

Naruko smirked up at Sakura, who was moving now to straddle her hips. Ino was teasingly licking the sexy jutsu futa's scrotum, wiggling that cute little whore ass of hers for all the world to see and
appreciate.

"All you had to do was ask," she told her teammate. Then she placed her hands on Sakura's hips and lined herself up with the girl's soaking, delectable blossom.

"I know," said Sakura softly. Then she lowered her hips.

They joined.
It was amazing, how incredible Naruto's body was. No matter what form he took, his body always managed to be, in some way or other, utterly gorgeous and irresistible.

For instance.

In his default Naruko form, the form of his sexy jutsu, Naruto-cum-Naruko had a figure that would make even Tsunade green with envy. And not just the curves, though these were certainly most generous and lascivious. But, no, every part of Naruko was almost objectively beautiful.

From her smooth, soft skin free of blemishes, shaded a healthy, athletic bronze, to her hair, silky and luscious and sun-kissed gold colored. Her calves and underarms were smooth and shapely, swelling and tapering in just the right places and proportions that we was both gentle and soft, but also hard and strong beneath.

Lean, corded muscle could be made out across her body, if only in the subtle ways that it shaped the softer, more yielding tissues layered atop it. Her thighs, her shoulders, her lean, flat abdomen, were all perfectly enticing, lewdly drawing one's gaze this way or that, perfectly framing and accentuating the most bountiful and sensual parts of her anatomy.

Her posterior was goodly-sized, round and bountiful. The curvature of it, in profile, flowed truly erotically from the small of her back down on to her thighs, flowing like a river into perfectly toned and proportioned legs that seemed to go for miles and miles without end. Her ass was big, but not over-soft.

The buttocks had a distinct, athletically sensuous tone to them, even beneath the not inconsiderable layer of, well, fat. The muscles were well cushioned, yes, but they were not in any way atrophied or underdeveloped. Naruko's glutes were as toned and masterfully sculpted as you would expect from someone so strong and proficient in the ninja arts. Beneath the glorious, plump softness, there was a truly shinobic hardness.

Her bosom, meanwhile, was even more generous. Her breasts were large, bordering on cup-sizes that were close to a third of the way through the English alphabet. Yet they still had quite a fair degree perk to them, and while every bit as soft and heavenly as one might imagine, were yet also somewhat pert. Certainly, they could and would bounce like nothing else from just the tiniest, subtlest of motions, yet Naruko moved nonetheless with a sensual, animal grace, completely unhindered by her immense endowments.

And a normal person certainly would have been hindered by such bunker-busters. Naruko's cleavage alone could conceal a small arsenal of weaponry, even without the use of sealing. And the way the jigged and heaved, bouncing and bobbing to and fro as the blonde – slowly at first – began thrusting her hardiness into Sakura, only made the sheer size of those tits seem even more ungodly salacious.

But, for all of the various other attractions, the one thing that really, truly drew in attention was the cock. Long and thick, pulsing with veins, bulging and throbbing, it was almost like its own independent entity. And it could certainly seem to act that way at times. Its head was a purplish hue, and glossy with a coating of transparent precum and female ejaculate. It was hard, too. Hard like steel.

It was amazing, though.
Even Sakura, for all her years of prior bluster and stonewalling, could not deny the appeal of the organ. It was strange to their sensibilities, different from everything else they knew, and yet in that difference it was one of the most outright attractive things that womankind could conceive. It filled such a perfect niche in sexuality, seemed almost flawlessly adapted to the sole purpose of going within a woman's insides.

Having it pumping in and out of her pussy was a sensation that the pinkette, while perhaps not necessarily a virgin, could not help but find herself adoring. It just stimulated her in ways she never before knew were possible, filling her out like no fingers ever could.

Certainly, it hurt a little bit, initially, just accommodating that tremendous girth, but still there was even from the start that undercurrent of arousal. However this member may have looked, Sakura could definitely "see" now why so many women went absolutely wild over her teammate's bone. Just feeling it rubbing against the walls of her vagina, stretching her insides out in these strange but pleasurable ways, going thluck-thluck in her wet, soaking womanhood as Naruko pumped her ever-present cock gradually faster and harder to and fro inside of the moaning, groaning pinkette.

"Yes..." Sakura gasped, even as Ino crawled up between her and Naruko, putting her mouth eagerly to the golden-blonde's breasts for some licky-lick lick on this sexy man-chick. "Yes...! Oh! NARUTO! Yes! FUck! Fuck! FUCK! SHIT! It feels so good! IT FEELS SO GOOD! AHH! AH! AH!"

Meaty, lascivious hips impacted wetly against Sakura's leaner, slighter pelvis with a quick and powerful rhythm. Ino's tongue swirled suggestively, teasingly, around Naruko's sensitive aereola. Naruko's hands wandered skillfully and generously over Ino and Sakura's sensitive, aroused bodies, pleasuring them here and there with the prowess of a true injutsu master.

Naruko was gladly fucking Sakura, then and there, on the porch of her house, for all the street to see.

They were not alone. Not for long.

"H-hey!"

Inside the house, Kumiko was lying down on her back, panting and sweaty. She was smiling down at Obi and Mari, satisfaction clear on her face.

The elder, more well-endowed sister was drowsily, only half-consciously cupping one of the kyuubi's sizable breasts in her right hand. She squeezed, occasionally, a bit of milk trickling out from the puffy, swollen nipple when she did so. Kumiko appeared to be extremely sensitive there, now, after the extensive nursing these two had done.

Her breasts actually looked visibly swollen, as though they had filled themselves up with milk in response to the eager, lewd suckling of this pair. Kumiko whimpered a little, feeling the passive, languid ministrations her bosom was yet receiving from the sensual sisters.

"Ahhh... you girls are so greedy..." the voluptuous kitsune purred delightedly, weakly. She smiled tiredly but happily down at Obi, in particular, who was still contentedly slurping and sipping at Kumiko's yet lactating teat. One of her breasts was being fondled by her sister's free hand.

The younger girl's scars were now completely gone. The right side of her body now blended in seamlessly with the rest of her form, going from H-type Senju cells to more-or-less normal and natural Uchiha cells.
And Kumiko could tell, yes, that these two were Uchiha. She hadn't sensed it, initially, but somewhere between the fucking and the sucking she had gotten a close enough taste of their flesh, a near enough whiff of their chakra, to identify them as members of that...

Kumiko frowned slightly.

Just for a moment there, however briefly, she had felt such... such anger in her belly, such bitterness and hate. It had been so intense, so potent and crushing. Yet it had vanished as quickly as it had come.

All she had left, now, was a vague, general impression of distaste at the thought of the Uchiha clan. But even that was quickly fading.

And this disquieted her.

She did not share her revelation with the girls. If they had given their names to Naruto as Uchi, then perhaps they were only biologically Uchiha. Even if the two names were strikingly similar.

Shaking her head, Kumiko returned her attention to the girls.

She eyed the expansive, sensuous crevasse of Mari's bosom. She leered kindly, appreciatively at the slender, softly-curving figure of Obi.

"Kumiko-sama..." Mari managed to weakly get out, looking up at the human-shaped bijuu. "That was..."

"Yes, I know..." murmured Kumiko softly in response. "Perfect, right?" She smiled slyly.

"Bliss..." moaned Obi weakly, lewdly against Kumiko's teat. "Pure bliss..."

"Yes..." purred Kumiko, shivering a little from Obi's warm breath against her sensitive nipple.

"Yes..." She smiled beatifically, lustily down at the pair. "You two will make fine maids for Naruto-dono."

Obi and Mari moaned happily.

Sasuki Uchiha and Hinata Hyuuga were holding hands and faintly blushing as they scowled, a little jealously, at Sakura and Ino.

"Sasuki-chan?" said Sakura, looking aghast. "This... This isn't what it looks like...!"

Despite saying this, however, the pinkette made no attempt to push Naruko off of her. Though the temporarily gender-muddled blonde, at least for her part, had stopped what she was doing to look over at the pair of visual prowess princesses.

"Sasuki~!" squealed Ino cheerfully. "Wanna join the fun?" she asked slyly, wiggling her cute, round, twerkable bum in an attempt to entice the Uchiha.

"No," said Sasuki, the words coming out a little more sharply than she intended. She shook her head, brow furrowed. "Or... That is... No, not now. I'm not here for that."

"We're not here for that," added Hinata. "We have something a very important matter to discuss with Naruto-kun."

Her milky, byakugan eyes cast themselves warmly upon the voluptuous, tanned figure of her love's
sexy jutsu. Her stern frown turned itself upside down, becoming a loving smile.

"Naruto-kun..." she said softly. "This is about the marriage..."

Ino's eyes lit up. "Ohmigod!" she squealed. "Marriage?! You don't mean..." She was smiling gleefully, grinning from ear to ear as she looked from Hinata, to Naruko, to Sasuki, to Sakura, and back to Naruko.

She beamed, overcome with the kind of pure, unadulterated GLEE that came only natural to a certain variety of female when confronted with the prospect of a wedding.

Sasuki and Hinata both blushed. And Naruko was a little pink, herself.

Sakura turned white as chalk. Her jaw went slack.

"Whwhat about it, Hinata-chan?" Naruko asked her girlfriend.

The Hyuuga heiress glanced sidelong at her friend, rival, and newfound lover, Sasuki. The Uchiha's blush deepened.

"Wwell, Hinata isn't the only one who wants to marry you, Naruko..." she said softly. "I... really want to have your babies, too..."

Naruko blinked. She wasn't quite stunned by this, considering how close she and Sasuki were, but it did seem a little curiously timed.

Why now, all of a sudden?

"And Hinata's okay with that?" Naruko wondered. "I mean, if she's gonna be my first, then I'm pretty sure she needs to approve of any other wives personally..."

"I don't need to be your first, Naruto-kun," said Hinata warmly. "Not if it's Sasuki you choose." She pinkened a little more in the cheeks, smiling warmly at the Uchiha.

Naruko looked between these two. She looked a little pale from being put on the spot like this.

She gulped, nervous.

"Um, well, uh..." she stammered anxiously. Her eyes were flitting a little frantically between Hinata and Sasuki. Her form wavered briefly, nerves becoming so frayed and frazzled from being put on the spot like this that her chakra destabilized sufficiently to undo his sexy jutsu transformation. "Ummmm..."

Hinata smiled softly.

"Don't worry, Naruto-kun," she said reassuringly. "We don't expect you to reach an answer right away."

"Good," came a distinctly low, and husky voice from outside their field of view. Sand blew suddenly through the street.

Startled, Sasuki, Ino, and Sakura spun around in surprise. Naruto, however, with his sensory powers, and Hinata with her byakugan's extremely wide range of perception, simply smiled.

"Yo, Gaara-chan! Temari-chan! Kanakuro-chan!" said the sunny blond brightly. "What brings you three all the way here to Konoha?"
In the street, the three Sand sisters were standing side by side, Temari and Kanakuro flanking the youngest of the trio, Gaara.

"We're here," said Temari.

"To settle an argument," continued Kanakuro.

"But clearly it was fate that brought me here, at this moment," concluded Gaara, turquoise eyes smoldering intensely as she gazed towards Naruto. "Because if there is anyone you should marry and take as your first wife, it is me."

Naruto blinked.

"Eh?" he said, an intelligent rebuttal. "Wha?"

He stared blankly at Gaara for several long seconds. Then he stared at Hinata. Then Sasuki.

That was when Sakura spoke up.

"Hey..." said the pinkette, her eyes narrowing, and her tone more than just a little confrontational. "If anyone should be his first wife, it should be ME."

Gaara, Hinata, and Sasuki all immediately placed their attention on the medic. They did not look particularly pleased by this announcement. If anything, the killing intent leaking out from their bodies seemed to give the impression that they really did not like the idea of Sakura declaring herself a competitor.

"Why?" said Gaara coolly. "What makes you so qualified?"

Sakura sniffed imperiously. "He liked me way before he liked any of you."

Hinata scowled a little bit at this.

"And you refused every one of his advances," she retorted with almost more venom than most present would have thought her capable. "And violently rebuked him every time he expressed any kind of romantic interest in you. Since when have you thought of him as anything more meaningful than a necessary comrade?"

Sakura winced, recoiling weakly. "Okay, so maybe I was mean to him in the past... but that doesn't mean I don't l-lo...like him. He's... really nice, and handsome..." she said softly, cheeks pink. Her gaze was shyly averted from the others as she continued. "Maybe it just took me until now, to realize what I had... to realize, that I like Naruto as much as he likes me."

The other girls stared at her, eyes half-lidded.

"...well, she knows what she wants, at least..." muttered Sasuki, sighing. "But I still say that myself or Hinata would make the best first wives for Naruto. We've both been involved with him longer than anyone else, and we're both from old, noble clans with bloodlines bearing powerful doujutsu.
Quite frankly, from a political, and romantic standpoint, we're the best options."

Hinata nodded. "Sasuki-chan is right, of course. We're both two of Naruto's earliest real lovers, and marrying either one of us would certainly increase his prestige even beyond what it is now."

"But you aren't the best options..." came Gaara's voice. She stepped forward meaningfully, double-D breasts bouncing a fair deal with the movement. "Politically, I am the best choice, as the vessel of Shukaku and reigning Kazekage. And besides that, I am best suited to understand the unique difficulties faced by jinchuuriki in this world. None of you would be able to understand Naruto like I would."

Glaring at Gaara, and always having been a little competitive with the redhead ever since their battle in the Chuunin Exams, Sasuki pulled out her and Hinata's ace in the hole.

"Hinata is pregnant with his child."

It was quiet enough to hear a pin drop.
Breast Holiday Wishes

Immediately, Gaara, Sakura, Ino, Temari, and Kanakuro all whipped their heads around to stare, agape, at Hinata. The Hyuuga heiress smiled softly under their scrutiny, blushing faintly.

"Is... Is that true...?" murmured Sakura, eyes wide as she gazed blankly at Hinata, perhaps trying to find some visible sign of pregnancy.

"Are you really...?" said Ino breathlessly, jaw slack and eyes shining. She was frozen, but energy seemed to be building up in her frame. Quite apart from any news about marriage, this mention of pregnancy alone would have been enough to get her squealing and giggling like an Academy student. As it was, the blonde appeared to be suffering a temporary overload of giddiness.

Hinata nodded.

"I am," she said softly, but also unmistakably proudly. Her posture was erect, and her eyes were bright. There was confidence in her demeanor, an undeniable strength of spirit. "I'm pregnant with Naruto-kun's child."

Naruto scratched the back of his neck, a bright grin on his face.

"Yeah," he said, "Me and Hinata did it this morning. She told me what she wanted, and that was babies."

Temari and Kanakuro traded silent, meaningful glances with their youngest sister. Ino and Sakura also looked at one another, and small, mischievous grins formed on their faces.

Sasuki and Hinata shared a knowing nod between the two of them, and they stepped back from Naruto.

"Well, dear..." said Hinata demurely, "...Naruto-kun..."

"It looks like these girls want their own chance at you..." remarked Sasuki. There was a curious gleam in her eyes, and she was smirking.

"Ah..." said Naruto, sweatdropping at the hungry looks on the faces of the five other girls. "You don't say..."

"Na-ru~too~oo~" singsonged Ino and Sakura together. Both were still in the buff, and they leered slyly at the blond's naked form.

"Naruto..." breathed Gaara huskily, eyes smoldering intensely.

Ino, Sakura, Gaara and her sisters all took a step towards the blond jinchuuriki. They were all smiling seductively, invitingly.

Naruto gulped in spite of himself. He could tell what they wanted even without the empathic powers he got from Kumiko. Unbidden, he took a step backwards as the quintet advanced another step towards him.

"Hinata...?" he murmured. "Sasuki...? Don't you two have anything to say about this...?"

The former smiled warmly, beatifically, and the latter simply gave him a cocky smirk.
"I won't stand in their way," said Hinata simply. "I do not fear their competition. They do not have what Sasuki-chan and I have. Not with you."

Sasuki nodded.

"They're no threat to us," she said haughtily. "Whether you knock them up or not, they don't have what it takes to be your first wife."

"Oh?" said Gaara, turning a cool gaze on the Uchiha. "You sound rather certain of this. Do you care to test your theory?"

Lightning seemed to dance between these two pairs of eyes, dueling glances thrusting and parrying against one another. The temperature in front of the Uzumaki house seemed to rise by several degrees.

"I'd like to see you try," said Sasuki. Her arms were crossed beneath her decently modest breasts, pushing them up through her T-shirt.

"So would I," said Ino slyly, giggling pervertedly as she ogled the swell of the redhead's goodly bosom, and the curve of excellent childbearing hips.

Sakura blushed.

"Don't count me out, either..." she muttered softly. "I love Naruto too..." Her cheeks were redder than a tomato, the pinkette's natural tsundere tendencies shorting out with this admission of her feelings.

She took a deep breath, and squared her stance. Emerald eyes gleamed brightly, and she punched a fist into the air in front of her.

"I'll be Naruto's first wife!" she declared boldly. "Like hell I'll let some Sand slut take him from me! I won't lose this fight! Not even to you, Sasuki-chan! Hell no!"

Naruto actually felt the urge to whimper, caught in the middle of this Mexican standoff. But his fear was mostly outweighed by the stiffening of his member, and the heat of arousal burning up in his loins.

Mostly outweighed.

He still turned and bolted down the street. And Gaara, Sakura, Ino, Temari, and Kanakuro all set off after him.

Sasuki turned to look at Hinata, a soft smile on her face.

"Looks like Naruto will be kept busy for a bit," she remarked huskily.

"I hope he doesn't get upset with us," said Hinata, looking contrite over leaving him to the proverbial jackals.

Sasuki laughed. "Don't be silly, Hinata. You know he'll enjoy this as much as they will."

The Hyuuga heiress smiled, nodding softly.

"I suppose you're right, Sasuki-chan," she mused. "We might as well humor them one last time, right?"
"Right," said Sasuki, nodding back. "Let those girls have their fun with Naruto before he chooses. It's only fair to at least give them a chance." She then laughed. "Though it won't be much of one!"

Hinata giggled as well, and she sidled up to Sasuki. She purred a little bit, pressing her decidedly voluptuous frame nonchalantly against the Uchiha.

"Well," she said quietly, whispering huskily into Sasuki's ear. "As long as Naruto-kun is going to be busy with them..."

She nibbled teasingly on the soft earlobe, licking it lightly. Sasuki shivered, moaning a little bit.

"Yeah," she groaned, melting into Hinata's lustful ministrations, "We might as well make our own fun while he's gone..."

Her hands went to the buttons of her shorts.

Naruto let out a yelp when he felt a tendril of sand wrap around his ankle. He tripped mid-bound, the silicate tentacle yanking him bodily back towards Gaara and her sisters. Ino and Sakura weren't currently anywhere in sight, but Naruto was a little too preoccupied to pay this any mind.

"Naruto-kun..." purred Temari, a lusty gleam in her eyes. She brandished her fan with a seductive flourish, casually and easily slipping down her top to expose her naked, voluptuous chest.

"Don't you want to fuck our cute little sister...?" said Kanakuro with a pout. Her fingertips glowed with the subtle shimmer of chakra strings, and she cleverly maneuvered her shirt open.

"Don't you want to have me as your wife?" Gaara asked, as she tugged Naruto towards her. "To fertilize my womb, and have me bear children at your side?"

Her blouse came off, strategically ripped by loose grains of sand. Considerable breasts, the equal of either of her sisters, bounced beautifully free seconds before Naruto found himself smashed, face-first, into Gaara's chest. Her boobs mashed into the blond's face, drowning him in sweet-scented cleavage.

Naruto had to admit that he was not averse to the ideas the girls were suggesting. Not while he was in this position. His dick was getting hard again.

"I wouldn't mind it," Naruto conceded, his voice muffled by Gaara's lovely lumps. "But I promised Hinata..."

Gaara smiled, feeling Naruto's lips against her sternum, against her breasts. Gesturing her hands, some more sand flew up and pressed into the blond's back, squeezing him into Gaara.

"Words are cheap," said the redhead softly. "You should determine these things with actions."

Pale, toughened fingers reached around the throbbing, rigid shaft of Naruto's manhood. He hissed a little, the feeling of the kunoichi's rough, calloused hands beginning to work up and down his aching member making him shiver and clench.

"Ah... Oh..." Naruto groaned, Gaara's sand-worn hands, while not as soft or smooth as those of some other girls, certainly lent their own unique texture to the working of her fingers squeezing and stroking the velvety, blue-veined length of his cock. "You're good, Gaara-chan..." he grunted. "You've gotten better, since last time... better at this..."
A bead of precum glistened in his penile meatus, his member twitching. It was excited from his fellow jinchuuriki's skillful ministrations. Naruto was gasping and moaning.

Gaara smiled, cupping the blond's balls.

"I've been practicing," was her only response, as she continued to jerk Naruto off, seducing him with sex. Which was maybe a little redundant, but damned if it wasn't effective.

And her sisters were also looking interested, appearing to greatly appreciate the sight of Gaara deftly stroking and fondling the gorgeous blond's enormous cock. Temari and Kanakuro smiled, watching Gaara rub the purple, knobbed head of Naruto's dick between her thumb and forefinger.

They observed attentively as the redhead traced her fingertips delicately along the throbbing blue veins which ran up and down the Uzumaki's shaft. They took extensive mental notes as their baby sister lewdly massaged the kyuubi vessel's robust testicles, making him shiver and groan.

Gaara's two older sisters licked their lips, eyes gleaming. Their breasts were heaving, nipples erect and stiff.

Temari slipped easily out of her skirt, lithe and graceful in the action. She moved with all the beauty and subtle menace of a jungle cat on the prowl. Strutting her stuff like a gravure model on parade, she approached Naruto and Gaara.

Not to be outdone by her big sis, Kanakuro walked forward also, swaying her hips sensually. Once more employing chakra threads, she slowly and teasingly peeled the rest of her clothes off of her body.

Naruto saw them approaching, and the way their delectable, voluptuous nude figures bobbed and swayed with every step got him somehow even harder than he had been. He grinned appreciatively at Temari and Kanakuro, raking discerning blue eyes up and down their bodacious bodies.

"Niiiiice," he purred, grinning foxily at the pair. Then he shuddered, feeling Gaara playfully twist his dick ever so slightly. "Oh, fuck," he groaned. "Fuck, yeah... Yeah, that's good... Oh yeah. Just like that, baby. Yeah, you know what I like... Unf..."

Gaara smiled, delighting in all the ways she could play with Naruto's manhood, and all the ways she could make him squirm in doing so.

But Naruto's eyes were still assessing the redhead's sisters.

Kanakuro smirked, dropping down next to the pair of jinchuuriki.

"Like what you see?" she asked slyly, taking her breasts in hand as best she could and squeezing them together. She chuckled quietly when she saw Naruto's eyes dip hungrily into her emphasized cleavage, eyes twinkling.

"I bet he does," said Temari, dropping down on the other side of Naruto and Gaara. She smirked, seeing his eyes now flit over to her, and she gave her own tits a delightful smack. The blond's eyes widened at the sight of this, and the way Temari's bosoms rippled and quaked from the force of this lewd blow. "Mine especially," she added a second later, her own eyes gleaming delightedly at the way she held Naruto's attention. "My rack's the best."

Kanakuro glowered at the sandy blonde, and huffing irritably.

"Like hell it is, you flat-chested slut!" she snapped. "Your tits couldn't hold a candle to mine."
Temari narrowed her eyes, and she smiled dangerously at Kanakuro.

"Ohhhh?" she said lowly. "Those mosquito bites? I'm sorry, I didn't realize those counted as breasts. No wonder you're too insecure to show any cleavage."

Kanakuro ground her teeth, glaring impotently at her elder sister.

"I don't need some skanky V-neck just to get people's attention!" she retorted hotly, cupping her breasts and pushing them up even higher. "These babies speak for themselves."

Lightning danced dangerously between their eyes, each one glaring icily at the other.

Naruto sweatdropped, feeling a little awkward caught between these arguing sisters. Although that didn't stop him from coming all over Gaara's hand, coating her nicely calloused fingers with clinging, ropy strands of his thick, pungent seed.

"My girls put yours to shame any day of the week," Temari replied confidently.

"At least I have shame, you deer-licking whore," spat Kanakuro.

Temari's eyes flashed.

"Doll-fucking bitch," she hissed back. "When was the last time you did it with a real person?"

Kanakuro seethed.

"Pigtailed slut," she rejoined. "At least I'm not giving it out to every half-way pretty girl I see."

Temari snarled.

"You cunt," she growled. "I am NOT!"

"Mmm... but you kind of are, though..." interjected Gaara, humming pleasantly as she slowly licked Naruto's strong-tasting ejaculate off of her fingers.

Temari's face flushed vibrant, angry scarlet.

"Just because you two don't have a real sex life..." she muttered.

Naruto smiled. "I don't think you're a slut, Temari-chan," he said warmly. "You're just enjoying life the way you want to."

Temari's blush deepened, but this time she was smiling. Kanakuro pouted, though.

"I still have better tits," she muttered petulantly.

Temari snorted, though the giddy, weightless feeling did not entirely depart from her chest.

"Bullshit," she said. "Mine are bigger."

Gaara laughed at her two older sisters.

"You two are delusional," she said. "My breasts are the best, and the biggest."

Naruto blinked, realizing that this argument had gone all at once from a two-way to a three-way. And not the sexy kind of three-way, either.
Gaara, Temari, and Kanakuro gathered in a circle, angrily mashing their three sets of heavenly breasts all together as they bickered lowly and peevishly.

...okay, maybe it was still pretty sexy. But the bad vibes were really harshing his hard on.

"Come on, you girls..." he said. "There's no reason to argue. Does it really matter who has the biggest boobs? You all look perfectly fine to me." He winked, making a clicking noise with his tongue and pointing playfully at their generous assets.

"Of course it matters!" all three replied in unison, their words hot and forceful like Naruto himself getting down with his Kumo concubines.

The blonde laughed weakly, sheepishly, seeing how passionate the trio of sisters appeared to be on this matter. "I... see..." he said quietly, actually not seeing at all. Each of them looked equally sexy to him, and he had no idea why something like breast size should even matter.

But the sand sisters obviously weren't going to be getting over this little tiff by themselves, so he figured he might as well try to play peace-maker.

"Well," he said, "If it really matters that much to you girls, I suppose I could always judge them myself..."

Temari, Kanakuro, and Gaara all shared a silent, knowing glance that went unnoticed by Naruto.

"That seems fair," said the pig-tailed wind mistress, now smiling quite personably.

"Naruto knows tits better than anyone!" agreed the pretty puppeteer, beaming.

"He will make the perfect judge," added Gaara, eyes gleaming sultrily.

"Well, shucks..." said the blond himself, blushing sheepishly under this unorthodox praise. "I guess I'll do my best..."

Gaara smiled, and went back to Naruto.

"And I think I know the perfect way for you to judge our attributes..." she purred huskily.

Taking her considerable breasts in hand, the redheaded sand-user sandwiched Naruto's erection comfortably, sensually between her two lovely tits. Lasciviously, she squeezed the mounds together, putting the most wonderful kind of pressure on her love's penis. Then she began rubbing them up and down Naruto's shaft, and bent her head forward to kiss and lick the tip.

Naruto was in heaven as Gaara gave him the most wonderful titfuck, paizuri-ing him right up to the brink of ecstasy in a matter of moments.

He had a feeling this would be one helluva contest.
It was glorious. All three of the Sand Sisters had magnificent tits, and they each knew exactly how to use them. The contest was every bit as fun as Naruto would have expected.

Gaara rubbed her mammaries up and down Naruto's shaft. They were pillowy soft, and warm. She held his manhood close to her burning breast, feeling how hard he was against her softness. She squeezed her chest against Naruto's cock, putting a wonderful sort of pressure on it.

Up and down she went, faster and faster. More and more she worked his manhood, pleasuring him harder and harder with her bountiful bosom, rubbing and squeezing and squishing herself tightly and passionately against him.

Gaara pleasured Naruto fervently, zealously. She adored this, delighted in servicing her love. Seeing the look on his face, feeling the throbbing and the pulsing of his dick between her breasts, it turned her on like nothing else she had ever felt. She loved the blonde dearly, adored and admired him perhaps even as much as Hinata herself did.

Naruto had done so much for her in the past. He had given her everything. To do at least this much in return felt like only the most natural thing in the world.

She loved Naruto deeply. She would happily give him everything, and not out of some sense of debt, or obligation. No, everything she gave him was given of her own will, her own volition, freely and gladly. It delighted her to do these things for him.

Gaara loved Naruto. To become his bride was something she wanted more than anything else in the world. Maybe she didn't have to be his first wife, and maybe she could handle another having him before she did, but the Fifth Kazekage was nothing if not determined.

When Naruto came all over her breasts, Gaara smiled and happily kissed the tip of his manhood. She licked him generously clean, lingering on the taste of his seed, a flavor she adored even more than raw liver.

But eventually her sisters stepped in, and pulled her off of the blonde.

"Don't hog him all to yourself, Gaara," said Kanakuro.

"Yeah. You need more than one entry to have a contest, after all," Temari added wryly.

Gaara simply pouted, before sitting down buck naked in the middle of the street. Balefully eyeing her sisters as they argued briefly over who would go next, the redhead then proceeded to start lovingly cleaning Naruto's semen from her breasts. While she would gladly bear his ejaculate as a badge of honor anytime, anywhere, it was generally inadvisable to go out topless in her home of Suna.

*Generally.*

Also she *really* liked the taste. It was deliciously salty.

Contentedly licking her lips, Gaara watched Kanakuro shove Temari aside, before kneeling down and beginning her own turn on Naruto. The blond groaned happily, bucking his hips against the brunette's bountiful bosom.
Just like her sister, Kanakuro had magnificent breasts. They were large and soft, almost doughy as they overflowed on Naruto’s erect rod, sandwiching his hard savory manflesh in the valley of a voluptuous goddess. She was not as skilled in using them, though.

It was clear to Naruto that the puppet mistress had little firsthand experience in sexual matters. Her movements were clumsy, and she was infrequently hesitant. Her ministrations were a rough, visibly inept imitation of what she had seen her little sister do. She was tentative in her handling of his manhood, which by itself was nothing unusual for most girls at first, but she also fumbled a fair deal with her own breasts.

Although Kanakuro had more than enough to work with in terms of paizuri, she had a good deal of trouble lining herself up just right. More than once she accidentally bumped her head against his chest or abdomen, and it took her a lot of fussing to keep his dick right where she needed it.

Naruto could tell right away that Kanakuro was, if not a virgin, then still very inexperienced. This was doubtless her first time doing something like this, whether it was with a female or with him. But, what she may have lacked in skill, she more than made up for with sheer enthusiasm. Her breasts attacked his cock with great vigor, clumsily going up and down on his shaft. She squeezed them tightly together, mashing the fleshy mounds of womanly delight against Naruto's manhood.

But either way, Naruto wasn't doing this to judge their skills. And once he finally came from Kanakuro's ministrations, he had her get up off him and let Temari through.

The puppet user pouted slightly as she watched her elder sister kneel down and get to work. She saw Temari wiggling her big, juicy hips as she squashed pleasantly voluptuous breasts down vigorously into Naruto's lap, vast cleavage swallowing up his immense erection.

"Show off..." Kanakuro mumbled peevishly, seeing Temari's buttocks and thighs jiggle as they moved with her whole body. The fan wielder was writhing lewdly against Naruto's lap, bouncing her breasts energetically up and down, up and down, faster and faster on the blond's dick.

"You're just jealous you don't have a body like mine," was Temari's offhanded response, her hands being nearly buried by the soft, doughy mass of her generous creamy bust as she pressed this way and that with them. She swiveled her torso minutely, subtly as she rocked her bosom back and forth, gyrating the tender, sensuous flesh of her breasts to and fro against Naruto throbbing shaft. She was twisting herself around his manhood, moving her breasts in every possible axis on Naruto's dick.

It was maximum exposure, letting Naruto feel as much of her chest as she could, allowing his penis ample opportunity to map out the subtle nuances of her womanly curvature. Temari's bosom molded wonderfully against the jinchuuriki's cock, her heavenly mounds rolling delightfully over this incomparable hardness. And she traced with her tits every inch of Naruto's shaft, exploring his mighty rod with an awesome wonder.

"Damn, that's good..." Naruto grunted. He bucked his hips unconsciously, bumping himself hungrily into Temari's sternum."You're really fucking good at this, Temari..."

"Ufufufu, I'm glad you think so, Naruto-kun," purred Temari, feeling his hardness pulsing terribly within her cleavage. She pushed her breasts up and down, pressing them down hard against his erection. "Mmm, I can almost smell your seed just bubbling up in there... Such a lewd scent, oh yes, so strong and delicious..."

She moaned huskily, opening her mouth wide, letting her tongue loll out. She could feel it coming. Naruto was ready to come.
He blew, erupting like Vesuvius. His seed shot all over Temari's chest and face, and a goodly amount spraying into her open, waiting mouth as well. Temari gulped it down with a playful wink and a sultry smile. Lustily licking her lips, she gave her breasts one last squeeze against Naruto's manhood. He groaned at the feeling of it, the softness of her bosom enveloping him completely.

"Fuck, that felt great..." Naruto grunted.

Almost a little reluctantly, he stood back up, and cast an appraising eye over Temari, Kanakuro, and Gaara. Thoughtfully, the blonde stroked his chin, glancing carefully between the three sisters' busts. He focused on how their breasts had felt against his manhood, still hard as a rock as he shrewdly inspected the trio's beautiful tits. Casually, he caressed his hands over the curvature of their chests, kneading his fingers deep into the supple, fatty tissue.

He rolled the girls' boobs in his palms, cupping them, squeezing them, weighing them like melons. They shivered and moaned under this treatment, panting and blushing deeply.

"Ahhhn, Naruto..." groaned Gaara, sand rising and curling between her toes.

"Ohhh, fuck... Ah, ahhhh...!" whimpered Kanakuro, her frame shuddering in barely repressed ecstasy.

"Yes! Yes! Oh, Wind! Oh Sage! Yes yes yes!" Temari shamelessly squealed, squeezing her shapely, toned, but nonetheless considerably generous thighs tightly together, nectar and sweat glistening on the flushed and reddening skin.

Naruto smiled, always happy to see ladies enjoying themselves like this. From memory of many times in the past using his empathic powers during sex, the blond could easily guess how the three were feeling as he did this and/or that to their sensitive, sensuous breasts. Getting really into it, feeling hard and horny and grateful for the fun they had given him, he started going out of his way to stimulate and pleasure them even as he examined their boobs.

It was a point of pride for him to make a woman feel good. He enjoyed sex greatly, loved every minute of it, and in his sense of fairness and vague idea of masculine pride, the blond actively strove to see his partners enjoy intercourse just as much as he did. He wasn't by nature a selfish or callous person – he didn't simply use women for his own personal pleasure. Oh, he certainly got plenty of pleasure from them, but he made it a point to repay every good turn, sexual or otherwise.

So as Naruto pinched the skin of their breasts, one by one, he also deftly and sensually caressed their thighs. He excited them skillfully, making the sisters moan and groan in euphoria, slowly working his way up and down their bodies. He teased their aching womanhoods with masterful fingers, dancing light as butterfly kisses across their nether lips, getting them to squirm and to squeal his name in ecstasy and delight.

He fingered them, slowly and carefully at first, gently yet thoroughly exploring the outermost folds and creases of their feminine blossoms. But as their pleas for more grew stronger, so too did he intensify the passion of his ministrations. Soon, he was no longer even paying their breasts any mind at all, placing one hand unto Temari's flower, and the other into Kanakuro's, while pressing hungry lips to Gaara's blossom, slipping his tongue into her most secret place. It was far from the first time he had tasted his redhead friend's womanhood, but still he savored every taste, every sensation against his soft yet supple muscle as it probed her and pleased her with all the prowess of an injutsu grandmaster.

Temari, Kanakuro, and Gaara. All three he pleased, paying them back for the pleasure they had given him. He kissed Gaara's blossom, caressed Kanakuro's cunt, delved Temari's depths. He made
them moan and mewl and shiver and quake, arousing and exciting them with all of his skill.

"Fuck!" shouted Temari, after several minutes of this mindblowing pleasure. "I'm...!"

"Damn...!" hissed Kanakuro, eyes squeezing tightly shut, "Me too! Ohhhhh!"

"MMmmmm, yessss!" moaned Gaara. "Yes! Oh, Naruto! Heaven's wind, I love you! Naruto! AHH!"

All three of them came at the exact same time. Temari and Kanakuro gushing out all over Naruto's fingers, and Gaara flowing freely into his mouth. Naruto drank deeply of her nectar, savoring it, before pulling back with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"Hehehe, looks like you girls sure enjoyed that~" he chuckled, smiling at the shivering, mewling trio of pleased, euphoric Suna beauties. Wryly, he then pinched and tugged on their nipples, one at a time, before giving each of their breasts one final, thorough grope. "There," he said at last. "I think I've finally figured it out."

Gaara, Kanakuro, and Temari, even as pleasantly buzzed as they were from their very recent orgasms, still perked up at this.

"You've decided?" said Kanakuro. "Which one of us has the biggest breasts?"

Naruto nodded.

Temari beamed, and she puffed up haughtily. "Well, I always knew it was me," she said, "but it's nice to have official confirmation."

Gaara quietly scoffed.

"Deluded," she muttered under her breath, subtly arching her back to push her own bosom up and out.

And Kanakuro, for her part, bent inconspicuously forward, subtly angling her chest to emphasize her own cleavage.

Naruto smiled at the girl's, pleasantly ogling their goodly racks. "Yup," he said cheerfully, beaming at the lovely Sand trio, "All three of you are equally big-boobed!" he declared confidently.

The three sisters frowned slightly at this.

"Are you sure?" they said.

"Aren't I bigger than them?" added Temari.

"No, aren't I bigger?" interjected Kanakuro.

"Surely I'm more endowed than my sisters," said Gaara.

"Yeah, I'm sure," said Naruto, "and nope! All three of you have exactly the same bust size." Seeing the dark looks on Temari and Kanakuro's faces (and Gaara's as well, to a lesser degree) however, he hastily added. "But each of you has your own special qualities!"

They perked up.

"Special qualities?" said Gaara.
"Special qualities," confirmed Naruto, nodding. "Temari, for instance. Her nipples get stiff a little easier, and the base is a little bit wider, too. Gaara's breasts are very firm and perky for their size, while Kanakuro's are real soft and squishy. And that's just your boobs." He smiled. "I don't get why you girls are so obsessed with your bust size. You all have your own special little charm points."

Gaara blushed, as did Temari and Kanakuro.

"Do... do you really think so...?" whispered the brunette puppet mistress. Her cheeks were bright red, and her hands were half covering her face out of sheer embarrassed glee.

"Of course I do," said Naruto warmly.

Kanakuro squealed, and Temari was also looking a little giggly herself.

"Tell me more about my charms, Naruto~" gushed the blonde mistress of wind. "What do you like about my body~?"

"You have great legs," the blond jinchuuriki brightly replied. "They're real long and curvy, with some great muscle on them. And you have some dang fine thighs, too." Grinning mischievously, he pinched Temari's bare leg, making her yelp delightedly.

"Oooh!" she squealed, swatting Naruto's hand away. "You perv~" she sniggered, wiggling her hips delightedly. Naruto laughed, and gave her a wink.

"What about me?" said Kanakuro.

"Your ass," Naruto replied easily, warmly. "It's so big and soft and smackable. You could probably make yourself a good profit just shaking that baby for a few hours at the Playful Fox." He then gave her a playful spank on that generous rear, making Kanakuro sharply squeak and her buttocks sensually roil.

"Aiiiee!" Kanakuro yelped, blushing furiously. She clamped her thighs tightly together, mewling a little and slightly squirming. "Ahhhh..." she whimpered, and Naruto caught the whiff of further arousal wafting up from her loins.

Then he turned to Gaara, smirking and shaking his own hips a little for the girls' viewing pleasure.

"I suppose you want to know your own charm point, then?" he said, his eyes twinkling warmly as he gazed into hers.

"I already know what it is," was Gaara's response, mirth shining in her beautiful turquoise lamps. She leaned in close to Naruto, wrapping her arms around his waist, pressing her chest into his. Their lips were nearly touching, and she was smiling foxily. "It's my eyes, of course."

Naruto laughed.

"Right you are!" he replied, giving her a playful peck on the lips.

"Mmm," Gaara moaned, leaning into the kiss when Naruto tried to pull back a moment later. She squeezed him tight, slipping her tongue past his lips. Her hands found their way down to the blond's fine behind, and she lovingly fondled his firm powerful buttocks. "Mmmmmu," she hummed appreciatively into the kiss, vibrating her tongue inside Naruto's mouth.

The blond himself quickly gave into the kiss, and he started playfully swirling his tongue around
Gaara's. His hands wandered up and down the redhead's back, squeezing her supple posterior and tracing elaborate figures across her skin. His touch made her squirm against him, her soaked and aching loins pressing down on his manhood.

They continued to kiss, Naruto and Gaara, and Temari and Kanakuro watched. Golden flames enveloped Naruto's body as he ground himself hungrily against his fellow jinchiuriki. Any qualms he may have had before were now forgotten in the heat of desire, his animal lusts inflamed.

*You want to be my wife,* were Naruto's thoughts, echoed by Kumiko's sister, Shukaku, inside Gaara's head.

*I do indeed, more than anything else in the world,* was Gaara's response conveyed to Naruto through Kumiko.

Naruto's muscular arms squeezed Gaara tightly against him. His manhood inched into her pussy.

*I made a promise to Hinata... but I suppose I can give you a chance...* Naruto thought to Gaara.

*You won't regret it,* was Gaara's reply. *Take me as your wife, Naruto-sama. I will make it worth your while.*

Naruto finally broke off the kiss, smiling as he slowly started to pump in and out of Gaara. His eyes were bright as they matched her gaze, beholding the beauty of her glistening pools.

"I guess we'll see," he remarked cheerfully, huskily, enveloped in the kyuubi's yang chakra. "Won't we?"

"We will," was Gaara's breathy response, her own body thrumming with the power of her tanukine tenant. "I promise."

Kanakuro and Temari watched on a little jealously as Naruto and Gaara proceeded to make love in the middle of the street.

And so too did Sakura and Ino, hidden with stealth just around the corner.

There was not a woman around who did not covet the gorgeous body of that heroic blond stud.
It was a swagger in his step and a grin on his face that Naruto walked back down the street to his house. His dick swung between his legs like an elephant's trunk as he strutted down the road, naked as the day he was born. It hung nearly to his knees, contentedly flaccid, and glistened with a tantalizing mixture of sweat and love juices.

The blond's dusky, lean washboard abs rippled sensually with the movement of his body. The spiral markings and radial array of his trigram seal accentuated his muscular core, the bottom-most axis of the tattooed formula dipping into the virile golden forest of his pubic hair. Muscles bulged beneath his skin, not overlarge but still quite generous powerful. They were perfect – his pecs, his biceps, his quads, so on and so forth.

You would not be remotely exaggerating to say that Naruto Uzumaki had the body of a Greek god. Apart from his penis. That was much larger than anything you would see on a Hellenistic statuary or mural depicting anything that wasn't a satyr or barbarian.

But, that aside, Naruto was gorgeous. You know, as far as the ladies were concerned. With sun-kissed blond hair, those baby blue eyes, that winning smile, and a body the likes of which artists would toil their whole lives to capture and preserve for future generations. He was the hottest thing in the Elemental Nations, and he felt pretty damn good right about now.

Laying Gaara then and there right in the middle of the street had really done wonders for his nerves. He was on top of the world after that intensive session with the kazekage, and he felt much more confident in what he was going to do. He'd pumped the buxom sand-manipulating redhead with enough of his seed to impregnate a small village. Her sisters had also been eager for some fun, too, though they had taken it rather in the ass.

Naruto beamed at no one in particular, winking rakishly at a passing village girl (who tittered and blushed, shamelessly ogling his naked body) before turning down the street to his family's house.

And his eyebrows went up nearly into his hairline when he saw what was going on right before his doorstep.

"Hot damn," he whistled. He felt the blood start rushing back into his flaccid member, causing it to stiffen and stir. He got hot in the face beholding this bawdy, carnal spectacle

Sasuki and Hinata were tangled together, in a collective state of considerable undress, moaning and giggling as they did things to one another that would have gotten them arrested on the spot for gross obscenity and public indecency in any more conservative or realistic setting. Though here all it earned them was a variety of wolf whistles and catcalls from various lovely young residents and pedestrians.

"Ohhh, yesss! Hinata! Hinata!" moaned Sasuki, her hands roaming lewdly and enthusiastically over the pale, creamy dips and curves of the Hyuuga's voluptuous figure.

"Sasuki! Ah! Sasuki-chan! Ahhn...!" panted Hinata, eyes half-lidded and cheeks painted a dusty scarlet. Her fingers danced sensuously over her friend's body, tapping her suggestively here and there.

"Fuuuuuck! Hinata!" cried Sasuki. She arched her back, blood crimson sharingan flaring to life. Her thighs were visibly drenched with feminine juices, the moisture of her womanhood easily
discernible, even as tightly entangled as her limbs were with Hinata's.

"Sasuki-chan...!" parroted Hinata, throwing her head in wild, passionate ecstasy. "I'm...!

Both came with a loud cry, right there on the street for all to see. Even Naruto.

Especially Naruto.

The blond grinned foxily at the two visual prowess princesses, sharp white canines gleaming in the light of an early evening sun.

So that's why... he mused to himself, silent. His manhood was at full mast by now, and throbbing furiously. Heheh, at least I don't have to worry about them not getting along...

Confidently, Naruto went over to the pair.

"Hey, girls," he said, catching their attention. "How ya doing?"

Sasuki looked over her shoulder at Naruto, pinned as she was beneath Hinata. She smiled at him seductively.

"Well, hello," she purred. "I didn't think you'd be back so soon."

"Yes," said Hinata. "Are you okay? We thought you'd be gone longer than that, considering..." She trailed off, gesturing vaguely with her hands as she stood up along with Sasuki. She didn't seem to care that she was topless.

And why would she? She showed people more than that on a regular basis at the Playful Fox.

Naruto shrugged.

"Well, I dealt with Gaara and her sisters..." he said. "...but I haven't seen Ino or Sakura. Not since I, uh... sorta lost my cool back there."

He blushed, sheepishly scratching the back of his neck.

Sasuki waved a hand dismissively.

"Don't worry about it, hon," she told him. "That was a lot for everybody to be springing on you all at once. Only natural that you'd... freak... a little bit."

Naruto chuckled weakly. "You think so...? Yeah, I guess."

"Don't worry, darling," said Hinata warmly, smiling. "No matter what you choose, I'll stay by your side..." She took a step closer to him, her breasts bouncing for a second from the motion.

"Yeah..." echoed Sasuki. "Though I would prefer it if you chose one of us," she added wryly a second later, patterned red eyes twinkling.

The two pressed their bodies warmly, affectionately against Naruto's hard, muscular frame. He stood there for a moment motionless, just soaking in the warmth of their beautiful forms melding into him. It was nice, after that hectic session with the Sand Sisters, to just relax a few seconds and really appreciate what a lucky person he was.

So close to their bodies, he could feel the smallest hint of germinating life radiating from Hinata's belly. From the texts he'd read, it supposedly took a few days for sperm cells to actually reach the
ovum, but his were considerably more spry than that.

*Especially* when supercharged with bucket-loads of potent yang chakra. That much life energy, he knew from experience, could really accelerate – and sustain – some miraculously rapid cell division in the earliest stages of fetal development. Much as it did with buds and branches, Naruto's kyuubi chakra could and would greatly quicken the process of, well, *quickening*. To the extent that, with periodic chakra injections, the fetus could reach a healthy birth weight in under four months – on at least one occasion, a certain Yuuki clan member had given birth to a strong baby girl after only ten weeks.

Haku still regularly sent him pictures of little Kyo-chan. Her daughter really was just *adorable*.

Smiling, Naruto pressed the palm of his hand against Hinata's navel. With the amount of yang chakra that'd gone into her that morning, she'd probably start showing the earliest indicators in only a couple of days.

He felt the yet-microscopic bundle of undifferentiated stem cells in Hinata's womb. Right now it was smaller than even the tiniest sliver of biomass, maybe a few dozen individual cells. Even with the accelerating properties of his yang chakra, the masculine essence of the kyuubi, it would be two or three weeks before the heart began to beat – right now, the embryo wouldn't have even started to develop. It was still just the zygote, a microscopic collection of stem cells that would eventually branch out into the foundations for the placenta and the fetus.

But still he could feel it inside of her. Naruto could tell that it had started. The earliest beginnings of a human life were taking place within Hinata's womb.

There really was something beautiful about that.

"You *are* pregnant..." Naruto whispered, half to himself. "I can feel it starting."

Hinata blushed. Sasuki smirked.

"Wanna try two for two?" inquired the latter slyly, huskily.

Naruto laughed, taking a half-step back to look up and down at these two beautiful young women.

"I'm game if Hinata-chan is," was the blond's roguish reply. He turned to the Hyuuga in question. "Well, are you?"

Hinata smiled demurely.

"But of course, darling," she said. "If it's Sasuki-chan..."

Blushing faintly, she removed a hand from Sasuki's breasts, raising it up to Naruto's manhood. Pale, slender fingers curled delicately yet deftly around his hot, throbbing shaft. She began stroking up and down, skillfully jerking her love off even as she continued her attentions to Sasuki's bosom.

The Hyuuga heiress smirked inwardly, perceiving Sakura and Ino spying on them from a nearby alley. Even without visibly activating her byakugan, she could see the pair as clear as day. And with the lessons she had been getting from her cousin Nejie, Hinata could read their body language like an open book.

*They like what they see,* she thought. *But they're also insecure, jealous. Mmm, they feel inadequate...*
She smiled, turning her attention briefly to Sasuki's and her own breasts. Her Uchiha love rival was fairly well endowed, with a goodly C-cup chest, and she herself was a high double-D bordering nearly on E. Compared to that, Sakura, and even Ino, must no doubt have felt rather insecure.

Hinata's focus was brought back to more pressing matters, however, when she felt one of Sasuki's hands wander past her navel and down her pants.

"Oooh...!" she yelped, feeling the Uchiha's cool fingers brush against her burning loins as they yanked down her pants, discarding them and her panties carelessly off to one side in full view of the whole street.

In an instant, Sasuki dived face-first into Hinata's burning, wet pussy. She kissed her friend's womanhood, slipping her tongue past the Hyuuga's nether lips. Sasuki probed her tongue up and down, side to side, all around in Hinata's vagina. The opal-eyed kunoichi moaned under the Uchiha's lustful assault, passionately rubbing and squeezing Naruto's cock.

"Damn, that's hot," the blond grunted appreciatively, watching the two girls go at it. He ogled Hinata's bouncing breasts, cast into tumult by the shuddering and quaking of carnal delight. He also eyed Sasuki's behind, which was raised up high in the air and being wiggled enticingly side to side as its owner ate her friend out.

The latter was still clothed, though only barely, and also drew his attention that much more. Sasuki's criminally short – and tight – daisy dukes left little to the imagination, riding high and close betwixt the kunoichi's shapely, athletic buttocks. He saw also the slightest trickle of Sasuki's juices going down her thighs, and could practically smell the arousal drenching his long-time rival's panties.

He came, partly from Hinata's wildly impassioned ministrations as she writhed and moaned beneath Sasuki's cunning tongue, and partly from his own thoughts of what lay in waiting under the Uchiha's shorts. His seed splattered all over Hinata's torso, covering her bountiful breasts and her pale skin.

Naruto grunted appreciatively, and felt Hinata's hand remove itself from his manhood. His dick twitched, libido nigh insatiable now that he had been so worked up. Forcefully, feeling especially aroused, Naruto clapped his hands roughly down on Sasuki's hips. She squealed, feeling his touch and knowing what was coming.

Naruto yanked down Sasuki's shorts, the front of which was dark and wet. He was greeted by the pale, supple hills and valleys of fine Uchiha booty, puffy lips and a swollen clit, a tight anus and firm buttocks.

"Mmmph, mrlgerph❤️" moaned Sasuki incoherently. Her lips were still pressed firmly against Hinata's crotch. She wagged her behind from side to side, wordlessly inviting.

Naruto's dick twitched a little harder.

"What a nice ass... he thought, watching the Uchiha's shapely, toned buttocks move from side to side. He followed its movements hungrily, eyes raking lustfully over every subtle contour of Sasuki Uchiha's absolutely perfect ass.

Then he looked lower, and saw her exposed pussy. He saw the swollen clitoris, the soaking labia which betrayed a tantalizing glimpse of Sasuki's sensitive pink folds. He beheld the sensuous glisten of slowly dripping sweat clinging to thighs you could bounce a quarter off of.
Her womanhood seemed to open up before him, and Naruto recalled the Uchiha's desire.  

*She* wanted to have his children, too.

Naruto smiled, and he placed tan calloused hands on the smooth, pale skin of Sasuki's hips.  

*Well, Sasuki-chan... If you want it, you can have it,* he thought, lining up the shot.

The dark-haired kunoichi whimpered lewdly beneath him, panting and mewling at the feeling of his fingers squeezing and fondling firm, shapely flesh. She was passionately eating Hinata out, her tongue deftly and skillfully teasing and pleasing her friend's hot, silky insides. Her lips moved against the Hyuuga's nethers, forming silent pleas for Naruto to give it to her.

When she felt him squeeze that hard, throbbing mass of orgasmic carnal perfection into the hungrily gaping portal of her womanly void, Sasuki couldn't help but come just a little bit right then and there.

*Yessss...!* Sasuki thought, feeling him penetrate her. *It feels so good... It's so big, but there's still so much room for more...!* More, Naruto! More, give me more! More, and more, and more! *Fuck!*  

*Yes! Give it to me! Give me your babies!*  

She all but screamed into Hinata's crotch, so filled with ecstasy and lust. She writhed euphorically between Naruto and Hinata, feeling the blonde fill her with his cock even as she pleasured Hinata with her tongue and her lips. Her athletically curved frame was wracked with carnal jubilation, this festival of the flesh exciting and arousal every single fiber of her being.

And Hinata writhed also, driven to the brink of madness by the skillful ministrations of her friend's nimble, muscular tongue. Sasuki's face was being driven forcefully and violently into her groin by the motion of Naruto's ocean freight sailing clear through the stormy Uchiha seas, but she didn't seem to mind it one bit.

Aroused and burning with passion, Hinata leaned forward over Sasuki's prone form. She bent her head forth, and met Naruto's lips halfway across her friend's back.

*Naruto-kun...* she thought, moaning into the kiss she shared with her boyfriend. *Sasuki-chan! Ohhhh, let's stay like this forever...!

In a nearby alley, Ino Yamanaka and Sakura Haruno were blushing redder than a couple of sunburned tomatoes.

"Wow..." Sakura breathed. She could feel moisture in her panties. "Just... wow."

"Yeah..." Ino managed to get out, her breathing heavy and heartbeat fast. One of her hands was wandering south, unconsciously beginning to rub against the heat of her loins. "That's real... real... real..."

She cut off, moaning aloud.

They couldn't take this any longer.

The blonde and pinkette gave in to their lust. They masturbated furiously, watching Naruto do it with Sasuki. They'd seen him get it on with Gaara and her sisters, and had been very aroused then too. But they hadn't stooped to self-pleasure.
Oh, it had certainly been tempting to drop trou and plunge some appendages into their drenched and aching cunts as they watched the blond sex god dominate the redheaded jinchuuriki and her sisters, but they had fought the temptation. They'd had their pride.

But this was something different. It was a whole other case, now, for Sakura and Ino. Crouching down in the alley, espying the impassioned joining of their mutual crush with someone else they also fairly fancied, seeing Sasuki of all people behaving so lewdly, so obscenely under Naruto's masterful attentions...

Well, it made them think. Maybe not in a particularly cerebral way, but it gave them some damn spicy food for thought. And fodder for masturbation, too.

Sakura whimpered, fondling her own small breasts through the fabric of her shirt. They were perky and sensitive, and she shivered intensely from every slightest stimulation of her pretty pink nipples. She had one hand shoved crudely and lewdly down her formfitting black spats, fingers desperately plumbing the tight juicy depths of her horny little pussy.

"Sa-Sasuki...chan..." the tsundere medic whimpered, moaning weakly and arching her back. "Na...Naruto...sama..."

Sakura squirmed, blushing vibrantly. The fury of her masturbation only intensified as she watched Naruto pounding Sasuki while the Uchiha ate out the pussy of her buxom Hyuuga rival.

Ino was less embarrassed, and far more enthusiastic. Her moans were quite loud, all pretenses of stealth completely abandoned on the part of the platinum blonde. She had three fingers knuckle-deep in her own cunt, thlucking and shlicking oh-so-perversely in the soaking silky folds of her ravening womanhood. Her other hand was propping her up against the ground, keeping the Yamanaka heiress from toppling over as her muscles turned to jelly.

"Fuck! Fuck! God, fuck me...! Fuck me...!" she was all but screaming at the top of her lungs, not caring one bit who might hear her.

Which was quite convenient, in the opinion of a certain lustful Uzumaki who happened to overhear the pair on her way home.

"Mmmmm," hummed Kushina appreciatively, holding the loops of three separate leashes in one hand. She licked her lips, eyes gleaming wickedly. "Sounds like mama's found herself some sexy little appetizers..."

Samui, Karui, and Omoi stood loyally ahead of Kushina, wearing collars around their necks and absolutely nothing else. Matching spiral tattoos branded each of their respective fine asses as belonging mind, body, and soul to the Uzumaki clan forever, in perpetuity. They were even lined up according to bust size, Samui and the right and Karui on the left, with Omoi in the middle.

"Will you need our help, mistress?" inquired Samui obeisantly.

"Not at all," replied Kushina flippantly. "You girls go inside and get yourselves nice and prettied up for Naruto. Make a presentation of yourselves for him."

"Should we go in the back door?" Karui asked.

Kushina shivered pleasantly. She felt herself moisten a little at that question.

"Whenever it's possible," she said huskily, eyes cloudy with lust. Her mind was firmly in the gutter, and her libido was raging. "Go on," she told the trio of sex slaves. "I'll catch up with you girls
"If you say so, mistress," said Omoi with a bow. Kushina handed the girls their leashes, before leaping up stealthily onto a nearby roof. She made her way to a nearby alley, and the Kumo slut trio obediently sneaked around the Uzumaki house to surprise their master.

Naruto, Sasuki, and Hinata were still going strong.
Kushina watched from the shadows, licking her lips as she beheld the obscenely lewd conduct of those two sexy little ladies. Platinum blonde hair done up in a ponytail, cherry pink hair cut short and practical. Two fine young bodies writhed with carnal indulgence, lusty moans and groans echoing through the dark and narrow alley.

She could smell their arousal, the scent of their flowering maidenheads. She could see the way they wriggled and squirmed, touching themselves shamelessly here and there while peeping on her son making love to Hinata and Sasuki.

"Oh! Ohhhhh!" Sakura loudly moaned, fingering her pussy and fondling her small breasts.

"Ffffttuck! That looks so gooood...!" hissed Ino, watching intently, blushing, as Naruto thrust himself powerfully into Sasuki. "Whyyyy can't that be ussss?"

Kushina licked her lips, glancing pervertedly between these two pretty young kunoichi.

"Ara ara," she whispered softly under her breath, gray eyes twinkling mischievously, "What's this? I'd say it looks like our son has gotten himself a pretty big following... even Sakura-kun, eh?"

She shivered a little, feeling herself heat up down south.

My, how exciting... Kushina thought, licking her lips as she began to slowly, methodically disrobe herself.

She glanced carefully, appraisingly between Sakura and Ino. She undid her bra strap, slipped her panties down over her feet. Feeling foxy, she discarded her lingerie carelessly in the dirt.

Now, she mused sexually, which of you little ladies should I break in first?

Kumiko stirred from her brief rest with a most sensual smile upon her lips. She stretched her arms languidly, almost like a cat as she sat up in the guest futon. Luxuriously embroidered silk blankets slipped and cascaded down her curvaceous figure as she arched her back, letting out a soft and silent yawn with her entire body.

"Mmm, that was a very fine nap," the Nine-tails purred to herself, feeling pleasantly warm and fuzzy. "And an exceptionally fine check up before that," she added a second later, smiling seductively at no one in particular.

Her nipples still felt puffy and sensitive, peeking up from the foremost peaks of two shapely bullet train tits. Obi and Mari had done a whole lot of suckling at her teat, drinking in her healing, invigorating milk with an almost ravenous delight. Kumiko shivered a little at the recollection, feeling a faint tingling in her loins.

"What a lewd couple of sisters..." she mused to herself, recalling how obscenely and shamelessly the two 'Uchi' siblings had conducted themselves against her aching, voluptuous body. "How they loved my milk..." she brought her hands up to her breasts, cupping them, pinching her nipples suggestively between fore- and index fingers. "...and my 'milk'..." she added also, lowering her hands now to her crotch.

Nothing protruded now, the phallus having dispelled quite a bit ago, but still Kumiko felt the
phantom sensations of the sisters' opening up their every valley and cavern to the thorough explorations of her mighty serpent, which had slithered and burrowed itself deeply and snugly into every conceivable nook and cranny of those cute, sexy bodies.

"Mmmm," Kumiko hummed, feeling herself growing a little damp from the recollection. From the corner of crimson eyes glancing sharply across this, one of the nicer Uzumaki guest rooms, she saw Obi and Mari – naked – curled up tight beneath a blanket matching her own. The two sisters were snuggled closely together. "How sweet..." the bijuu mused, for a moment remembering her own siblings.

She looked maybe a touch affectionately over the two maids' entangled bodies, eyeing them in a way that may have been called ogling if it had been done by one of a less noble bearing. She licked her lips, fiery lamps flicking perceptively over blankets just barely concealing those pretty, naked forms. Silk embroidery was draped luxuriantly over their intertwined limbs, rolling gently over womanly hills, cascading sensually down maidenly valleys. Most closely and fittingly did the fabric cleave itself to their figures, tracing every rise and dip like a velvety silhouette carved out in three dimensions.

A contented smile was on Obi's face, now free of scars, which was nuzzled deeply into her sister's generous cleavage, seeking out in her somnolence a familiar comfort and warmth. Mari herself had her arms wrapped almost protectively around Obi's neck, pulling her little sister's face tightly into the safety of her bosom. The elder sister's chest was barely covered, the upper portions of her areolae peeking up from beneath the covers.

Kumiko smiled at this, drinking in the sight of these two lovely sisters cloven so tightly together.

"You two..." she murmured, standing up from her futon completely. "You girls will most certainly make superb maids for Naruto-dono."

Nine long, bushy tails swayed languidly, gracefully in the air behind Kumiko, who approached the two sisters slowly. Her legs, long and shapely, moved sensuously with each step, hips moving seductively side to side as she went. A trim, scarlet bush crowned the smooth and faintly rosy lips of her womanhood, and goodly supple breasts moved entrancingly with their inertia.

Kumiko carried herself with poise and purpose, every step she took appearing perfectly confident and deliberate. She walked with the subtle, catlike grace of a sleek, stalking predator, lean muscles moving hypnotically beneath skin and connective tissue. There was an unspoken kind of power in her movements, a sensual potency of grandiose proportions.

She smiled down at Obi and Mari, watching for a moment the rise and fall of the pair's breasts as they slept. Her blossom seemed to flush and moisten subtly, her mouth watering a little as thoughts of debauchery and indulgence flowed like a river through her mind.

"What a couple of pretty darlings, so devoted to their master..." whispered Kumiko softly, lowly. "One would never think... to look beneath the surface... would they...?"

She knelt down low, cupping a hand against Obi's now-smooth and flawless cheek. Her smile widened, feeling the smooth, yielding skin. Plump red lips parted, baring the sharp teeth of a carnivore. Slitted eyes flashed over Mari and her sister. Sharp, long nails like claws traced the faintest line of pink through Obi's baby-soft cheek.

"You two..." she whispered softly, faintly menacingly. "...you have so many secrets, don't you...? Such lovely, loyal servants..."
Smiling still coldly, Kumiko bent her head and whispered softly in Mari's ear.

"...but you cannot hide the darkness in your hearts." She nibbled softly on the fleshy, tender lobe, making Mari moan quietly in her sleep, squirming a little against her sister.

Standing back up, Kumiko turned to leave.

"I know not whom you two truly are..." she said over her shoulder as she started for the door. "...but if that darkness ever comes out against Naruto-dono... while he may forgive you, I most certainly will not. Take that to heart, whoever you are. This is the only warning I will give you."

Mari's eyes snapped open, no sign of sleep visible in them.

"Do not waste your breath," she said, haughtily, dispassionately. It was nothing like the voice Kumiko had heard her use before. "Darkness or no, we mean Naruto no harm."

"Do you not mean master?" said Kumiko with a tinge of ice.

"He is not my master," replied Mari. "I serve him of my own will. That is all you need to know."

Kumiko glanced sharply over her shoulder, eyeing this unknown Uchiha coldly.

"Say what you want. But make one move against him, and your life will be forfeit," she warned frigidly. "I am watching you."

Mari did not deign to reply.

Kumiko left.

"...how much do you think she knows...?" whispered Obi quietly.

"Not much at all," replied Mari. "At most, she has discerned the existence of omissions from our memories."

"So she doesn't..."

"No," said Mari. "She knows nothing of our intentions." Coal black eyes swirled now with a kaleidoscope of red. "Project Tsuki no Me will not be undone. Not by her."

"...good," said Obi. "And the only one with that power..."

"...will have no reason to use it," said Mari. "We will make certain of that. You and I both."

Obi's face was stony.

"Yes, we will..." she murmured, "...Madara-sama."

Back outside, Kushina finally made up her mind. And then she made her move.

Pouncing swiftly from the shadows, she tackled the Yamanaka heiress from behind. The girl let out a frightened, astonished cry, feeling the Uzumaki matron's bosom mash aggressively into her back.

"Eeeeeee!" she squealed, ghostly blue eyes going wide. Her hands flew up, clasping in their shock onto Kushina's arms, which coiled quickly and firmly around Ino's slimly curved frame. "Leggo...! Let go of me...!" she started to yelp, only for her cries to be silenced by Kushina's breath against the
back of her neck, her breasts melding erotically with the Yamanaka's spine.

Ino shivered, cheeks reddening fiercely. She felt the skilled, masterful hands of the *Playful Fox*'s proprietress sensually cup and knead her breasts, exciting and arousing the platinum blonde with almost flawless ease. Shuddering, feeling her pussy gush freely with womanly nectar, Ino tipped over into the dirt.

She toppled down, landing face-first. Her clothes, which she had discarded in the passions of self-indulgence, now burned lowly to one side, going quickly to ash before the flames sputtered out.

Kushina, removing her hands from the tiger seal, resumed her ravenous molestations of this lovely blue-eyed chit. She all but raped a gleefully mewling Ino's breasts with her hands, humping the young blonde as aggressively as she fantasized her son would her. Her groin, a hungrily burning womanhood soaked with feminine juices, she mashed lewdly against Ino's nice little ass.

Kushina ground her pussy against Ino's buttocks. She was straddling the blonde on all fours, her bosom enveloping Ino's head from behind. She pinched and tugged Ino's stiff and peaking nipples, rolling modest C-cup breasts capably and delightfully in the palm of her hands.

"Ooooh," Ino moaned, blushing fluorescently and furiously masturbating. Even as Kushina mounted her and humped her and had her way with her, still Ino continued to pleasure herself, lost in carnal euphoria.

Sakura watched flabbergasted, torn between the spectacle of Naruto with Sasuki and Hinata and the sight of her own friend being fondled and forcefully by her blond teammate's mother. She blushed harder, glancing anxiously, perversely between both sexual shows, and masturbated harder as well, getting turned on more and more by everything that was transpiring around her.

"NARUTO!" Ino screamed, fancying perversely that she sounded rather like a little lost bitch crying for her master. "NARUTOOOG!" she screamed even louder. There was no way he couldn't hear her screaming his name, so loud and so near.

And Ino masturbated, fantasizing about what Naruto must think was happening to her in that dirty little alley. She fingered herself frantically, thinking herself a slut and *loving* how that felt. She pleasured herself to the feeling of Kushina's body against her own, and the sensation of Kushina's hands gleefully raping her eager, horny body.

Ino was the Uzumaki matron's bitch, and she couldn't be happier with this turn of events. She was ecstatic!

Kushina came, her nectar gushing forcefully all over Ino's tight little round bum. She bit down hungrily on the girl's neck, all but branding the Yamanaka as her personal yuri fuck toy.

"Goot liddle slud," mumbled Kushina approvingly through a mouthful of Ino's slender, pale neck. She felt the sexy little blonde give one last ecstatic shudder before collapsing from exhaustion.

Then the Uzumaki matron turned her gaze on a certain pink-haired medic.

"K-Kushina...!" yelped Sakura Haruno.

"*In the flesh,*" purred the redhead in response, winking playfully at the petite young kunoichi. Leering hungrily at Sakura, Kushina smiled. She raised her left hand to her mouth, removing it from Ino's breast. She bit down on her thumb, drawing blood. She tasted the coppery tang of her
own lifeblood.

Hands flew together. Fingers flicked deftly into a handseal.

*Tool summoning jutsu!* thought Kushina, focusing her chakra.

There was a puff of smoke about her nether regions. Sakura watched it fearfully, wroth with nervous anticipation of Kushina's lustful ministrations. Kushina herself smiled, feeling the hard mass of a dildo painstakingly modeled after her own son's cock thrusting deep into her womanhood. Leather straps clung tightly to her nicely curved hips and thighs, holding the object in place.

A dildo matching the one inside her protruded from Kushina's groin, a strap on of considerable utility, and one of her favorite sex toys.

"Come to mama," grunted the horny, rapacious redhead, drooling a tad at the sight of Sakura's cute little body squirming with lust and trembling with fear. Small A- or B-cup breasts quivered the tiniest bit on the pinkette's delightfully petite frame, big emerald eyes gleaming with intelligence and fright.

"P-please...!" Sakura whimpered, still masturbating even in spite of herself. Between the spectacle of Naruto, Sasuki and Hinata, and her friend's vigorous molestation at the hands of this perverted Uzumaki, Sakura was still very much distinctly aroused.

Kushina chuckled, inching forward. Her arms reached around Sakura, her bosom coming in and pushing the young kunoichi back. Her loins moved up, pinning Miss Haruno against the dirty alley wall. The tip of the dildo probed Sakura's entrance sadistically, making her whimper and squeak.

Kushina moaned, the dildo inside her being pushed this way and that a little bit in response to the pressures on its outside twin. Lustfully she bent her head in, taking Sakura's lovely, rosy neck into her mouth, kissing and nibbling on her cute sensitive skin.

"Such a lewd little girl..." the Uzumaki matron whispered lowly, huskily.

Sakura shivered.

"Ahhh...!" she whimpered. "Ah! My... No, not there...!

She wriggled, squirming anxiously beneath Kushina. The sharp edges of furrowed brickwork dug into the soft, smooth skin of her back, scraping it torturously with every little movement she made. Kushina's teeth graced over the collarbones, tongue swirling sensuously across her uppermost breast. Deceptively powerful arms held her down, pressing her to the wall as skillful fingers goosed and fondled every interesting inch of her slender, pettanko figure.

And the hard, menacing, artificial phallus of Kushina's favorite strap on plunged cruelly into Sakura's blossom.

"Ah! No! Please, don't...!" squealed Sakura, redfaced and panting. Her body was slick with sweat, her clothes pushed and folded back by Kushina's lustful hands. Her spats were around her ankles, and her blouse was bunched up below her neck and her armpits.

"Yes, yes!" grunted Kushina more loudly. She straightened her back as she began fucking Sakura in earnest. Her bosom was now at mouth level with the pinkette, and Kushina pressed her nicely-shaped, motherly tits tightly against the Haruno's face. "Oh, yeah! You are a good little bitch! Give mama what she likes!" she groaned lustfully.
In spite of herself, Sakura began kissing Kushina's breasts. Her body was shivering beneath the elder Uzumaki's lustful assault, her pussy going wild as that dildo was thrust in and out of her greedily and rapaciously. She suckled and nibbled at the redhead's maternal bosom even as she felt herself coming, clenching up over the dildo and drawing it as deeply into herself as she could take.

"Ahhhhh!" Sakura squealed, practically suffocating herself in Kushina's modest mounds. "Mefrefrl! Phrmarlmg!" she screamed, her words muffled by the Uzumaki's soft and supple womanflesh.

"Oh baby!" cried Kushina. "Oh FUCK yes!" she squealed. "Take it! Take it just like that, you fucking bitch! I own your ass! I own every inch of this sexy little body! You are my horny, slutty, greedy little bitch, aren't you?!"

Sakura moaned, coming more forcefully. She was mortified by Kushina's words, but also turned on.

*NARUTO...! SASUKI-CHAN...! KUSHINA-SAMA...!* were the only words going through her head. She let out an incoherent scream of pure, undiluted ecstasy.

Kushina reveled in this, gasping and moaning as she came too. Her vaginal walls clenched tightly down on the inner dildo, her womb burning up with desire.

"NARUTO~! MINA-DARLING~~~!" screamed Kushina, throwing her head back as a howl of pure sexual fury tore from her lips.

That was the point when Sakura blacked out.
Kushina Uzumaki smiled lustily down at the insensate, weakly moaning bodies of Ino Yamanaka and Sakura Haruno.

"I think my Naruto will really like you girls..." she murmured to herself, eyes glinting mischievously. "I know that I certainly like you. Especially you, Miss Haruno~"

Kushina then licked her lips, leering at these slender, lovely young bodies and modestly feminine frames. Oh, they were cute, and she really liked looking at them. She also liked fucking them.

"Well," said Kushina to herself, "Let's go and see if Naruto-kun likes mommy's little present..."

Bending over, with an excited wiggle of her hips, Kushina picked the two girls up with ease. Shamelessly she slung them over her shoulders, whistling a jaunty little tune as she turned and headed for her house completely stark naked.

She didn't see her son outside.

"He must've gone in already," she mused to herself. "I wonder if those cute little slaves are giving him a nice welcome home right about now...?" She giggled pervertedly.

Heading for the door, Kushina paused only to give the platinum blonde Ino a cheerful smack on the ass. A spiral mark appeared on the young kunoichi's firm little buttock.

"Well, now, I might as well just make this one a slave," she hummed pleasantly with a wicked grin. "A slutty little bitch like this needs a good and forceful master to dominate and own those tight, sexy holes." Kushina licked her lips. "And Mina will probably enjoy playing with you, too..."

Cheerfully fantasizing, she made her way.

Omoi, Samui, and Karui of Kumo were all smiling lewdly at their master and his gorgeous naked body. Worshipfully they raked their eyes over his rippling muscles and bronzed skin, shamelessly ogling a cock that could make a bitch out of a goddess. Their sexy, nude bodies they proudly displayed to Naruto for his pleasure, debasing themselves in the most obscene ways imaginable just to say Welcome home, master~

Hinata and Sasuki smiled serenely, watching Naruto greet his Hidden Cloud slaves the only way they could ever want. They were tired, and naked, but visibly satisfied from the thorough fucking they had gotten at the blond jinchuuriki's hands.

Naruto himself was as hard as ever, and irreparably horny. He leered hungrily at the fine, rapeable bodies of his sexy Kumogakure love slaves.

"Hey, babes," said Naruto rakishly, his voice gruff. "How about you pretty little Cloud bitches c'mere and give daddy a nice, warm welcome?"


"Of course, master," they said as one.

Samui stepped forward first. She took her best assets, those enormous creamy peach tits, and
draped them lewdly over her master's throbbing shaft. She sandwiched his cock between her breasts, which she then used to softly (in only one sense of the word) jerk him off service him.

She pleasured him gleefully with her gigantic blonde bazongas.

Karui went next. She moved behind master, kneeling down to be at eye level with his godly, perfectly sculpted ass. Blushing and growing wet at the sight, she then leaned in and kissed him. She trailed her lips over his buttocks, leaving soft, loving bite marks all over the flawless skin and beautifully sculpted muscle.

She literally kissed his ass – and with a truly reckless abandon, at that.

Omoi came in last, bowing down and crawling between Samui's legs. He bent her head down to kiss her master's feet, lewdly laving a cute, pink little tongue over those incredibly dirty yet ungodly delicious toes. She licked the dirt slowly, attentively off her master's feet, wiggling that big chocolate booty like a first class Kumo whore.

She worshiped his feet with her lips.

Kumiko smiled from the hallway, watching these proceedings from the shadows. She was in the nude, like the others present, and pleasantly masturbating to the spectacle those pretty young sex slaves were making of themselves. She had one hand at her breasts, masterfully kneading and fondling her own tits, lewdly pinching her puffy, erect nipples. The other hand was at her crotch, fingers deftly plunging in and out of a beautiful courtesan pussy. Great, furry tails wagged pleasantly behind her as she wiggled a regal alabaster ass.

Gaara and her sisters were also there, and also naked. They had made their seats across from Hinata and Sasuki, and they were watching intently as the Cloud girls pleasured Naruto with their bodies.

"Mmmm..." purred Kanakuro, her cheeks a shade of red usually reserved for select species of pepper, "Look at them go... I almost wish I could a slave to Naruto, too, just so I could play with him like that." She shamelessly ogled Karui's firm round bum.

"Oh, I know what you mean..." Temari whistled. "If I could do that with someone like that... yum, yum, yum..." She drooled a little, leering predatorily at Samui's magnificent bosoms whilst fingerling herself and panting.

Gaara looked at her sisters a little strangely.

"Why can't you?" she asked them curiously. "If you want to be Naruto's slaves, then I shall offer you to him as part of the dowry.

Her sisters' eyes widened infinitesimally. Their cheeks flushed a deeply vibrant red, and they smiled adoringly at their littlest sister.

"You would really do that for us?!" exclaimed Temari, looking overjoyed.

Gaara nodded, smiling warmly.

"You're the best sister EVER!" tittered Kanakuro gleefully.

"I know," said Gaara, sounding just a touch smug.

Sasuki eyed the redheadheaded jinchuuriki darkly, though. She scoffed.
"So that's what you're stooping to, now?" she muttered haughtily. "Offering your own family members as a dowry to entice Naruto away from us? How low."

"More than two can play at that game," added Hinata serenely, the warmth of her voice disguising the ruthlessness of her meaning. "I am certain that Nejie-neesan and Hanabi-chan will be delighted to serve Naruto as sex slaves."

Sasuki nodded, smirking viciously. "And I reckon I could convince Shimizu and Itami to throw themselves in, you know, as a package deal. They'll do anything if there's a chance it will involve the two of them having sex together," she remarked shrewdly, offhandedly.

Gaara scowled heatlessly at the two doujutsu prima donnas.

That was when they heard the front door swing open.

"Ohhh?" came Kushina's voice. She sounded distinctly intrigued as she walked in, glancing pervertedly around at all the assembled beauties crowded around her son. "What's all this about sex slaves and dowries?"

She cast shrewd, curious eyes between the present ladies, carefully setting Sakura and Ino down on the floor.

Gaara, Temari, Kanakuro, Hinata, Sasuki, and Kumiko (still hidden) saw the spiral mark on the platinum blonde's ass. The more emotive ones visibly gaped at the sight. Even Gaara widened her eyes a little in surprise at what she saw.

S-Slave...! they all thought, more or less. Sakura could totally offer Ino as a slave, now...!

Hinata recovered quickly enough from this shock, and she smiled demurely at Kushina.

"I am pregnant," she told the lovely older redhead. "And I intend to become your son's first wife... either myself, or Sasuki-chan... but then Gaara and Sakura declared that they also wanted to be Naruto's first, and... well, here we are," she said, rather succinctly summing up this particular subplot so far.

Kushina's eyes widened. She smiled a smile big enough to swallow the sun.

"My son's getting MARRIED?!" she exclaimed ecstatically. "AND he's getting sex slaves with his dowry?" She all but started doing a jig on the spot. "Oh, joy! Happy day! If only Mina was here to see this!"

The other girls sweatdropped.

Then Sakura stirred.

"Huuh...?" she mumbled blearily. "No... I want to marry Naruto... I love him... Imma have his babies..." she rambled, still looking a little out of it.

Kushina smiled brightly at Sakura.

"Fair enough, fair enough," she said cheerfully, still walking on air. "Do you have anyone you would like to offer as part of the dowry~?" she asked, having taken this part of the conversation immediately to heart. "As sex slaves for the Naruto and the clan, that is."

Sakura was quiet for a moment. She shook her head a little absentmindedly, before looking
sidelong at her best friend, lying there butt naked next to her.

"Ummmm..." The pinkette blushed. "Hey, Ino... would you mind becoming a sex slave so I could marry Naruto?"

The platinum blonde stirred, perking up instantly. "Mmmm, oh SAGE yes," she purred huskily, sitting up and looking extremely aroused, going by the flush of her skin and the state of her cunt. "Fuck, that sounds so damn GOOD!"

She threw her head back, moaning lewdly.

Sakura then smiled, and looked back up at Kushina confidently.

The Uzumaki matron tittered mischievously.

"Ahhh," she said, eyes twinkling, "but all the others are offering TWO slaves."

They heard the door open again. This time Shiho, from the Cryptanalysis department, walked in. She was fully dressed, glasses, lab coat and all.

"Er," she murmured, looking around at everyone present and immediately appearing distinctly self-conscious. "What's this about slaves...?" She then blushed pinker than Sakura's hair at the blank looks pretty much everyone gave her. "Oh. Right. Um, hello, I'm Shiho. I came here because I got an invitation from Naruto... for... ahhh..."

She whimpered, looking embarrassed but also excited. She was anxiously worrying at a loose strand of her frizzy, straw blonde hair.

"Yes, hello, I'm Shiho..." she repeated, looking a little overwhelmed. "I'm here because Naruto asked me to give him his ass tonight..."

Sakura smirked.

"Hey, Shiho," she said, "How would like to be part of my dowry?"

The deathly embarrassed meganekko looked blankly, uncomprehendingly at Sakura.

"Become a sex slave for Naruto," the girl elaborated. "If you do, I can marry him. And if I can marry him, I'll gladly help you get nice and dolled up for Shikamari anytime you want~!"

The bespectacled, bookish blonde blushed even more deeply, turning distinctly beet red. "M-m-marriage...?!" she squealed, overheating. "Me and Shikamari...?!" She looked ready to blow, and steam was practically blowing out her ears. "I'll do it!" she said determinedly, blushing so deeply that it was a miracle she even could still stand with the rest of her body so thoroughly deprived of blood.

It was at this moment that Naruto finally chose to spoke, still being serviced by his lovely Cloud concubines.

"Wow!" he said cheerfully, laughing loud and clear. "Haha! If I'd know I could be getting this kind of wedding present, I would've tied the knot ages ago..." He then grunted and bucked his hips. Semen shot out from his cock to cover Samui's delightfully lewd and slutty face and breasts.

Sakura, Hinata, Sasuki, and Gaara all immediately perked up at this.

"Does that mean...?!" said Sasuki. Her eyes were wide.
"Naruto... you've actually..." whispered Hinata. She was blushing.

"You have finally chosen...?" murmured Gaara. She was smiling.

"Oooh, I hope it's me...!" Sakura squealed under her breath.

Naruto beamed brightly at the four beautiful young ladies, each one with her own unique strengths and charms.

"Yup!" he said. "I've decided who I'm gonna take as my first wife!"

It was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. Silently, the women present all looked at Naruto. Wordlessly, they implored him.

Who? they asked him in all but words.

"You four all have your own good qualities," said Naruto slowly. "It was really hard for me to decide how to do this without hurting anyone's feelings... but I think I finally figured it out. All FOUR of you are gonna be my first wives!"

A single, silent what was uttered. All the girls stared uncomprehendingly at Naruto.

He grinned at them. "It was such big fight between you girls, I figured the only fair thing to do would be to marry all of you at the same time!"

A single simultaneous blink.

Th...that's just like him...! all the girls thought. Not that that was necessarily a bad thing.

Naruto continued to smile, and the girls found themselves each slowly warming up to the idea. Just from the sheer power of the blond's enthusiasm and charisma.

He really was a born leader.

Hinata smiled. "All four of us...?" she mused.

"How unorthodox..." said Sasuki wryly. She shook her head, grinning.

"I think some people might start a riot when they hear this..." muttered Gaara, smiling softly.

Sakura blushed. "Well... I guess as long as I can marry him..." she said quietly.

Kushina beamed.

"Oh, I'm so PROUD!" she squeed. "My son's already building himself such a big harem...! Adding four brides and eight slaves onto what he already has..." She shivered, smiling lustfully. Her pussy glistened with moisture, nipples peaking. Her eyes glinted mischievously. "Ooooh, I'm getting so horny...! Where's that sexy tits Mina of mine when I need her!?"

WHUMPH

A flash of yellow.

"Hullo," said the Yellow Flash, smiling warmly at her lover. "You rang?"

Kushina kissed her heatedly. They swapped spit, dueling with their tongues for several wonderful
seconds. But finally the kiss broke, and Mina giggled.

"What brings you here so soon, cutie~?" singsonged Kushina.

"Oh, you," she purred, winking at the sexy redhead. "I heard our son was getting married and came as quickly as I could. It's the talk of the town!"

The girls blinked as one.

"F-fast...!" they thought. *He only just announced it... exactly how fast could the gossip have possibly traveled...?*

Shiho chose that moment to speak up.

"Um... well, I see I'm going to be Naruto's sex slave, then..." (Mina shot a curious glance at Kushina. The redhead smiled sheepishly.) 

"...but, I did come here to do, ahh... *this and that...* with him in the first place..." She was blushing intensely, casting shy glances at Naruto's magnificent manhood. "But, um... *I can* still see Shikamari, right...?"

Naruto swaggered over, giving the bookish lass a rogueish wink and a pat on the ass. "As long as it's in bed, with me, I don't care WHO you see," he growled low and seductively.

Shiho squeaked, blushing yet deeper still.

Mina clapped her hands together, smiling.

"Excellent!" she cheered. "I'd say this calls for a celebratory orgy, wouldn't you girls?!"

The others concurred eagerly and vocally.
Naruto started things off with a bang. Crossing his fingers in a familiar handseal, he split his chakra off into several clones. All of them naked, all of them horny, all of them as hard as steel down south.

If sex were a battle, what followed next could only be described as a massacre. Each of the girls got one clone, at least, all of which were linked up directly to Naruto's nervous system via kyuubi chakra, sending every sensation they experienced back to him in real time as they vigorously had their way all of the beauties present. Kumiko even came out of the woodworks to join in the fun.

Mina, Kushina, Sakura, Sasuki, Ino, Hinata, Shiho, Gaara, Temari, Kanakuro, and even Kumiko all gleefully yielded to the lustful onslaught of Naruto's shadow clones, a human wave which washed over their lewd, excited bodies and pounded them into all but oblivion.

And as the clones pleased and fucked the girls, Naruto himself took his time personally seeing to each one.

"Naruto...!" screamed Mina as one of her son's shadow clones ruthlessly reamed her tight, cushy ass. "Kushina...!" she moaned, gasping and panting as she drew her redheaded lover into a passionate embrace. And like herself, Kushina was also getting a nice anal annihilation. The force of the two shadow clones fucking them sandwich the bodies of these two horny MILFs most tightly together.

Mina and Kushina made out fervently, obscenely mashing and grinding their bosoms and pubic mounds against one another.

Kanakuro and Temari were both being titfucked by horny kage bunshin. They moaned and groaned, delighted to service clones of the man who would from now on be their master. They licked the cocks before them with attentive care, rolling their generous mammaries up and down the hard, throbbing shafts.

"Oh, master~!~!" moaned Temari.

"Ahh, Naruto-sama...❤" groaned Kanakuro.

Shiho and Ino, similarly were each giving handjobs to two clones apiece. The two blondes were blushing deeply as they serviced the forceful kage bunshin, though for different reasons. Ino was flushed with lust, burning with lewd desires. Shiho in contrast, while also horny, was especially abashed at what she was doing, and cutely embarrassed to see such magnificent specimens of manhood which so greatly surpassed what she had seen in old textbooks.

"Mmm, so sexy..." purred Ino, licking her lips as she glanced from one dick to the other. "They all look so tasty~"

"My, such fascinating specimens..." murmured Shiho, a little in awe as she explored the hot, rigid, pulsing members with her soft and delicate fingers. "I didn't think they could be so large... or nearly so aromatic~❤"

The four wives-to-be all got shadow clones filling up their womanhoods, and secondary clones to pleasure their asses as well. They were wracked with pleasure, lost in a world of carnal sensations as the masterful kage bunshin showed them what it was like to have more than one Naruto. They
came countless times, repeatedly and frequently pushed to orgasm by the godly ministrations of Naruto's ninjutsu doubles.

"Naruto...!" gasped Sasuki. "Oh, Sage and Fire, Naruto!"

"Naruto-kun! Naruto, love! Darling! Husband...!" wailed Hinata.

"Ahhhh! Naruto! It feels so goood...!" moaned Gaara.

"This cock...! Naruto, your cock...! I love it!" screamed Sakura.

"So tight!" grunted the Naruto clones. "You girls are too fucking sexy...!"

And Kumiko, demonstrating her sheer prowess as a courtesan and lover, was able to take on well over a dozen horny clones all by herself. She pleasured one apiece with skillful hands and dainty feet, taking another between her breasts and thighs. She also had massive Naruto cock in both her cunt and anus, and she was deepthroating another on the side.

That was nine clones right there. Nine cocks which she pleasured with every inch of that human form, employing an obscene level of flexibility. But her tails let her double that number. Silky and ambidextrous, feeling more like additional hands than furry, prehensile fox tails, she wrapped one around one penis each, skillfully twisting and tweaking the dicks of nine additional shadow clones.

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No human could do nearly that many people at once without resorting to supernatural or technological measures, but Kumiko did it all with her own body.

She was just that fucking good at fucking.

Samui, Karui, and Omoi seemed to have gone to get Obi and Mari. At least, Naruto didn't see any of them there.

But, then, he had other things to occupy him. Like the orgy.

Naruto went up to his mothers first. He slipped between them, the two breaking up their make out session when they saw him coming. They smiled at him lewdly, proud of him.

"What a dutiful son," cooed Mina, kissing Naruto on the cheek. She mashed her most considerable tits against his hard, muscular body. Her tongue flitted out from between her lips, pink muscle licking cutely against Naruto's flush, whiskered cheek.

"So loyal and generous..." purred Kushina, lustfully nibbling on his ear. She ran her hands up and down his gorgeous, athletic body. She felt the hard musculature of his chest and abdomen, his strong shoulders and firm buttocks. She pressed her own modestly large breasts against him. The firm, supple mounds of motherly meat mashed most magnificently against the blond's manly physique.

"And you two are the hottest moms in the world," growled Naruto suggestively. His shadow clones were still pumping perversely away at their posteriors, making their bodies quake and their endowments quiver against him. "I can't believe it took me this long to realize it."

"Mmm, we forgive you, Naruto-kun," Mina whispered huskily into his ear. "We're just glad you've finally come to accept our love..."

She reached a hand down to his large erection. Calloused, tanned fingers wrapped around the veined and pulsing base of her son's marvelous shaft. She heard him groan a little at the touch of
her cool, slender digits against his thick, hot member.

"Yes," mewled Kushina, licking at Naruto's neck. She lapped up his sweat, shivering at the salty taste so reminiscent of other things. "You are such a handsome young man... oooh, you make us so horny with that cute little butt of yours..."

"And that other, bigger thing in front..." added Mina, stroking up and down his cock.

"Ohhh, yes," purred Kushina, moaning a little. She moved her hands to join her lover in stroking their son's manhood, pleasuring him with nimble hands and dexterous fingers. "That especially..."

Naruto smiled. Turning his head, he kissed his blonde mother on the lips, surprising her. Kushina whined a little, slightly disappointed.

That only lasted until she felt her son place a hand upon one of her breasts, and felt an unimaginable sensation. She moaned lewdly, as did Mina, feeling as though Naruto was fondling her tit from within, manipulating and stimulating it in every way imaginable. She felt her flesh roil wildly, unpredictably beneath his fingers, and she knew at once what he was doing.

It was the same basic technique that Mina would use on her, now and then, to really spice things up. He was applying the first and second stages of the rasengan to her teat, rotating the soft flesh this way and that. It was a very low power-semi rasengan, twisting and pinching her sensitive, womanly flesh this way and that, stimulating her magnificently even as Naruto made out with her lover, and his other mother, Mina.

Both MILFs, Namikaze and Uzumaki, came at the same time, screaming out in ecstasy from the two pronged assault of Naruto between them and the shadow clones which pressed them into him. It was an orgiastic, carnal sandwich, they smushed so lewdly between their son and his clones.

Naruto didn't even need to penetrate his mom's to satisfy them. Just this much was enough to make them come.

And once that was done, he slipped back out from between them and returned his attention to the other girls.

He moved on next to Temari and Kanakuro. They were pleasuring the dicks of two shadow clones with their sizable breasts, and their cute little tongues. They licked the heads lewdly, wiggling their nice bums enticingly as they rubbed their breasts, so soft and bountiful, to and fro upon the rigid, throbbing flesh of kage bunshin cocks.

"So tasty..." purred Temari, swirling her tongue shamelessly around the knobbed head of her Naru-clone's penis. "So rich and savory..." She was curling that soft, pink member so obscenely against that dick, licking it thoroughly and attentively, lapping up every trace of sweat, precum, and semen that she could find.

"Mmmph, mphmm," mumbled Kanakuro, her lips sealed tightly against the shaft of her Naru-clone's rod as she swiveled her bosom cleverly this way and that. Her soft, doughy breasts melded so lewdly to the rock hard meat of the kage bunshin's manhood, she stimulating it effortlessly and masterfully with her breasts.

Naruto watched them do all of this with a bit of drool dribbling down from his lower lip. He gleefully ogled the soaking wet slits which the two elder Sand Sisters showed off to him so eagerly as they shook their fine Suna booties this way and that. Their arousal was visibly intense, as they serviced his shadow clones.
"Nice breast work," he commented, seeing, and feeling, how skillfully the two were pleasuring his clones.

Temari and Kanakuro blushed.

"Ahhh... Thank you..." mumbled the former, remarkably bashful.

"Mrmmlbre mphmph," mumbled Kanakuro in a more literal sense, mouth still chock full of massive manly meat.

Naruto grinned, and he proceeded to mount and pleasure both of the elder Sand Sisters in turn, Temari and Kanakuro both moaning ecstatically under the force of his masterful ministrations. He thrust himself skillfully and passionately into their womanhoods, making the two scream in delight. And when he was about to come, he pulled out and shot his seed onto their backs, making them shiver and mewl happily.

Then, turning away from the two slutty Suna siblings, Naruto went over to Shiho and Ino, who still were euphorically sucking off his clones. They eagerly used those pretty little lips and tongues of theirs to service Naruto's doubles, greedily guzzling their semen down every time they came.

Naruto groaned a little, feeling the phantom sensation of those tongues on his dick. Focusing on the two, he could pick out what stimulations were coming from them as opposed to the others, and certainly they were both proving themselves to be quite talented with their tongues.

Naruto loved the feel of it, and as he went over he gave both a friendly, appreciative pat on the rump, followed by a fairly hard squeeze, and then a nice and thorough fondling just to finish it up. They squealed and squirmed ecstatically at his touch, moaning and threatening to come explosively just from the way he applied a bit of that "ra-sex-gan" trick to their nice, spankable posteriors.

"Atta girls," he said approvingly, feeling their nice fleshy buttocks twist and roil beneath the palms of his hands. "Ah, yeah," he groaned, feeling what their mouths were doing to his clone's dicks.

He squeezed their asses again, his fingers tracing furrows into the supple but yielding flesh. He manhandled their pretty little butts, feeling out the differences between the two of them.

Shiho was much softer than Ino. As a member of the Cryptanalysis Division, the bookish blonde was no combatant. Her body was more like unto a civilian's than a kunoichi's, her ass toneless and doughy – even moreso than Kanakuro's, and she was nothing if not soft. The cheeks melded easily to his fingers, swallowing them up as Naruto continued to masterfully grope them.

Ino, in contrast to Shiho, was very firm and sculpted. While not a direct front line fighter, this Yamanaka kunoichi had clearly never neglected her combat training, judging by the shape her rear end was in. She had always been fairly flexible and athletic, even back in the Academy, and that clearly had not changed.

In a way, these two girls were polar opposites, despite both being more or less intelligence workers. Ino, Naruto knew, had been studying interrogation techniques under her mother for some time now, and by virtue of the Yamanaka's special abilities she would probably be the most likely one out of their class to be offered a place in the ANBU black ops. So she and Shiho were very alike, yet also quite different.

Musing on this cheerfully, Naruto gave the two blondes one more grope for the road – eliciting powerful orgasms from both – before turning his attention elsewhere.
Naruto's wives-to-be, his chosen shitenyome, were wracked with pleasure as his clones made furious, passionate love to them in their master's place.

Sakura, feisty and intelligent, a bookish pettanko tsundere, was squealing and blushing. Her moans were loud, her cries shrill. She threw her rosy maned head this way and that in the madness of intercourse, going wild in the ecstasy of her Naru-clones fucking her from before and behind.

"Naruto! Naruto! Oh, fuck! Narutoooooo!" she cried out as the clones filled up her pussy and her ass. Her cheeks were vibrant, practically glowing scarlet. Her small breasts bobbed ever so cutely with the bumping and rocking of her frame, the clones coordinating their thrusts to the nanosecond.

Naruto smiled warmly with affection at Sakura. He was so happy to know that she had finally come to reciprocate his feelings for her, feelings he had had for nearly as long as he cared to remember. The intelligent pinkette had been his first real infatuation, and while she had rejected him time and again over the years, to finally have her confessing to want to be his bride, and to want to be loved and made love to by him, simply delighted the blond.

He glanced next at Gaara, his fellow jinchuuriki. Her breasts, which were every bit the equal of her sisters', bounced wildly with the slightest motions of her body. They swung and jiggled furiously, entertaining and arousing Naruto considerably.

"Oh, yes! Yes! Fuck me harder! Harder!" Gaara moaned lewdly, as Naruto's doppelgangers pounded her pussy and her ass. She was blushing, covered in sweat. She panted heavily from the exertion of simply standing up to this lustful assault, but still she looked to have plenty of energy left to burn.

He was not that surprised, in hindsight, that the redhead should have wanted to be his bride. They were alike in a lot of ways, and understood the challenges – and rewards – of being jinchuuriki as few others could. Oh, sure, there were Yugito, and Fuu, and Honey Bee and the others, but Gaara and Naruto had a bond deeper than the other bijuu vessels. Rivals as kitsune and tanuki may have been, he and she were the closest of friends and companions.

Now Naruto looked towards Sasuki. A brilliant kunoichi, one of the best of her sort. Her talents were many, and her appeals just as multitudinous. Her athletic, lean body (though still adorned with fairly generous C-cup breasts) was one that never failed to be a delight to explore, and she always found new ways to fascinate and excite him.

"Naruto! Oh, Fire! Sage and Fox! Naruto! My body...!" squealed the beautiful young Uchiha.

She was clever and willful, perhaps the most domineering of his four chosen "firsts", but she also had a softer side that few ever saw. She was like steel, cold and stern, but if she were a sword then her hilt was silken and soft, perfectly warm and yielding to the right kind of touch. And Naruto and his clones knew every way to make her squirm and squeal, every little secret weakness of that sexy body and attractive personality.

Sasuki had all sorts of appeal, as a young woman, and as a kunoichi she was similarly multi-talented. She had, with Hinata, been among the first to notice Naruto's differences from the other girls, and realize what boy meant. Along with the Hyuuga, Sasuki was one of Naruto's oldest and most enduring flames, and it was only natural for her to have been in the running for his bride.

And speaking of Hinata, the Hyuuga beauty was smiling lovingly at her betrothed Naruto-kun as his kage bunshin made attentive love to her. Her voluptuous body, even curvier and bouncier than Gaara's, jiggled and shook in all the best and most erotic ways as her body rocked violently to and fro in the throes of passion. Her pale, smooth, velvet soft skin was flushed sensually rosy,
contrasting almost obscenely with her dark silken hair and pale, violet eyes.

"Naruto-kun! Naruto!" she moaned lovingly, throwing her pretty little head this way and that. "I love you! I love you! Oh, Sun to my Sky, Naruto my darling! I feel...! My body is...! Ahhnn❤"

Naruto felt exceedingly hard just watching Hinata go between his two clones, and listening to her praises of his prowess and her declarations of undying love. He smiled warmly, lovingly at her. Of all four of his chosen brides, Hinata was perhaps the most traditionally "wife-like". She was a picture perfect yamato nadeshiko, a Japanese wild-flower. Soft to the touch, fair and lovely to the eyes, she was sweet and demure and undeniably domestic. She was beautiful, with a fine body sure to bear many children with ease.

But like a katana sheathed in velvet, Hinata had a core of sharp and unyielding steel. Though passive she had been in her youth, and insecure, her friendship with Sasuki and relationship with Naruto had taught her confidence and determination. She had grown much over the years, emotionally and spiritually as much as physically. And though Hinata would still gladly submit to Naruto's will, the blond knew that like the yielding willow this only made her more resilient. If pushed, she would push back, and if her loved ones were threatened, then a much fiercer side of herself would be unleashed.

She would defend her homestead to the death, if it ever came to that. Though gentle by nature, if pushed too far she could let loose all the righteous fury and wild ferocity of a mother bear protecting her cub.

Sakura, Gaara, Sasuki, Hinata. These four would all make wonderful wives. Naruto was sure of it.

Ushering his shadow clones aside, Naruto proceeded to make love to each of those four wives. In Kyuubi chakra mode he fucked them skillfully and passionately, coming in unto them with great volumes of his Yang chakra and semen, ensuring that one would be as pregnant as Hinata.

Then, when each of them was satisfied, Naruto stepped back and looked around.

"Wow... I really am one lucky son of a bitch, aren't I?" he mused to himself, looking at all of the beautiful women gathered around him. He saw Kumiko attending to one and a half dozen clones all at once, delighting in her peerless sexual prowess. He saw Obi and Mari in a far corner, playing most lewdly and entertainingly with the Kumo slave trio. And he saw all of the other girls in the throes of passion, a hell of an orgy taking place before him.

Kushina smiled at Naruto, a twinkle in her eyes as she fondled her Mina's breasts lovingly.

"If that bitch is me, and yours, then hell yes," she cooed, winking rakishly at her son. He blushed, spluttering a little. His dick twitched agreeably at the thought, though.

Mina giggled.

"I want to be our son's bitch, too..." she whined half-jokingly, nibbling cutely on her lover's ear.

"Haha!" Naruto laughed, embarrassment turning quickly to glee. "I don't see why you can't both be, mom, ma!"

Mina and Kushina beamed warmly at him. Many of the other girls tittered, amused, or moaned, aroused. Several of them were starting to look tired, and the orgy was starting to wind down a little.

But Naruto wouldn't let that stop him.
"Who wants to ride the Uzumaki Express next?" he crowed to the crowd. The comely collection of quivering chits immediately began clamoring quite cacophonously over his cock, Kumiko in particular, along with his Uchi maids and the Cloud slave girls.

Beaming, Naruto waded into the sea of writhing, horny beauties.

It was a good day to be him.
Dawn of a New Day

The rising sun saw our hero, Naruto, sleeping curled up with Hinata, Sasuki, Gaara, and Sakura. The five of them had cutely contented expressions on their faces as they snuggled somnolently together. All four of Naruto's brides-to-be had their arms wrapped around the blond, holding his body tightly to theirs.

Mina saw this and smiled, awakening early that morning.

"That's so sweet," she said, eyes glistening dewy and saccharine. She puckered her lips up in a kissy-faced cat smile, cooing softly at the sight of her son and his future wives. "They're so cute together."

The buxom blonde was wearing only an apron as she overlooked the assembled sleeping beauties, the front of it printed with the phrase *Kiss the Cook*. Her garb revealed considerable cleavage, and it only barely went past her thighs.

Her behind, of course, was completely naked. Not that you could see it, with Kumiko embracing her from behind, hands slipped up the blonde's apron to teasingly molest her generous bosom. Soft, fleshy mounds moved with the bijuu's ministrations this way and that beneath the cloth apron, and a quiet whimper escaped the lips of the Yellow Flash.

"They aren't the only cute ones," purred Kumiko huskily into Mina's ear. The blonde blushed hotly, biting her lip as she felt the sensual vixen's tongue flick so agonizingly suggestively against her sensitive, burning earlobe.

"Ahh... ohhh, Kumiko... really now, can't you even wait until we're alone...?" panted Mina, shamefaced and squeaking. She writhed lewdly under her apron, scarcely able to stand the kyuubi's skillful attentions.

"Why ever would I want to~?" cooed the redhead, her human form modeled after the late Mito-sama. She nibbled on Mina's ear.

The blonde let out a moan, squealing and squirming. Pathetically, pleadingly, she looked to her lover Kushina for help. But the lustful, business-minded redhead was preoccupied with looking over the fine figures of their son's newest slaves. Mina, even in the process of being molested by Kumiko, could practically see the ryo coins in her wife's eyes as she raked them this way and that over the naked bodies of Ino, Shiho, Temari, and Kanakuro.

"You girls are gonna make me a fortune..." said Kushina with scarcely repressed glee. "Those bodies will be worth their weight in gold, six times over... Oh, yes they will," she cooed, sounding absolutely giddy.

She moaned, practically diddling herself as she leered between these four new slaves and the three Kumo ones her son had acquired the other day. Just under her roof, that was a total of seven sexy, nubile young concubines!

"Oooh, I am so proud of our son," Kushina purred, glancing over at Mina with a sultry smirk. "Aren't you, dear? He's finally taking his role seriously, as clan head..."

Mina nodded, whimpering a little as Kumiko continued to all but rape those generous curves with her deft and daring hands.
"Y...yeah... and there's also the Uchiha and Hyuuga girls," she added, redfaced and panting, sweat slicking her bosom and pooling in her vast cleavage. Her body felt like it was on fire, and one of Kumiko's hands was wandering southward.

Kushina squealed excitedly, and nodded. "Yes!" she exclaimed. "Oh, it's so exciting...! Hehe! These pretties will make us so much money!"

"And they will serve Naruto-dono well, no?" purred Kumiko, licking Mina's neck most lasciviously.

"Ah," said Kushina, sweatdropping. "Yes, I suppose they'll do that too, won't they?"

Mina laughed a little at her lover's singlemindedness. Then she squealed sharply and nearly jumped a foot into the air, feeling Kumiko slip a finger into her pussy. Kushina leered at this, licking her lips and silently cheering Kumiko on.

Then there came a knock at the door.

"Eh? Who's that?" Kushina said.

"Mmmm...❤ Maybe it's... a messenger...!?" moaned Mina, throwing her golden-locked head back and forth, tongue lolling out of her mouth. "It could be from... from Tsuttan-dono...!"

Kushina pouted.

"Mou, why do you call her such a cute name?" she whined a little, glancing around in search of the maids. They had woken up around the same time as she and Kumiko.

"Ah... I blame Yacchan... I mean—OHHHH...❤ Miraiya-sensei...❤" moaned Mina lewdly, shuddering as she came. Her nectar gushed out over Kumiko's fingers, making the youko giggle huskily.

Kushina pouted, but accepted that explanation. The knocking persisted, and she finally spotted Mari.

"Ah! You, Marin!" the redhead called over to the buxom, dark-haired beauty. "Get the door, would you~?"

For a second, the woman gave Kushina a strange look. But then she smiled brightly, and chirped, "Of course, Mistress Kushina~!"

And Mari skipped gaily over to the door, shaking her hips girlishly this way and that, her criminally short skirt fluttering up to and fro, flashing all present with a big, bare ass and a tight, pink cunt. Her tits were practically popping out of that minuscule top, the rims of her areolae clearly visible.

Kushina licked her lips, ogling this cute, sexy maid most appreciatively. Kumiko seemed preoccupied with Mina, though.

Mari opened the door.

"Hello~❤" she singssonged warmly. "How may I help you~?"

Shizune blinked, a little surprised at the appearance of this incredibly curvaceous, scantily clad meido.
"Um," she stuttered, blushing a little red as she tried suddenly to recall what she was here for. "Uh. Yes, I'm here for Naruto... Sasuki and Hinata, too. Lady Tsunade has a mission for them...

Then glancing inside (seeing all of the naked people and blushing even harder) the dark-haired ninja nurse added, "Ah, and I suppose Gaara-dono should come as well... once she's dressed..."

Shizune averted her gaze, blood trickling tellingly from her nostrils.

Mari beamed.

"I'll wake them right up~!" she chirped. She gave Shizune a low bow, giving the medic a perfect view of her full rack.

The small trickle became a thundering geyser, and Shizune's eyes rolled back up in her head. She fainted dead away, redder than a tomato.

"Oopsie daisy!" said Mari, sounding entirely unapologetic. "I'll have Obi-chan bring you in for a check up. That much blood loss can't be healthy~❤"

Shizune, even unconscious, shivered a little in fear for her virtue.

Mari spun around and skipped back inside, a mischievous gleam in those mangekyo eyes.

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"I think you might be making a mistake."

Tsunade looked up from her paperwork, and turned her head. She saw her old teammate and companion, that perverted Toad Sage Miraiya, coming in through the window behind her.

A great, spiked mane of snow white hair fluttered behind a solid frame and considerable curves. Breasts equal to Tsunade's own heaved suggestively beneath an open green kimono, which showed off even more cleavage than the Legendary Sucker did, over which was worn a red vest. Red lines descended from dark, piercing eyes. Upon a furrowed, hoary brow rested a horned steel headband inscribed with the kanji for oil.

"Yacchan," said Tsunade of the Senju, perceiving at once that this was no pleasure call. "What brings you here?"

"Business," said the mistress of Konoha's spy network simply, speaking decidedly enigmatically. "I heard about that Yakushi girl. The old Medic Corps leader's daughter, right?"

"Adopted," said Tsunade. "But yes. More or less."

Miraiya crossed her arms over her bosom, causing Tsunade to quirk an eyebrow. Usually her old friend would go out of her way to emphasize her considerable bust, but right now...

She frowned.

"What?" she said, just a mite testy. "Do you think she might be lying about what she knows?"

Miraiya shook her head.

"No. If anybody can get a lady to tell the truth, it's that cute little brat of Mina's..." she said slowly. "But... truth is a funny thing, in our world. Wouldn't you say, Tsuttan?"

Tsunade scowled.
"Perhaps," she said. "But if we don't act on what she's told us..." She sighed. "To think that this really is..."

"Maybe so," said Miraiya, interjecting. "But there might be more to this than we realize... if even half of what she said is true... then this might not even be something we can fight against. Not even for lack of military strength..."

"This would be something... on a whole other level, right?" ventured Tsunade. "It's not something you can fight with an army, or even sabotage from within..."

Miraiya hummed thoughtfully. Her gaze turned absentmindedly upwards, and she lazily stroked her chin, eyes closed.

"I wonder, though..." she said. "We don't want to do anything rash, of course... but to ignore this completely might be an even bigger folly."

Tsunade sighed, her shoulders slumping. She was looking and sounding profoundly tired.

"That Kabuko..." she said slowly. "Ahh, if Hiyori-sensei were here, I'm sure she would know what to do..."

"Maybe she is," said Miraiya, slowly. "That woman... the last I heard, our old friend might very well know a way..."

Tsunade tensed. "You don't mean... her...?!" she hissed, eyes wide. "That woman... she's too dangerous to involve in something this delicate."

"Maybe," said Miraiya. "But unless you've got an expendable prisoner or two to throw into that jutsu, then Occhin might be our only option."

"Is this person really that much of a threat, though...?" wondered Tsunade. "Naruto... I'm sure that boy could take them out, if it came to that..."

"Heh," Miraiya chuckled wryly. "You know your luck with gambling, babe."

Tsunade winced, before letting out a heavy breath.

"Jeez," she muttered. "I wish I could just hand him this hat already and be done with it... that Naruto... we all know what a wild card he is. I'm sure if we left it in his hands, things would get resolved somehow."

"Probably," said Miraiya. "But he's a little TOO wild for something like that... Like as not he'd just charge right in and try to 'fix' things..."

Tsunade quirked an eyebrow at her friend.

"What are you saying?" she queried. "We should try to fix this, shouldn't we...? If that Kabuko is right, then we can't leave things the way they are..."

"But... is it really broken?" wondered Miraiya. "Somehow... I have a feeling that meddling with these things will only lead to trouble."

Tsunade eyed Miraiya skeptically.

"What, then, would you have me do?" she asked.
"It's not up to me," said Miraiya bluntly. "But if you want my advice... that mercenary company would be our best bet, I think. I've heard rumors about them dabbling in this kind of thing..."

Tsunade made a face like something foul smelling had just been smeared on her plate.

"Them?" she said. "You don't mean... the same ones who tried to recruit Itami...?" The Fifth Hokage shook her head. "They aren't exactly the most cooperative bunch."

"Heh, yeah," murmured Miraiya a tad wistfully. "A real motley band of cutthroats and ruffians... but they know their stuff. And the leaders are old students of mine, you know. Konan, Yahiko... even that Pain."

"The Trinity of Ame, right?" said Tsunade. "Those three 'goddesses'... the leader of the three is even an Uzumaki like Naruto."

Miraiya nodded.

"They might still want to test his strength, though..." she said. "You know. A milking contest."

Tsunade's cheeks reddened.

"Jeez..." she muttered. "Why's everything gotta come back to sex, with you...?"

Miraiya smirked, swaying her hips a little as she stepped forward and leaned over. The Toad Sage let her bosom rest most pleasingly on the surface of Tsunade's desk, scattering a number of papers. Despite herself, the blonde medic could not help but appreciatively eye the long, deep valley of her friend's most ample cleavage.

"Oh, you know me..." purred the infamous porn author, licking her lips suggestively. "I'm just an incorrigible slut like that." She giggled huskily, perverted. Swinging her legs up, she laid herself down on Tsunade's desk (knocking the rest of the papers off). "Perhaps my hokage needs to discipline me for inappropriate conduct...?"

She undid the front of her kimono completely, baring ever single last thing to her longtime friend, teammate, and fuck buddy. Tsunade's eyes flashed, beholding Miraiya's nude body. The corners of her lips curled up.

"I'd say you do," she said huskily, producing a riding crop from her cleavage. She snapped the implement menacingly against Miraiya naked hips, eliciting many lewd squeals and groans from that incomparable lecher.

When Naruto, Hinata, Sasuki, and Gaara walked into Tsunade's office, it was to the spectacle of the Fifth Hokage lashing the Toad Sage's generous, bouncing breasts with a riding crop. Miraiya was moaning huskily, shamelessly writhing beneath the painful kiss of the crop's leather thong. Lewd, red welts trailed up and down that powerful, curvaceous body, describing a tale of passion and kink to the onlooking visitors.

Hinata blushed a little, seeing Tsunade's own breasts threatening to pop out of her top as she swung that crop wildly. The tempestuous surge and swell of those humongous, heaving bosoms against their cruelly snug confines was enough to make even the exceptionally well-endowed Hyuuga feel a twinge of inadequacy.

(Naruto stilled that easily enough, though, snaking a hand up Hinata's sweatshirt to playfully
Sasuki smirked, licking her lips and leering a little at Lady Miraiya's generous ass. It was rosy and crisscrossed with evidence of recent lashing, round and supple buttocks jiggling like gelatin with every stroke of Tsunade's masterful crop. That posterior was large and bountiful, like her bosom, yet she saw a great deal of hardness beneath the cushion, incredibly powerful glutes adding considerably to the shape and tone of that legendary booty.

Gaara watched the interplay of the two famed kunoichi's gorgeous bodies with an aloof facade, concealing her interest to just the tiniest twinkle in her lovely turquoise peepers. The mascara around her eyes and the 'Ai' kanji tattooed on her forehead gave the ruby-locked jinchuuriki a very rough yet womanly appearance, an aesthetic which one unfortunately foul-mouthed bitch had described as "sunagakure slut".

Naruto let out a hearty guffaw at the sight of Tsunade and Miraiya doing it.

"Should I come back another time, Granny?" he inquired a touch snidely. "It looks like you've got your hands full already."

Tsunade looked up from her whipping of the lewdly groaning and writhing porn author (and star) she called friend to glower a tad darkly at that obnoxious blond beefcake.

"Oy, Naruto..." she muttered. "What have I told you about calling me granny?"

"Not to do it until you actually have grandkids," the blond chirped unconcernedly. "But with these three," he gestured to Hinata, Sasuki, and Gaara. "and Sakura, all pregnant and loaded up with Yang chakra, it's only a matter of time!"

Tsunade quirked an eyebrow.

"They're ALL pregnant...?" she said, a little disbelieving. She shook her head, setting down her riding crop (causing Miraiya to while a little) and sitting back down in her chair. Looking tired, she massaged her temples. "Oy..." she muttered, glancing now at the trio's bellies.

She didn't see any bulging bellies yet, but with Naruto's life energy it was all but certain that they would be showing within a week.

She let out a sigh.

"...you know just how to make things complicated for me, don't you...?" she muttered. "You are getting married to one of them, though, right?"

"All of them," corrected Naruto, cheerfully ogling Miraiya's bare-ass body as he spoke.

Tsunade stared at him for a moment, before shrugging.

"Eh, whatever," she said dismissively. "As long as you are getting married. Hell, I'll even officiate the union right goddamn now if that will get the council off my back about making you hokage."

"I think we'll wait," said Hinata, "for something more... ceremonial." She smiled, nodding politely at the village leader.

"Yeah," said Sasuki. "And Sakura isn't here, anyways."

Miraiya chose this moment to roll over onto her other side, now facing the visitors (and giving
them a generous eyeful of her full frontal nudity).

"So, all four of you?" she said, delicately quirking a single slender eyebrow. "That seems unlucky."

"Naruto makes five, though," interjected Gaara smoothly, calmly.

"Ah, yes. So he does," said Miraiya, eyeing the man in question thoughtfully.

She smiled, seeing her pupil leering so warmly at her naked figure. Teasingly, she gave herself a smack on the hip, causing Sasuki and Hinata to jump a quarter inch off the ground, and Naruto's eyes to widen infinitesimally.

Then he grinned, appreciating the way those sensual aftershocks traveled through the soft, cushioning layers of the Toad Sage's full figured curves.

"So," said Naruto, after a few seconds of just appreciating how ridiculously gracefully that perverted old broad had aged, "I suppose you called us up here to do more than just shoot the breeze, am I right?"

Tsunade blushed, looking up from the sight of her friend and lover's jiggling posterior.

"Y-yes," she stammered, a wee bit redfaced. "I did indeed..."

Her eyes flicked briefly back to Miraya's ass.

The Godaime's blush deepened, and she looked back up at Naruto and co. Clearing her throat with quiet hem hem, Tsunade continued.

"Do you remember your interrogation of that Kabuko?" she asked Naruto and Sasuki. The two nodded. "Well, we did some follow up questioning... seems she knew even more than she let on."

Sasuki's eyebrows rose into her hairline.

"Really?" she said. "So you want Naruto, Hinata, and me to put the screws to her?"

Tsunade shook her head.

"There's no need," she said. "Ibiko was able to extract everything we needed to know. It seems that woman had a lot of underworld connections... You've heard of Otogakure, right? The Hidden Sound Village?"

Gaara nodded.

"Yes..." she said. "In the Land of Rice Paddies... as villages go, it's young and small. But its kunoichi are a very belligerent, and secretive, lot. They're constantly trying to push their borders further..."

"No surprise," said Miriya gruffly, "Since Occhin herself is the one leading it."

Hinata blinked.

"You... do you mean... that legendary Orochiko? I thought she was retired."

"So did we," muttered Tsunade. "But it seems she's picked up a new hobby... it's troublesome, but as much of an ally as she was, the three of us didn't exactly part on the best of terms. Still, though... she's probably our best inlet into that mercenary group."
Sasuki was quiet.

"You mean Akatsuki, don't you...?" she said, eyes narrowed. "Why?"

Tsunade sighed.

"It's complicated..." she mumbled. "...let's just say the specifics are classified, okay? All you need to know is that we need Naruto to go and have a *talk* with Akatsuki. Their organization has expertise which may prove very useful..."

Naruto quirked an eyebrow.

"Just me?" he said.

Tsunade shook her head.

"No. This situation may require a certain degree of... *combat*, as it were," she said. "I intended to send you and Miraiya with Hinata and Sasuki there as back up... but if those two are pregnant, even just in the earliest stages, I'm afraid that I cannot in good conscience assign them such a potentially risky mission."

Sasuki scowled a little bitterly, but Hinata nodded her understanding.

Naruto chuckled sheepishly.

"Um, well," he said. "Do you have any back up for your back up, then?"

"Yes, actually," said she. "You can never be too prepared..." She cleared her throat, then, turning her head to holler. "Mikoto! Asuka!"

The two jonin appeared in a puff of smoke.

Sasuki smiled.

"Hi, mom," she said brightly.

Mikoto beamed. "Sasuki-chan!" she squealed, pulling her daughter into a tight embrace. "Let me hug you to my bosom~!"

She then did just that, making Hinata and Gaara blush.

Naruto grinned.
Sakura awoke feeling profoundly satisfied. She felt a warm tingling in her belly, and a pleasant buzz in her nether regions. Her body felt so loose and floaty, like she could have hopped right to her feet and started walking on air. Even the faint ache of her privates was nothing before the sense of utter spiritual release which filled her body.

She smiled, blushing faintly and feeling her heart flutter at the memory of last night. The surroundings of the Uzumaki house brought it all flooding back the second she opened her eyes. The confessions, the feuding, the reconciliations, and the sex.

Oh, lordy, the sex. It was everything she could have hoped for, and so much more. It had been magnificent, incredible, mind-blowing and fulfilling. She finally understood with one hundred percent clarity why everybody went so wild for her teammate's cock. It really was unlike anything else she had ever felt.

Blush deepening, Sakura purred a little in spite of herself.

What she did the day before had been done on a whim, confessing feelings she had only recently begun to come to terms with, admitting affection, admiration, and oh so much more for Naruto Uzumaki. From the moment she had conceded to Ino's wish to have Naruto join in on their fun yesterday, everything had just sort of clicked. Part of her now wondered why she had always refused to see it, before.

What happened yesterday may have been a spur of the moment whim, but Sakura Haruno did not regret it one slightest bit.

"Ahhh... last night was wonderful, Naruto..." she cooed sleepily, sitting up.

Then she blinked.

Sakura did not see anyone else here.

"...eh?" she said. "Where are they?" she wondered to herself. "Where did everyone...?"

Standing up, Sakura grabbed a towel that she had apparently been using as a blanket and wrapped around her body. She glanced curiously around the seemingly empty room.

Or at least, she'd THOUGHT it was empty...

"Ah, Sakura-kun," came the voice of the Yellow Flash, Mina Namikaze, momentarily startling the Haruno lass. "You're up, I see."

Mina clasped her hands in front of her bountiful chest, wearing naught but the tatters of a badly shredded apron. And his covered basically nothing, reaching scarcely below even her nipples. There was a look of considerable contentment on her face, though, cheeks rosy and eyes twinkling.

"Hehe, and looking pretty sexy in that towel, too..." added Kushina, whistling wolfishly and leering at the petite pinkette. "I usually prefer my gals more full-figured, but that body seems to suit you really well~" She was dressed in a dark green kimono, a pinkish flush to her own cheeks as she ogled the young medic-nin.

"M...Mina-sama..." said Sakura, feeling immensely abashed (and more than a little aroused) at the
full-frontal view she was getting of that blonde bombshell's killer body. "Kushina-sama... you're up, too?" she said a touch lamely, unable to articulate anything more complex when faced with the sight of the pair.

"We are indeed," chirped Kushina. "Up and at 'em and rarin' to go, as they say!" She winked at Sakura, making the girl blush and squirm a touch nervously.

Glancing around bashfully, feeling very awkward talking so casually to two such famous kunoichi as Naruto's parents, Sakura noted that they were the only ones in the room.

"Ah," she said. "Where is everyone else?"

"Naruto, Hinata-chan, and Sasuki all went to Hokage tower," said Mina brightly. "Lady Tsunade wanted a word with them, I guess."

"Probably for a mission, right?" said Sakura.

"Maybe," said Kushina, shrugging dismissively. "But as for the slaves, they're busy practicing their routines. Samui, Karui, and Omoi have plenty to teach those four about exotic dancing!"

Sakura sweat-dropped.

"Is that so..." she said softly. "Well, I imagine Ino will have a lot of fun doing it... that sort of thing is something she's always been good at."

"Stripping?" said Mina.

Sakura shook her head, smiling a little. "No, dancing. She's got a very good body for that kind of thing."

Kushina nodded, stroking her chin.  

"Yes, yes," she said. "She's got a very good and wiry body, flexible and lean, but still with enough curves to really bounce around, if you know what I mean. Super buxom women like Samui or Hinata, or even those Suna sisters, might make more money at the entry level, but someone like Ino is really better suited to becoming a master of the art than most of her peers."

Sakura boggled momentarily at how effectively and shrewdly Kushina had said all of this. Maybe the woman wasn't that great of a ninja, according to herself, but she seemed to know stripping like nobody else.

Mina giggled warmly. "Yes," she said. "Just like you, dear~❤"

Kushina blushed cutely. Raising her hands to her cheeks, she squealed girlishly and bent forward a little, sticking her bum out at her lover as she wriggled her body.

"Ohhh, you~~~!" she cooed, tittering and batting her eyelashes at Mina. "You know just how to make this old lady's heart go all aflutter~"

Mina smiled lovingly, placing a hand gently on her wife's posterior. She squeezed, visibly kneading a generous handful of the redhead's buttocks through the fabric of her dress.

Sakura blushed, averting her gaze shyly.

Then she paused, realizing something.
Wait... she thought. That still leaves three... Where are Kumiko and those maids? she wondered, before furtively shooting a sidelong glance at Mina and Kushina.

A bit of blood trickled from her nose, watching the two beginning to really go at it.

Shuriken, check.

Kunai, check.

Explosive notes, check.

Naruto nodded to himself, doing a mental inventory of his weapon supplies. While combat was not strictly guaranteed on their mission, it never hurt to be prepared. They were going to be making contact with those Akatsuki, after all, and Orochiko. Even for him, those would be dangerous people to cross.

The blond smiled at the slight heft of the standard issue holster strapped to his thigh, loaded down with top grade ninja tools straight from Tenten's stash. The girl had been supplying him with quality weapons for a while now, ever since they started getting it on. She gave them to him the way most girls would give their dates flowers or chocolates, and Naruto was always more than happy to show the weapon mistress his appreciation.

Absentmindedly, Naruto's hands went to the scrolls in his coat pockets. Most of them were just miniature storage scrolls for things like toiletries, field rations, or medical supplies. But a couple of the ones by his breast were special. Secret weapons, one might say.

Assured that he had all of his supplies on hand, Naruto then glanced sidelong at his teammates for this assignment. They were outside the Hokage Tower, now, headed down the street to leave. Mikoto-chan was beaming gaily, eyes twinkling as she smiled at him.

She had been extremely happy to learn of the engagement between him and Sasuki, and had been perfectly ready to show her "appreciation" right there in Tsunade's office. Only Sasuki's intervention had kept her mother from jumping the blond, and while Naruto would have enjoyed the sex he understood why that had been necessary.

Mikoto was his mom Kushina's best friend. And, as they say, birds of a feather flock together. The Uchiha matron was an incorrigible pervert and insatiable nymphomaniac. Once she got going, she would keep you in her grip for hours, not letting go until she was absolutely one hundred percent satisfied.

With most girls, Naruto would only use Kumiko's chakra as a way to enhance the experience. With Mikoto, he had to use it just to keep his heart from giving out.

That woman was as scary as she was beautiful.

"I'm so happy to hear I'm going to be a grandmother!" cooed Mikoto, sounding almost giddy. And Naruto just knew she would be the sort to adore her grandchildren and spoil them rotten.

"And Sasuki pretty happy to become a mom, herself," said Naruto offhandedly. "Although I think you might have snapped her neck with that hug..."

Mikoto laughed sheepishly, dressed in standard jonin apparel. Like most of her generation, she wore the military uniform of the Leaf out of habit. And to be fair, the conservative nature of the uniform did much to make one wonder about what might lie down beneath...
"At least you didn't smother her in your bosom," said Asuka cheerfully, a cigarette dangling from her lips. Like Mikoto, she was dressed in a dark green flak vest and deep navy jumpsuit, although she bore also a sash with the character for fire on it, a remnant of her time as one of the daimyo's twelve shinobi guardians.

This woman, with her tanned skin, short spiky hair, and rough overall appearance, had her own kind of charms to contrast with Mikoto's. While Naruto was not personally a fan of cigarettes, or their smell, Asuka Sarutobi was nonetheless a real tiger in the sack, and a heck of a pugilist too. And the fact that she usually coupled nigh monogamously with the beautiful and buxom genjutsu mistress Kurenai only made the prospects of a night with her all the more tempting whenever the opportunity came up.

Idly, Naruto thought back to the night the two had asked him to help them conceive. He grinned widely, a bit of blood trickling from his nostrils. That had been one HELL of a night.

Miraiya's eyes twinkled, catching the faintly perverted look on her student's face as he side-eyed Asuka and Mikoto behind them. Sasuki and Hinata had headed back to his place, already, and Gaara had stayed behind to talk politics with Tsuttan. But it looked to the Toad Sage that her pupil was already hankering for some pussy.

"Hehe," she sniggered slyly, winking at the blond. "Those two are pretty sexy, aren't they? Or maybe you're getting horny thinking about those cute little brides you've got waiting for you back at home~?"

Naruto blushed as they neared the main gate of Konoha, averting his gaze sheepishly. "Um, ahh..." he stammered, caught off guard by Miraiya's comment. Usually the boy had plenty of confidence, but the white-haired toad summoner knew just how to disrupt his equilibrium. "M-maybe a little," he admittedly shamefacedly.

Miraiya laughed, catching the attention of Mikoto and Asuka, who had been idly chatting in the back of the formation – the motherly Uchiha giving the Sarutobi ace some pointers on good parenting.

"Don't act so ashamed, handsome!" teased the powerfully built cougar. "If I'd had such a nice harem at your age, I never would have left the house!"

Asuka smirked, amused. Mikoto giggled demurely, smiling indulgently.

"I dunno," said the former. "Personally, I think the best part of having a cute young wife is being able to come home to their smiling face after a hard mission... Hehehe..." The Sarutobi chuckled pervertedly, in contrast with the seemingly almost wholesome content of her words.

Miraiya grinned rapaciously, licking her lips.

"Naked aprons are the best," she said dreamily, gazing off into the distance. Asuka nodded fervently at this, and Naruto sweatdropped.

"You guys are just perverts!" he snapped, though his tsukkomi was without any real heat.

He had a fondness for that kind of play, himself.

"Mm, yes, it's so nice to welcome your lover home with a meal at the ready, a hot bath drawn, and
nothing on your body but a paper thin apron..." cooed Mikoto, blushing girlishly and wiggling her hips as they walked. "Heehee, oh, Fugako loves that kind of thing. It always gets her so horny, to see me bending over and shaking my butt just for her after a hard day down at the station."

Naruto blushed, feeling himself get a little hard at the mental images Mikoto was evoking. They were right at the gate, now, too.

He glanced aside at Tetsuko and Izumi, the two semi-perpetual sentinels stuck with the most boring job in the world. The pretty chuunin couple smirked at Naruto's attention, and waved him and his group by. They winked suggestively at the blond, leaning forward over the desk.

The two were, notably, wearing their flak jackets in a way that revealed a modest amount of cleavage. While they were not that buxom, the pair were still very enthusiastic, and they certainly had nice enough bodies.

"Have fun on your mission, lady killer~!" chirped Tetsuko with a wave of a hand.

"Bring us back plenty of souvenirs❤" said Izumi, completely shameless.

Miraiya ogled the pair appreciatively as they walked past them. Mikoto returned their wave with a cheerful smile, and Asuka gave a lusty chuckle.

Naruto grinned.

"Here's one for you right now!" he said roguishly, making a cross-shaped handseal and conjuring a few randy kage bunshin. "You guys be sure to get off plenty for me, alright?" he said to his clones.

Those lucky bastards of chakra constructs gave their boss a sharp salute, grinning widely and pervertedly.

"Sir, yes sir!" they chorused, eager and enthusiastic.

Naruto laughed, looking askance at the pleasantly surprised Izumi and Tetsuko.

"Take care, alright?" he said.

The two gate guards nodded furiously, eagerly proceeding to strip off their clothes as horny Naru-clones started to swarm, multiplying themselves excitedly.

Naruto, Miraiya, Mikoto, and Asuka walked out of the Hidden Leaf Village to the sound of lewd and lusty moans erupting behind them. The Toad Sage was smirking, the Uchiha matron licking her lips, and the former bodyguard of the daimyo was laughing heartily.

"This should be an interesting mission," said Miraiya, chuckling.

"My daughter shouldn't be the only one to get a piece of that..." purred Mikoto, looking almost scary with the intensity of her gaze.

"Those two won't be walking straight for a week, from the looks of it," chimed in Asuka with her two cents.

Naruto beamed.

"Let's go!" he declared, getting pumped up for this mission. It was the only thing he enjoyed as much as sex. "Akatsuki or bust!"
"We'll need to hook up with Occhin first," pointed out Miraiya. "To find out where their headquarters are."

"Okay!" said Naruto, pumping a fist into the air. "Otogakure or bust!"

"And we'll need to find out the location of that village, too," said Asuka.

Naruto scowled, one of his eyes twitching. He put a hand to his forehead, massaging his temples.

"Dammit..." he muttered. "...this mission is gonna be really complicated, isn't it?"

Mikoto shrugged. "Probably."

Naruto sighed.

"Cripes. What friggin' pain in the ass..." he muttered.

Somewhere back in the Leaf Village, Shikamari sneezed into her green tea.

In a dark chamber somewhere far away, nine figures stood before the Gedo Mazo, the Heretical Statue of the Outer Path. Six of those nine were semitransparent, flickering and multicolored. They were indistinct, mere projections.

The three at the base of the statue, however, were fully physical and present. All of the figures wore long, concealing black cloaks decorated with red clouds, and most also covered their heads with wide-brimmed hats of straw. But not the three at the head of the group.

A woman with purple gray eyes, pattered like ripples in the surface of a pond, stood in between two others. She was slender and fair-skinned, with long red hair reaching down past her waist. Her expression was strange, as she looked out at the others, seeming faintly perturbed.

On her left, stood a more visibly buxom woman with short, spiky orange hair. A face which looked accustomed to smiling was instead now furrowed into a worried frown. Against her waist she propped a large, menacing iron club. To her back was strapped a long, keen trident.

On the other side was a woman with piercing eyes and blue hair, a single piercing visible on her chin and a single paper rose resting on her head. Her skin was fair, eyes lined with dark makeup. Her build was somewhere between the other two, though her curves maybe a little close to the club-bearing one.

"I think..." said the redhead in the center, addressing the assembled personages with a stern gaze from her rinnegan eyes. "...that you all know why I have called you here."

There was a murmur of assent through the projected images, and the women flanking her also nodded.

"Things have proceeded far beyond what we had ever expected..." murmured the blue-haired one.

"...what the hell did you guys get into, after I died...?" muttered the latter, orange-haired one, glancing concernedly around.

The redhead sighed.

"It's a long story, Yahiko. A very long story."
The orange-haired one glanced askance at the holographic kunoichi assembled on the Gedo Mazo's fingertips.

"...I think I have the time, Konan, Nagato," she said lowly.

The others waited patiently as their leadership proceeded to converse in hushed whispers.

Akatsuki was stirring.
Without a Sound

The Land of Rice Paddies was a small country on the borders of Hi no Kuni, a rural, backwater nation with no real military power to speak of. As its name suggested, the country's chief asset was its rice paddies. Close to two thirds of the settled land in this nation was dedicated to farming, the watery fields of rice stretching as far as the eye could see.

Scattered farming settlements and small one horse towns comprised the vast bulk of this country's population, by far most of the people being either farmers or farmhands, or merchants who bought and sold the rice. Even the daimyo was little more than a lord of peasants, living in a glorified barn guarded by the untrained and ill-equipped daughters of farmers.

The Land of Rice Paddies had only two real assets: rice, and land. The numerous farms produced fair quantities of grain, yet even at the best of times for most it was just a little more than was needed to get by. Share-cropping and subsistence farming were the main trades practiced in this country, and while it was a poor country its people took pride in the fruits of their labor. Most people said that there really was no rice like rice from the Land of Rice Paddies.

Try saying *that* five times fast.

But aside from that, the open country and vast fields of this nation provided plenty of room to hide a ninja village. It was countless acres of rural countryside where your nearest neighbor was well over an hour's walk away, and the backwater village folk were none too friendly with most outsiders. The close knit communities made for tight lipped villagers, and the women of this nation were not ones to spill their secrets easily.

It was after a day and a half of travel that Naruto and the others reached a village on the country outskirts.

If you could really call a drugstore, three homesteads, and one dirt road a village.

Naruto looked around as they walked down the road. There were almost no people here, from what he could sense. And those who were present were obviously hiding themselves away in their homes.

The blond whistled.

"Man, this really is the boondocks, innit Pervy Babe?" he remarked to his buxom, white-haired mentor.

The infamously lustful Toad Sage laughed, throwing her hoar-locked head back. Her ample bosom bounced with the spasms of her diaphragm, a faintly obscene level of cleavage bared by her open kimono.

"Mm, it is, it is!" she said cheerfully. "But these boondocks'll be our key to finding Occhin, I think."

"You really think we can get the people to talk?" wondered Asuka aloud, eyeing Miraiya skeptically. "Country folk aren't always that fond of us ninja, you know."

"Miraiya-sama has many contacts, though," said Mikoto, smiling demurely. "And Naruto-kun is a most charming individual. If anybody can find out where the Sound Village is, it would be them. Right?"
Miraiya nodded.

"Indeed," she said. "There's not a woman alive with the willpower to resist this tag team. Between the brat and me, we've got enough injutsu power to topple a whole nation."

"We shouldn't need to resort to anything like that, though~" said Mikoto.

"I hope not!" Naruto said, scratching the back of his neck and laughing. "If we can find out what we need, we'll just be on our way."

"Just make sure you don't go breaking too many hearts, Naruto," said Asuka wryly, her eyes glinting. "Okay?"

Naruto nodded.

"No problem, don't worry," he said. "I'm sure I can squeeze what we need out of a cute young village girl without sending her head over heels, y'know?"

Mikoto and Miraiya both laughed.

"I don't think you realize the power of your own charm, Naruto-kun~" said the former, giggling. "Try to remember that these ladies will have never seen a real dick before," added the latter. "They might not be able to contain themselves once you whip out that superweapon."

Naruto blushed, abashed. Averting his gaze and chuckling weakly, he glanced again down the dirt road which ran through the village. His eyes widened a tad, noticing a couple of people standing a little ways down the street.

Sasame Fuuma pouted a little peevishly, crossing her arms over a generous C-cup bust. Her cheeks were flushed under the bright midday sun, and she felt the sticky itch of sweat trickling down the small of her back. The young woman was vaguely tomboyish in her appearance, but she had a heck of a figure for a girl her age.

"It's hot, Lady Kagerou..." the orange-haired Fuuma clanswoman moaned a little childishly to her green-haired, blue-eyed sempai. "Too hot to be standing out here all day in the sun. Can't we at least find a place with a breeze to stand guard at?"

Kagerou, pale and slender, shook her head slowly. The woman had an ephemeral, captivating beauty about her. She was quiet and serene in her demeanor, with an almost regal poise. There was an otherworldly loveliness about her, like the legendary Otohime of Ryugu Palace, but she appeared to carry herself humbly and unassumingly.

"You are too impatient, Sasame," she said softly, looking faintly askance at her kouhai. "We were assigned this duty by Occhin-sama personally. It is our duty as a proud kunoichi of the Fuuma clan to carry out our mission without complaint."

Sasame sighed. Her cheeks were a deep ruddy hue from the heat. Peevishly, she blew a loose strand of sunset-orange hair out of her face, before bring her arm up to wipe away some of the sweat from her brow. She grimaced a touch, feeling the slick moisture rub against the back of her hand. It did little to relieve her discomfort.

"Could I at least get more water for my flask?" the younger kunoichi softly whined. "I feel like my body's either gonna turn into jerky or start sweating out my blood if I don't get a drink."
Kagerou silently removed a flask from her waist and raised it up to Sasame.

"Here," she said. "You need it more. This level of heat is no problem for me, with my fire affinity."

Sasame looked at Kagerou, and smiled weakly. She did not take the flask. She could see the slight glisten of sweat on the woman's brow, and the rosy flush in her cheeks, betrayed the truth of the matter.

"N-no, that's alright," said Sasame quietly, feeling chastised before her sempai's selfless generosity. "It's my own fault for failing to ration my water properly..."

Kagerou smiled.

"You are a good girl, Sasame-chan," she said. "Go and fill your bottle. I'll cover for you just this once, but try to be more conscientious next time, okay?"

Sasame's cheeks reddened deeply, then, and it had nothing to do with the heat this time.

"Th-thank you, Kagerou-sama...!" she yelped, bowing gratefully. "I promise I'll take better care, next time!"

With that, the young woman turned and dashed off to fetch herself some water.

Kagerou's smile did not diminish, even as she saw the blond in orange follow after her kouhai. Nor even when she sensed considerable chakra emerging from the shadows behind her.

"Heheh..." came a woman's wry chuckle, she stepping close to the fair and slender Kagerou. "Kids these days really are hopeless, aren't they?"

The spritely kunoichi's dark blue eyes twinkled.

"That's why they have us to straighten them out," she said softly. "It's the duty of the older generation to show the younger how to live their lives in a right and proper way, is that not correct... Miraiya-dono?"

Miraiya smirked.

"I suppose so," she mused, chuckling softly.

Sasame's hands worked the handle of the pump up and down, the kunoichi putting her weight into every downward thrust, and pushing off from the hard ground with her feet for upward leverage. The shaft of a thick iron pipe ran deep into the soil below, tapping into an unseen aquifer to supply the small village with water.

The deceptively simple mechanism of the pump wheezed pathetically, expelling only air with the first few pumps. But the girl could hear the gurgle of water rising up the pipe, and she knew it would only take one or two more pumps to get some liquid coming out. Then she would be able to fill up her flask, and maybe even give her face a refreshing wash if she moved quick enough.

Sasame was bending over the pump, and she felt the lever jutting up inconveniently against her bosom every time she raised it. Her posterior was stuck out behind her, the lass angling her body for optimum leverage.

She missed having real plumbing, actual running water where all you had to do was turn a faucet to get what you needed. But out here in the middle of nowhere that kind of luxury was simply not to
be found.

Sasame sighed in time with the spigot, and she heard the gurgling reach its zenith. With one final upward yank and downward press, the girl hit water. It came out weakly at first, so she worked the lever a couple more times to get a good flow going. Clear, faintly-smelling water gushed from the spigot, pouring out into a communal basin at the pump's foot. The empty tub filled up about halfway before Sasame stopped pumping.

She wiped a bit of sweat from her brow, watching as water continued to come out for several more seconds, filling the basin right up to its brim before the built up pressure was expended and it died down into a trickle.

Smiling, satisfied with the humble fruits of her small labor, Sasame dunked her flask into the basin, filling it up. Then she knelt down over the tub, dropping to her knees and bending over to splash some water onto her face.

She let out a relieved sigh. The feeling of that relatively cool water against her hot and sweaty skin had to be one of the best things in the world. It was simply exquisite, in how much it relieved her.

Sufficiently contented, Sasame Fuuma stood back up.

And in doing so she felt herself back up into something hard and firm. Something rigid and throbbing was jutting out from the obstacle, wedging between the kunoichi's supple buttocks through the fabric of her trousers.

Abashed, she let out a quiet yelp.

"Ah, sorry, ma'am," the girl said, blushing. "I didn't see you there..."

Sasame made to step forward and remove herself from what ever it was she had clumsily backed up into. But something stopped her.

A hand grabbed hers, the one that wasn't holding her canteen. Her eyes widened. She felt a hot breath on the back of her neck, a sultry exhalation which reeked of desire. Her cheeks reddened. She felt the thing jabbing into her bum twitch, before burrowing a little further into valley between her nether cheeks, shoving the cloth of her trousers and panties right up even against her anus.

A confusedly delighted whimper escaped the young woman's lips.

"No need to apologize, cutie," a voice of strange and unusual pitch and timbre whispered into her ear. There was casual amusement in it, a personable warmth. But she could also feel something raw and hard beneath, a coarse and fiery desire that rumbled from her ears all the way down to her loins.

Another hand came up, this time resting a broad and calloused palm upon the breast of Sasame's shirt. Fingers tanned and deft dug into the cloth, pressing furrows into the doughy mounds of the kunoichi's soft and youthful bosom beneath.

Sasame moaned, feeling herself get hot and flustered, realizing absently that whoever this person was, they clearly wanted her. Despite the training she had received in the past to harden her against seduction, the lass felt all of her defenses fall away before the gentle yet passionate onslaught of this person's every slightest action. Perhaps she was inexperienced in that realm, but still she could feel herself melting so unimaginably easily against this strangely hard and straight body.

"Who...?" she found herself asking aloud even as her loins dampened and her nipples peaked, skin
leaping and burning at every subtest touch of this curious body against hers. Electricity jolted up her spine. "Who are you...?"

She felt a kiss get planted on her neck. The foreign lips curved into a smile against her skin. Seconds later, the person pulled their mouth back and spoke.

"Uzumaki," they said in that strangely unfeminine but undeniably sexy, growling and rasping voice. "Naruto Uzumaki."

Sasame's body turned to mush. She came in her panties.

"Naruto..." she whispered, swooning into this person's arms. "What a nice name..."

Naruto smiled, looking down at this pretty, and vaguely familiar, lass.

The blond moved his hands over this kunoichi's body with practiced ease. With all the speed of the Yellow Flash, and the rapacity of the Bloody Red Habanero, Naruto's fingers traveled over this girl's clothes, undoing the binds and buckles and straps all in the blink of an eye. She let out a squeak when she felt her blouse and trouser fall to the ground, and her bra and panties quickly followed.

"I'm glad you think so," said Naruto now, pressing himself once more against the young and pretty kunoichi, whose body was now completely naked. He groped skillfully at modestly generous breasts, palming and fingering those lovely globes of pale, creamy flesh. "But what's yours, mm? I wanna know what to call you while we're doing it~"

Naruto's calloused fingertips came together to pinch Sasame's stiff, puffy nipples. The girl moaned weakly, electricity shooting through her body. She felt this person playfully tug at her sensitive nubs, twisting them a little in their fingers. She shivered, the skin on her shoulders erupting in goosebumps at the feeling of Naruto's hot, humid, fragrant breath against it.

"Sa...Sasame..." she whimpered, groaning and bucking her hips desperately as Naruto continued to fondle and tease her breasts. She felt incredible. She had never realized it was possible to get so much stimulation just from her chest alone. This person was incredible; they were making her feel things she had never felt before. "Sasame Fuuma..."

Naruto smiled, and he playfully bucked his hips against the tangerine-haired lass. Though he was still fully clothed, just the tent of his erection was enough to make the girl squeal and squirm so delightfully. And he rubbed the bulge of his crotch lewdly between the girl's buttocks, bumping and grinding cruelly against the sensitive rim of her doubtlessly virgin anus. He could feel the heat of her body against him, Sasame obviously aroused to an extreme level even just by only this much.

"What a pretty name," he growled suggestively into her ear, before leaning forward and nibbling just the tiniest bit on the fleshy lobe. At the same time, he was thoroughly kneading her doughy breasts, attentively feeling out every cubic inch of her soft and supple mounds.

Sasame's eyes widened. Unable to restrain herself, she let out a high, keening squeal. Her body was on fire. She could feel the raging inferno in her loins, and knew that she had to quench it or be consumed in the flames of her rising lust.

"Ahh...!" she cried out incoherently. "Ohhh!" she wailed, moaning and whimpering and pressing herself tightly against Naruto's strange yet enticing body. "I can't take it...!" she whimpered. "I need... I need...! Naruto! Naruto!" she gasped, crying out the name of this complete stranger
without so much as the slightest ounce of shame.

The blond grinned, seeing that the girl had been sufficiently warmed up.

"I'll give it to you," he whispered huskily into her ear. "I'll give you whatever you want right here and now, if you just do me one single favor."

"Yes! Please!" whimpered Sasame. "Anything! I'll do anything! I just need you to... I need you to fuck me, Naruto-chan...!"

The blond smiled, chuckling inwardly.

_Eh?_ he mused wryly to himself. _What, does she think I'm a girl? Heh... won't SHE be in for a surprise!_

Out loud, however, he said:

"Take me and my friends to the Hidden Sound Village. Take us to your leader."

"Of course!" cried out Sasame. "I'll lead you before her myself!"

Naruto kissed the girl on the neck, then, happy with this response. His zipper undid itself, driven by the young man's chakra.

"Thanks," said Naruto, his manhood springing out to smack sharply between Sasame's buttocks. The girl was startled by this, but also aroused, yelping lewdly and incoherently. "You have no idea how much that means to me," he purred.

Sasame whimpered, confused but also hornier than ever.

"Th-then show me..." she murmured, blushing deeply. "Inscribe your gratitude onto every inch of this aching body...!"

Naruto's cock throbbed intensely between her buttocks.
Sasame let out a confused yet delighted squeal at the sensation of that stiff, rigid, fleshy mass pulsing between her supple buttocks. She felt it rubbing against the rim of her anus, sending shivers up her spine as it prodded teasingly at the tightly clenched ring of her asshole.

Her hands went to her pussy, which was soaking wet. Her groin was blushing as red as her face, and her lips spread apart to bare the swollen and aching insides of her blossom. Weakly, desperately, Sasame played with herself down there, thrusting a finger into her pussy with a noisy SHLICK as Naruto's toned, muscular pelvis rocked against her soft, ample posterior.

Naruto teased his dick slowly into the young woman's anus, taking his time as he gingerly inched his considerable girth into the snug tightness of Sasame's ass. She was definitely a total anal virgin – she had probably never even been fingered back there, her rectum felt so tight.

"Damn," Naruto grunted. "This is one fine ass, Sasame-chan..."

He squeezed her tits in his hands, massaging the doughy mounds. He kneaded his fingers deep into the soft flesh, exploring the innermost textures of this kunoichi's bosom as he fondled and caressed her. His hips bucked against her bum, pushing his dick another couple of centimeters in.

Sasame let out a squeal, slipping a second finger into her distending cunt, feeling that strangely magnificent thing so slowly and torturously spreading out her anus. It hurt so fucking good, a delightfully shameful sensation that drove her absolutely wild.

"Ohhh..." she moaned lewdly, blushing and squirming. "D-do you really like it...? I always thought it was a little too big... for a kunoichi like me..." Her blush deepened a shade.

Naruto grinned, and he planted a hungry kiss on the back of Sasame's neck, just to make her squirm.

"Really? Because I think it's perfect just the way it is," he growled huskily, pinching the modestly buxom lass's nipples to elicit a sharp yelp, and a deep shiver, from the humble, horny maiden. He nudged his cock another centimeter or so into the cute ginger chit.

Sasame shuddered, feeling that wonderful, unimaginable mass of pure, ecstasy-inducing hardness ever-so-slowly pressing its way deeper into her asshole.

"N...Na...ru...tooooo...!" she squealed, panting and slipping a third finger into her pussy. It was a tight fit, and the added stimulation had her at the very brink of orgasm. She scissored her slim and delicate digits back and forth inside the drenched, fleshy heat of her womanhood.

The blond felt Sasame's rectum clench, squeezing his manhood. He let out a groan, grunting huskily and hearing the girl cry out in shameless delight as she came. Then her frame went limp, briefly, hot and heavy in Naruto's arms in the dazzling afterglow of orgasm. Her anus relaxed, the girl loosening up unconsciously.

"Hehe, your voice sounds so cute when you're coming, Sasame-chan~!" the young man teased as he took this opportunity to drive his throbbing, twitching erection the rest of the way into Sasame's ass.

"Ahhhhhn!" Sasame's eyes widened, and she tensed up in shock, astonished but not displeased at the sudden feeling of fullness in her anus. Her eyes rolled up into the back of her head, her tongue
lolling out of her mouth. She lost any and all sense of restraint, overcome by a level of carnal pleasure beyond anything she could have ever imagined as Naruto began to pump back and forth inside of her. "Yes...! Yes! YES! OH, FUCK, YES!"

she screamed.

Naruto groped Sasame's tits fiercely as he began to fuck her in earnest, driving his penis in and out of her with a steadily mounting speed and force. Like churning butter, Naruto pumped his cock violently back and forth inside of Sasame's tight, cushy ass.

He could feel some minor tearing in the walls of her rectum, as he worked his dick inside of her. The sheer mass of his member was nearly too much for the girl's body to handle, and the utter ferocity of his lustful, penile onslaught was nothing to sneeze at, either. He drove himself back and forth, back and forth, like a pendulum at mach five.

Sasame's buttocks jiggled like jello, reddening starkly from the repeated SLAP SLAP SLAP of Naruto's pelvis against them. Her breasts bounced and wobbled wildly beneath Naruto's rapacious hands, shaking and quivering and rippling with the frenzied movement of her body. Her pussy was gushing violently, shooting the young woman's fragrant nectar onto the ground.

Ravenously, lost in a haze of lust, Naruto bent Sasame over the rim of the basin at the pump's foot. It tipped almost immediately, the two toppling to the ground as the considerable remaining quantity of water splashed all over their hot and sweaty bodies. But Naruto did not stop, or even slow down.

He fucked Sasame raw, paying her in full for the favor she had promised. He made her scream his name, a shameless howl tearing from ragged lips as water dripped and glistened sensually over their joined, rocking bodies.

"NARUTO...!" she wailed. "I LOVE YOOOUUU!" she cried out, absolutely smitten and beguiled by the inimitable sensations which his cock induced in her lewd, horny body.

Naruto smiled, satisfied that she wouldn't double cross them.

A cigarette was poised between Asuka's index and middle fingers, smoke curling from the smouldering tip of the rolled and processed tobacco. She was taking a break, listening to Naruto and his new friend in the near distance.

Her dusky skin glistened with sweat, her modest bosom heaving sensually beneath a thick combat flak vest. Asuka brought the smoking faggot to her lips, inhaling sharply. This caused the tip of the cig to glow brightly with heat, briefly, before the foremost section was burnt out and reduced to ashes.

Incinerated remnants of leaf and paper crumbled from the end of the cigarette, falling away to expose a fresher portion. The tip smouldered dully, for a moment, with a sunset glow before dimming, pungent wisps of sweetish smoke wafting with deceptive delicacy on the slightest air currents.

She removed the faintly phallic stick of rolled and processed tobacco from her lips, pinching it with practiced care between her fore and middle fingers. Asuka's nostrils flared briefly before she exhaled, smoke billowing from her lips. The reeking fumes curled about her face like a gaseous, burning wreath, hanging in the air for a second or two before dissipating.

"That's a very bad habit for a kunoichi to have, you know," said Mikoto Uchiha, smiling with deceptive cheer at her junior.
Asuka sighed, rolling her eyes.

"It's a Sarutobi tradition," she said, and this was not entirely a lie. Her own mother, Hiyori, had been fond of the pipe (as had Hiyori's mother, Sasuki, before her) and more than a few of Asuka's fellow clanswomen had a fondness for nicotine.

Mikoto still shot Asuka a disapproving look, though.

"One that could be done without," she muttered a little darkly under her breath.

The woman really was the consummate mother, Asuka mused. Always clucking her tongue at anything she found unhealthy or inappropriate, while constantly doting on the young and cute.

"I dunno, I think it's kinda hot," came Naruto's voice at that moment, interrupting the two women. "Asuka-chan gives a damn good blowjob. Seeing her smoking reminds me of that."

Asuka grinned, blushing a little and laughing heartily. She and Mikoto turned, as one, to see the blond Uzumaki coming their way with a modestly buxom – and naked lass hanging off of his arm, purring and nuzzling up to the fully dressed male with visible hearts in her eyes.

"Naruto-sama~" cooed Sasame, pressing her soft, supple bosom into his firm, muscular side. "Are these your friends? They look so sexy!"

Mikoto smiled at this, and her eyes flashed with a lustful gleam at the sight of the nude, ginger-haired youth.

"Mmm, my," she purred huskily, "but not as sexy as you, little girl~❤" She gave a wink with her smouldering onyx eyes, leering at the down home kunoichi like she was more a piece of meat than a person.

Asuka flashed Naruto a wry grin.

"Miriaya-sama warned you to be careful with that dick of yours," she said pleasantly, conversationally. "But judging by the way this girl is fawning over you, I'm guessing you didn't exactly follow her advice."

Naruto laughed sheepishly.

"Well, I didn't show it to her..." he said. "But I guess just getting it in her ass was enough to completely seduce her."

Mikoto licked her lips.

"Oho, if that's what Naruto-kun considers seduction, then he can feel free to tempt this old lady any time he wants~" she said, giving him her best bedroom eyes. And she was pretty damn good at that, even for an Uchiha.

A hearty guffaw came from behind them.

"I should have known not to let that punk loose!" came Miraiya's cheerful speech. "I take my eyes off him for a few minutes, and it looks like he's already completely tamed your sempai. Sorry about that, Kagerou!" she addressed the pale, blue-haired beauty who was walking behind her. Although she sounded more amused than apologetic.

But Kagerou Fuuma shook her head, smiling serenely.
"You did not tell me your apprentice was a man," she replied, her eyes gleaming as they took in sight of Naruto Uzumaki. He cut a most dashing figure, walking up with the cute and nude Sasame hanging so shamelessly off his arm, sandwiching his goodly biceps between ample young breasts.

Miraiya smirked. "I figured you'd appreciate the surprise."

Kagerou let out a lusty giggle.

"And so I do!" she said agreeably, raking her eyes appreciatively up and down the blond's form. "He is even sexier than I would have thought. I already feel a longing for him in my loins," she purred.

"And he ain't even naked yet!" said Asuka, laughing wryly.

"Unfortunately so," added Mikoto, pouting a little at the thought of once more being denied an eyeful of Naruto's fine ass.

Sasame rubbed her body a bit against Naruto, sliding her bust up and down over the blond's muscular arm. She smiled like a cat, eyes twinkling as she fawned over the man whom she had effectively submitted herself to in mind, body, and spirit by one hundred and ten percent.

"Ooooh, but I'm sure we'll have plenty of time for that once we reach Oto~" she cooed. "Kin-chan and the others will be so happy to see such someone so sexy, let alone a man!"

"It's a pretty long walk, though," remarked Kagerou. "Are you sure you want to take it in the buff?"

Sasame giggled, blushing cutely.

"If Naruto-sama wants me to, I'll do whatever he says~!" she purred.

Naruto chuckled.

"Well, if you're worried about the heat, I had one of my shadow clones make some adjustments to your clothes," he said. "While we were doing it. That should help you keep cool, at least."

He gestured for the clone to come forward, then, and it appeared in a flicker of shunshin. Dust was kicked up in a small cloud by the kage bunshin's approach, billowing about the legs of those present. The orange-clad Naruto doppelganger carried Sasame's clothes in its arms, but there was one major difference to them.

The chest, ass, and crotch had all been cut out of them. The rest of Sasame's body would still be covered by them as normal, but those three areas had all been stripped of their fabric. If she put them on, the parts that usually would be covered by even the skimpiest garments would, instead, be virtually the only parts of her body left uncovered by the girl's normally modest and conservative manner of dress.

The Fuuma lass let out a delighted squeal, seeing the modifications which had been made to her clothes.

"Oh, Naruto-sama~!" she gushed. "How kind of you! Now we can do this and that any time we want, and I don't even have to undress~!"

Miraiya laughed.

"It'll probably give you a good, cooling breeze, too!" she chortled, leering appreciatively at the
young lass, who tittered and blushed gleefully, wiggling her soft, bouncy butt and shamelessly singing Naruto's highest praises.

"How chic♥" cooed Mikoto, clasping her hands gleefully before her chest. "Maybe Naruto-kun could make something like that for me, from my civilian clothes~?" she mused with a playful wink.

"I bet Fugako-chan would sure appreciate it," replied the blond, returning Mikoto's wink with interest.

Asuka smiled.

"That kind of thing would probably look great on my wife, too," she remarked, a perverted glint in her eyes. "It would really bring out her best features, you know!"

Miraiya laughed.

"You perverted woman," she teased, ribbing her sensei's youngest daughter. "Is that all you ever think about?"

"I'm still not as bad as you!" shot back Asuka without heat, grinning at the white-haired older beauty.

Kagerou smiled softly, and she giggled.

"What a strange group of people to have fallen in with..." she mused quietly to herself. "Somehow, I get the feeling this will be a very interesting experience."

Meanwhile, Sasame gladly adorned her altered clothes, delighting all present with how utterly shameless and obscene this new manner of dress was.
Not So Silent Sentries

The sprawling agrarian vista of the Land of Rice Paddies, vast fields of living green which gleamed with a faintly golden sheen in the noon sun, stretched out behind them. Before them rose up the sheer sides of a stone wall, a seemingly natural formation which jutted up incongruently from the shallow limestone beneath their feet. A sparse forest stretched out to either side of them, the woody growth of old trees casting the sides of a monolithic barrier in shadow.

The wall of rock was straight and nearly flawless, looking like it had been carved straight from the bones of the earth by the hands of one just nigh to mastering stonecraft. Its sides rose up from a bedrock foundation at a nearly perpendicular angle, looking both imposing and almost impenetrable. The only rift to be found in this whole monolith was a single, vertical crack – just wide enough for two women of average girth to walk abreast, though not without some discomfort. And even that was guarded by a high gate of masterfully cast, seal-engraved iron. It was a solid ferrous mass, thick and sturdy, its front marked with a single musical note – the brand of Otogakure. And the gate's stout posts were embedded half into the solid rock, fashioned into the shape of two mighty serpents, poised erect in a posture of threat, fangs as long and thick as Miraiya's forearms menacingly bared by snarling jaws.

Before the gate, no doubt acting as sentries, stood two young kunoichi who looked to be right around Naruto and Sasame's age.

One had straight, long black hair. Her skin was fair, and her dark eyes glanced sternly out at the horizon. She was dressed in conservative gray, her camo trousers blotted with shades ranging from eggshell to ebony. The breast of her shirt bulged faintly with what was probably a largish C-cup bosom, and her slim waist flared out nicely into good, wide, childbearing hips.

Next to her was a tanner woman, rosy-cheeked and sharp-eyed. Her hair was short and spiky, giving her an almost Videl-esque appearance. She wore a tan, yellowish amber shirt with the kanji for KILL scrawled in red across the front. Her hitai-ate was drawn low over her brow, and long-sleeved arms were crossed over a flat chest.

Kagerou, standing between Miraiya and Mikoto, with Asuka behind her and Naruto in front of her, watched in faint amusement as her kouhai Sasame promptly bounced up to the two familiar Oto chūnin, Saku Abumi and Kin Tsuchi. The orange-haired Fuuma's goodly breasts, a shade larger than Kin's, bounced freely from the opening in the front of the girl's blouse. Her nipples looked especially pink and pointy, deceptively doughy buttocks hanging and jiggling lewdly from the back of her assless (and crotchless) trousers.

"Kin-chan!" gushed the bouncy young Fuuma, smiling brightly and waving at the two chūnin guards. "Saku-chan! I'm baaaack~!"

Kin blushed faintly, and it visibly took her a great amount of willpower to keep her eyes locked onto Sasame's face.

"You're early," she said, frowning only the smallest bit. Glancing curiously at the four strangers surrounding Kagerou, she lowly added. "Is everything okay?"

"Heehee, couldn't be better!" chirped Sasame. She bounced up and down on her tiptoes, causing her breasts to move in a likewise manner, rippling like jello in an five point earthquake. "I met the most wonderful people back in the village!"
Saku cocked an eyebrow at the lass, who was acting unusually giddy. She shifted her weight a little on the balls of her feet, leaning forward the tiniest bit to squint subtly at the strangers behind Sasame.

"Those 'wonderful people' wouldn't happen to be the Leaf ninja surrounding your CO, would they?" she inquired suspiciously.

Sasame blushed, giggling like a schoolgirl.

"Yes, yes!" she chirped. "They are! They are! Especially Naruto-sama!"

Kin blinked.

"Naruto..." she murmured. "...sama?"

"Yep!" said Sasame, clapping her hands excitedly. "Just look! Isn't he just the cutest?"

Saku blinked.

"He?" she whispered, jaw faintly slacking as her eyes widened and cast themselves once more over the group of Konoha-nin.

Naruto Uzumaki, blonde and whisker-faced, laughed cheerfully as the slender kunoichi's disbelieving eyes fell upon him.

"Well, I dunno if I'd call myself cute!" he chortled, grinning at Saku and Kin (and leering undisguisedly at Sasame's ample posterior). "Maybe ungodly sexy, or drop-dead gorgeous, but not cute."

He winked roguishly at the two Sound nin.

Kin and Saku proceeded to blush deep maroon and sputter incoherently for a few seconds, their brains racing to catch up with what they were seeing.

"Seriously?" said Kin, staring unabashedly at Naruto. "That's a man? For real?"

Saku frowned, biting her lower lip.

"Can we be sure, though?" she wondered aloud. "I mean, those clothes look pretty heavy... he might just be another she, under them."

Miraiya guffawed uproariously. "Oh, we can assure you," she said, stepping forward. "This kid is the real deal. One hundred percent."

Kin and Saku stared.

They knew who this woman was, just looking at her. Her vast cleavage, her snow white hair, and her most eccentric overall appearance. Miraiya of the Sannin, the legendary Toad Sage Priestess of Mount Myoboku.

One of Orochiko-sama's former teammates.

Naruto smirked.

"That's right. I'm a true man," he said, bringing his hands casually up into a familiar handseal. "Even when I'm a woman..." he continued, focusing his chakra.
A puff of white smoke engulfed his body. A moment later it dispelled, and Misses Abumi and Tsuchi stared in disbelief at the unmistakeable voluptuous, naked figure which appeared where the orange-clad lad had been but seconds prior.

Long, sun-kissed twintails hung down from either side of this person's head, going well past their shoulders. Thin black whisker marks added a distinct charm to the tanned, girlish, smiling face. Full, rosy lips puckered to blow a kiss at the two Sound sentries. Large, shapely breasts, obscenely huge and soft, bounced and jiggled explosively with even the tiniest of movements. A thin waist fanned out into gorgeous, womanly hips, and between smooth, soft, shapely thighs Kin and Saku beheld it.

"...I still have this dick!" Naruko concluded, giving the pair of Oto chuunin a playful, seductive wink. A long and thick mass of flesh, presently flaccid, dangled between her legs, reaching good way down her thighs. Behind that phallus, Kin and Saku could see the wrinkled, hairy, yet strangely enticing bulge of twenty-four carat kintama contained within the blonde's sweaty scrotum.

The two Oto kunoichi blushed furiously, seeing the gorgeous body of a voluptuous, curvaceous woman combined with the primal, instinctive appeal of the nigh mythical human manhood.

"I-incredible..." gaped Saku, her eyes wide and glued to the dangling length of Naruko's dick. "He... really is..."

"I can hardly believe it," breathed Kin, cheeks red and hot. "A real, live man... I mean, I'd heard the rumors, but..."

"...you never expected to see one in the flesh," said Kagero perceptively. "Correct?"

Saku blushed, and she nodded vigorously.

"It's like something out of a dream," she murmured, absentmindedly licking her lips. A shiver ran up her spine when she saw the phallus sway the tiniest bit, Naruko shifting her weight by one or two degrees.

"We live in a blessed age, to see such a thing in the prime of our youth," whispered Kin. A bit of sweet beaded on her brow, and she squeezed her legs together. A small, scarcely audible whimper escaped her lips.

Naruko laughed sultrily, giving the pair a playful wink, before changing back into Naruto (once more fully clothed, to the girls' dismay) with a puff of smoke.

"Well, if you let us in," said the blond, grinning rakishly at Kin and Saku, "You might get to do a whole lot more than just look."

Saku and Kin's blushes deepened immediately, and they both let out the cutest girlish squeals. Their eyes widened, meeting Naruto's. Whimpering, and feeling a growing heat in their loins, they searched the shimmering cerulean orbs for some sign of deceit or misdirection. And although they were certainly highly aroused at that moment, neither of them was so irresponsible as to let that arousal interfere with their judgement.

They had their own responsibilities, as gate guards.

"You may go in," said Kin softly. "But only you, and not without an escort. Your friends will have to wait outside."
Asuka scowled a little at this, and Sasame pouted. Mikoto seemed willing to accept this judgement, though, as did Kagero. Naruto seemed a little miffed that his comrades would have to wait outside.

But Miraiya simply laughed.

"Ohohohoho..." chortled the buxom, lusty older woman, her eyes flashing with mirth. "How amusing. As if the great Miraiya would ever let some scrawny little neophyte virgins keep her from dropping in on an old friend."

She crossed her arms under her bust, pushing up a bosom of the highest calibre. The vast expanse of her cleavage seemed to grow even greater, and her ample breasts looked ready to pop up clear out through the extremely precipitous neckline of her scantily-tied kimono.

Miraiya grinned at the two, taking a single step forward. Her breasts trembled with the motion, jiggling tumultuously atop her solidly crossed arms.

Saku and Kin gulped fearfully, unconsciously taking a single step back in response to the woman's advance. Their backs pressed up against the rigid, unyielding barrier of the village gate, and the two felt frightfully vulnerable in that moment.

Mikoto smiled demurely, noticing the perverted gleam in the toad summoner's eyes.

"My, my," she remarked cheerfully. "It looks like Miraiya-dono is getting rather excited~ Teehee! Those poor girls~"

She giggled, leering unashamedly at the swelling curve of Miraiya's posterior, the tip of the older woman's spiked hoary mane swaying slightly hither and yon in the faintest of breezes.

"That perverted old timer," said Asuka wryly. "She can't even hold back the sexual harassment for one hour, can she?"

Kagero smiled softly, the faintest tinge of pink in her cheeks.

"I think I like that about her, though," she said, the faintest hint of affection in her tone. "She's bold and unapologetic, and utterly unashamed of who she is."

"Oooh, and she's really good with her hands too!" added Sasame, a faintly dreamy look in her eyes. She wiggled her hips, causing her bare buttocks to shake most delightfully. The smooth lips of her pussy blushed and moistened, the signs of mild arousal visible for all to see. Her nipples were standing up, and goosebumps danced excitedly across the exposed skin of her bosom.

Miraiya chuckled pervertedly. Lustfully gleaming eyes were cast in shadow, and a bit of drool was trickling down from the corner of her lips. Her hands were raised up before her, at chest level, palms out and fingers splayed, bent and wriggling back and forth in the most suggestive of fashions. It was all too clear what the woman intended to do.

"But I guess that's okay, too..." the woman purred, taking another ominous step forward. "...if I have to stay out and wait while Naruto goes in to play with my cute old friend... then I guess I'll just have to make due with these cute little apples right in front of me❤"

Kin gulped, blushing intensely and shivering. She averted her eyes from Miraiya, shamefacedly pressing her back tightly against the gate. Her modestly ample bosom heaved enticingly beneath the dully colored fabric of her blouse.

"Okay! Okay!" yelped Saku, next to Kin. She was cowering and covering herself, acting as though
she were naked. Although the slim chuunin was actually fully clothed, under Miraiya's piercing
gaze she felt unconscionably exposed. "You can go in! You can all go in! Just let us call in an
escort...!"

Saying this, Saku reached a hand to one of the smaller seal fragments forged into the surface of the
stout iron gate behind her and Kin. Her fingers lightly brushed the faintest indentation of a small,
arcane sigil. Nicking the skin of her thumb on the corner of the indentation, the kunoichi traced a
small amount of blood mixed with chakra into the symbol.

Lines glowed, tracing out across the gate from that point, traveling outwards in a spidery branching
of light. Mikoto and Asuka tensed up, momentarily expecting a brigade of enemy shinobi to
suddenly pop out of the shadows. They had no idea what that seal the girls had just activated
actually did – for all they knew, it could have been an intruder alarm, an alert to the village to
scramble its forces.

Naruto, however, seemed to trust their intentions. And Sasame and Kagero, who would ostensibly
have at least some knowledge regarding the purpose and functions of the gate's seals, also appeared
unworried. So the two Leaf jonin shortly relaxed, trusting in both the blond's judgement and the
Fuuma duo's knowledge.

Miraiya smirked at the two young women before her.

"Hehehe..." she chuckled ominously. "But I wonder how long it will be before someone answers?
These fingers of mine are itching for a good squeezing..." Her eyes flashed. "...and they won't take
no for an answer~!"

She pounced on the pair of Oto kunoichi. Sasame, Asuka, Kagero, Mikoto, and Naruto all blushed
to some degree or other, watching as the horny, rapacious Miriaya let her hands roam freely over
Kin and Saku's bodies. No matter how soon the escorts got there, they would still be too late to
save the pair's virtue.

Miraiya was too stubborn to be denied her hourly dose of sexual harassment.

When Guren and Kimiko – both elite servants of Orochiko and bearers of potent bloodline abilities
– opened the front gate of the Hidden Sound, it was to see the two gate guards moaning and
whimpering on the ground before them, stripped half naked. Kin Tsuchi and Saku Abumi were
redfaced and panting, squirming weakly at the feet of a woman the two knew on sight, from
reputation if not personal acquaintance.

"Miriya-dono," said the exiled princess of the Kaguya, the silvery-white haired Shikotsumyaku
Ojou-sama Kimiko. She was slim and lithe in build, possessing a nimble, athletic body and a
modestly smallish bust. Her face was fair and soft, with all the gentility and femininity of a
noblewoman. Her expression was serene and unreadable.

The light lavender fabric of her zip-up shirt matched well with her creamy peach complexion, the
zipper stopped at only an inch or two below her collar bones. Tight black pants contrasted
beautifully with slender, pale legs. A purple, rope-like belt was tied around her waist.

The fair-skinned, violet-blue haired Guren glanced behind the Toad Priestess. Her full, ruby red
lips curled slightly into a frown, seeing the other Leaf ninja standing there behind Miraiya, along
with two Fuuma clanswomen. The crystal release user furrowed an ivory brow above her sharp,
piercing eyes.
"Kagero," she said, addressing her fellow jonin with some degree of familiarity. "Sasame-san. What are you two doing?"

The lovely, slim Kagero turned the softest of smiles on Guren.

"We are escorting Miraiya and her friends here to meet with Occhin-sama," she said simply.

Guren crossed arms in dark green sleeves of asymmetrical length over a mid-sized chest, neither particularly large nor small. Nimble hands clad in heavy duty gloves drummed their fingers against her forearms. The bangs which framed her face cast the woman's eyes in shadow, briefly, as she glanced down again at Kin and Saku, who were whimpering and moaning at the feet of the Toad Priestess Miraiya.

"And what business do they have with her?" said Kimiko, speaking up.

Naruto chose then to step forward into the pair's line of view.

"We're here to ask the old lady some questions," he said, impudently casual. "About Akatsuki and stuff."

Kimiko stiffened up at this. Guren bit her lower lip.

"I see," said the former. "You are Naruto Uzumaki, then?"

Naruto nodded in response to the Kaguya's question.

"I am," he said. Then he met the bone-wielder's eyes, a glint of deceptively deep intelligence momentarily visible in those pools of liquid sapphire. "Were you expecting me, or something?"

Kimiko glanced sidelong at Guren, caught a little bit off guard by the shrewdness of the blond's inquiry. Her crystal-using comrade shrugged, and gave Kimiko a what-can-you-do? kind of smile.

The white-haired young woman glanced back at Naruto, her face set in a carefully unreadable expression.

"I suppose you could say something like that," she told him quietly. "Occhin-sama has eyes in many places."

Miraiya grinned at this, nodding.

"She always was a gossip," the woman said dryly, causing Kimiko and Guren to blush in a mixture of embarrassment and mild outrage at the way Miraiya put it.

"Well, gossip or not," said Naruto, "if that old snake was expecting us, then we can just walk right in. Right?"

He took a step forward, but while Kimiko and Guren blushed faintly as the smell of man washed over them, they nonetheless managed to keep their heads screwed on straight.

"Not so fast," said the former, scowling the slightest bit at the blond male. "Indeed Occhin-sama has been expecting you, and certainly she has made provisions for you and your friends..."

"...but there are still conditions for your entry into the village," added the latter, Guren, the glance of her eyes piercing through Naruto's chest. "We have our pride, after all."

Asuka sighed, running a hand longsufferingly through her brown, spiky hair.
"Of course there would be a catch..." she muttered.

Mikoto smiled, but her eyes were a hard, steely crimson, three dark *tomoe* revolving around a small black pupil.

"I hope you don't try to make us do anything we don't want to~" she said in an incongruently cheerful-sounding tone.

"Hehe... as long as those conditions don't include 'no groping the locals,' I couldn't care less," remarked Miraiya, a perverted gleam in her eyes as she raked them up and down Guren and Kimiko's figures. She was smiling like she had a byakugan.

"I hope they don't try to separate me and Naruto-sama..." said Sasame quietly, looking almost teary-eyed at the mere thought of it. Her frame trembled, causing goodly youthful curves to jiggle and bounce delightfully.

Kagero smiled, though.

"I have a feeling that I know where this is going..." she mused wryly, half to herself.

Naruto shrugged, hearing the general consensus from his team. He grinned nonchalantly at Guren and Kimiko.

"Well, I'll bite," he said. "What's the conditions?"

Guren raised a single finger into the air.

"Firstly, you must leave all weapons behind at the gate," said the crystal release kunoichi. "This is just a safety measure, of course, and they will be returned to you once you leave."

"Secondly," added Kimiko, raising two fingers into the air. "Outsiders are forbidden from bringing anything manufactured outside of Otogakure inside the village. This includes any kinds of clothes or toiletries. We kindly request that you leave all of your garments and other supplies at the gate along with your weapons. If you need anything during your stay in the village, it will be provided to you by your hosts."

Miraiya and Mikoto both perked up at this, glancing around at their group, and leering in particular at Naruto. Even Asuka looked a little excited at the thought.

"And thirdly," said Guren and Kimiko, this time together. "In exchange for Occhin-sama's hospitality, if she or any member of her village approaches one of you requesting sexual favors, it is your duty as our lady's guests to do whatever is asked of you."

Miraiya and Mikoto both licked their lips, an ominously lustful and *predatory* aura radiating off of them. Asuka blushed, looking a little sheepish at the thought of this.

Naruto sweatdropped.

"She just wants me to knock up some of her villagers, doesn't she?" he muttered.

Guren and Kimiko were pointedly silent. They looked away from Naruto and the others, their faces beet red.

Naruto laughed, and he shrugged.

"Sure! Why not?" he mused, forming a ram seal over his chest. "It's been a bit since I've used this."
Instantly, his clothes, and the clothes of everyone else present, vanished in a puff of smoke. Although this didn't really make much of a difference in Sasame's case.

Naruto, naked as the day he was born, gave their escorts a roguish, suggestive wink. His dick stirred between his legs, noticing the small plethora of butt naked babes now present and eagerly rising to the occasion.

Guren and Kimiko let out surprised yelps. Their blushes deepened even further.

"Lead the way!" said Naruto cheerfully, putting his hands on his hips to give the two kunoichi a good, clear view of his large and lordly erection. He did a bit of subtle pelvic thrusting in their general direction, completely and utterly without anything even faintly resembling shame.

Blood trickled from the nostrils of every conscious female present.
Ai Doll

Naruto's naked body, as well as the nude bodies of his fellow Leaf nin (plus Sasame's might-as-well-have-been-naked manner of dress) drew their group plenty of intrigued stares. Cute girls – and they were ALL cute – gathered by the sides of the streets in small clusters of three or four apiece to watch as this most unusual of groups made its progress toward the center of the village.

There were plenty of lustful whistles, catcalls and playful jeers. Bolder lasses offered some very lewd compliments to the Leaf kunoichi on their breasts, and even the shyest of the onlookers made it very clear what they thought of Naruto's bare ass and naked cock.

"What do they feed those Konoha women to make 'em such cows? Just look at the SIZE of those tits."

"Damn, do those asses jiggle. Oooh, I sooo want to just go up and give those big booties a good, hard smack!"

"Forget the girls! What about that man? I never thought penises were that big. I feel sore just looking at it."

"Oh, yes! I bet it tastes delicious, though! Doesn't it look that way? I wouldn't mind sucking down some of THAT every morning."

"That ass of his looks like you could cut a diamond on it. And those muscles..."

"His arms look so strong, don't they?"

"Eeee! I hope we can get a chance with him before he leaves~!"

"Not until after Occhin-sama's had her piece, though."

"Well, obviously. I'd never dream of taking something from Occhin-sama."

And on it went, plenty of chattering and tittering to boost egos and get the more exhibitionistic types nice and horny. Which was probably why Miraiya was so shamelessly winking and blowing kisses to the crowds, and making all kinds of obscene poses to show off her ridiculously beautiful and buxom body.

Asuka was far more reserved, and she blushed badly every time someone offered her wink or a bit friendly sexual harassment. Mikoto was closer to Miraiya in her appreciation of the attention, though she was not as outright shameless in giving fanservice to her gathered admirers.

Naruto did his best to focus on getting where they were going.

Otogakure was, for all the secrecy, actually a very normal-looking town once you got inside. The buildings were smaller, for the most part, than what you might find in Konoha, and somewhat fewer in number, but they were largely the same kinds of places you'd find in any good-sized village. Restaurants, general stores, a smithy or two, a bath house, a granary – it had all the usual accoutrements you'd expect to see in a village, ninja or otherwise.

The roads wound organically this way and that, melding into the geography of the area walled in by that great, hidden expanse of rock. Houses were pushed tightly together, some of the taller stories looking to have been added on rather haphazardly, leaning out over the street. It looked
more rustic, less urbane than Konoha – which wasn't exactly a futuristic metropolis itself – but it was clear that the people here were largely happy, even proud to call the Hidden Sound home.

Naruto took all of this in with a smile.

"Occhin must not be that bad, if she can run such a happy village!" he remarked simply, but cheerfully. He did not give any particular care to his nudity, or the catcalls of horny locals. Despite what Guren and Kimiko had said, nobody had outright walked up to the group and requested, or demanded, sexual favors.

There were many suggestions, though.

And the girls, for their parts, were too busy fighting the temptation to fling themselves at Naruto and his magnificent, manly penis. They Konoha kunoichi knew they had a mission to keep in mind, and the Sound ones were mindful of keeping their mistress waiting.

But that didn't stop them from ogling the blond's goods.

So big... thought Kimiko, blushing faintly and starting to get lost in one of her fantasies. Is it really possible to fit something that huge inside of your...?

Mikoto wiggled her hips, pouting a little jealously as she watched Naruto's dong swing this way and that.

That daughter of mine is soooooooooo lucky! she thought. I hope she doesn't mind sharing some of that with mama!

Miraiya chuckled, sweatdropping a little as she took in how hungrily everybody present was looking at Naruto.

That boy's gonna be sore as hell, when this is over, she mused. And if we're lucky, so will we.

Sasame squealed silently, adoringly ogling her master's naked body. Kagerou, beside her, could not help licking her lips and leering a bit at Naruto's ass.

Guren was breathing heavily, her modest bosom heaving sensually under her coat. She felt pointedly aware of the incredible, enticing mass which hung down so temptingly only a foot or two behind her.

Asuka took a deep, lusty drag of her cigarette, silently wishing it was another kind of long, cylindrical, and ungodly addictive thing that she was taking into her mouth.

Naruto, in contrast, felt his thoughts turn to his wives-to-be: Sakura, Gaara, Sasuki and Hinata.

I wonder how they're doing without me...? he thought.

The Playful Fox was filled with low cheers and lusty whoops as its newest attractions strutted their way onto the stage, no small number of fresh, lovely young women striding sensually out for the viewing pleasure of their customers.

Dressed in plain kimono, Naruto's four wives-to-be watched the show with considerable appreciation. Gaara's turquoise lamps and Sakura's glittering emeralds gleamed in the dim light of the strip club, Hinata's byakugan and Sasuki's sharingan eagerly drinking in the every dip and rise of those fine, feminine figures.
The four young ladies were seated in the front row, Sakura one of the loudest and most enthusiastic of those cheering and jeering at the newest dancers.

"Take it off!" the pinkette cried, cupping her hands over either side of her mouth. "Show us your tits or get the fuck out!" she crowed, wiggling her hips excitedly in her seat.

Gaara blushed faintly, and grabbed the sleeve of Sakura's left arm.

"Not so loud," she said. "We're here to give them our moral support, right? Not sexually harass them."

Sasuki smirked, seeing the hearty flush in the faces of their friends onstage.

"Looks like they're enjoying it, though," she said slyly, scarlet eyes twinkling as they memorized every subtlest curve of these beautiful bodies.

"Mm-hm," said Hinata, nodding her head. She licked full, pink lips, smiling lustily as she watched the girls begin to strip. "They're definitely the sort who would do this just for the fun of it. I know that type well."

Sakura smirked, waggling her eyebrows suggestively at the demure, buxom Hyuuga.

"Takes one to know one, right?" she said insinuatingly, winking at her fellow wife-to-be.

Hinata blushed, but she did not deny this.

Sasuki chortled, smiling warmly.

"You could always give us a private show," she purred to her Hyuuga friend, snaking an arm affectionately around the lass's waist.

"Maybe when Naruto-kun gets back," replied Hinata, her cheeks pink. Her lips were curved up into a bright smile. "Does that sound good?"

"It sounds marvelous," hummed Gaara. "That will make for a very nice wedding night."

All four smiled longingly at the thought, hoping silently for their betrothed to come home soon.

Up on the stage, the eight newest Uzumaki concubines proudly shed the last of their clothes. Turning and bending forward, they swayed their hips to the beat of the music, showing off the spiral brands on their beautiful, bare buttocks.

The hooting and hollering reached a fever pitch, and countless customers began slipping bills of no small denomination into the only pockets left on these most nubile and servile of bodies, which were clad in naught but their birthday suits.

Sasuki, Sakura, Hinata, and Gaara were not least among those who offered up tips just so they could get a feel of the women's bodies as they inserted crisp ryo bills into every available holding place.

Sasuki gladly slipped a cool ten thousand between the buttocks of her cousin and older sister. Hinata squeezed twenty thousand combined between the thighs of her own cousin and little sister. Gaara sandwiched some fresh ryo between her sisters' breasts, and Sakura rolled her bills up and teased them up into the wet, parted slits of Ino and Shiho's flaxen-tufted pussies.

Samui, Karui, and Omoi get plenty of their own tips from the other dozens of customers. It was an
especially tight fit for the redhead, but she enjoyed it greatly.

In the center of the Hidden Sound Village, there was a certain building. It was a building of great worth and importance to the village inhabitants, the center of Oto's morale.

The outside of the building was perfectly spherical in appearance, smooth and gleaming with a metallic sheen. There were no visible seams or imperfections. This structure was set such that a little under two thirds of the "orb" appeared visible to visitors, the sides supported by thin, silvery struts. The only entrance appeared to be a large covered ramp, a constructed tunnel which rose up from the ground at an angle.

Appeared to be.

Asuka and the other Leaf nin were sure that the structure actually had a number of secret points for ingress and egress by village shinobi in case of an emergency. They did not ask, however.

That would have been incredibly gauche. Not least of all when they were completely unarmed and being escorted in the buff.

Better to respect their gracious host's secrecy, at least when they were coming here to ask a favor.

Naruto smiled at Guren, the pony-tailed bluenette walking in front of him. The Oto kunoichi could feel the blond's eyes on her back as she walked, and she blushed faintly. She got a pleasant tightness in her chest when she thought of the teen's nakedness, and a tingling warmth in her belly when she envisioned some very choice parts of his body.

Kimiko, walking in the rear just behind the curvaceous Miraiya, trained her eyes perhaps a little too intently on their guests. Her shirt, as open as she usually wore it, showed a fair deal of her modest cleavage, nothing on the level of Miraiya or Sasame, but not anything to sneeze at either. She greatly appreciated the excellent view she got of everyone's backsides, from here.

Kagerou walked to the left of the group, a faintly affectionate expression on her face as she cast her eyes over the Leaf ninja. In particular, she focused on the pale, feminine Mikoto and swarthy, tomboyish Asuka. The pair were like night and day, a contrast which made them look all the more appealing, walking side-by-side as they were.

Sasame was to the right of the group, still dressed in her obscenely cut-out garments. Her breasts bobbed delightfully as she walked, buttocks jiggling and jouncing in time with her steps. She had a cheerful, blatantly adoring expression on her face as she eye Naruto's magnificent ass, as well as that considerable length which could be seen dangling – half flaccid – between his legs.

The Sound ninja led their guests from the Leaf up to the spherical structure at the center of the village, quietly guiding the Konoha quartet through the gates of the public entry ramp. These were shaped like traditional torii, and painted to resemble a distinctly kawaiisa interpretation of a summoned Rashomon.

The face of a smiling chibi oni split straight down the middle at the lightest of touches from the lead, Guren tapping on the gate to make it swing inwards. The group passed through the entry, glancing around at the surprisingly chic (if cutesy) decor of the ramp.

Of special note were the several posters depicting a white-skinned young girl with yellow, catlike eyes. Her long, gleaming raven hair appeared to be worn a different way in every poster, and they did not see her dressed in the same outfit twice. A single, cute little fang protruded from her mouth in every picture.
Whoever this girl was, she looked to be pretty young, with a flat chest and narrow hips, as well as a certain youthful cheekiness in the shape of her face. Probably no older than ten, or eleven. And yet, despite this, Naruto and company saw that a considerable number of the outfits worn by this lass were most risque, many bordering on outright obscene.

Naruto sweatdropped, looking a bit abashed when his penis started to stir after he looked at one poster which a very gratuitous upskirt from the cute, young subject. Despite the cute serpent print on the crotch of her panties, in the poster, Naruto could not help but fixate on the very obvious wedgie that was going on up front.

"Who's the kid?" he wondered aloud, as they walked up the ramps. His semi-erect dick swayed a little bit hither and yon with his steps, twitching occasionally whenever he got a glimpse of another surprisingly sexual seeming pose from the star of all these posters.

Sasame giggled, as though she found Naruto's question to be simply ridiculous. Kagerou smiled a tad enigmatically at the blond's back. Even Miraiya was shaking her head and letting out a bit of a sigh.

"You don't recognize her?" said Kimiko from behind. Her tone seemed quizzical, faintly disbelieving. "Truly?"

Mikoto smiled softly, her eyes faintly twinkling as she traced her eyes over a picture of the lovely lolita in silky black and gothic frills. She licked her lips, and she brought a hand up to discreetly massage one of her own modest breasts.

"She does look familiar," the lustful Uchiha matron purred, wiggling her hips with perverted glee at the thrill her fingers sent through her body. "I feel like I've seen her somewhere before."

"Yeah," said Asuka, frowning faintly. Her dun cheeks were faintly ruddy, dusting a cute maroon when she picked out a poster with some very visible nipples through a tight, white T-shirt at the beach. "Was her mom from the Leaf? Something about her looks really familiar, for some reason."

Miraiya was silent.

Guren chuckled softly, shaking her head as they continued up the ramp.

"Yes, I suppose you could say that her parents were from the Leaf..." she replied enigmatically. "But I doubt you knew them." She looked back at the group, her eyes twinkling with a curious mirth.

"That girl," said Kimiko from behind them in her low, husky voice, "is the darling of our village, a most beloved idol to us all."

"Her music gives us strength," continued Guren. "Her dancing fosters our courage."

"Her beauty stirs our hearts!" giggled Sasame, as though she knew some big secret.

"Her words sway our every thought," said Kagerou, glancing sidelong at Miraiya.

"And her body turns you girls on, eh?" said the Toad Priestess, eyeing Kagerou right back with a mischievous, knowing twinkle. She waggled her eyebrows. "Heh, you bunch of lolicons."

The Sound ninja all blushed to some degree or other. Naruto, Mikoto, and Asuka were slightly perplexed by all this roundabout talk.
Kimiko shook her head slowly, among the least fazed by Miraiya's words, though she was definitely blushing the hardest.

"It's not as if she is actually a child, though," the Kaguya said softly. "You recognize her, I do not doubt. If anybody could, I'd expect it to be you, Miraiya-dono. No?"

The toad summoner laughed.

"Yeah, that's right," she said cheerfully, crossing her arms under her most ample bosom. "I'd recognize that cute little mug anywhere. Oho, Occhin always was the most obsessed with maintaining her youthful charms."

Naruto, Asuka, and Mikoto all blinked.

They did a double-take, whirling around to stare at the posters behind them.

They saw the milky white skin, the dark raven tresses, the cute little fang, and the yellow eyes with those vertical slits for pupils – eyes like a cat's.

Or a snake's.
Nmai Waifu

Guren and Kimiko led the Leaf ninja inside. They reached the end of the entry ramp, and exited into a great vomitorium. Arching doorways ringed the inner wall, marked with simple and easy to remember alphanumeric designations.

Yet more posters adorned these inner walls, declaring dates and times for concerts and events, most of which starred or featured around the curiously young-looking Orochiko. As before, the pale and petite brunette seemed to wear a different outfit in every poster, and many of her poses in the illustrations straddled the line between cutely precocious and outright risque.

Kagerou was smiling, and she walked with an unusual spring in her step as the two Sound jonin led them toward gate D-2. Her usually pale cheeks had rosy flush to them, now, and her eyes glistened with a sudden, unexpected verve.

"It's been so long since we've gotten to attend one of Occhin-sama's concerts!" squealed Sasame, skipping delightedly through the doorway. Her bare chest bounced with the movement of her body, delighting Miraiya and Mikoto, and her assless/crotchless pants left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

Even as the white-haired Sage Priestess and the dark-haired Uchiha matriarch leered delightedly at Sasame's body (their own nude forms being appreciatively ogled by a cheerful Naruto), they could the sounds of cheering, and a peppy instrumental, drifted through to their ears. It got louder, the further in they went.

It was pretty obvious, by now, just what purpose this structure served Oto. It was a concert hall. And Occhin was clearly its star attraction, a feared S-rank kunoichi turned lolita pop idol.

They emerged into the stadium, the arena of song. Vaulted ceilings arched high over their heads, support pillars and bracing beams carved into the likeness of mighty serpents were poised and coiled in neat yet artistic arrangement. The auditorium's seats rose up high, divided into several tiers and sections. Architectural plateaus couched up behind one another, countless rows of seats set into the artifical steppes, each line rising a little higher than the one before it.

Long stairways, seeming as straight and slender as the willow's slightest branches, split the sections of seats into more manageable portions. They proceeded in dozens from all of the gates, like the spokes of a wheel in three dimensions, the center pushed down while the rims were raised up.

And at the midst of all this, in the very heart of the gigantic auditorium, was a raised stage. Every light in the auditorium was focused upon the figure on that stage, a lass slight and slender. She was fair of face, skin white as snow. Her hair was like jet, or the blackest obsidian, every smooth and silken strand glinting and gleaming with the lights of a million stars.

The breaths of the Konoha ninja – all excepting the unflappable Miraiya – caught in their throats. Their hearts, as one, skipped a beat.

Four Otogakure kunoichi smiled adoringly down upon the stage, where their idol and mistress gave her offerings to Benten, Dionysus, and all the other innumerable gods and goddesses throughout all the mythologies and legends of humanity. She honored with peerless skill the legacies, the dominions, of all the divine patrons of song, and dance, and theater.
Naruto let out a long, low whistle.

"Hot damn," he murmured. "She's good."

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" said Sasame, turning to beam warmly at the blond. "Her singing."

"Yeah... and so is her dancing," murmured Asuka, a little dumbstruck.

"She is beautiful," said Kimiko reverently, adoringly observing her mistress's performance.

A moment passed, the eight of them watching in contemplative silence. The fair chit onstage, the lithe and youthful lass who looked as though she could not have been more than eleven or so, was dressed in black silk, all lace and frills. She wore a dress of gothic fashion (though the skirt was much, much shorter than the norm, for that style), elegant and artful, yet also still girlish and sensual.

Her performance was exuberant, in a way. She was bright and lively, twirling and springing, posing and pirouetting across the stage. Her motions were fluid yet whimsical, graceful yet vigorous.

Naruto wasn't sure whether to call her cute, beautiful, or even – somewhere in the back of his mind – sexy.

"Should we go down there?" he wondered aloud, cerulean eyes transfixed on Occhin's pretty and youthful form.

"No!" said Guren, and her voice held perhaps a little more force than she had intended. "Absolutely not."

"Interfering with Occhin-sama's performance is unforgivable," said Kagerou, dead serious.

Naruto chuckled softly.

"Yeah, I guess it would be," he mused, watching raptly as the idol continued to sing. "I probably wouldn't be able to forgive myself, either!"

Miraiya chuckled.

"It is a magnificent performance," she remarked, casually leaning her naked, curvaceous frame against Kagerou. The Sound kunoichi blushed softly, and smiled a little at Miraiya.

Mikoto giggled at this, and Asuka nonchalantly averted her gaze. Sasame cooed and wiggled her generous hips, jealous.

Guren and Kimiko, however, were still intently focused on Occhin. As was Naruto, whose long and thick manhood started to stir a little between his legs.

The blond licked lips which felt incredibly dry, his eyes glued on the star of stage. He zeroed in on every slightest flutter of that skirt, stared virtual holes into the frilly breast of her blouse. Despite himself, Naruto couldn't help but be entranced by the movements of Occhin's body.

He blushed, feeling all too conscious of his growing erection.

"I probably shouldn't be getting so hard because of a kid..." he mused sheepishly, shivering a little and groaning as his stiffie throbbed and swelled.
"Well, she's not a kid, though," said Asuka, crossing her arms under a shapely, tanned, C-cup bust. "Right? Despite all appearances, she's actually the same age as Miraiya-sama."

Mikoto giggled, licking her lips.

"Mmm," she purred, sharingan eyes gleefully drinking up the sights onstage. "What a showy dress," she commented, catching a brief glimpse of soft white thighs and remarkably adult panties. "I could just eat her up❤"

Guren and Kimiko blushed at the mental image these words evoked, and their eyes flicked to Mikoto's soft and shapely bum, the tight round posterior of a purebred Yamato MILF. A little bit of blood trickled from their nostrils.

Naruto, for his part, felt his erection get a little bit bigger and a little bit harder.

"Eee! Occhin-sama!" squealed Sasame adoringly, cheering along with the rest of the massive crowd. "I love you almost as much as I love Naruto-sama!" She jumped up and down, uncontrollably giddy. The Fuuma's generous bare assets flopped perkily up and down, with the movements of her body.

Naruto watched this appreciatively, even as he began to make out the lyrics of Occhin's song.

"Your love is like a hurricane," she sang up onstage. Naruto felt his cock throb mightily, and even without his sensory abilities he would have been able to detect the way that the eyes of every female within a ten meter radius of his engorging manhood promptly swiveled to face in his direction. "An arrow piercing through my... HEART❤"

The pseudo-lolita idol danced and sang, smiling cutely and mischievously. Her slitted golden eyes twinkled with an ageless mirth, her peepers zeroing in with uncanny accuracy on Naruto's erection.

She licked her lips, and her singing redoubled in passion.

"I want it in me oh so bad! I want to kiss your poi-son...DART❤"

"Fill me up... fill me up... fill me up with your toxic LOVE❤"

Occhin's voice rang through the air, clear and heavenly. An aural intoxication filled the ears of Naruto and the others, a most curious warmth spreading through their bodies. Their ears buzzed with the lyrics and the melody.

Their bodies moved half of their own accord.

Naruto was gasping and growling, a sound feral and husky. His hands were planted atop the heads of Asuka and Mikoto, fingers threaded through their hair. He bucked his hips intermittently into their mouths, the two jonin eagerly taking turns sucking him off.

Their lips smacked loudly, lewdly, against the smooth, pulsing surface of Naruto's penis. His shaft ached exquisitely wherever it touched them, and he felt the saliva which lingered from their most obscene kisses.

Mikoto's whirling, crimson sharingan adoringly drank in every subtler detail of Naruto's manhood. She breathed its scent worshipfully, tasted the blond's musk as lovingly as if it were the very nectar of the gods.
Her loins ached beautifully, her modest bosom rising and falling with a humble sensuality. Delectable beads of sweat trickled down her body, tracing the hills and valleys of her modest, phenotypically asian curves. She burned with the desire for him, with the desire for sex.

Asuka's tongue, soft and pink, flitted attentively over the thick, rigid shaft of Naruto's cock. Calloused fingertips gently traced the blue, translucent veins which throbbed upon his rod. The blond's penis twitched and shivered wonderfully against her lips, beneath her fingers.

The Sarutobi moaned lewdly, feeling the fire in her cunt, the wet twinging ache of her womanhood longing to be filled. Her eyes rolled back in her head, cheeks puffing out obscenely as she sucked and blew on Naruto's dick.

"Fuck..." Naruto groaned. "Why am I so fucking horny? Shit, my dick feels like a volcano. I'll die if I don't come all over the place. That's what it seems like."

He let out a hiss, then, as Mikoto licked his tip while Asuka blew on it. His balls clenched painfully tight, and a thick, pungent wad of his semen was shot out all over the pair's cute, womanly faces.

They moaned delightedly.

"Oh, Sage, YES!" Mikoto squealed, "I haven't felt like this since my wedding night! Ohhh!"

She licked her lips, savoring the taste of Naruto's sperm.

"It's unbelievable!" Asuka gasped. "I can't believe how horny I feel... Is this even humanly possible?" she wondered, while desperately running her tongue all over the length of Naruto's thick, throbbing manhood.

"I want it... I need it... I have to have you every way❤"

"Occhin-sama's music..." cooed Sasame, panting and coming all over the legs of her cut-out trousers as Miraiya roughly and ravenously groped and fondled the generous, doughy hills of her bosom. "...it always feels so GOOD inside me...!"

"This is definitely her work," Miraiya agreed. Even as she molested Sasame, she also made out with Kagerou, kissing the slim and lovely woman deeply, hungrily. "She's always loved subverting people's wills~"

"Indeed, that is the power of Occhin-sama's Idol Style ninjutsu," Kagerou moaned, a thickly gleaming strand of saliva connecting her and Miraiya's tongues even after their lips broke apart. "The power to evoke the most powerful sorts of emotions in those who hear her music..."

She dug her fingers enthusiastically into the supple, pillowy mounds of the Sage's voluptuous figure, mashing her aching womanhood desperately against Miraiya's pelvis.

"In this case lust, right?" purred Miraiya, before resuming their kiss.

Kagerou did not have the presence of mind to give an answer, following that.

"Take me in your arms...! Hold me all night and all... DAY❤"

Guren and Kimiko were naked, embracing passionately. They kissed and pleased one another, fondling and fingering and suckling and nibbling. Their backs arched and they cried out, furiously scissoring one another.
"Occhin-sama banzai!" squealed Kimiko, coming explosively.

"BANZAI❤" agreed Guren wholeheartedly, her nectar gushing out lewdly over her thighs and Kimiko's labia.

"Make me feel your burning AI❤ I will be your NMAI WAIFU❤"

Naruto came again and again as a long, long line of horny Sound babes greedily sucked him off or fucked him raw under the influence of Occhin's music. The members of the audience were all aroused to impossible levels by the psychosomatic powers of the charming snake mistress's singing.

The blond felt horny, hornier than he had ever thought possible. And looking around at the massive orgy which had once been the idol's adoring audience, Naruto had a pretty strong hunch that this was not just an isolated occurrence.

As it was, it was all the teen could do just to remember that he was here on a mission.

"I WILL BE YOUR NMAI WAIFU❤" concluded Occhin with a cutesy, passionate flourish, beaming sweetly at all of the gathered people. She blew a kiss to the crowd, one that was aimed suspiciously specifically the direction of Naruto et al.

Naruto groaned, feeling himself come harder than he had ever come before. He felt his world spin around him.

He blacked out.

"What a cute boy."

Those were the first words Naruto heard, the first indication he got of his returning consciousness. The voice seemed far away, but he could tell that there was a distinctly childish quality to it. It was high pitched and musical, like birdsong.

He could hear the amusement in the speaker's tone, but there was also a husky undercurrent of something else. He could hear a hint of lust in her words.

Not that this surprised or dismayed him, mind. Naruto was well-used to attracting the lustful attentions of everyone around him, and nobody could say that he did not enjoy it. Indeed, one of the first things the blond felt as awareness returned to him was the aching throb of his manhood, and the delightfully silken touch of small, deft fingers dancing teasingly up and down his shaft.

He groaned, and opened his eyes.

"Who's that...?" he asked.

He heard a girlish giggle. The fingers tickled his dick playfully, and Naruto felt the tip of a soft, warm, moist tongue flick across the slit of his penile meatus.

The blond looked down to see raven tresses cascading down a white, flawless back. The jet black locks reached down to just above the alabaster, heart-shaped curvature of a perfect and round little bum.

Occhin, Orochiko of the Legendary Sannin, was straddling Naruto's belly in all of naked psuedo-loli glory. Or so he assumed.
It was difficult to tell for sure, since the girl had her back to him.

But then Naruto felt the tongue probe the slit of his cock's head, slipping the slightest bit inside of his dick, and stars erupted in his vision. His muscular, bronzed body shuddered, and he came.

"Eee! How naughty❤️" squealed Occhin, giggling and wiggling her hips, grinding her cute little butt against Naruto's hard, six-pack abs. "But so tasty. Mmm!"

The blond blushed in spite of himself.

He looked around at his surroundings, and saw that he and Occhin were in a luxurious bedroom. He was lying in a massive bed, atop covers of pure silk. The ceiling was painted with a curious mural of countless beautiful, naked young women wrapped up in the coils of a massive, eight-headed serpent.

Idly, he took note of the fact that the door was an inch ajar.

"You didn't chain me up," Naruto commented, grunting weakly as Occhin continued to lick and fondle his manhood while sitting straight up on his stomach.

The deceptively young-looking lass giggled sweetly.

"Of course not~!" she said cutely. "You are an honored guest in Occhin's village! Why ever would I chain you up~?"

Inwardly, Naruto breathed a sigh of relief. She wasn't holding him prisoner.

That was good.

"Where are the others?" he asked, bucking his hips unconsciously. Occhin was pinching the head of his throbbing, rock-hard cock and somehow laving her tongue over his scrotum from her upright position.

"Teehee❤️" Occhin giggled. "They're still enjoying the effects of my Nmai Waifu jutsu. But Yacchan was able to tell me why you cuties had come all the way here from Konoha❤️"

Naruto groaned, feeling unusually powerless beneath this tricky little slip of a lass.

"I see..." he mumbled, feeling like his balls were on fire as Occhin ground a wet little pussy and spankable wee rump against his abs. He could feel her tongue wrapped around his manhood, coiling around his shaft like a pretty little boa constrictor.

"Don't worry, handsome~" Occhin chirped. "Occhin'll be happy to tell you everything you want to know❤️ As long as you give Occhin what she wants❤️" She giggled cutely, mischievously. "Teehee~!"

Of course, Naruto knew exactly what she wanted. After all, it was basically the same thing he wanted. And, feeling that impossible tongue having its lewd little way with his cock, the blond felt perversely determined to give it to her.

So he would.
"Occhin! Occhin, dear! You're going to be late if you don't hurry up!"

I could hear my mom's voice, and the sound of her knuckles rapping against the frame of my bedroom door rouse me from a pleasant dream. I become aware of a warm light bleeding through my closed eyelids. The sun's rays fall across my face, making my cheeks feel hot and tingly.

Blearily, I blindly raise a hand to cover my face, before blinking weakly against the sunlight. In the second it takes me to regain control of my limbs after that period of heavy somnolence, I am able to take a mental inventory of my members and their condition.

I feel the small callous of a mostly-healed cut on my ring finger, and the slightest tickle of a small scrape on my knee brushing against the coarse linen of my winter sleepwear. Together with the faintly gurgling ache of an empty stomach, those were the only points of note in my whole body.

Yawning softly, I rub the crust from my eyes and shift into an upright position in my futon. I pull the blanket aside and swing my slim, pale legs off of my bed roll.

"Orochiko! Your teammates are already here!"

This time it's my other mother who's speaking. Her voice tells of slight exasperation, and I know the source immediately.

"Yacchan... *don't be such a nuisance, darn you..." I mutter, knowing that my troublesome comrade wouldn't actually be able to hear me from where I am. Louder, though, I say to mother, "Yes, yes! I'm coming."

I get up from my futon. Not sparing the surroundings of my small, sparsely furnished bedroom more than a cursory glance, I grab a clean change of clothes and quickly get dressed. If my team is already here, then I don't have time to bathe properly. I do, however, take a moment to dart into the bathroom and give my hair a quick rinse.

Water is still dripping from my hair when I meet up with Yacchan and Tsuttan.

Occhin cooed, and she wiggled her hips. She could feel Naruto's tongue inside her pussy, the blond attentively licking the silky folds of her cunt. Her belly was aching exquisitely as Naruto swirled his tongue around inside of her, tracing the contours of the snake idol's blossom.

The deceptively childish-looking kunoichi was straddling Naruto's face. Her pert round buttocks bounced delightfully up and down just the slightest bit as she mashed her lips against his. Her hands were at the nubs of her breasts, small and nimble fingers deftly teasing at the adorable peaks of her nipples.

Naruto was eating Occhin out, pleasuring the lusty slip of a lass without the slightest ounce of hesitation. His lips smacked wetly, noisily against Orochiko's soft, parted labia. He tasted the sweet tang of her nectar.

His tongue switched back and forth, up and down inside of Occhin. He kissed her cunt lewdly, drank her juices greedily. The walls of her vagina shivered and clenched time and again, and she came on his face multiple times over the course of their session.
Her cunt was both tight and juicy. Naruto could tell that much with just his tongue. He did not doubt that intercourse with Occhin would be an ungodly pleasurable experience, and his cock twinged gleefully in the soft and sensual coils of this kinky little kunoichi's tongue.

Damn... I thought Pervy Babe had been exaggerating about that... Naruto thought, feeling a piece of himself drift away into a land of milk and honey. But this girl's tongue really is the most unbelievable thing!

Naruto's cock shivered, throbbing mightily as Occhin licked every inch of it (and then some) all at once. Even as he bathed his tongue in the juices of Occhin's hot lolita pussy, Naruto could feel her tongue swirling back and forth over his great, rigid length. Her tongue was long enough to dwarf Naruto's cock, and she applied every last inch of it to pleasuring the blue-eyed man.

Naruto groaned into Occhin's pussy, squeezing her soft thighs tightly in his hands. He held the girl by her thighs, pinching and kneading the soft, smooth, alabaster skin between his tanned, calloused fingers. He pulled on Occhin's legs, mashing her cunt all the more tightly against his lips.

"Is this... a man's ability?" cooed Occhin lustily, her blushing petite figure draped lewdly over Naruto's firm, muscular torso. Her body writhed with obvious pleasure, her cheeks ruddy and her breath heavy. Despite her tongue lolling out of her mouth, she spoke with perfect clarity. "Or Naruto's alone?"

Occhin ground the stiff peaks of her nipples against Naruto's rock hard body, moaning shamelessly. Her hands migrated to the blond's ass, slipping beneath his firm cheeks to fondle them wonderingly, curiously. She groped the firm muscle and taut skin, massaging her slim little fingers deep into the tissue of Naruto's buttocks.

Naruto could not answer coherently, with his face buried in Occhin's cunt. So he settled for lightly nibbling her clitoris, causing the lass to squeal and come.

"Ohhhhhhhhh❤" Occhin gasped. She shuddered, feeling her womanhood all but explode over Naruto's face. He fondled her thighs delightfully, lapping up her nectar, and Occhin just about lost it, he was making her come so easily.

Then she felt Naruto's penis twitch forebodingly in the grip of her tongue, and suddenly it was coated in a cornucopia of salty, manly goodness.

Occhin moaned delightedly.

Naruto grinned, and he removed Occhin's crotch from his lips at last.

"You know," he said casually, "me and my team came here on a mission."

Occhin hummed pleasantly, shifting her feather-light weight off of Naruto's body. She uncoiled her tongue from the blond's cock, slowly slurping up the man's delicious, gooey mess. Her serpentine yellow eyes glinted in Naruto's direction, the light of a contented smile gleaming within their depths.

"You want information on Akatsuki, right?" the lass hummed, somehow managing to talk coherently even with a mouth full of sticky jinchuuriki spunk.

Naruto chuckled wryly, and he sat up in the bed.

"Yeah, that's right," he said. "What, were you spying on us?" he joked.
Occhin laughed.

"No, no," she said, waving a hand dismissively. "Nothing like that."

She tilted her head back, and Naruto heard her audibly gulp, her throat twitching as it carried the blond's most recent load down the crafty kunoichi's esophagus. Occhin licked her lips, then, tracing her tongue over a single cutely protruding fang. She gave Naruto a playful wink.

"I just put two and two together," she chirped, by way of explanation. "I know Yacchan from cover to cover. I can read her like an open book❤"
early spring. She stood up on the bed, spinning playfully and striding up to Naruto's chest level.

The petite lolita bent over, smiling cutely at the blond. She brought her arms together beneath a nearly flat, undeveloped chest.

"Yacchan is such a perv!" she tittered. "Always going on about boobs and butts and sex. But I guess that's just what I like about her❤"

She winked, and planted the softest of kisses on Naruto's cheek.

Despite himself, Naruto blushed a little bit at the feeling of Occhin's lips brushing against his whisker markings. They were soft and warm, and the sensation of that excitingly chaste peck sent pleasant tinges all throughout his body.

"Yeah..." he murmured, smiling a little bit at Occhin as she pulled back from her playful smooch. "That's what makes her so fun to be around."

His penis twitched a little, a number of very dirty images flashing through the blond's mind.

Occhin met his eyes with a knowing smirk, and she crinkled her eyes in a grin. She snapped back into an upright position, hopping once on the bed and beaming at the blond. She held her hands behind her back and wiggled her toes excitedly.

"But I bet you get that kind of perverted attention no matter who you're with," she posed slyly. "Since you're the only man alive, and all! You probably get all the pussy you could ever want just walking down the street❤"

Naruto's blush deepened, and he laughed sheepishly.

"Pretty much!" he said. "Haha, and it's pretty much my responsibility to give it to 'em, too."

"What an enviable kind of responsibility you have~" Occhin teased.

She hopped off of the bed, landing with her feet squarely on the floor. Her back was to Naruto, initially, and he took the opportunity to appreciate the view of her lovely little rump. Occhin wiggled her hips playfully, feeling Naruto's gaze on her posterior, and she hopped three times in place before turning to face him once more.

Naruto's erection was not flagging in the least, and he grinned at the kunoichi cum pop idol.

"Too true," he said. "My life rocks!" He gave Occhin a suggestive wink and did a cocky pelvic thrust from where he lay on the bed, having long forgotten any lingering compunctions he may have had regarding the woman's childlike appearance. "...Buuut even if sticking it to anyone who asks is my favorite responsibility, it isn't the only one I have."

Occhin nodded, understanding immediately without any need of further explanation.

"You want to know what intel I have on Akatsuki," she said, smiling mischievously. "Fair enough. They ARE quite interested in you. I'm sure Pain-chan wouldn't mind little ol' Occhin giving away some info for free."

Naruto grinned.

"Thanks!" he said. "That's a real help."

Occhin giggled.
"Don't thank me yet, Naruto-kun❤" she cooed. Her eyes glinted with a wicked light. "Not until you've heard what I had to say."

She proceeded to form the handseals for a summoning jutsu. There was a puff of smoke, and a pair of girls whom Naruto recognized as the gate guards from earlier appeared before him.

"Kin-chan, Saku-chan!" Occhin chirped, greeting the pair of Sound kunoichi. "So happy to see you❤"

Kin, the one with the long hair and generous figure, blushed and bowed low before Orochiko. Saku, the one with the short, spiked hair and more tomboyish figure, glanced sidelong at Naruto, drooling more than just a little to see his godly erection unsheathed.

"You summoned us, Occhin-sama?" said Kin obeisantly, not leaving her bow.

"I did," said Occhin with a girlish giggle, nodding and rocking on the balls of her feet. "I've got some very tedious things to talk about with my guest, so I'd like the two of you to entertain him while we talk❤"

This snapped Kin up and out of her bow, and her eyes immediately cast themselves aside to zero in on Naruto's cock. She blushed deeper at the sight of it, and felt herself grow wet when she saw Saku lunge face-first into the blond's lap.

Kin bowed once more to Occhin, filled with giddy excitement and overwhelming gratitude. She wagged her hips side to side for Naruto, and it overjoyed her to feel his eyes on her ass, bare as it was.

"Thank you so much, Occhin-sama!" she exclaimed. "We will not disappoint you!"

And with that said, Kin immediately got up on the bed and sat herself down on Naruto's lap. The tip of his member slid easily into a soaking wet pussy, and Kin eagerly probed herself with the blond's cock.

Saku, meanwhile, had a mouthful of Naruto's balls, and was zealously tasting the base of his manhood. It was no easy feat for the latter Oto kunoichi to breath with both of the Konoha jinchuuriki's testicles in her mouth, but she made it work through sheer force of lust.

Naruto grunted in satisfaction as Kin ground her cunt up and down on his cock while Saku suckled his sweaty balls. Occhin smiled, seeing how obedient her followers were, and proceeded promptly to the matter of business at hand.

"Well, I'm sure you know the basics of what Akatsuki is," said Occhin, feeling her mind wander a little as she watched the two chuunin gladly debase themselves for her and Naruto. "So I won't bother you with exposition on their nature or goals. You just want to know where to find them, after all. Isn't that right?"

Naruto nodded, unable to form much in the way of words at the moment. He bucked his hips and fondled Kin's tits, fucking the girl vigorously while Saku spit-shined his balls.

"Unfortunately, I can't direct you to the leader," said Occhin, "because I don't know where they might be. I do, however, have pretty good info on where you can find the other members, and you can always interrogate them, if you need to. Personally, I would suggest starting with my old partner."

She produced a scroll, seemingly from thin air, and handed it to Naruto. The blond grabbed it
tightly, coming into Kin with a lusty groan right as the parchment touched his fingertips.

Kin squealed, and she fell gracelessly off of Naruto's dick. His seed dribbled from her blossom. Saku saw this, and she sprang on her teammate's pussy with a greedy, ravenous leer. She ate Kin out, enthusiastically lapping up Naruto's most appetizing ejaculate.

Occhin licked her lips, watching this. And so did Naruto.

"This have the information we need?" Naruto asked Occhin, rather distracted by Kin and Saku's spectacle.

"Everything that's important."

Naruto cracked a grin, and he raked his eyes up and down Occhin's naked body.

"Let's catch back up with the others," he growled suggestively, getting up out of the bed. Absentmindedly forming a half dozen shadow clones with the task of showing Kin and Saku his gratitude, Naruto let Occhin lead him to the others.

She held his dick to guide him.
Miraiya of the Sannin let out a most delighted moan. Her amply soft and generous bosom mashed up lewdly against the smaller, modest bust of the fair and dark-haired beauty, Mikoto. A shiver of pleasure ran through her voluptuous body, her nipples rubbing just so against Mikoto's.

Asuka had her arms wrapped around the two, fingers skittering adventurously up and down the hills and valleys of the two separately yet equally beautiful women. She rubbed her aching, longing body shamelessly against Miraiya's lewd curves and Mikoto's slender form. Three pairs of legs were nigh inseparably tangled as the trio molested and made love to one another.

Mikoto's pale, creamy skin jumped and shivered excitedly at Asuka and Miraiya's touch. Her cheeks were a rosy pink, her eyes distinctly come-hither. Her long and slender, shapely legs brushed up eagerly against Miraiya's and Asuka's.

"Mmm..." she moaned, feeling the fire in her belly. Her pussy ached, every part of her sang in agonizing ecstasy at each single solitary bit of skin-on-skin contact. "How delightful~" she purred, arching her back.

She felt Miraiya's hands on her breasts, Asuka's on her ass. She herself had a hand on Asuka's bum, and another on Miraiya's breasts. The former was firm and supple, only slightly soft or yielding. Sweet, dusky skin dimpled beneath her slim, dancing fingers. The latter, in contrast, was soft and doughy, so wonderfully vast and pliable.

"Occhin can throw one hell of a party," agreed Miraiya, teasingly turning her head to plant a hot and wet kiss just shy of Asuka's lips.

At the same time, she appreciatively felt up Mikoto's slim but shapely body, rubbing her brobdignagian breasts obscenely up and down against the Uchiha matron's modest tits. The soft and milky mounds of a mother of two felt truly delightful beneath the Toad Sage Priestess's ample bust, and she skillfully groped both girls all over.

Asuka moaned, nodding weakly in agreement with these sentiments. She delighted in the feeling of Mikoto and Miraiya's hands on her body, and she eagerly felt up their bodies with her own hands. Her pussy was soaking wet, and shivers of ecstasy coursed through her veins.

"Ohh, Kaguya-dono❤" mewled Kagerou, slim and fair, speaking against the white-haired Kimiko's lips. She was kissing her deeply, the Kaguya and the Fuuma passionately making out. Their nipples were stiff and peaking, a lusty flush coloring their pale cheeks.

Kimiko purred, rolling her tongue in Kagerou's mouth. She tasted the sweet flavors of the lovely Mayfly's tongue, reminiscent of lilies and persimmon. Her body was warm against hers, like sunlight, her breath like the kiss of a forest breeze on naked skin.

"Kagerou..." Kimiko moaned, a gymnast's bosom heaving with deep, panting breaths. "That shameless expression is strangely fitting, for one as beautiful as yourself."

She nibbled gently on Kagerou's lower lip, cupping one of the woman's small, delicate breasts in her hand. She squeezed the pert, humble mound with attentive care, rolling goose-pimpled flesh gently beneath her palm. Kagerou shivered, and whimpered cutely into Kimiko's mouth.

"Mmm, Kaguya-dono... You are such a skillful lover," she purred. The pale azul-verdette planted one of her hands on Kimiko's flawlessly curved and proportioned posterior, feeling the firm and
supple flesh which yielded only slightly beneath her fingers. She traced her thumb down the valley of the lean kunoichi's nether cleavage, brushing it against the rim of Kimiko's anus.

A little ways from them, Kagerou's cute and busty junior was similarly engaged with the ponytailed Guren. She moaned and squealed shamelessly, adorably, bucking her hips and shivering as the crystal release user ravenously attacked the ginger Fuuma's generous tits.

Full, rosy lips left their marks all over Sasame's ample bosom, Guren painting a portrait of passion with the younger lass's body as her canvas. Sasame's lower mouth drooled fragrantly, hot and aching with blind, carnal desire. She gasped and groaned, feeling Guren's teeth now and then. Her nipples were big and puffy, goosebumps covering her blushing breasts.

Guren eagerly tasted the salty tang of Sasame's sweat, and the sweeter meat of her wonderful mammaries. She kissed the girl's chest all over, nibbling and biting, sucking and licking. Her left hand was flattened out as it swung rhythmically up and down, smacking the spiral tattoo on Sasame's ass. Her right hand was curled into a fist, soaking in the juices of Sasame's cunt as she plunged it back and forth inside of the girl.

"Guren-chan! Guren-chan!" Sasame squealed repeatedly as the Oto jonin teased and pleased the Fuuma's lewd, horny body. "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

And come she did, womanly nectar splurting out messily all over Guren's wrist.

"Heehee! What a cute little thing~" Guren cooed, smiling delightedly at the expression on Sasame's face.

"Ahhh!" cried Shinobu of the Sound Four, not at all far from there. The cutely panting plus-sized lass squirmed this way and that under the playful, teasing ministrations of a mischievous Kidohana. "Ohhhh❤"

The round-faced teen moaned shamelessly, writhing lewdly as the six mahogany hands of a slim and sinuous Kidohana trailed this way and that over her most abundant figure. Shinobu's orange hair was short and frizzy. Kidohana's was tied back in a ponytail.

"Look at the size of those tits!" said the dark-skinned, flat-chested Kidohana, leering wickedly at her comrade's melons. "Tayuya's got it pegged, doesn't she? You're a total cow!"

The spider-summoner trailed her lowest set of arms down, cheerfully smacking Shinobu's ample, dimpled buttocks.

"Kidohana-chaaaaan!" the chubby kunoichi whined, tears in her eyes as she shamefacedly came.

"Fuck! You slutty-ass bitches!" growled feisty flautist Tayuya, gasping hungrily and violently molesting the humble B-cup breasts of a lovely, groaning Ukon. The silver-haired lass had a beautifully feminine face, and along with her twin she was an undeniable stunner, with or without the relatively more ample endowments of the foul mouthed Tayuya, or the most voluptuous Doki.

"You goddamn whores!"

"Tayuya-chan, too cruel~" cooed Ukon's twin sister, Sakon, peeking her head up from the considerable double-D bosom of Sound chuunin Doki Kinuta. She had used her hiden technique to merge with the younger (yet incredibly more buxom) girl's body, inflicting all sorts of exhilarating sensations on Doki from within. "You know what Shinobu would say to that kind of language!"

Sakon winked, and did something inside Doki's body that caused her to let out an ear piercing squeal.
"ASFASDGAASHGAGA!" Doki exclaimed in something utterly removed from any human language.

Tayuya scoffed, and irritably bent her head to bite down rather hard on one of Ukon's cute, pink nipples. She growled something mutinous in reply, though the exact contents were heavily scrambled by the perky, smallish mound of flawless, pale flesh against which her lips were viciously mashed.

Doki might have made a very lewd O-face, coming suddenly at that moment, but it wouldn't have been possible to tell just by looking. Not only her face, but most of Doki's body was covered by heavy cloth wraps (with the exception, presently, of her breasts and most of her pubic region) that made it very difficult to read her expression.

"Oooh, what a good girl❤" purred Sakon. Ukon cooed in agreement, and winked coyly at her sister.

It was to the sight of all of the above that Naruto and Occhin walked into the large, elegantly furnished guest room – one of many connected to the central subterranean complex of Otogakure. The concert hall was somewhere on the surface, high above their heads. A sprawling, intricate network of tunnels and excavated chambers branched out from a series of vertical shafts bored deep into the village's bedrock foundation.

Otogakure was located just atop a geological outcropping of solid granite, which jutted deep into the shallow limestone of the surrounding area. The deep stone foundations of the village were incredibly sturdy, allowing for extensive subterranean expansion, and Orochiko had not hesitated to take advantage of the local geography. Like a forest in reverse, deep shafts plunged into the earth all through the Hidden Sound, and tunnels branching from these shafts connected to countless caverns both natural and artificial. Some led to shafts which delved even deeper below ground.

Despite Oto's relative youth, as a hidden village, it was nearly designed to be highly defensible with subterranean supply caches and scattered boltholes dotting the landscape within the ring of stone that defined its boundaries. Shinobi and civilians alike could secret themselves away, in time of war, to hundreds of isolated hideouts, or spring coordinated surprise assaults from the countless interconnected tunnels to harry invading forces with hit and run tactics. Even if an invading enemy could claim a foothold on the surface, they would still have thousands of kilometers of booby-trapped tunnels sprawling out just beneath their feet.

It was a scheme of defense not too dissimilar to what one might find in Iwagakure, which was widely considered the least assailable and most heavily defended of the five great villages. And the similarity was most likely intentional, as Occhin had fought in two of the Great Ninja Wars before Naruto was born. She was the most adaptable of the Legendary Sannin, unashamed to copy the successful strategies of others, or adopt useful enemy techniques into her own considerable repertoire of jutsu – tai, nin, gen, or otherwise.

That highly pragmatic attitude had more than once put the woman at odds with her former teammates (especially the stubbornly idealistic Miraiya) but it was also one of the main factors in the majority consideration of her as the most dangerous of the Legendary Sannin.

...not that any of this meant much, in these peaceful modern times. Not for nearly twenty years had the elemental nations seen any kind of large scale military conflict, and even the worst skirmishes nowadays were but the mere pinpricks of hedgehogs shuffling around one another. That most younger folk now knew of Orochiko not as a dealer of death, but as a pop idol, really put it into perspective just how peaceful things were, in this day and age.
So Occhin was happy to see that her shinobi were getting along peacefully with the Leaf ninja, whom the majority of Oto kunoichi would view as foreigners, and not old allies.

"This is so nice~" she cheerily chirped, catching the attention of the nearer women. "To see all of you girls having so much fun because of Occhin's music~!"

She struck a cute pose, winking and blowing a kiss to the numerous nude and horny kunoichi. Although she did not remove her hand from Naruto's dick. Indeed, Occhin was stroking her slim, soft and childlike fingers skillfully up and down the blond's shaft.

For the full duration of the walk down here, the mischievous idol had been jerking Naruto off. It was a very convenient way for her to guide him, at their respective heights, and furthermore something she found to be just very enjoyable in general. Her white, smooth hands were even whiter than usual, coated thickly with the products of several delightful orgasms on Naruto's part.

The blond, entrenched firmly on cloud nine as a result of Occhin's continual pleasuring of his cock, grinned dreamily at the assorted lovely ladies gathered all on top of one another.

"You got that right," he remarked, leering warmly and appreciatively all around. He licked his lips, raking his eyes back and forth across the veritable cornucopia of bare, nubile woman-flesh assembled before them.

Occhin giggled, feeling Naruto's penis throb mightily beneath her fingers.

"Oooh~" she cooed playfully. "Is Naruto-chin getting horny~?"

Naruto's grin widened.

"You bet."

What followed next was a blur. Occhin saw Naruto form a very familiar handseal, and fill the room with sexy blue-eyed blonds. She counted three Narutos to every girl.

*Enough for each hole,* a cruder person might have said.

Shortly after that, however, she kind of lost all track of rational thought. Warm, broad, masculine hands gripped Orochiko by the slim, girlish hips of her youthful form, lifting her up bodily. Then they eased her down – with delightful roughness – onto a large and throbbing phallus.

Her world promptly exploded into an orgy of sensations. Occhin had no idea how long it lasted, what exactly happened during it, or even how many times she came under the assault of Naruto's natural Uzumaki lust.

All she knew.

Was that she loved every *single fucking second.*

It was more or less the same for all of the girls, every one of whom got to experience the remarkably sublime sensations of a kage bunshin gang bang.

Describing the sheer ferocity and passion of this event, the graphic sexuality and rapacity of this orgiastic eruption, simply wouldn't be possible. One could have filled whole series of text books with all the possible descriptors of such sex – the adjectives, the verbs, the nouns, the endless deluge of vulgar slang and euphemisms – and yet still fail to do this event justice.
When Naruto put his mind to it, he could accomplish feats which defied language itself, acts of prowess and ingenuity which would seem beyond belief to even the most gullible of people.

No level of prose could do him justice when he got serious, not when it came to sex. Only into the most plain of speech could it be accurately conveyed.

Naruto formed enough shadow clones to gang bang each and every last girl in the guest room. With the exception of Occhin, whom he would fuck personally, every woman present was filled up in womanhood, mouth, and anus by the hard, throbbing cocks of horny Naruto doppelgangers.

And Naruto himself used Occhin like a human fleshlight, jerking himself off with her ass – much to the mischievous snake summoner's unending amusement!

Basically: sex happened.
Lots and lots of sex.

Occhin gave a delighted moan as Naruto, redfaced and glassy-eyed – content – lifted her rudely off of his dick. The head of his member popped out of her tight, white anus with a noisy splortch, the blond's thick semen pouring oozing generously from the pseudo lolita's stuffed and distended ass.

The last of Naruto's shadow clones dispelled. Spent kage bunshin vanished in puffs of smoke, leaving behind nothing but buckets of sperm and saddened beauties. The blond gave a grunt, his dick twitching as the collective memories of those clones piled into his brain all at once. In the span of an instant, he relieved all of the sensations his clones had experienced during their brief existence – sensations he had already felt through his real-time link, but now condensed, concentrated into a jumble of impressions and thoughts which fought one another for room in his brain.

"Damn," Naruto grunted. With a slight hiss, he felt his balls clench. He was overwhelmed, momentarily, by the flood of sexy memories and sensations.

His penis throbbed mightily, and disgorged a sizable wad of ejaculate onto Occhin's smooth, pale, gently arched lower back.

"Heehee!" the idol giggled, feeling Naruto's spunk hit her. It clung to her soft, silky skin, tickling her delightfully. "Too cuuuute, Nakkyun~"

Naruto sweatdropped. For some reason, that feels a little annoying... he thought idly as he set Occhin down on her feet. ...being given such a cutesy nickname...

It reminded her a little of Sai-chan, actually. Her and her nickname for him. Cuntless-kun. Fitting, perhaps, but still very embarrassing.

Thankfully, Naruto was promptly saved from further teasing at Occhin's hands, and by none other than Miraiya herself!

"Heeeey, Occhin..." the woman whined in a manner most unbecoming a legendary kunoichi. She was pouting childishly, crossing her arms beneath her most ample bust. And even though he had seen it many times before, Naruto still took a second to appreciate the view before returning his attention to what the woman was saying. "...Well, if you're gonna be like that, then I suppose we should just get straight to the point..."

Naruto sweatdropped, hearing the obvious petulance in the woman's tone.
I guess she REALLY wanted some alone time with her old friend... he thought, feeling a little sheepish.

Mikoto and Asuka stirred at the sound of Miraiya's voice, and they picked themselves back up off of the floor. The latter smacked her lips contentedly, tasting the lingering flavor's of Naruto's seed. The former arched her back, languidly stretching and yawning in the most feline of manners.

"Mm, that's right..." said Asuka. "We came here on a mission, didn't we..."

The tomboyish Sarutobi sounded genuinely bemused, as though she had completely forgotten their original purpose in the face of so much gratuitous sex.

"Yes," said Mikoto, nodding slowly. "I think it had something to do with... seducing the Akatsuki into becoming Naruto-kun's concubines...?"

The blond sweatdropped.

That's definitely not what our mission was! he thought, a mental tsukkomi befitting his status as one who was quite literally the only straight man on earth.

"That sounds about right..." said Asuka, looking pleased with this explanation. She smirked, and gave Naruto an inappropriately cool thumbs up. "Well, don't worry! Me and Kurenai-chan won't get jealous even if you recruit the whole Sound Village into your harem!"

Naruto resisted the urge to face-fault.

Asuka-senseeeeii! he thought in dismay. Nooooo, you're supposed to be one of the sane ones...!

Occhin giggled, and the Sound kunoichi present who still had enough sense after the gratuitous gang-banging they'd received to understand human speech blushed adorably. They smiled dreamily, seeming distinctly pleased by the thought of such a thing.

"I didn't know Nakkyun was such a perv~" Occhin tittered. "But if that's the mission Tsuttan gave you, then I suppose I don't mind...❤"

She blushed cutely, giving Naruto a playful wink.

Naruto felt his own cheeks heat up, and he averted his gaze momentarily from the criminally appealing fifty-something loli.

"W-well, I don't know the exact details, myself..." the blond mumbled, scratching his ruddy whisker-marked cheek a tad abashedly. "...but Granny Tsunade said that she wanted us to try and make contact with Akatsuki. If that involves... y'know, making them into my concubines or something like that, then I suppose I could do it... if it's for our mission..."

Miraiya smirked.

"That would definitely be the quickest way to get them willing..." she mused, a perverted gleam in her eyes. "And I'm sure you have every reason to wanna finish up this mission and get back home as soon as possible, right?" She waggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Mikoto giggled.

"Those reasons wouldn't happen to be named Sasuki, Sakura, Hinata, and Gaara, would they~?" she said teasingly, her cheeks pink and her eyes starry. "Ah, young love❤"
Occhin grinned knowingly, hearing this.

"Arara?" she said cutely. "So Nakkyun has cute brides like those waiting for him to come home? Lucky!" she cooed, winking.

"Naruto-sama's wives!?" said Sasame, perking up immediately. Her eyes were wide and catlike. "Ohhh, I hope they approve of me!" she squealed, blushing and wiggling her generous hips giddily.

"Why wouldn't they accept a cute girl like that?" mused Asuka, smirking softly. "Hinata would probably love to mentor her at the Playful Fox, to say nothing of Sasuki and the others..."

Naruto had to concede that point to Asuka. Hinata-chan certainly would love to get a cute new kouhai like Sasame to dote on and show the ropes, and a kunoichi from a foreign clan like the Fuuma would definitely have a considerable niche appeal, not to mention the more mainstream attraction that was the lass's figure.

Sasame squealed, practically swooning with delight at the thought. Kagerou smiled indulgently at her younger kinswoman.

"Well, well!" said Occhin, beaming sweetly. Her single protruding fang seemed to greatly enhance the cuteness of her wide, earnest grin. "If your goal is something as noble as that, then who am I to interfere? I don't know how much information I can give you on the leaders, but I do have a lead you can start with!

The lass flicked through a number of handseals, swift and effortless, before smacking a hand palm down on the floor. There was a puff of white smoke, the sound of air being displaced. A blackboard appeared, covered with surprisingly intricate diagrams written in chalk.

Naruto balked at the sight of complex formulas and incomprehensible jargon written with kanji he couldn't even begin to decipher. His brain went on strike the second he started to try and parse the blackboard's contents.

He scratched the back of his head, promptly feeling well out of his depth as the usually youthful and kawaiisa Occhin went into Scientist Mode and began spouting off words that might as well have been Famicom-era save codes for all the sense they made to his ears. Try as he might, Naruto could not make heads or tails of anything she was saying.

_Geez... I'd forgotten about it, since she's been acting so cute..._ Naruto thought. _...but Orochiko was actually a child prodigy, wasn't she? I guess this is the true level of a girl that even Miraiya-sensei would call a once-in-a-century genius._

The blond sweatdropped as Occhin continued her speech, going for several minutes more before finally finishing. And using all of the knowledge at his disposal, Naruto had been able to decipher maybe a THIRD of what she said.

He was used to filling in the blanks for this sort of thing, though. He had to be, with people like Sakura, Sasuki, and Kagome-sensei on his team.

"Umm..." said Naruto slowly, scratching his chin. His brow was furrowed, face screwed up in a deeply thoughtful expression. "So, basically this chick Sasori used to be your partner in Akatsuki, and she's a puppet-user or something? And you think she would be a good lead for us to start off with."

Occhin nodded at Naruto, holding up an index finger and smiling.
"Yes, that's the gist of it!" she said. "But Sacchan is very good at what she does, so you'll wanna be real careful to not get on her bad side! Even Occhin would have lots of trouble dealing with her if she got serious."

"Yeah," said Naruto. "Her poisons are really that strong?"

"Seems so," said Asuka. "It isn't my field of expertise, but those sample compounds in the diagrams look like some pretty nasty stuff."

"Yup, Sacchan has a poison for every occasion~!" chirped Occhin. "Especially if you're looking for aphrodisiacs❤"

"And that's not even getting into what her partner might be capable of," said Miraiya. "Mad Bomber Deidara... I've heard rumors about her. She's as destructive as she is fickle, and as dangerous as she is impulsive."

"I've faced bakuton users before, back in the war," added Mikoto helpfully. "But those were all close or mid-range combat types. From what I've seen of the element, usually blast-natured chakra is very unstable. Under ordinary circumstances it will 'detonate', so to speak, more or less as soon as it is expressed outside the user's body. It is not an element typically suited to subtle or intricate ninjutsu. Blast style is powerful, in terms of brute destructive force, but normally limited to very crude, inelegant expressions."

"I dunno," said Naruto, flexing one of his fists and idly recalling what he had taught himself of blast release ninjutsu. "I'd say there's a certain kind of elegance in being able to explode your enemies by punching them."

Miraiya sweatdropped, shaking her head.

"Only you, Naruto..." she mused, "...would consider something like that elegant."

Occhin smiled.

"Well, whether it's elegant or not, bakuton ninjutsu isn't something Occhin would take lightly, if she were you!" she said. "Especially not if we're talking about that Deidara~!"

"Right," said Kimiko, coming up to the group. "According to what I've heard, that woman wields a secret technique of the Hidden Stone that lets her imbue that inherently blast-natured chakra of hers into clay. This enables her to stabilize and focus her chakra for precise long distance attacks, and her ranged combat potential is thus accordingly extreme."

Naruto frowned thoughtfully, stroking his chin.

"So, a genius puppetmaster with a whole bunch of crazy poisons, and a long-range blast style ninjutsu specialist..." He chuckled weakly, looking sheepish. "Boy, I really hope it doesn't come to a fight!" he said. "Those girls sound pretty scary."

"That's about the norm for Akatsuki, though," said Miraiya. "Isn't it?" She gave Occhin a look.

The pop idol snake summoner nodded.

"More or less!" she chirped. "S-rank ratings aren't handed out lightly, after all~"

Naruto nodded slowly.
"I guess we'll have our hands full," he said, "Whether it comes down to a fight or not."

"But I know you can do it, Nakkyun❤" Occhin chirped. "Go and make those Akatsuki girls your bitches❤"

The blond sweatdropped at her crude choice of words, but he was not averse to what she was suggesting.

His mind brought to such matters by Occhin's words, Naruto glanced over at Sasame, who bore the mark of an Uzumaki concubine from their first encounter.

And then he saw that his clones must have been busy with a lot more than just sex, because about half of all the Sound girls present had his brand on their bums. Kidohana, Tayuya, Guren, and Doki had apparently been selected by his clones during the earlier orgy, and subsequently branded without his notice.

And judging by the twinkle those four got in their eyes when they saw him staring, the girls knew exactly what these marks meant, and were more than happy with them. Which made Naruto's next decision a lot simpler.

Lazily, the blond formed a cross-shaped handseal. There was a puff of smoke, and he turned to address the resulting shadow clone.

"Listen up," Naruto said to his artificial doppelganger. "Your job is to gather up all of the girls with spiral tattoos on their butt cheeks and escort them back home with hiraishin. Those girls are official concubines of the Uzumaki clan, now. Got that?"

The clone nodded eagerly, having already known what its mission was before its creator had even spoken. It was a copy of him, after all.

Naruto, satisfied that his clone would be able to do its job, turned back to face the group.

He then face-faulted, seeing most of the unmarked girls (including Mikoto and Miraiya, naturally) hurrying to scrawl out spiral marks on each other's asses. He even saw Kin and Saku joining in, girls whom he knew had not been present during the orgy.

Occhin giggled, and gave Naruto a playful wink. She, along with Shinobu, Kimiko, and Asuka, was one of the only girls in the room NOT trying to brand themselves as his personal belongings.

"Looks like Nakkyun will have a very big harem, by the time he goes home❤" she said brightly, teasingly.

Naruto sweatdropped, nodding slowly.

"Mom'll have a field day with all of these girls, that's for sure..." he muttered.

"Well, you might as well help us pack, Master~" cooed Mikoto, posing seductively for Naruto.

"Unless you want us to come with you and provide our services~" added Miraiya, striking a pose to complement Mikoto's.

Naruto massaged his temples longsufferingly.

"Just... get me when it's time to go," he said. "Hopefully this place has a decent ramen joint..." he added as he walked off, muttering exasperatedly under his breath.
Miraiya let out a sigh, and smiled wanly.

"Well," she said, glancing over at her old teammate. "Now that it's just us girls, I think there's some things we need to discuss, Occhin..."

Orochiko felt the Toad Priestess lay a heavy hand on her shoulder. She saw that Miraiya's expression was unusually serious.

"About Hiyori-sensei?" she ventured shrewdly.

Miraiya's face was unreadable. "Tsuttan had the right of it, then?"

Occhin was silent for a moment.

"Depends," she said reticently. "What'd she say?"

"Some very interesting things..." responded Miraiya cryptically. She guided Occhin away from the crowd, and any prying ears.

Asuka watched them go, frowning. Most of the girls around her were scurrying off to gather whatever few worldly possessions of theirs they felt would be necessary in their new life as Uzumaki concubines.

Mikoto saw the look on Asuka's face, and she glanced at the shrinking backs of two of the Legendary Sannin. Idly, she wondered what they were talking about with such serious expressions on their faces.

It seemed such a shame, to her. Girls like them were prettiest when they smiled.
It was a busy day in the Hokage's office. Paperwork was stacked high on Tsunade's desk – requisition forms to fill, quarterly expense reports to analyze, mission requests to sort through, the usual.

Tsunade couldn't help but occasionally regret taking on the job, whenever she found herself faced with this kind of ordeal. While most of the paperwork necessary to keep the village running smoothly was handled by non-combatant clerical ninja, there were nonetheless still many papers that needed the Fifth's Hancock. So she couldn't just skip out on this part of the job.

Not without getting in trouble with Shizune, at least. But, while filling out forms was not especially taxing work, perhaps, it wasn't exactly *stimulating*, either. Physically OR mentally. Only around one out every ten forms actually required any real scrutiny on Tsunade's part, and most of those that did were still easily dealt with.

As far as bureaucracies went, the Leaf's was one of the more efficient. The various departments were mostly capable of operating without direct input from the hokage, only requiring her signature for a relative handful of important documents.

Tsunade's only REAL job, presently, was to ease the inevitable transition of leadership from herself to Naruto, once he got back.

She sighed wearily, stamping another sheet.

It wasn't actually a hard job to take care of the paperwork which came her way. Just *boring*. For the most part, the village could function perfectly fine without Tsunade's input, and it generally did just that. She wasn't a bureaucrat. She wasn't expected to be. In times of peace like these, a kage was mostly just a figurehead, a symbol to inspire the people of the village. Technically all she had to do was "stand there and look pretty," as her predecessor Mina had said before pawning the hat off on her.

But Shizune always insisted that Tsunade should take a more active role in the village government, particularly now that her successor was all but in the seat himself. The young, single woman was strongly devoted to her aunt's former lover, and often took it upon herself to motivate the famously fickle Fifth.

Tsunade sighed wearily as she pressed her personal seal onto the ink pad, before slapping it down on an intel report from Ibiko at T&I.

*Come to think of it...* she mused, her considerable bosom resting on the surface of the desk. *...I haven't seen Shizune around much, lately. She's been acting strange, and doesn't talk as much. Almost like she's distracted...*

Tsunade then grinned, and she chuckled heartily.

"Well! That girl has probably just found herself a lover, or something! About time, I'd say."

And so dismissing her own concerns, the Fifth Hokage turned her attention back to signing forms.

*I hope she found herself someone nice and cute,* Tsunade idly mused. *She deserves it!*
Short, black tresses fell down the sides of a cute, plain feminine face. The soft, silky locks framed
glassy, half-lidded eyes and dimpled, rosy cheeks. Full, plump lips – sweet and juicy, delectably
kissable – formed an 'O', the most adorably pitiful whimper escaping that pretty little mouth.

Shizune squirmed, feeling triply aware of her body's every womanly member as deft, faintly
calledoused hands traveled across her modest, smallish breasts. Lightly tanned fingers pinched and
tweaked the medic ninja's peaking nipples, brusquely tickling the sensitive gooseflesh of her
stimulated bosom. The soft, pert lumps of Shizune's bosom tingled wonderfully beneath masterful
ministrations.

She bucked her hips, blind with lust. A soft grunt and squeal – muffled by the medic's wet and
puffy labia – reached Shizune's ears, and she felt the soft, moist warmth of the tongue inside her
pussy get shoved that tiny bit deeper. Deceptively firm hands gripped her thighs, roughly and
indelicately kneading the sensitive tissue.

A single sharingan eye winked up at Shizune, twinkling with mischief.

"What a lewd girl," Obi hummed into the medic-nin's crotch, her mouth vibrating cruelly against a
hot, inviting pussy. Her rinnegan curved itself in a smile as she teasingly lapped up Shizune's
juices.

Obi was naked, on all fours. Her hands pinned Shizune's thighs to the bed, spreading the young
woman's legs. Her lips smacked wetly against the healer's cunt. Her slim, gently curved hips
wiggled this way and that. Firm, compact buttocks glistened with sweat in the bedroom's dim light.

Obi's breasts did not dangle overmuch from her torso, being only half a cup larger than Shizune's
own. They were perky, firm to the touch but capable of yielding, if squeezed. Her areolae were
small and round, her nipples looking as stiff as anything. The maid's skin was dusted liberally with
a rosy flush, an intense heat of sexual arousal radiating from her handsomely feminine frame.

She licked Shizune's pussy, shamelessly eating out the Hokage's assistant. Her lips smacked against
Shizune's labia, her nose burying itself into a bush of musky, black pubic hair. She inhaled the
scent of the woman's sex, savoring the taste of her gender.

"Obi-sama!" Shizune squealed, arching her back and wriggling from side to side. "I feel it inside
me! Your tongue... your tongue is so deep in my dripping wet pussy!"

A faintly sadistic smile curved a pair of ruby red lips, which closed on the sensitive lobe of
Shizune's ear. The medic shivered, becoming once more aware of the curvaceous form beneath her.
She felt two great peaks of pert and supple womanflesh pressing into her back, large and stiff
nipples digging into her smooth skin. Her upper back was lying on a rack every bit as large as
Tsunade's, powerful arms wrapped around Shizune's frame.

Skilled, faintly calloused hands kneaded her own modest breasts. The mounds rolled and quivered
beneath most capable fingers, Shizune's small but sensitive endowments being relentlessly teased.

"She's not the only one here, you know~" Mari purred into the medic's ear. She licked the ruddy,
fleshy lobe, dragging the tip of her tongue slowly, deliberately sadistically over the sensitive spot.

Shizune gasped. A shiver wracked her body, and she let out a weak moan.

"Ahh... Mari-sama...!" she panted, bucking her hips greedily. Her soft, round buttocks mashed into
the exponentially more curvaceous woman's groin, and Obi's face tumbled forward. "Ohhhh! Not
there...!"
Mari's teeth flashed in the dim light, bared in a wicked smile. She bit down on Shizune's earlobe, just short of drawing blood.

"Mmmph!" Obi grunted, words muffled. Smooth raven bangs fell down over the left part of her face, and her tongue pressed deep into Shizune's pussy. "Mm... Mmm❤"

She purred, smiling dreamily against the medic ninja's cunt.

"Mari-sama! Obi-sama!" Shizune squealed, squirming lewdly against Mari's beautifully buxom figure, mashing her dripping wet crotch into Obi's cutely blushing face. "Maid-sama! Maid-sama!" she cried out. Their ministrations became faster, more dominating, more lustful.

"I adooore Shizune-chan❤" cooed Mari, tittering facetiously. Her hands roughly squeezed and manhandled the younger woman's breasts. She fondled them vigorously, hungrily, biting down and suckling on the pale, creamy skin of Shizune's neck. She drew the slightest drop of blood, and licked it up with a smile. "Sooo taaasty~"

Shizune moaned loudly, shamelessly. Her eyes were wide, and her soft, kissable lips formed a perfectly obscene 'O' as she came. Her body shuddered, modest curves jiggling delightly in the two maids' hands.

Juices flooded from the brunette's pussy, soaking the lower part of Obi's face. The modestly endowed woman smiled happily at this, and gladly licked up Shizune's nectar.

The medic's eyes were half-lidded, glassy. They flickered, and for an instant they were different, seemingly overlaid with the sharingan's rotating tomoe. Shizune mewled piteously, and she shivered weakly in Mari's possessive embrace.

Mari smiled suggestively, innocently. Her rinnegan flickered crimson.

Obi continued to singlemindedly eat Shizune out.

When Naruto Uzumaki appeared at the village gates in a flash of hiraishin, there had naturally been a bit of a stir. He'd only been gone for a few days, and those in the know were momentarily baffled. Not just because he was back early, or did not have his teammates with him.

Even if this WAS Naruto, it was still a notable event for him to return to the village with ten naked women in tow. Even rarer still for him to be leading the girls along by chakra chains like his mother's, seal-inscribed collars adorning each of the smiling lass's necks.

But rarest of all, by far, was to see that each of these girls had the mark of an Uzumaki concubine on their behinds. Until very recently this would have been unheard of, as Naruto had once been quite reticent to the idea of claiming people as possessions of his clan.

And even if Naruto had finally changed his tune about the old practices (to no small delight from the general citizenry of Konoha) the sight of the most desirable lover in the world walking through the village gates with such a considerable number of no doubt recently-claimed concubines got more than a few pairs of panties distinctly wet.

Even if – as it were later learned – this "Naruto" was only just a shadow clone, that didn't deter the general celebratory mood of the village one slightest bit. Especially not since, thanks to a blanket legal loophole enstated by the Second Hokage early on in her term (as a way to get out of having to do paperwork personally), kage bunshin were recognized as legal executors and representatives of their makers.
The wedding would be a surprisingly extravagant one, for how quickly it had been thrown together, and the brides would most happily accept the shadow clone as a temporary stand-in for their husband.

...but that's getting a little ahead of ourselves.

The clone was still, at the moment, just leading the newest Uzumaki concubines into the village. Like ducklings all in a row, the girls walked in a straight line behind Naruto's kage bunshin, happily and obediently following it into the village. They had themselves sorted in order from curviest to least, with disproportionately buxom Doki at the front and perfectly pettanko Kidohana bringing up the rear.

Doki, Sasame, Kin, Guren, Saku, Tayuya, Sakon, Ukon, Kagerou, and Kidohana followed their new master's shadow clone, displaying their naked bodies to the gathered onlookers with varying degrees of shamelessness and delight. Not a one of them was embarrassed or displeased to be paraded down main street like this.

As a matter of fact, it had been their idea in the first place.

Doki blushed cutely, the bandages removed from her face and body. She was quite cute, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks, not to mention her the obvious fact of her curves. Her breasts swayed from side to side, hanging loose and free. They jiggled nicely with every step, soft and doughy and oh so tempting to grope or lick.

"My, but the people here certainly are friendly," she said, a little wry. She caught a particularly sexy woman, who wore an open trench coat and nothing else, giving her a playful wink and making the universal gesture for 'call me'.

Kin smirked, glancing over Sasame's shoulder to look at her longtime teammate. Her own bust was smaller than Doki's, although still quite sizable. Her long black hair fell down past her hips, glossy raven tresses beautifully framing round, creamy buttocks.

"Of course they'd be nice to you," she said. "You're Naruto-sama's personal cow, now."

Doki's blush deepened, and she squealed girlishly at this.

"Ohh! Do you really think so?" she said, starry-eyed. Doki wiggled her hips, causing her endowments to jiggle and bounce delightfully.

"Definitely," said Saku, three places between her and Doki. Her arms were crossed over her middling C-cup breasts, and her attractively angular face was lit up with a mischievous grin. "With tits like that, what else could you or Kin be?"

Guren, walking between Saku and Kin, smiled appreciatively at the sight of the scarlet flush which immediately erupted all over the curvy lass's pale skin.

"Me too?!" Kin squealed, blushing intensely. She clapped her hands to her cheeks, looking down dreamily at the ground. "Are you sure?"

Tayuya, walking behind Saku, smirked. She let out a harsh bark of laughter.

"Of course you bitches would be his cows!" she said, leering at Kin, Sasame, and Doki. "With fatass titties like those."

Guren smiled, and she reached forward to wrap her arms around Kin's torso. She rested a hand on
the younger kunoichi's sizable left breast, squeezing it.

"They are very nice," she agreed. Humming, the crystal release user casually fondled Kin's breasts as they walked. "Almost unfairly so."

Sasame giggled, and she skipped cheerfully.

"I'll be whatever Naruto-sama wants me to be!" she declared, her bare breasts and buttocks bouncing obscenely with the movement of her body.

"As will I," agreed Kagerou softly, several places behind Sasame. She was smiling serenely.

While the Fuuma jonin may have been second-to-last in terms of curves, that was in no way a mark against her beauty. If anything, the slim, graceful build only served to emphasize the woman's almost ethereal loveliness. Kidohana, the only girl out of the ten with smaller endowments than Kagerou, scowled enviously.

"Even if he decides to use you like a cheap sex toy?" said the dark-skinned archer a touch cynically, crossing two of her six arms over her flat chest.

Ukon and Sakon, identical in bust size and loveliness, with small A-cups and strikingly pretty faces, giggled almost simultaneously.

"I wouldn't mind," said Sakon, licking her lips.

"It could be fun," agreed Ukon, winking suggestively back at Kidohana.

"If you're worried about being used just for sex, then maybe you shouldn't have agreed to become his sex slave," added Tayuya, overhearing their discussion.

Kidohana blushed.

"Well... it's not like we wouldn't do the same with him, if our positions were reversed..." she said, bashfully scratching at her cheek.

Sasame giggled.

"Don't worry!" she chirped. "Naruto-sama takes care of his own❤"

Naruto (or, rather, Naruto's shadow clone) grinned at the front of the group, leading the girls along by his Uzumaki chakra chains. They took the scenic route, Naruto taking the time to acquaint the girls with the sights of their new home. He showed them all the important places, from Ichiraku ramen, to Hokage Tower, to the Playful Fox.

It was outside the last place that Naruto's newest concubines met up with their sempai.

Nejie was the first to notice them, with the wide field of view afforded to her by the Hyuuga clan's byakugan. Hanabi was not far behind her elder cousin, though, and rushed out with inappropriate glee to greet the return of their master.

Hanabi, with her relative youth, had yet to grow into the fullness of her all but destined hourglass figure, but she was still at a modest high B-cup, and her pert and perky breasts bounced cutely as she bounded toward Naruto. She was dressed in a vaguely obscene g-string and nipple pasty combo, a uniform which Kushina strongly preferred her off-duty strippers to wear.

Not that Naruto (or his shadow clone, as the case were) could really call the woman out on her
shameless tastes. Not with ten nude concubines all in a row right behind him.

"Naruto-sama! Naruto-sama!" squealed the unusually excited Hanabi. "I can't believe you're back already!"

She sprang onto Naruto, flinging her arms around his waist. She all but planted her face straight into his crotch.

'Naruto' chuckled sheepishly. He scratched the back of his head with his free hand.

"Well..." he said, "I am, and I'm not..."

Hanabi didn't seem to notice this, though. She was too busy undoing his zipper with her teeth.

That was one talented little thirteen year old.

Nejie walked more slowly, sedately up to the group, dressed in the same manner as Hanabi. But her figure was much closer to that of a fully-developed Hyuuga adult, and generous double-D's to rival even the top three out of Naruto's newest concubines jiggled delightfully with just the subtle motions of her graceful, sensual stride.

By the time she reached the group, Nejie's younger cousin had a mouth full of tasty kage bunshin cock.

"Greetings, Master," said Nejie in her low, husky voice. Her pink, full lips curved into the most subtle of seductive smiles, and her pale lavender eyes gleamed with an inviting warmth. "Did you finish your mission already?"

A shiver went up the shadow clone's spine, and he gave the Hyuuga prodigy a lopsided grin.

"Unfortunately the boss is still out," he said lamely, before groaning. He threaded his fingers through Hanabi's long, soft hair, gently pressing her lips down further on his shaft. The girl moaned happily at this, gleefully wiggling slim hips that may as well have been bare. "Feel free to give me all the best 'Welcome home's you can think of, though!"

Nejie smiled at this.

"As you wish, Master," she purred, stepping forward. The leaf-shaped pasties on her nipples contrasted nicely with the flush of Nejie's heaving bosom, and the vast sloping valley of her cleavage drew Naruto's attention with almost zero effort.

The blond came into Hanabi's mouth. The young Hyuuga moaned lewdly, giddy with delight at the taste of her master's semen, and she greedily swallowed it down.

Hanabi probably would have started another round of sucking right then, if Nejie hadn't gently pulled her face off of Naruto-sama's penis and pushed her back towards the entrance of the Playful Fox.

"Why don't you go get the others?" Nejie suggested sweetly, kneeling down before Naruto's shadow clone. "I'm sure they'll be delighted by these new arrivals."

She nodded toward the girls behind Naruto's clone, who all watched intently as Nejie hefted up her generous bosom and sandwiched the cock of all their dreams between her great, doughy tits.

Hanabi pouted a little bit, but she nonetheless did as Nejie suggested.
Nejie gave her master's doppelganger a thorough titfuck.

Kidohana felt a strong twinge of jealousy, watching the buxom Hyuuga work. She cupped her own small breasts in hand, recalling how even her own teammates had bluntly called her bust nonexistent.

"Fucking cow..." she muttered, glaring cutely at Nejie. "I'll get you for this."

Kagerou smiled, overhearing this.

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Twenty-one horny, nubile, naked young women swarmed the street before the *Playful Fox*, clogging foot traffic with their writhing, sweaty bodies. Sixty-three Naruto shadow clones attended to those girls, three to each one.

Eighty-four bodies sprawled up and down the street, a naked crowd in the midst of a massive orgy.


Twenty-one Uzumaki concubines writhed and moaned, squealing and squirming in carnal ecstasy. Sixty-three Naruto kage bunshin pleasured and fucked these women, quite publicly establishing each of these girls as his.

Aside from these, present and watching the proceedings were several other notable figures. Sakura Haruno and her mothers, Mebuki and Kikyo. Hinata Hyuuga, with her mother and aunt, the twins Hiashi and Hizashi. Sasuki Uchiha, with her mother Fugako. Gaara of the Sand, with her aunt Yashamaru. As well as the Fifth and Fourth Hokage, Tsunade of the Senju and Mina Namikaze, plus Kushina Uzumaki and the Nine-Tails, Kumiko.

Present also, as witnesses, were Ruka Umino, Anko Mitarashi, Kurenai Yuuhi, Kagome Hatake, Might Gal, Shikamari Nara, Kiba Inuzuka, Choume Akimichi, Rock Leah, Tenten, Shiko Aburame, and ANBU guard Yugao Uzuki with her lover, Hermione Gekko.

A sixty-fourth Naruto, the shadow clone which had first come to the village, stood with the Boss's four brides. He wore a classy black tux with dress pants; and of course the zipper was undone, with his thick, rigid dick standing up proud and bare.

Hinata, Sakura, Sasuki, and Gaara were garbed in flowing white dresses of silk and flowery lace. The necklines of their dresses dipped to below their breasts, and indeed their bosoms were completely exposed. Similarly, the trailing white skirts were nigh translucent, and there were vertical slits up the front and back.

Allegedly, this manner of dress was an ancient fashion intended to let newlyweds easily consummate their union where anyone could see without having to get completely undressed. But the groom and his brides didn't really care about that.

"Sakura Haruno," said Tsunade, reading from an old and weathered scroll. "Do you take Naruto Uzumaki to be your husband, Hinata Hyuuga to be your wife, Sasuki Uchiha to be your wife, and Gaara of the Sand to be your wife?"

"I do," said the pinkette, smiling softly. Her green eyes twinkled with adoration as she cast them over Naruto. "In sickness and in health."
"Hinata Hyuuga," said Tsunade. "Do you take Naruto Uzumaki to be your husband, Sasuki Uchiha to be your wife, Gaara of the Sand to be your wife, and Sakura Haruno to be your wife?"

"I do," said Hinata, blushing slightly. She had a serene smile, and the gently curving swell of a growing belly could be seen. "In good times and bad."

"Gaara of the Sand," said Tsunade. "Do you take Naruto Uzumaki to be your husband, Sakura Haruno to be your wife, Hinata Hyuuga to be your wife, and Sasuki Uchiha to be your wife?"

"I do," said Gaara. She felt a pleasant warmth in her breast. "For richer or poorer."

Tsunade took a deep breath before continuing.

"Sasuki Uchiha," she said, addressing the next to last participant in this wedding. "Do you take Naruto Uzumaki to be your husband, Gaara of the Sand to be your wife, Hinata Hyuuga to be your wife, and Sakura Haruno to be your wife?"

"I do," said Sasuki. She smiled at Naruto's clone, knowing that this was her true love, and the father of her unborn child. "For better or for worse."

Tsunade smiled.

"Naruto Uzumaki," she said, turning to the kage bunshin. "Do you take Sasuki Uchiha, Hinata Hyuuga, Sakura Haruno, and Gaara of the Sand to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

Naruto's shadow clone momentarily focused its chakra.

_Rotating Hiraishin._

The switch was noticed by none but Naruto and his clone. He smiled nonetheless.

"I do," said Naruto Uzumaki, dressed identically to his shadow clone. "'Til death do us part."

And saying that, he turned to give each of his newlywed brides a deep and passionate kiss on the lips.

For tonight, at least, the clone could take his place in the mission.

Naruto had a marriage to consummate.
Naruto consummated his marriage most happily. He made sweet, tender love to Hinata, Sasuki, Sakura, and Gaara. He attended to the needs of their aching, glowing bodies, filling them up with the warmth of his chakra.

He caressed their bosoms, swollen and tender from pregnancy. He kissed them lovingly, passionately, on the lips, the cheeks, the neck. He took care of them, and showed them his love, pleasuring the mothers of his unborn children.

It really struck Naruto that he was going to be a father. Sure, these were far from the first children he had sired, but these children would be his responsibility. It would be his duty to teach and raise and love them.

Something about this thought just made him feel so incredibly happy.

"I love you girls," he said, smiling at his newlywed wives. They were lying on a large bed in the Uzumaki manor, one specially prepared for them by Tsunade and Naruto's parents.

Sakura blushed, and she wrapped her arms over Naruto's broad shoulders. The swell of her abdomen pressed ever so slightly into the blond's side. Her small breasts were not so small anymore, a high B or low C-cup mashing delightfully against Naruto's lean but muscular biceps.

"We love you too, dear," she whispered, her cheeks a shade deeper than her hair. Emerald eyes glittered in the dim light, and the smile of those lips had to be one of the most beautiful things in the world.

"Indeed, more than anything," agreed Hinata, embracing Naruto from the opposite side. She planted a soft kiss on his cheek, trailing skilled fingers across his firm pectorals. Naruto could feel the smallest heartbeat inside her belly, the growth of a life in the Hyuuga's womb incredibly accelerated by the potency of his Yang chakra.

Sasuki smiled up at Naruto, laying her back across his legs.

"I wouldn't trade this life for anything," she whispered. "Things as they are now... I hope it never changes."

Gaara, who was curled up at Naruto's feet, gave Sasuki the slightest look.

"It's like a dream come true, isn't it?" she murmured. "It's so much better this way..."

Naruto let out a soft, cheerful laugh.

"How else would it be?" he said dismissively. "I love you girls! Nothing could ever change that."

Sasuki blushed, glancing away from Naruto. Gaara's smile now seemed oddly strained.

"Is that so...?" said the latter. A moment passed, and her expression became one of relief, contentment. "I see. That's good to hear. It makes me so happy..."

"Thank you, Naruto," whispered Sasuki. "We really do love you... I really do love you." She snuggled a little more into him. "I always have, even if I didn't always realize it."

"It's so good to have you home, Naruto," said Hinata, kissing him again. "This really is where you
belong... please, never leave us."

"It's all for you," Sakura added, mirroring Hinata's kiss. "Everything we do... we do for you. All for you."

Naruto smiled dreamily, surrounded by some of the women he loved most in the world. He felt warm, indescribably content. These were his wives, the mothers of his unborn children.

He was going to be a father.

He was going to be Hokage.

"Life is good," he said absentmindedly. "Isn't it, Sasuke...?"

It wouldn't be until much, much later that Naruto realized the slip of his tongue. It would be even longer still before he began to question why the name Sasuke seemed to flow so much more naturally from his lips.

It was so nice spending time with his wives. Naruto found himself almost wishing he could do nothing BUT.

Unfortunately however, the show must go on, and Naruto still had a mission to attend to. So after bidding his brides farewell, he used the revolving hiraishin to once more swap places with his shadow clone.

Miraiya gave the blond a sly grin, noting the slight flicker of motion which indicated the switch between him and his shadow clone.

"How'd it go?" she inquired, giving her pupil a distinctly more than friendly pat on the bum.

"It was wonderful," Naruto said, smiling wistfully.

Mikoto all but squealed in joy.

"Oooh! So you're my son-in-law, now?" she gushed, skipping gaily up and throwing her arms around Naruto's shoulders. "Fire alive, that gets me so hot!"

She mashed her modest bosom into Naruto's side, a hand going down to his groin. Mikoto fondled him gleefully; she enthusiastically molested her daughter's hunk of a husband.

Naruto blushed the slightest bit, getting hard. He felt Mikoto slip a hand down the front of his trousers, and he shivered at the touch of her fingers against his confined, swelling shaft.

"Soooo," he said, groaning a bit as Mikoto began to stroke him off. "You guys... ung... get any leads on the... ohhh damn... Akatsuki, while I was gone...?"

His chest rose and fell with heavy, panting breaths. Mikoto had the most delighted expression conceivable on her face as she zealously groped Naruto's growing erection. Miraiya was entertaining herself, as well, with a generous handful of the blond's firm, muscular ass.

Asuka, a little ways off from the trio, shook her head and smiled.

The air was dry. The sun beat down on their heads, a fierce wind tearing at long black cloaks.
It reminded her of home. The place she had once called home.

Not that she still felt any fondness for that place. No, she had let it go long ago. She had cast aside all feelings of homesickness, discarded all sentimentality. The things of this world were fleeting, impermanent. The progression of time was an inexorable march toward entropy and decay.

Such fragile, delicate things as flowers did not bloom in the desert. Such fleeting, short-lived beauty had no place in her life.

A landscape of change was not for her. The shifting sands were never the same, always different. There were no rocks, no solid foundations to which she could cling. Not there. Not here.

She despised variables, and yet chaos seemed to be the one true constant in her life.

Such a contradictory existence was humanity.

Such a paradoxical thing, was she.

"I hate to be kept waiting," said one of the Akatsuki, gazing down the brim of her hat at the quartet of Konoha shinobi who appeared now before them. "We've been expecting you for some days, now."

"Heh. Don't be so hard on them, yeah?" came the casual, irreverent tone of the first Akatsuki's partner. The blonde removed her straw hat, revealing a fair, young face with softly angled features. "It's not like we left them an RSVP, or anything."

The first woman scowled softly at the blonde, and she removed her own hat. Her head was crowned with short scarlet hair; her eyes were sharply focused. Her skin was pale, without flush or sweat even in this hot and biting wind. Her face showed no imperfections, impossibly perfect.

She looked almost like a porcelain doll, with a timeless yet strangely delicate beauty; like a physical representation of the unattainable ideal.

Mikoto Uchiha smiled, looking up at the two girls who stood above them on the low, stony butte.

"So these are Akatsuki?" she remarked, tracing her eyes up and down their bodies. Though they were covered by those cloaks, Mikoto's sharingan could pick up on how the fabric moved against their figures in the wind, noting the slight implications of various hills and valleys.

She licked her lips, pleased by what she saw.

Miraiya grinned rakishly, gathering roughly the same data as Mikoto through sheer pervert power.

"Those are some pretty nice figures," she remarked, crossing arms beneath her legendary bosom. "Seems a damn shame to hide them under all those clothes."

Miraiya waggled her eyebrows suggestively, and Naruto couldn't help but snigger agreeably.

"I know, right?" he said, giving the two Akatsuki lasses a playful wink. "They'd look great in some Sasame-style, wouldn't they?"

Mikoto purred.

"Mmm, but I'd say just about anyone would look sexy, dressed like that," she said, wiggling her hips.
Asuka sighed and shook her head. She was in a neutral stance, hands at her sides, but her body was subtly tensed. She was visibly at the ready, preparing to leap into action at a moment's notice if things should happen to go south.

"These girls are dangerous. Don't let your guard down," she warned, absentmindedly slipping her fingers into the grips of her trench knives.

The redhead looked down at Asuka, and her eyes glinted. Though she did not smile, there was a hint of lofty amusement in her glimmering, turquoise lamps; her face was fixed, stony, but those eyes could communicate all the emotion in the world, if they so wished.

The blonde laughed, though, and raised an arm in a dismissive gesture. The sleeve of her cloak flapped with the movement, and the slender fingers of an artisan were briefly exposed.

"You are of the Sarutobi clan, aren't you?" said the redhead, looking down at Asuka. She remained motionless, her eyes coldly analyzing the tomboyish brunette.

"And if I am?"

The redhead looked at Asuka. Her face was unnervingly expressionless as she tilted her head, cocking it almost quizzically as she appraised the Leaf jonin.

"But of course you are," the redhead continued, speaking as if she hadn't heard Asuka. "Yes, there is no doubt about it, is there? I have three different Sarutobi in my collection, and you bear a certain common resemblance with all of them. But I wonder if you are as notable a kunoichi as they were?"

"Whoa, now, doll face!" came the blonde's airy laugh, a husky voice tinkling musically in mirth. "Don't get too excited, hmm? This might be the first good play we've had in a while, and I wouldn't want you jumping the gun!"

"Nonsense, Deidara," said the redhead, her expression not changing. "I am prompt, but not hasty. Art takes time."

A grin quirked the corner of Deidara's lips.

"Art, eh? That what you calling your sex dolls now, Sasori?"

"Hmph. Do not conflate our motives," said Sasori, raising a hand in a dismissive gesture. "I am not some base thrill seeker like yourself. I aspire to a higher standard, a true ideal."

Deidara laughed, and shook her head.

"Art is passion!" she declared, gesturing theatrically. "It is motion and life! The burning spirit of the artist flows forth into her work, it inspires those who behold it! Art is breath and blood, the fire of the soul, a microcosm of humanity! Art is love, a reflection of womankind's true nature. And a woman's heart is a fickle thing, her passions fleeting and impulsive."

"Perhaps your heart is like that, Deidara," Sasori muttered, stony faced. "But you are still young and immature. Sorrow deepens beauty, the sublime melancholy of long brooding and yearning. It is through time and loss that wisdom comes, and a wise heart is a beautiful one. Such is true beauty, true art. I create lasting monuments to wisdom and beauty, sorrow and bitterness."

"We are as mayflies, our lives like the flames of candles," retorted Deidara, arms crossed over her chest. "In the face of eternity, even the grandest of monuments will inevitably crumble into dust!"
To strive against the inexorable march of time is folly; only by EMBRACING the brevity of human existence can one create true art!"

"Again with your tiresome rhetoric, Deidara..." Sasori drawled, rolling her eyes. She raised a hand in a flourish of subtle gesticulation. "You spout this nihilistic, fatalistic drivel in attempt to make yourself sound intelligent, but you have no true understanding. You parrot the words of philosophers without giving thought to their meaning. You are a fool, the epitome of modern arrogance."

"You're the arrogant one, baby doll! No matter what you say, even your art will rot away after a century or two. That body won't last you forever, hm!"

Naruto and Asuka sweatdropped, watching the two Akatsuki kunoichi descend into bickering.

"I... don't really get what they're talking about..." the blond mumbled, feeling sheepish.

"Neither do I, honestly..." Asuka sighed, giving him a comforting pat on the bum. "I don't really get art."

"I am no fool, Deidara. Nor am I deluded," replied Sasori with a sharp glance. "Left alone, ill cared for, of course even the most magnificent of artwork will inevitably fall into disrepair and dilapidation. But with a devoted caretaker, and proper maintenance, decay can be forestalled – perhaps indefinitely."

Deidara snorted.

"Only a fool would want to live forever."

"That's just your opinion."

Mikoto beamed up at the pair.

"Ooh," she cooed, wiggling delightedly. "Now kiss and make up!" She puckered her lips suggestively.

Sasori seemed to bristle at this, but Deidara laughed heartily.

"Even disagreements are only temporary, mm?" said the blonde, a thoughtful smile on her face. She flung an arm over her partner's shoulder, and pressed the palm of her other hand quite suddenly against the redhead's mouth.

Wet smooching sounds reached the quartet down below. Miraiya's eyebrows rose up into her hairline, and Naruto's trousers got the earliest beginnings of a bulge.

"Kinky," remarked Asuka, delicately quirking a single, slender eyebrow. She cocked her hips to one side, resting a hand at her flank.

Mikoto actually blushed, and she giggled huskily.

"My! So this is how the Akatsuki does things~?" she cooed. "Heehee, I'm starting to wish Itami-chan had joined them!"

This statement was, to the Leaf shinobi, rather innocuous as far as things the Uchiha matron was wont to say. It wasn't exceptionally sexual or suggestive, certainly not by Mikoto's standards. She said things more shocking than that on a regular basis – this was really quite tame.
You would not have thought this, however, from the way Deidara reacted.

The blonde's expression immediately changed, her one visible eye widening eerily. Her nostrils flared, and her cheeks grew flushed. Her head swiveled slowly on her shoulders, turning to face Mikoto.

Deidara stared at the woman, her expression livid.

"You... know... that... Itami bitch?!" she snarled, gnashing her teeth. Deidara immediately withdrew her hands from Sasori (who wiped the spittle from her lips with the back of her sleeve) and thrust them into her pockets.

Naruto and Miraiya noticed the briefest glimpses of flashing white in the midst of peach colored flesh, a dark rift in the palm of her hand.

"Yes..." said Mikoto slowly. "She's my daughter."

Deidara's expression became faintly deranged at this statement, a wild gleam kindling in her eye.

"Your daughter, you say...? That bitch is your daughter? You gave birth to that arrogant fucking cunt...?" Deidara smiled, breathing heavily. A toothy rictus split her face, and she withdrew her hands from her pockets. A strange, chewing sound was faintly audible. "But then, that would make you an Uchiha, too, wouldn't it?"

"It would," said Mikoto. Her voice was low, a hint of soft menace in her tone. Onyx pools turned crimson. "What of it?"

Deidara snarled at the sight of Mikoto's sharingan, and she flung her arms wide. She threw her head back and let out a wild howl.

"Those damn eyes...!" she cried out, lumps of white flying in an arc from her hands. Her fingers wove together, clapping sharply into a handseal. "...are a fucking eyesore!"

Deidara's chakra flared. Sasori shook her head and sighed.

"KATSU!"

It was not a good start to negotiations.
"KATSU!"

A moment of silence, tension at its peak. Time seemed to slow; it happened at a snail’s pace.

Flashes of light.

Immense heat.

Expansion.

A wall of sound, compressed air vibrating, crashing outward.

HISS

CRACK

BANG

BOOOOOM

Explosions rippled through the air, a series of great fiery thunderclaps which smote the earth like a mighty hammer. Smoke blossomed, and the ground shook. Great clouds of dust were kicked up by the force.

A mighty wind swirled and rushed out from the epicenter of the blasts, tearing fiercely at Deidara’s cloak. She held her hands up high above her head, as if in exultation. Her hair blew backwards, bangs driven across her face by the buffeting gale.

The smoke was thick and white, dried clay dust filling the air. The ground cracked and crattered in the tumult of the blasts, buckling and groaning under the sheer force exerted upon it.

Sasori gazed with a stony face at the product of her partner's temper.

"You are too rash, Deidara..." she said, waving a hand before her face. The dust was heavy in the air – she could hardly see.

"Hmph!" the blonde scoffed, sneering at the dense cloud of debris which shrouded the area she’d attacked. "We don't need to negotiate with Uchiha, you dig? Nothing good'll come of getting involved with that sort."

The redhead shook her head slowly. The motion was strange, smooth and fluid yet not quite organic.

"You are not even trying to follow orders, are you?"

Deidara smirked.

"Like you are?" she retorted. "I saw how you were looking at that Sarutobi chick."

"That is a different matter entirely," said Sasori simply. "The only one we really need is Naruto... the leader would surely not mind if I took one or two of the girls for my own purposes."
"Oh? And what would those purposes be, pray tell?"

Deidara's one visible eye widened. Sasori swiveled her head to stare blankly at the clearing smoke.

They saw the four Leaf ninja, perfectly unharmed. Their clothes weren't even scuffed!

Arms of chakra were encircling the group, flattened and overlapping like strips of segmented armor. Their color was difficult to place, seeming to shift in the light, iridescent as a beetle's shell, and partially translucent.

Naruto's hands were clasped together as one in prayer, and his body danced with flames of same make as the arms. Pure chakra flickered over his body, a shroud of light not unlike the halo of a saint. A long cloak of chakra fell down his back, moving like a living thing.

Strange, faintly runic markings covered his whole body.

He opened his eyes, as blue as anything, and beamed at the two Akatsuki women.

"That was a neat trick!" Naruto remarked, eyes twinkling. "I'm not half as good with bakuton, yet. Looks like the two of you are as strong as you are pretty!"

Deidara puffed up at this compliment, grinning and getting a little pink in the cheeks. Sasori, however, simply scoffed.

"I do not seek flattery from a shallow pervert like yourself," she sniped, her words sharp.

"Oho? And what's wrong with being a pervert?" said Mikoto. "Life is full of wonderful things to be sampled and enjoyed, women most of all!"

Miraiya let out a bark of laughter, and she struck a pose straight from a kabuki play.

"This coming from the coregent Queen of Perverts!" she declared, stomping a foot on the ground and brandishing her arms theatrically. "But the only thing wrong with being a pervert, in my opinion, is that it's not enough! It takes a SUPER pervert, like me or Naruto, to really make the world go round!"

"And who are you calling a super pervert, Pervy Babe?" Naruto inquired wryly. "I just give girls what they ask for."

"Even when they don't say anything?" mused Asuka.

"That's when they want it the most!" Naruto chortled.

"Hah!" Deidara laughed. "I think I like you, boy! If we didn't have orders from the leader, I'd be happy to show you a good time."

Sasori's eyes pierced the blonde like a sword.

"Then thank goodness for orders," she muttered, raising a hand in the air. "I've no patience for your senseless promiscuity."

Mikoto frowned at this, pouting.

"Hm? So you've got something against promiscuity too? How sad," she said, shaking her head slowly. "Variety is the spice of life."
"Well, there's one thing I can't argue with," agreed Asuka, nodding. "Kurenai and me have had some of our best times together doing it with other people."

"A woman's heart is a fickle thing," Miraiya concurred, speaking with a profound weight to her words. "Passion is constant, but the object is fleeting. Ever we flit from one love to the next, seeking true fulfilment. Is that not the essence of womanhood?"

"If to be a woman is to be a whore, then yes," said Sasori, her eyes sparkling coldly.

Mikoto wiggled her hips excitedly.

"Oooh! I remember when I was the village whore~!" she tittered. "Although that was my first year as a genin, it was a very eventful one❤"

Miraiya hummed, nodding.

"Yes, I remember that... you were a real precocious little twerp, back then!"

"Ah, now, I wasn't THAT little!" Mikoto replied. "I was the earliest bloomer in my class, after all."

"Ah, true..." murmured Miraiya. "Just like me! Tsuttan and Occhin couldn't keep their hands off of me, when we first became genin."

"Ahh... this talk takes me back to graduation day," Asuka mused, smiling nostalgically. "That was the day I first became a woman..."

"Hehehe... I remember my graduation, too!" Naruto chortled. "Man, I was tired as heck by the time all my classmates were finished."

"Oh, that's right," remarked Miraiya. "You did do the ceremony that year, didn't you?"

"And every year since!" Naruto chuckled.

Deidara had a faraway look in her eye, humming pleasantly as she listened to the Leaf nin talk.

"Ah, that takes me back..." she purred, wriggling her hips a little beneath her cloak. "Now THOSE were the days!"

Sasori scoffed.

"What fools," she muttered lowly. "So obsessed with petty desires of the flesh... if such foolishness as this is the essence of femininity, then I am all the gladder to have cast mine aside."

Naruto turned his head.

"Wha...?" he said, looking up at Sasori on the butte. He stared at her confusedly.

The redhead met the blond's gaze.

"Do you wonder what I mean, Naruto Uzumaki?" said Sasori, looking down on him. Her expression was as unchanging as ever, eerily fixed. "Hmph. It's really quite simple..."

With a single fluid motion, Sasori tore her cloak from her body. She wore nothing else underneath, yet there was nothing to be seen. She had a slim, flawless figure. Too flawless to be real.

And it wasn't.
Her body was hard, her curves fixed and unmoving. She had no nipples upon her breasts, and no opening of womanhood between her legs. Her posterior curved beautifully, but there was no real cleavage between her buttocks, save to distinguish the shape of one from the other. Her limbs were segmented, joints rotating with the smooth clicking of puppet mechanisms.

A single white circle was upon her left breast, above where her heart would be. In blood red was painted the kanji for scorpion.

"Behold perfection," Sasori intoned, holding her arms out to the sides. They moved uncannily, with a wholly inorganic fluidity and precision.

Naruto gaped, disbelieving. So too did his teammates. Miraiya and Mikoto looked deeply dismayed, and Asuka was visibly disturbed.

"What in the...?!!" the Sarutobi gasped.

"I can't believe my eyes!" Mikoto said, her sharingan whirring in a silent blur.

"Unnatural perversion..." muttered Miraiya, frowning deeply.

"You're a puppet!?!" Naruto cried.

"But of course," said Sasori. "To err is human. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Have you never heard such sayings?"

"Well... yeah, but..." said Naruto, frowning.

Sasori flourished her arms, and puffs of white smoke erupted behind her. Puppets appeared, like to her yet different. There was something grotesque about them, in the proportions of their figures, impossibly large busts and posteriors fashioned from some soft and rubbery material a shade or two different from the color of their base wood frames. Their faces were painted in a mockery of make up, looking somewhere between clowns and whores.

"These are you," the puppet mistress intoned. "You, and all your sort. Obsessed with sexuality, and pleasures of the flesh, fickle of heart and fleeting in beauty. Just as you fools make your lives to revolve around romance and lust, so too are these puppets useful only as sex toys."

"And what's wrong with that?" Mikoto retorted.

Deidara, next to Sasori, let out a harsh bark of laughter.

"Well, that's certainly all you Uchiha are good for!" she chortled, leering icily at Mikoto. "Mm, dollface?"

Sasori twitched one of her fingers, sending two of her puppets to collide with the blonde bomber. Hard phalluses of frightful proportion erupted from the puppets' groin regions, and between the two oversexed grotesqueries Deidara was pinned. The puppets tore away her clothes, then penetrated her.

"AHHHHH!!" the ex-Iwa nin wailed. "AHHHHHHHHH! SASORI, YOU FUCKING...!!"

"Do not interrupt me again," Sasori droned. "Partners or not, I am still your senior."

The redhead then turned to face Naruto and his team once more, her partner being raped by two of her vulgar sex-puppets.
"Now where was I...?" she murmured.

Mikoto and Miraiya stared at Sasori's puppets – particularly the ones double-teaming Deidara – their eyes gleaming with lustful delight.

"So you're a sex-fighter..." murmured Asuka. She raised her arms before her in a posture of guard, lowering her center of gravity and narrowing her eyes. "Just like Naruto and Miraiya, huh...?"

"Injutsu's real tricky," Naruto remarked, scratching the back of his neck. "I have a big advantage with being a guy and all, but it was still one of the hardest things I've ever had to master. You're pretty dangerous, aren't you?" he said to Sasori.

"All members of Akatsuki use injutsu," said the redhead, disdain obvious in her voice. "Some of us more reluctantly than others. I personally find it disgusting, how the masses fawn over such things... but it is a kunoichi's duty to use every tool at her disposal."

A movement of her hand, and three more of the puppets flew down. They sprouted prosthetic cocks far larger than Naruto's, and that was no mean feat!

"If I must face such fools who obsess over sex..." Sasori muttered, moving her hands with obvious grace and skill, a master of puppets greater than any other woman alive. "...then sex I shall use to defeat them."

Asuka's jaw was firmly set, her face grim. She stood her ground as the puppet flew towards her, shifting her stance ever so slightly. Her eyes followed it closely, reading the puppet's trajectory.

Her grip on her trench knives tightened. Naruto could feel the chakra welling up in Asuka's abdomen, a subtle pulse of energy traveling up her arms, trailing a steady flow. She shaped it, molding her chakra according to its natural inclination.

The puppet drew close, near to reaching her.

Asuka sidestepped, sweeping her arms in a fluid, practiced motion.

"Flying Swallow," she muttered.

The puppet continued past Asuka for a second, and then it made to veer back toward her, take her from behind. But the momentum of its parts carried them yet forward, and like thinly sliced carrots the puppet's members fell from its main body as it turned.

A second later, that too split apart, a straight X hewn clear through the torso.

Naruto grinned.

"That's Asuka-sensei for you!" he remarked, chuckling. "She's almost as good with wind chakra as I am!"

Asuka snorted.

"How modest of you," she drawled.

Naruto laughed.

"What can I say?" he snickered. "I'm a real humble guy!"

A moment passed, then, as Naruto and Asuka glanced over to see how Miraiya and Mikoto were
handling the assault.

They could have fallen flat on their faces at what they saw.

Miraiya and Mikoto were buck naked and eagerly riding the puppets. They had obviously thrown themselves right at the things!

"I guess there is such a thing," Naruto idly mused, "as being too perverted..."

"You can say that again..." Asuka sighed.

Deidara, Miraiya, and Mikoto all howled and moaned wildly under the assault of Sasori's puppets, while the Scorpion herself coolly sent the rest of her toys down to the flat barrens below.

"Too easy," she muttered, sending three puppets at Asuka, and seven at Naruto.

The three produced dildos of improbably size, while the seven opened up holes dripping with a sweet-smelling lubricant.

Sasori would have smirked, were she able.

"You sex-obsessed fools don't stand a chance against me..." she said lowly, moving her arms with masterful grace. "And all the easier will it be to bring you to our leader, when you harlots are half dead from exhaustion."

And so saying this, Sasori launched the second wave of her assault.
Deidara writhed in agonizing ecstasy as the hard, artificial phalluses of Sasori's puppets filled her. It was excruciating. The dildos were of an immense size, such that dwarfed any natural manhood. They were too large for a human body to hold. Deidara felt like she was dying, just having those monsters jammed inside her.

And the breasts were just as oversized, all but smothering her from both sides. The enormous mounds buried much of Deidara's body, trapping her between two vast crevices of artificial flesh.

"Ohhh...!" Deidara couldn't help moan. "Dollface, why do you...? Ahhhhh...! Mmmm! YESSSSSS❤"

She squirmed, feeling her pussy and ass both being stretched out far beyond their limits. Even the slightest twitch caused her a great deal of pain, and only the blonde's love of rough stuff kept her from passing out.

She had much experience with all of this. This wasn't even close to Deidara's first time being raped by Sasori's puppets. She was used to this, and still it was almost more than she could bear.

Deidara couldn't even begin to imagine what kind of hell those two Leaf kunoichi must have been going through.

Asuka ducked and rolled, narrowly avoiding the cloth-shredding chakra claws of one of Sasori's sex puppets. She could hear the rush of wind – or was it blood? – in her ear as the glowing talons passed over her head.

She wasn't able to avoid its tits smacking her in the face, though, as the puppet rushed overhead. It was a heavy impact, jarring her badly even with as soft as the artificial bosoms were. Only years of practice allowed her to roll with the blow and keep from getting laid out flat, and with a grunt she kicked up at the puppet's midsection, pressing her hands against the ground when she was lined up.

The puppet was thrown back by the force of this blow, and Asuka took that second of reprieve to regain her footing. She gripped her trench knives in hand, flipping herself bodily up in the air so as to land on her feet. This was not a moment too soon, either, as the other two puppets zoomed in at her from opposite directions.

She sidestepped, narrowly evading that pincer maneuver, and swung a hand out in a wide arc behind her.

One of the puppets' lost a hand. The other's head fell off. But this did not stop them from functioning, and Asuka had to leap straight up in the air to avoid them as they altered trajectory to follow after her.

Her hands clapped swiftly together in a blur of arcane configurations.

*Fire Style: Burning Ash!*

She exhaled a cloud of combustible particulate, blowing it down at the two puppets. But the other one was at this same moment angling for her, flying up through the air in a trajectory timed to intercept her own.
The ash below her swirled, also, erupting into twin whirls as the puppets below her rose up as well. Their heads were up out of the cloud when Asuka made her move.

The puppet from before was seconds away. The two below her were brandishing chakra claws as they rose up, swiftly she knew, but everything seemed to be happening in slow motion, Asuka’s perception of time dilating in this moment of high tension.

*Gotta time this just right...!* she thought, gritting her teeth in concentration.

Her hands flicked into a final seal, the Tiger.

She focused her chakra.

*Fire.*

The cloud of ash blossomed, a flash of white and blue at the peak of its heat, blinding to look at. The first puppet shooting toward her was but a second's fraction away. The two beneath her were halfway out of the cloud, the better part of their imitation breasts visible.

White and blue cooled to red and orange as the thermal energy spread out from the epicenter. The air was hot, so hot that its expansion felt like a wall of force, and the sound of it was like a thunderclap.

The puppets below were engulfed in flame, and blasted upwards.

Asuka could smell burning rubber. The first puppet was nearly upon her.

Her hair blew back in the wind, the explosion hitting her like a brick wall. Asuka kicked down, blindly, hoping she’d timed this right. Hot ash was in her face, tears stinging at her eyes in attempt to flush away the foreign particles.

Her feet met resistance. The charred and blackened faces of the two puppets beneath her collided with the soles of Asuka's sandals, blown upwards violently by the blast.

The kinetic force of the two puppets was transferred to Asuka, and her feet drove them downwards with a mighty blow. The recoil of the kick, the equal and opposite reaction combined with the transferred momentum of the burning marionettes, was just barely sufficient.

Asuka moved higher up, a second jump in midair affording her space enough to dodge the first puppet, which itself veered off course in the buffeting blaze of her burning ash. The other two were burned and broken, reduced to a point where no craft of Sasori’s could make any more use of them.

Asuka pulled a kunai from her pocket as she began plummeting back to earth. The last remaining puppet had regained itself, and was heading once more straight towards her.

A hand grasped the slip of a paper bomb.

Artificial tits of some malleable, rubbery make dragged grotesquely against the wind; buttocks of a similar fashion did likewise.

Asuka wrapped the weaponized talisman around her kunai’s handle with a swift and practiced ease.

Her feet hit the ground.

The puppet was nearly on top of her.
Asuka swung her arm out, then tucked and rolled. After three successive tumbles, she sprang back to her feet and made a single handseal, not looking back, only praying she'd put enough distance between herself and the puppet.

A second passed.

A wall of air slammed into Asuka's back, staggering her. It battered her eardrums with a deafening roar, bowing her head as smoke blew and wind howled.

A single puppet hand smacked the jonin's ass, dissipating chakra claws managing at least one blow to justify their existence, shredding away the rear of Asuka's trousers with a frightful ease, destroying her panties and baring a finely tanned ass. The Sarutobi blushed at this, managing a girlish squeak of surprise, but still she had at least succeeded in destroying the puppets.

Sasori smirked, and before Asuka knew what was happening, a hot, ash covered dildo shot out from the debris, flying along on the Scorpion's chakra threads.

Her sting was not so easily thwarted.

Asuka's eyes widened as the blow hit her, Sasori burying the ungodly massive phallus where the sun didn't shine.

"Oh FUUUUUUUCK!" Asuka screamed, the pain overwhelming her. She felt her anus rip from the girth, and blood pooled around the gigantic dildo. Smouldering ash of her own devising dug excruciatingly into the open wounds, and the jonin fell to her knees.

There were some kinds of pain that no amount of training could prepare you for.

She came this close to blacking out.

Damn... she thought. I let my guard down.

"Do you see now?" said Sasori. "This is the superiority of puppets. The flesh is weak, humans fallible. People are so easily broken, so easily slain... when a puppet breaks, you can rebuild it, or replace its parts. Isn't that so much more preferable?"

Asuka began to fade, her vision blurring from incredible pain. Sasori's puppet mistress jutsu drove the dildo violently back and forth in her ass, nailing the jonin to the ground. She was tits-down in the dirt, her eyes glassy and breathing shallow.

"Your flesh betrays you," Sasori continued. "You have an admirable will, but your weak human body fails you. Do not worry, though. I will make you a new body, and take care of everything for you. I will make you into one of my puppets, and you will never have to worry or hurt ever again."

Asuka grit her teeth, unable to move, or speak. She nearly passed out.

Nearly.

CRACK CRACK

CRAAAAAACK

Miraiya and Mikoto howled out with ecstatic laughter, their bodies writhing and sweaty. The puppets which embraced them fell back, dropping uselessly to the ground.

"Hmph, looks like you girls aren't so tough," said the former, smirking and striking a pose. "Not if
you can't endure the Iron Maidens of Konoha!"

Miraiya's breasts bobbed delightfully, and she rolled her head on her shoulders, flinging her long, snowy locks in a showy display. Bits and pieces of an utterly broken dildo fell from her pussy, which looked no worse the wear.

Mikoto giggled demurely, seductively cupping her modest breasts. She squeezed her thighs together, and similarly emasculated fragments of a once mighty phallus she pushed from her own motherly cunt, smiling lustily and licking her lips.

"What a shame," the pale brunette purred, her sharingan eyes twinkling mischievously. "They're definitely large, but these puppets of yours have no endurance."

She winked.

Asuka stared disbelieving, as did Sasori. So great was the redhead's amazement that she completely forgot the puppets she'd had punishing her partner, and they fell slack and lifeless without her will upon them. Deidara weakly pushed herself free of that excruciating embrace, and staggered to her feet.

"Wha... what in the world...?"

Mikoto smiled softly. A surge of chakra caught Sasori and Deidara's attention.

They turned their heads just in time to see all seven of the puppets Sasori had sent at Naruto completely disintegrate from the waist down and neck up, near simultaneously, each accompanied by a flash of gold and mighty SMACK.

Naruto appeared a second later, his zipper undone to let free a cock of somehow even GREATER size than the dildos of Sasori's puppets, all of him sheathed in a golden flame.

Sasori stared blankly at Naruto's manhood. It was easily double the size, right now, of the phalluses with which she had equipped her sex-puppets.

"I-impossible..." she said slowly. Were her face capable of expression, she would have certainly looked utterly flabbergasted. "I did my research... those puppets were equipped to be even triple your size, which was already at the upper limits of feminine endurance... so, how...?"

Naruto laughed.

"Are you talking about Granny's medical files?" he said, chuckling. "Yeah, I suppose those are accurate, but..."

He made a handseal, and suddenly his cock seemed to grow even larger, to the amazement of the Akatsuki kunoichi. The mere sight of it daunted them, yet Deidara at least also looked aroused by it, blushing and licking her lips hungrily.

"Hot damn," the blonde moaned, weakly lowering a hand to her aching and distended slit, which dripped once more with her fluids.

Sasori took a step back, her eyes affixed to Naruto's manhood.

"How...?" she murmured.

Naruto grinned.
"With Kumiko's chakra inside me," he said cheerfully, "trying to measure my dick by inches or centimeters is completely pointless."

He clasped his hands, and his penis shrank down to the size listed in his medical files – still formidable, to be sure, but realistically so, and not some anatomical grotesquerie.

Mikoto smiled, and she began forming a series of slow and deliberate handseals.

"Humans are soft and malleable," she said softly, ending with a tiger seal. "They grow and adapt."

She spat a ball of fire down at the castrated puppet which lay at her feet. It burned to ash in mere seconds.

Miraiya took a step forward, bringing a foot down hard on the midsection of her own puppet. It cracked audibly, groaning from the pressure she placed on its structure.

"Before a hurricane, the immovable oak will shatter," she said, pressing down harder, "where the yielding willow endures."

The puppet broke beneath her foot, falling into pieces.

Asuka groaned weakly. The thrusting of the dildo in her ass had come to a halt, Sasori's shock and dismay causing her to forget most of her puppets. She reached back, grabbing the base of the phallus lodged so deep in her asshole.

"I don't know what you think you're doing, playing at being a puppet..." she muttered, gripping the dildo tightly. She grit her teeth against the pain. "...but we won't let ourselves be beaten by some unfeeling doll!"

She yanked the dildo out of her ass, and blood dripped from her poor, distended anus. But she took a deep breath and swallowed the whimpers which wanted to escape, forcing herself to her feet in spite of the pain.

"I won't ever lose to someone..." she repeated slowly, leveling an intense gaze at Sasori. "...who's weak enough to give up on being human...!"

Sasori stared down at the Konoha ninja, swiveling her gaze from one to the other. Deidara was smiling idly beside her.

"People can learn from their mistakes," said Mikoto, flipping her silky raven locks and turning away from the flames. Her pale, slender figure was cast in reds and oranges by the fires of her own ninjutsu. "They can work to overcome their weaknesses, and improve."

"When we fall, we can pick ourselves back up," said Miraiya sagely, crossing her arms under her considerable bust. "Even when we fail, we can try and try again, and get a little bit closer to succeeding every time."

"Puppets are just puppets," Naruto intoned, meeting Sasori's gaze. "A wooden, empty person without will or emotion. Is that really what you want to be?"

Sasori took a step back.

"No..." she whispered quietly, an expressionless face starkly contrasting with the quiver in her voice. "You're wrong. You don't know anything!"
Smoke, white and thick, erupted behind Sasori as she flourished her arms. More puppets appeared, unlike the ones from before. They all opened up holes, and brandished frightful-looking claws. These were not disproportionately endowed mockeries of femininity, but rather almost uncannily realistic. They all looked very much like real girls, minus the weapons that protruded from the bodies.

Naruto closed his eyes, and hands of chakra formed behind him. Like a halo of light, the glow of multiple rasengans spinning up bathed his form in an ethereal mix of colors. In a circle behind him, the spiraling spheres levitated, giving Naruto the appearance of a Shinto kami.

"I know more than you think, Sasori-chan," he said calmly, not opening his eyes. "You're afraid. Afraid of getting close to others, of losing the people you care about."

"I fear nothing," Sasori hissed, and she sent her puppets forward. "I am perfect! I will never die!"

Mikoto, Miraiya, and Asuka stayed back. They did not want to get in Naruto's way.

"You lost your lover in an accident..." Naruto whispered. "She was poisoned, and you didn't know the antidote."

"I did what I had to!" Sasori shouted. "I saved her! I made it so she would never have to suffer that kind of pain again. She'll never die... She'll never leave me!"

Her puppets moved swiftly, and they spread out. Naruto was motionless, and they quickly encircled him. Blades glinted in the sunlight, cold steel.

Naruto opened his eyes.

A flash.

The combat puppets disintegrated, vanishing in stars of every color. Elemental chakra of every variety in Naruto's repertoire flashed outward from him, exemplified and contained in the spiral of his rasengan.


A forest sprang up from one puppet, trees doing decades of growth in seconds, shooting up and coiling about one another, twisting like vines climbing a fence. The ground buckled and rocked in upheaval as roots harder than iron spread out.

White out. Snow and ice, the North Wind bringing a terrible chill. The ground froze, and became coated with a thick frost. A blizzard raged out in one direction, a freezing wind driving hail and snow like bullets in a tornado. One puppet grew brittle, shattered under its own weight.

One puppet ceased to exist, vaporized completely. Explosions raced out along unseen tracks in the air, flashing and rumbling in a helical path. Like a million paper bombs caught up in a gust and detonated, the deafening roar of continuous explosions rocked the earth.

Sasori stared.

Two brilliant blue eyes filled her vision, even as the puppets were destroyed. She felt a hand upon her breast – actually felt it – and knew she had been beaten.

Naruto had closed the distance between them in an instant. He was up on the butte with her, a hand over the scorpion kanji on her chest, his body sheathed still in golden kyuubi chakra.
He kissed Sasori on her lips, a wooden and unfeeling facade, and yet she felt it. She could feel everything; she could taste his wonderful lips.

A shiver ran through a body of resin, steel, and wood.

Her loins opened, a slit forming between her legs. A hole emerged between carven buttocks, the cleavage of which deepened and became more pronounced. Her body softened, becoming like green wood pliable and springy.

Lubricant, sweet-smelling and warm, dripped steadily from Sasori's newly cloven nether lips. Her bust now melded to Naruto's hands, not quite like flesh, but all the same soft and squeezable. He continued to kiss her, pouring pure life force into the body of a puppet.

Sasori melted into Naruto's embrace, happy and content. All of her pains and misgivings faded away before a glow of warmth and desire.

If a doll, cast aside and forgotten, neglected, could over time become filled with negative energy and resentment, undergo divine transformation to become a youkai, in essence a living thing, then who was to say that something like this was not also possible?

Naruto pulled back from the kiss, smiling softly at Sasori.

"Your lips are so soft, Sasori-chan," he said.

She blushed.

Sasori actually blushed.

"Ah... you are such a charmer, Naruto..." she softly murmured. "I think I understand, now, why our leader said such things..."

Using chakra threads, she moved Naruto's free hand to rest on the perfectly carved proportions of her smoothly polished wooden buttocks. He squeezed them, and they responded much like real human flesh would have.

Sasori shivered again, whimpering softly. More dampness flowed from between her legs.

Silently, she smiled at Naruto, her lips and face now freely articulated, like those of a real woman. She gave him a nod, and her unspoken consent.

Naruto placed his brand on her ass.

Sasori repaid the earlier kiss.

"Please take good care of me," she said, "Master."
Deidara was an impulsive woman. Just ask anyone who knew her. She was passionate, yes, but also fickle, flying from one interest to another as soon as she grew bored. She was neither patient nor steadfast. Her attention was fleeting.

She loved sex, to be sure. More than many, indeed, Deidara adored the sensations of the flesh. She loved to explore beautiful bodies, reducing attractive women to puddles of orgasmic bliss. And she delighted also in being explored, being made love to herself by beautiful people. She loved to have sex.

But Deidara grew bored easily, moving from one partner to the next as surely as the turning of the tides. She was a fickle, impulsive soul. Monogamy, to her, was synonymous with monotony. She did not desire to be tied down to a single person.

So when she saw the spiral brand of an Uzumaki concubine get placed on the ass of her partner and senior in the Akatsuki, Deidara decided it was time to split. Naruto was hot, but she had no desire to be so bound to any one person.

No, not even to a stud like Naruto.

"Ohh, Master...!" Sasori's voice drifted down from the stony butte, where Naruto had his way with her shapely butt. "Master... Ah! Ah! Master! I love you! Ohhhh❤"

Deidara blushed at the sound of this, feeling the warmth in her belly. Her pussy was dripping wet, the racket of her partner's gleeful intercourse arousing the blonde greatly even as it faded into the distance.

"Sasori-chan... OH! So niiiice... You're so tight. I love you, too!"

Deidara was naked as she sneaked away, her modest bosom heaving with carefully controlled breaths. Her manual mouths were drooling, tongues wagging out and trying to lick the blonde's own body. She was horny, incredibly so. Her nipples were rock hard, and her butt cheeks bounced suggestively as she went. Moisture dripped from a red, distended pussy.

Naruto was busy with Sasori. Deidara could hear the slapping of his pelvis against the woody, springy substance of her partner's body. She could hear their moans and cries as she slunk into the shadows, exclamations of sensual delight.

There were many tall and tumbled standing stones behind the butte in this blasted heath, remnants perhaps of some long forgotten battle. The shadows they cast were long and deep, providing the perfect cover for Deidara's get away. Sparse, brown-scorched grass clung to the few, shallow bits of soil to be found in this barren region.

Deidara was fickle and impulsive. While Sasori might be content to surrender herself mind, body, and soul, Deidara was more willful. She would not let herself be so easily tamed!

If Naruto wanted her, he would have to come get her.

Naked as a jaybird, the Mad Bomber of Iwa slipped away.

...or, at least, she made to do so. But the blonde had been hasty. She neglected to take certain factors into account.
Factors like a certain pair of perverts.

Deidara felt something cool, moist, and sticky slap onto her bum. It spread over her buttocks in a way that sent shivers up her spine, and she found her forward momentum nigh instantly arrested. Something fleshy stuck to her ass, adhering firmly enough to stop to blonde in her tracks.

She had a single moment of stillness to ponder, idly, what it was that had her. Then she felt a tug on her behind, and Deidara was unceremoniously yanked backwards. She bent at the hips, nearly double, perilously close to kissing her own shins, as the... thing reeled in her fine ass like a master fly-fisher with his hook on a prize bass.

Her insides felt curiously weightless for a handful of seconds. She watched the rocky ground slip away below her.

Then, with a smack and a slurp, Deidara knew only darkness.

Wet, smelly darkness.

Miraiya grinned cheerfully, giving her summoned toad a pat on the shoulder. Its mouth bulged out, the faint impression of a squirming young woman visible in its cheeks. Splint-iron bracers armored its forelegs.

"Nice work, Gamachu. That oughta hold her for a bit," said the Toad Sage Priestess. She laughed heartily, and looked back up to the butte with a twinkle in her dark eyes. Naruto was in the process of giving Sasori a very thorough initiation into his rather quickly growing harem of slaves.

The sound of Naruto and Sasori joining together was like the rhythmic thumping of a taiko drum, their pelvises smacking noisily with every thrust. Naruto's manhood was deep inside of Sasori's recreated sex, bulging and throbbing against the warm and moist, rubbery, flesh-like walls of the puppet mistress's cunt.

Had he a frame of reference for it, Naruto might have compared her pussy to an onahole or fleshlight. It was not the quite same as a real vagina, perhaps, but it was a damn good imitation. He was getting off inside of her just as well as he would have in any flesh and blood beauty.

"Ohhh, Master... Master! Yes! Yes! Master! YES!"

Sasori's buttocks bounced with the rocking of her hips, soft and springy like the green wood of a live sapling. They were firm and pert, resilient, but also yielding. Deliciously heart-shaped and smackable.

And Naruto did not hesitate to 'mark his property', as one might say. She may have already had the spiral seal of an Uzumaki concubine on her butt cheek, but that didn't mean he was finished claiming her.

He would make her body his own. More than that, he would make Sasori GLAD of it. She had already willingly asked him to claim her, but he intended to show the woman just how good she would be getting it as one of his sex slaves. Naruto accepted EVERYTHING she offered him, and he planned to repay her generosity seven-fold.

Just as he did with all his concubines, really.

Lubricant slicked the throbbing shaft of Naruto's manhood as he slid it powerfully in and out. Sasori was pretty tight, and the man didn't think he could ever get tired of sticking it to all of the
beautiful women who seemed to surround him. Seriously, Naruto didn't think he knew a single girl under sixty who didn't rank at least "cute", and a disproportionate fraction of them were (in his humble opinion) outright gorgeous.

"Master! Naruto! Ohhh! Ahhh! Faster, please! Faster! Faster! OOOH!"

Sasori rocked back and forth on Naruto's cock, lost in the wonderful sensations of intercourse. Her eyes, seeming truly alive, were presently glassy and unfocused. Her cheeks, such as they were, practically glowed crimson. Her mouth was hanging open, and looking so natural as to be indistinguishable from the real thing.

Sasori's modestly sized breasts were firm and supple in Naruto's hands, their pliability and elasticity roughly the same as that of her buttocks. They reacted well to the blond's skillful fondling, and shivers shot through the puppet mistress's frame. Her nipples were like polished mahogany.

A moan tore from Sasori's lips. Her legs were intertwined with Naruto's, and her hands gingerly attended to his straight and solid back.

Mikoto and Asuka watched the proceedings with obvious interest. The former looked to be in no hurry to throw her clothes back on, and even the latter seemed at least presently content to leave the ass-baring rip in her trousers as it was.

Miraiya for her part, was halfway down her summoned toad's gullet, massive breasts bulging and wobbling most intriguingly as she wriggled her way carefully into Gamachu's mouth. A moment later, she got her tits over the toad's lip, and disappeared into its belly with a wet pop.

Sasori came with a wail, throwing her head violently this way and that. Lubricating fluid gushed over Naruto's cock, and she gleefully sang the blond's every praise.

"Master! Master!" she screamed. "Oh! Oh! OHHHHHH! My pussy! My pussy! You're tearing it up! Oh, MASTER! It feels like I'm going to crack! Your cock is going to split me in half! Oh, Sage! Oh, Master! Oh, yes! Yes! YESSSSS!"

Naruto grinned rakishly. With a sharp flick of the wrist, he gave Sasori a good and playful swat on the ass. She moaned even further at this treatment, and he repeated it a few more times, concurrently squeezing one of her springy tits and kissing her hungrily on the lips.

Those were easily the most human part of Sasori, apart from her eyes.

"Damn, this is something else!" Naruto grunted, withdrawing his lips after several passionate seconds. He continued plunging his manhood into Sasori, back and forth, moving at a breathtaking pace. "I've fucked all kinds of girls before, but never a puppet! Ah, yeaahhh... that feels good. Almost as good as a REAL pussy!"

He gave Sasori's ass the hardest swat yet, but the puppet mistress simply pouted.

"Only almost?"

Naruto grinned.

"Well, this is just the beginning!" he said. "Who knows? Maybe you'll prove me wrong!"

Sasori smiled, and her eyes glinted.
"I accept that challenge."

It was hot, wet, and slimy. That was all Deidara could make of her surroundings. Pulsing walls of flesh seemed to close in on her from all sides, and were it not for her present circumstances she would probably be feeling a little claustrophobic.

Some viscous, funky-smelling ooze dripped into her hair from somewhere overhead. Her bare feet sunk an inch or two into the soft, polyporous floor. Most of her skin was coated with a thin layer of slippery, translucent slime.

Her hands were pinned at her sides, bound to her hips by some tingle-inducing chakra scrit. Her legs were spread, her back arched with her tight, naked bum thrust up and out. Unidentifiable fluid pooled in the shallow crevices and valleys of Deidara's lean figure, glistening like a morning dew on her lightly tanned skin.

A tongue was thrust again into her mouth, wet and savory, a heady collage of scents pervading Deidara's nostrils as warm, full lips sealed themselves over her mouth. She moaned weakly, feeling the weight her captors bosom bearing down on her chest.

"Ahhh... mmmmm..." Deidara groaned. She could hardly formulate a coherent thought as those faintly calloused and delicate hands fearlessly explored every nook and cranny of her aching body.

Miraiya fondled Deidara with such skill as could only have been accrued over many decades of dedicated practice. Her fingers seemed to know the blonde's body better than Deidara herself did, deftly picking out and exposing all of the young woman's weak points. She kneaded low level lightning-natured chakra into Deidara's buttocks, sending shivers of ecstasy up her spine. She groped Deidara's breasts, digging her fingers into several key pressure points.

The blonde weakly shuddered and whimpered. She was naked and covered in slime, and being utterly molested by the legendary kunoichi Miraiya in some dank, meaty hole. The texture of the walls was a little like the inside of a vagina. Everything stank of sex.

After several long, excruciating (for Deidara) minutes, the absolutely gorgeous Miraiya pulled back from the hot and heavy kiss. Her dark eyes were glimmering, half-lidded and boring straight into Deidara's. Her lips were rosy and glistening with moisture, hanging ever so slightly open still, a thick trail of saliva the last thing to connect their mouths.

Deidara gulped, feeling acutely the difference in stature between the two of them. Miraiya was a large woman (though flawlessly proportioned), and she completely towered over the much shorter and slighter Deidara. The Toad Priestess was no scrawny waif. If she wanted to, she could probably snap the young ex-Iwa nin like a twig.

And Miraiya was perfectly aware of this, as she smirked at Deidara and whispered: "Where is your leader?"

Now, Deidara was many things. Unhinged, postmodern, whimsical and passionate. She never really respected authority, and she stayed with Akatsuki only because she felt like it. One thing she was NOT, however, was a coward.

"Gather all the information you can on Naruto Uzumaki." That was the mission their leader had given them. "Do not approach him of your own initiative. If he seeks you out, be wary. We do not know what, precisely his objective is... but we are reluctant to condone his apparent methods."

Deidara still didn't completely understand what the leader and her assistants had been saying –
there was obviously a great deal left unsaid, and it seemed apparent to her at least that there was probably some kind of history between Naruto and Madame Pain. But what the relationship between them was, Deidara could not say.

Especially not with the orders Konan and Yahiko had given them.

"If at all possible, bring Naruto here. ALIVE, and preferably unharmed. There is much our leader wishes to ask him."

"Do not fight him to the death! He is more powerful than any of you, and could easily kill you if he wanted. You will serve our purposes better alive and enslaved than dead and free."

All of this naturally left Deidara feeling rather suspicious of their leader's true motives. Better alive and enslaved? Do not approach him unless he approaches you first? Bring him back alive and unharmed, even though he is apparently strong enough to own them ALL in a fight?

"Look underneath the underneath," was practically the international ninja creed. Any kunoichi worth her salt could tell you that nothing was ever as it seemed.

There was clearly SOME kind of subterfuge going on here, and it seemed to Deidara increasingly likely that she and the others were being used as pawns to lure in a far more valuable piece.

Deidara was a woman who greatly prized her own individuality. If she handed herself over to anyone, it would be on her own terms. She would not be so easily seduced into playing Pain and Naruto's little game.

She would not give up what she knew without a fight. Deidara's lips were zipped, and she didn't plan on telling Miraiya a thing. If they wanted any intelligence from her, they would have to WORK for it.

Her eye told all of this.

Miraiya simply grinned, and flicked her fingers through a short series of handseals.

"Not gonna talk, eh?" she remarked, licking her lips.

The walls started to writhe and squirm. The floor erupted into a plethora of minuscule fleshy tendrils beneath Deidara's feet, and wrapped around her ankles. Her legs were pulled even further apart.

Deidara then became aware of the tentacles. Huge, throbbing masses of velvety pink flesh emerged from the walls, floor, and ceiling. There were dozen of them, each one seeming to independently coordinate itself with the others. And they all extended themselves toward the center of the dank and slimy chamber, converging singularly on Deidara's position.

The blonde whimpered, her eye going wide. Even the scope over her other eye seemed to shiver ever so slightly. Her entire body shuddered.

She knew where those things were headed... but there was no way she could fit all of them! Even just ONE would probably be too much for her.

Deidara nervously gulped.

Miraiya groaned, sounding inappropriately aroused.
"Oh fuck yes," she gasped, her breasts heaving mightily. "It has been so long since I got to use this jutsu on a pretty young thing like yourself..."

Miraiya drooled a little. She licked her lips.

"Toad Bind Rape," she breathed, a strange light flashing through the legendary kunoichi's eyes. "It is truly a testament to my skill as a summoner, and the strong affinity I've cultivated with my summons, that I can synchronize our sympathetic nervous systems in such a way..."

She smiled, stepping forward. Her body she pressed once more against Deidara's, the bountiful curves of her figure melding into the blonde's slender body. One of her hands brushed over the Akatsuki member's cheek.

"Wanna know a secret?" Miraiya whispered huskily into the blonde's ear. "Gamachu's insides, here..." She gestured at their surroundings. "...well, I've got them linked up with my vaginal nerve clusters, as well as a few other erogenous zones..."

She leered appreciatively at Deidara's fine, slender figure, taking it the smallish tits and the nice firm ass, as well as a nice and juicy cunt.

" Basically... " she continued, "Every inch of this that gets touched? Well, I feel it." Her smile became downright wicked, subtly but undeniably devilish. "And if it touches you?"

Miraiya cut off, letting out a low, dark chuckle. She licked her lips.

"Mmm..." she moaned huskily, nibbling briefly on Deidara's ear. "...let's just say that, once those things get inside you... I won't be in any kind of state to pull them back out." She cupped one of Deidara's buttocks, playfully pinching the blonde's nicely firm ass. Almost conversationally, Miraiya said, "Have ever seen someone get tentacleraped to death?"

Deidara blanched, and shook her head.

"No?" Miraiya said, smiling. "That's a shame. It's really a rather beautiful sight, once you get past all the blood..."

She paused a moment to let this comment sink in. Miraiya could see the wheels turning in Deidara's mind, and the growing sense of horror on the blonde's face almost made this whole impromptu interrogation session worth it. Almost.

"Once I get started," Miraiya continued suggestively, persisting to fondle and caress Deidara's fearfully shivering form, "I probably won't be able to stop. It will just feel too good."

Miraiya leered scarily at Deidara. Her eyes flashed, and she stroked a finger down the blonde's hot, soaking slit.

"If you're lucky, it will be the exhaustion, or the dehydration, that gets you," Miraiya whispered lowly. "If you're lucky. And not many are." She smiled darkly. "You don't want to know what happens to the rest."

Deidara gulped anxiously. Her face was chalk white, and she was shivering. Her skin was covered in a cold sweat that nearly washed away the slime.

Miraiya pulled back one last time, smirking. She rested her hands on her wide and magnificent
hips.

"So," said the white-haired beauty, "do you still feel like talking yet?" She leaned in, and whispered darkly, "Or should we see if I can keep my head long enough for your tongue to loosen up?"

A moment passed between them without a single word. Deidara whimpered.

It was only a second more before she cracked.

Deidara sang like a stool pigeon.
I feel the weight in my belly, the warm pressure of a steadily growing life in my womb, and I cannot help but wonder when it first changed. How many days has it been, since I awoke under the roof of my old bedroom? Since my mom came in to wake me up, and I looked into her eyes, and felt my heart stop with the sudden jolt of realization.

She should have been dead. This building should be mere rubble.

_I should have been a man._

My name is Sasuki Uchiha. I am the second daughter of Fugako and Mikoto Uchiha. Darling of my clan.

Except that should not be possible. I'm Sasuke Uchiha. A _man._

And the LAST Uchiha.

I cannot measure how long I have walked in this illusory world. I have memories going back to the earliest years of my youth – memories of growing up as a male, alone and vengeful, but also memories of growing up amongst family and friends, loved and lauded by my peers.

I have memories of swearing to kill my brother for the massacre of our clan. Yet I also have memories of making love to my sister, of her guiding me through my first time with gentle, loving touches.

There are times when I cannot tell which of these are real. Nor can I clearly discern when these two disparate sets of memories first began to intersect. Sometimes it feels like it was only a few weeks ago; other times, I feel like I've been living in this world forever.

I do not know if I can trust my memories. I know what should be, and yet I also know what _is_. Can I truly call this world false, if I live and breath within it?

What was it Itami—Itachi?—told me?

_What is reality? What would you do if everything you've ever known, everything you've ever believe to be true, proved to be false? What if the world we live in is nothing more than a vast, intricate illusion? What, then, is reality? Is it what you see before you, the life you live every day, or is it some arcane, unknowable secret far beyond the grasp of mere mortals?_

It seems very poignant. And I think there is wisdom in it.

I _can't_ be sure what is real. I can't rely on memories to tell me the truth, not when those memories could be nothing more than false constructs. All I can do is trust in the reality I see before me, and in the life I am living everyday.

I feel the weight in my belly, the warm pressure of a steadily growing life in my womb, and I think of my love, the only constant through all the illusions and doubts.

I smile, and my heart yearns.

"Come home soon, Naruto."
It was always raining in Amegakure. This village was located upon an atmospheric crossroad, so to speak; warm air coming up from the Land of Fire, moisture-laden clouds blown in from the sea and the Land of Water, storm fronts coming down from the slopes of Kaminari no kuni.

Just as the armies of these nations oft used the Land of Rain as their battleground, so too did the weather fronts from their lands come to clash in the skies of this country. The atmosphere roiled constantly, different levels of pressure slipping under and over, and **crashing** upon one another like tectonic plates colliding in the tumults of a neverending earthquake.

The Land of Rain was as a basin through which all waters flowed. Moisture would evaporate in other lands, and find its way through clouds to the skies over Ame, gathering, gathering in great, ponderous bulwarks and thunderheads, until finally its weight was too much. The clouds would fall apart, water descending from them, even as more moisture continued to find its way to the Land of Rain.

The rains would continue to fall, fall, fall upon the earth below, from whence they would flow through flooded rivers and streams back throughout the other lands. For Ame was located –perhaps almost ironically – at a high elevation, much of the country rising up on the ridge of a continental divide, and the ground was largely of porous rock. Much of the water which fell upon the Land of Rain seeped into the earth, and flowed away into other lands, leaving behind few reservoirs from which people could quench their thirst.

*Water, water, every where,*
And all the boards did shrink;
*Water, water, every where,*
Nor any drop to drink.

And so, bombarded by continuous deluges with naught but misery and rot to show for it, the people of the Land of Rain were by nature and nurture a rather grim and melancholy lot. Not much could faze them, and it took a great deal to raise their spirits higher than the occasional vaguely hopeful murmur.

A great deal, for instance, such as the arrival of the only man in the world accompanied by a rather **surprising** entourage.

Naruto Uzumaki strode confidently down the close and winding streets of Ame, strolling without a care through the dim and muddy lanes between ponderous, rusting structures of riveted steel plate and beam. He and his accompaniment wore traveling cloaks to keep out the rain, and several of them indeed were clad in a very familiar fashion.

Fields of black, oer which drifted white-rimmed clouds of red. Broad straw hats, dangling with white tassels. This was the manner and heraldry of Akatsuki, which was well-known and respected within Rain.

"Mm, the weather is nice and wet," came the voice of a tall, blue-haired woman. Her skin was blue also, with what appeared to be gill-like structures lining the sides of her neck. She had a lovely face, and a body which one could discern as explosively voluptuous even under all the heavy cloak. "Same-chan is purring."

She patted a large, bandage-wrapped bundle on her back. It seemed to wriggle a little at her touch, and sure enough a soft, scarcely audible rumble could be heard coming from it.

"Tch. Damn rain..." muttered a silver-haired woman, with softly feminine features and a rather generous figure of her own. "My feet are like fucking prunes."
"My clay's running," added a shorter, slenderer blonde. "This water's soaked through all the seals in my pockets. You're lucky, Kouma. You have a water affinity, so this crap doesn't bug you."

The blue-skinned, vaguely piscine beauty laughed and waved a hand dismissively.

"You needn't possess a water affinity to appreciate the rain, Deidara-san," she cheerfully replied. "Just the right mindset."

"I have neither," said a petite redhead, Red Sand Sasori, pulling her own cloak tighter about herself. "And all the protective coatings in the world wouldn't be enough to keep this rain out of my body for long. Let's hurry and get this over with."

A giant of a woman walked behind Sasori, dark-skinned and masked, with a bosom to equal the likes of Tsunade and Miraiya. She was as tall as Kouma, if not even taller, and she strode along after the others with a slow and powerful surety, bringing up the rear.

"Ha, hm," she murmured, crossing long and powerful arms under the considerable bulge of her bust. "I agree with Sasori. Time is money, and Miraiya-dono is a very generous tipper. The sooner we tie up these loose ends, the sooner I can get back to my new job."

"Whore," Hidan muttered darkly. "Who needs that kind of filthy money when they have God's favor? Naruto-sama has blessed you with his mark, you faithless heathen!"

A girl chose then to rise up from the ground, and she had a very odd appearance. She seemed like two different people, split down the middle and stapled together. One half was white, and the other was black; she wore nothing but scant fig leafs over her privates.

"Naruto-sama is the best!" exclaimed the white half giddily, tittering and hopping up and down. This side of her body was immensely curvaceous, with a large tit and doughy buttock that bounced and wobbled with the motions of her body. "I love him!"

"He is alright," said the black half in a harsh, almost unnatural voice. "Not the best." She crossed a single black arm under the small, perky mound of a black, B-cup breast. This half of her body was lean and slender, lithe and athletic with only minimal endowments. "But he's good enough for us."

Naruto chortled, listening to the gathered members of Akatsuki behind him. He had grown quite fond of the girls, and they likewise of him, tracking them down and persuading them (in various ways) to assist him on his mission. Some had been all too eager to join his harem, like Hidan-chan, who apparently belonged to some kind of cult that worshiped him as a god incarnate. Others were more reluctant.

Naruto himself wasn't entirely certain how he had wound up with almost the entire Akatsuki as his concubines. He certainly hadn't set out with that intent, but it seemed to have happened quite naturally nonetheless. Girls just generally threw themselves at him with very little, if any, provocation.

Not that Naruto minded. He was all too happy to accept their affections.

"Master."

Sasori's voice broke Naruto out of his brief reverie.

"Hm? What is it?" he asked, turning his head to look at the lovely puppet-woman.

"Is this really wise?" the redhead murmured, her voice low. She cast her eyes left and right,
suspiciously scanning the crowds on either side of the street. "Openly walking into enemy territory, I mean. Akatsuki's leaders are dangerous."

This earned a scoff from Deidara.

"Pfah. So are we," the blonde said, her eye flashing. "And Naruto's more dangerous than the rest of us put together. He doesn't have anything to fear, y'dig?"

"Prudence is wise," the black half of Zetsuko rumbled. "Do not underestimate your enemy."

"It's foolish to overestimate them, too," quipped Kakuzu, her great bust bouncing with every sure and deliberate stride she took. "Excessive caution can be counterproductive. You can't profit without taking risks."

"For once I agree with the old hag," Hidan drawled, the front of her cloak coming partially open. A thin layer of protective bandages – sarashi – was visible over her modestly generous bust. "Fortune favors the bold, and all that."

She promptly shot a leer at Naruto's fine ass, and licked her lips. The silver-haired sadomasochist shivered in delight.

"Mm, I am inclined to side with Zetsuko-san, personally," said Kouma, smiling toothily. "But then on the other hand, I also have faith that Naruto-dono can defeat anyone who opposes him. Even Pain-san and her helpers."

Naruto laughed, then, slightly startling the girls.

"I probably could beat them if it came to that," he said cheerfully, looking back at his concubines with twinkling eyes. "But I think you girls are looking at this from the wrong angle. Don't think of them as enemies – they're just lovers you haven't laid yet."

"They've laid me, if that helps!" chirped Zetsuko's buxom white half. She was eager to please, and bubbly as hell. It really contrasted with the dour, subdued, and pragmatic manner of her black half. Naruto chuckled.

"Haha! It probably does," he said.

Miraiya purred as she trailed kisses down Mikoto's neck. She mashed her tremendous tits into the slender MILF's back, nibbling on soft and pale skin. She had her legs, long and shapely, entangled with Mikoto's, straddling the younger woman's ass and fingering her cunt.

Mikoto, for her part, was passionately swapping spit with Asuka, fondling the young jonin's modest bosom. The Uchiha matron relished the feeling of Miraiya's fingers inside her pussy, and delighted in exploring the subtle contours of Asuka's body.

And Asuka, dreadfully horny and beginning to seriously miss her wife, happily surrendered her body to Mikoto's tenderly perverse ministrations. She squirmed and moaned against the older woman's lips, feeling the tingles and shivers that pulsed through her body with the rhythmic stretching and squeezing of Mikoto's fingers.

Toes curled in the midst of hot, juicy ecstasy. Names were shouted and groaned; asses and pussies were owned. Tits were kneaded, fondled, and groped. The sky was their chapel, and they all but eloped.
"Mm, you girls!" Miraiya purred, arching her back. "So naughty~"

"Ufufu! So are you, Miraiya-sama❤" mewed Mikoto. She wiggled her hips.

"I wonder how Naruto is doing with those Akatsuki girls?" Asuka said, digging her fingers in deep.

"I'm sure he's having a blast," Miraiya giggled, lewdly mashing her ample bosom.

"They're so cute," Mikoto concurred, licking her lips. "I wish I could have gone with❤"

"I think we all do," said Asuka, blushing faintly. "But we had to stay behind and hold down the fort."

"Or camp, as it were," Miraiya added, playfully fondling both Asuka and Mikoto's bosoms.

Mikoto kissed Miraiya, and her eyes twinkled playfully.

"I prefer love nest, myself."

Asuka laughed, and she turned Mikoto's head to face her, before kissing the Uchiha beauty on the lips.

"That does have a certain ring to it," she conceded. Miraiya nodded in agreement.

The three of them continued in their fun.

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"He is here already?"

Three woman stood before an open balcony, gazing down at their village through the endless rainfall and gloom of Amegakure. One had blue hair, one orange, and one a vibrant red. All of them were wearing such cloaks as were indicative of the Akatsuki.

"It would seem so. He has arrived in the village. Probably looking for us."

"The rest of our members are following after him, too. They did not hold out for very long at all."

The redhead was stoic as she received her reports from the other two.

"That is not unexpected," she said after a moment of contemplative silence. "We knew the odds of their enslavement. It was a calculated risk."

"I'm a little jealous of them, honestly," said the orange-haired one.

The bluenette blushed.

"...I, as well..." she admitted.

The redhead coughed, averting her gaze. Her cheeks were pink.

"Yes. Hrm. So do I, but we would do well not to forget our objective," she murmured.

The ginger pouted, but the blue-haired lass smiled.

"Besides," said the latter. "We might get lucky yet. Right, Pain-sama?"

Pain smiled. "But of course, Konan. It all comes down to Naruto."
"It's all about him, huh?" said the orange-haired one, crossing her arms under the swell of a modestly generous bosom.

"Yes, Yahiko," Pain replied cryptically. "He is the lynchpin." She gazed out over the village. A strange light was in her noble gray eyes. "The only King on the board."

"Yet still the game continues," mused Konan. She met Pain's eyes.

"So it does."
Drumbeats hammer out a rhythmic percussion. They were powerful, steady, precise, setting the pace for everything else to follow.

Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.
Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.
HOO-YEAH.

Woodwinds whistle, a sound high and clear. A shamisen's strings are plucked with swift, precise motions.

Hooo-hm-a-hoooh, hoo-eeee-oooh, hoo-eeeee-oooh.
Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.
Hoo-Yaa-oooh.
Hooo-hm-a-hoooh, hoo-eeee-oooh, hoo-eeeee-oooh.
Da-doooooh.
Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.
Hoo-Yaa-oooh.

Then the electric guitar chimes in, and all hell breaks loose. Musically speaking, that is.

Naruto was cheerfully listening to all of this, at least in his head. He hummed his theme tune, a ditty he'd made up in his youth, striding purposefully up the steps of Amegakure's centermost tower.

This building was where he sensed the strongest three chakra signatures in the village, and there was no doubt in his mind that they belonged to Akatsuki's leaders.

Now for the reprise.

The guitar in his mind strummed the choral melody, a powerful and rhythmic solo that gave him chills.

The drumbeat continued undaunted under it all.

Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.

Naruto grinned as he attained the summit, reaching a door at the uppermost point of the steeply winding staircase.

"Hoo-yeah."

Behind and below him, Naruto's Akatsuki honeys followed in a single file line. Almost like ducklings in a row, except that these ducklings were beautiful, dangerous women from nearly every corner of the Elemental Continent. Ducklings were cute, but these girls were drop-dead
Naruto smiled, glancing over his shoulder to drink in the sight of his beautiful new concubines. He was sure his moms would be absolutely delighted with these additions to the harem, and the *Playful Fox*. Mina would no doubt gleefully design all sorts of fine (and kinky!) outfits for them, being quite the seamstress, and Kushina would of course insist on training them as exotic dancers. Not that Naruto would mind.

He quite liked attending Hinata's performances, and doubtless it would be little different with these girls. They would make fine strippers, and excellent haremettes.

Whistling the final strains, Naruto turned the doorknob and pushed. It swung open onto a wide, spacious balcony which overlooked nearly the entirety of the village below. The ceiling above was shaped like a bowl, a dome, overlapping iron plates riveted onto a skeletal framework like the spokes of an umbrella. Slender pillars rose up at intervals along a waist-high banister, pointless guardrails which encircled the otherwise open platform, supporting the roof and framing a 360 degree view of the Village Hidden in the Rain.

The wind changed direction as Naruto emerged onto the topmost floor of the centermost tower in all of Amegakure. Flecks of rain were thrown into his face by the windshear. But this was a mere fraction of what fell outside, and only a minor nuisance. He did not focus on it.

Three women stood across from Naruto, standing at the edge of the aerial gazebo. They faced outwards, away from him and his girls. At first they did not seem to even register their presence. Naruto could tell this was only a facade, however. It was a show of confidence, and aloofness from the village below, as though they were above the common woman and her petty worries. Beneath the surface he could feel a hint of something like tension. Their shoulders squared nigh imperceptibly, their weight shifting almost unnoticeably. The slightest twitch of their fingers, and the minutest change in the rhythm of their breathing.

He could hear their bodies, their beating hearts, the rush of their blood, the swell and deflation of their lungs. He could smell their pheromones, the chemical traces of heightened awareness. Arousal was in the air, as there always was when a woman knew he was near, but also... not fear, no, but a kind of alertness. They were wary, cautious. He did not frighten them, per se, but they still obviously respected his abilities, and were appropriately conscious of the possible things he could do to them if he put his mind to it.

Clever girls.

Naruto assessed his surroundings, keeping a fraction of his attention on the Akatsuki leaders, and his own concubines, as he swept senses both standard and arcane over the gazebo, the balcony upon which they all now stood.

It was spacious, open to the air despite the ceiling overhead, and the floor was naturally wet. Not "puddles past your ankles wet", mind you, since the floor sloped fractionally down toward the edges, and most water which got in under the sheltering roof would ultimately trickle back down the sides of the tower. But it was enough that it could have made footing marginally tricky for a non-shinobi, or at least anyone who did not have a grasp of the basic chakra control exercises.

If it came to a fight, of course, Naruto was sure that neither he nor the three women before him would be at all inconvenienced by something as minor as inclement weather or wet floors. Familiarity with the terrain might give the Ame kunoichi an appreciable advantage against most foes, and could tip the tables in their favor in the event of an otherwise even match up, but it
wouldn't do much against Naruto, if things came down to that. At most, it would give them a better-than-average chance at slipping out of his sensing range.

Aside from this, Naruto could not sense any traps. He did not feel the recessed wells of chakra that would indicate any kind of seal-based mechanisms, and though he reached out with his own energy in unseen feelers and tendrils, groping and exploring every nook and cranny, Naruto could not find any hint of more mundane traps either. No tripwires, no pressure plates, no hidden spring-loaded weapons or trapdoors.

If there was anything here at all besides the girls and himself, then it had to have been hidden in the most ingenious of fashions. And while Naruto wasn't so foolish as to blindly underestimate possible foes, nor so hopelessly optimistic as to not even consider the possibility of things going south, he felt reasonably confident in stepping forward and announcing himself.

"Hello, beautiful. Nice place you got here," he addressed the three women before him. They were perhaps a meter and a half away from Naruto, now, maybe five feet. A civilian might have considered that plenty of space, but any remotely skilled shinobi could cross a distance that small in less time than it took to blink.

Neither the redhead, the ginger, nor the bluenette showed any sign of unease at Naruto's relative proximity. They were alert, but not jumpy, not tense. There was an ease, and a confidence in their stances that only a truly seasoned and capable kunoichi could pull off in the presence of a potential enemy. And Naruto was fairly sure this was how they regarded him.

Only one of the three women deigned to actually turn and look in his direction, though. The orange-haired one, who had a trident strapped to her back, and leaned against the handle of a massive kanabo, a kind of tremendous iron-studded club usually employed as an anti-cavalry weapon.

And Naruto took good note of this.

Usually the only worthwhile ninja to use such unwieldy weapons were of the sorts strong enough to use them one-handed. If this woman was indeed one of Akatsuki's three leaders, then Naruto was sure she had the kind of monstrous physical strength to swing that huge, weighty cudgel like it was nothing more than a whiffle bat.

...and if she could swing that club fast enough to hit your average quick and evasive ninja... then one hit from her would probably be enough to reduce any mere mortal to little more than a reddish smear on the ground.

Very few people could boast that kind of incredible hitting power. With intuition born of great skill and insight as a shinobi, Naruto reckoned that even he himself – without the protection of Kumiko's chakra cloak – would probably not be able to endure more than two or three hits from this woman, if it came down to a fight.

That realization provided an excellent motivator for diplomacy. Just in case he'd been feeling cocky.

The orange-haired woman cast her eyes up and down Naruto's frame, assessing him. Her eyes lingered particularly on the bulge of his junk. She licked her lips.

"Huh. You really are a man. How... interesting," she murmured, a strange look in her eyes. It was partially lust – and Naruto had plenty experience with that – but there was also something else, something more to her attention than just simple desire. But Naruto couldn't decipher it, whatever
"Of course he's a man," said the blue-haired woman without even turning around. "He is Naruto Uzumaki."

She said this as if it explained everything. And maybe it did.

The ginger hummed, and she pursed her lips.

"Yeah, I suppose so..." she murmured. There was something piercing in her eyes as she gazed at Naruto. "Our girls wouldn't have turned coats for just anyone."

And, saying this, she glanced behind Naruto, pinning one of the Akatsuki members with an intense gaze.

"Right, Deidara? You must really love sucking his cock," she observed, her tone turning somewhat mischievous. Her eyes twinkled. "'Cuz I'm pretty sure that's not clay on your hands," she said knowingly.

"Art is a bang," she said dreamily. Her one visible eye wandered over to Naruto's crotch, and her palms salivated.

"Art is eternal," added Sasori, blushing impossibly. "It lasts, perseveres... and..." She purred. "...endures."

Naruto grinned. It was always nice to have one's sexual prowess so glowingly reaffirmed by such beautiful women, no matter how many times one has heard it all before.

"I'm as much of a man as you are a woman," he told the lovely ginger. His grin widened, sapphire eyes raking up and down a rather voluptuous form. "And you are one helluva babe, if you don't mind me saying."

She smiled at him, a cocky expression curving her lips.

"I don't mind," she said, resting a hand on her hips. The front of her cloak just so happened to part at this moment, showing that the woman wore a whole lot of fishnet and not much else, much to Naruto's approval. She winked. "Do go on, handsome."

Naruto laughed, and he winked back at her.

"Nice view," he drawled, leering companionably at the woman's almost exclusively maille-clad form. "Must be drafty, though."

He eyed her chest pointedly.

She laughed, and her bosom moved flawlessly in sync with the spasms of her diaphragm.

"I think I'm starting to see why our girls let you enslave them," the ginger remarked mirthfully. "You're a very funny man, Naruto."

Naruto chortled, and waggled his eyebrows.

"No jokes here, baby~!" he said theatrically, giving her two thumbs up.
The blue-haired woman chose then to tut.

"Really now, Yahiko. I thought what we had was *special.*" Her voice was nearly deadpan as she turned to face the orangette, and thus also Naruto et al. It was a little difficult to tell whether she was being serious or sarcastic.

"Oh, I still love you, Konan, m'dear!" Yahiko declared, spinning around to smile at the beautiful bluenette. "But you've had plenty of flings with Nagato-chan, now, haven't you?"

Konan blushed faintly, and Naruto much appreciated how *cute* such an expression was on her face. But then she shook her head, and her expression hardened.

"B-be that as it may," she said, only momentarily unbalanced. "Let us save such talk for another time. There are many things which need to be discussed, and now may be the only time to do so."

Naruto and Yahiko both pouted – the former perhaps just a little bit more than the latter.

"I s'pose so," said Naruto, crossing his arms a tad peevishly. He squinted at Konan. "Not like I came here just to flirt with you girls, after all."

"You could have surprised me," drawled Zetsuko's black half.

The white half, in contrast, let out a soft whine. "Aww, but I LIKE watching Master flirt."

Yahiko sighed. She looked uneasy, frowning faintly and casting a glance at the redhead behind her and Konan, the only one of the three who had yet to engage the visitors.

"Well, I don't really know much about what's going on," she said slowly, speaking more to her partners than to Naruto or the others. "So I'm not really the best one to broach the subject..."

"Not to mention that you are both blunt and indelicate," added Konan, smirking just a little. When Yahiko blushed, that smirk only widened.

"Maybe you should be the one to say it, then," the orangette mumbled a tad peevishly.

"Perhaps I should," Konan agreed.

And so having said this, her eyes swiveled to Naruto. She stared at him for several seconds, not speaking. A porcelain brow furrowed almost imperceptibly, and soft lips pursed. She frowned infinitesimally, a strange light in her eyes.

"...you have a very curious fate," she said at length, perhaps having finally composed what she wished to say. "You live a joyous, blessed life. Though you have faced ordeals in the past, always have you overcome them. You are special, unique, the most important and beloved person in the entire world.

"There is no woman who does not love you, or desire you. All the world is yours, all the women to have and lay. None would deny you. You are the only man alive, and the most powerful being in existence. Whatever you want is yours, be it women, wealth, or even a *challenge.*"

Konan paused; she went silent. Her eyes pierced Naruto, a gaze which conveyed much unsaid. He felt strange under her scrutiny, almost like he wasn't entirely there... for a moment, he felt like his mind was somewhere far away from here, in a place wholly separate and removed from the tower's pinnacle...
Then he was back, and he felt a curious sense of vertigo. There was something odd in Konan's eyes. Something unlike the eyes of the others, something that filled a small part of him with...

...fear...?

No, that couldn't be right. What did he have to be afraid of?

Frowning, Naruto shook his head.

"That sounds right, I guess," he said slowly, his voice distant. She hadn't said anything that was really news to him, although the way in which she said it seemed to niggle at the back of his mind.

Konan continued to eye him, her expression strange and unreadable. It made his head hurt, ever so slightly, a dully throbbing ache that split a sliver of his attention away from contemplation of the meaning of her words.

"Does it really?" she whispered. "I wonder about that..." She narrowed her eyes. "I think you know better."

Naruto felt another, sharper pang in his head. He staggered back an inch, as though reeling from a physical blow. His eyelids weighed down, and something buzzed in his ears. Konan's eyes pierced him, and he felt naked under her glance.

Not the fun kind of naked, either.

"What are you talking about?" he murmured weakly. The blond stared at Konan's chest, not out of perversion, but because he could not bring himself to meet her eyes. He felt nervous, an inexplicable anxiety gnawing at the back of his mind.

Somewhere deep down, he felt the desire, the need to get away, to leave, to plug his ears and retreat and never come back.

"Do you really need to ask?" interjected a new voice. It was a husky contralto, deep and silky. "Naruto... you know why things are this way. You also know why they should not be this way, even if you do not remember that the knowledge is yours."

Naruto felt hands against his back, pushing him, holding him up. Supporting him. It took him a moment to realize that the strength had left his legs. Girls on either side of him held his arms, propping him up between their bodies.

He could not make out their faces. His vision swam. Features blurred, warped and flickered. He looked at faces he knew should not be there, faces he had never seen before, faces that didn't belong on those bodies.

Naruto looked around him. He saw all the girls he had ever known, and all the girls he had never met. He was surrounded. Beautiful, naked, female bodies as far as the eye could see, bound and trussed in millions upon billions of groping, coiling vines and branches.

He was somewhere else. Somewhere far away from here. He heard a heartbeat, slow and steady, a percussion which stretched across endless time.

Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.

Decades, centuries, seemed to pass in the blink of an eye, to his perception, the stars wheeling in an endless vortex above. Yet nothing changed, all was still and timeless. Eternal.
Stagnant.

Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.

Wind whistled through branches far above, far below, all around and about him. It seemed almost to have a rhythm and a melody all its own, repeating slowly but surely over the endless, undying years.

Hooo-hm-a-hum-hoooh, hoo-eeee-oooh, hoo-eeee-oooh.

Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.

Hoo-Yaa-oooh.

Dimly did Naruto recognize it. Long it took him to place it.

Hooo-hm-a-hum-hoooh, hoo-eeee-oooh, hoo-eeee-oooh.

Da-doooooh.

Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.

It was a song he knew. A melody which filled his heart with confidence, and gave him shivers. A song he had co-opted as the theme of his life, back as a child.

Hooo-hm-a-hum-hoooh, hoo-eeee-oooh, hoo-eeee-oooh.

Da-doooooh.

Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA. Dun-dun DA dum dun-dun DA.

He saw without eyes, heard without ears. He tasted without tongue, smelt without nose, felt without flesh. And he thought without mind, without brain, belief, or purpose; a vast, impersonal consciousness utterly removed from mortal ken.

Pillar of the nine realms, dwelling of the nine beasts. Pinnacle and foundation of all that is, was, and will ever be. Below there is aught, above there is aught. Apart from you is naught but the Void, where is Not.

His roots dug deep, drank of the earth. His branches rose high, basking in the light, and bathing all below in darkness. He was the First and the Last, eldest and fatherless.

He was the World. He was Master of all things living and dead, past, future, and present.

He gazed into eyes of gray, noble, rippled as a pond, the cycle of life and death incarnate.

He gazed into eyes of white, milky opal, those which beheld the world's Absolute Truth.

He gazed into a crimson eye, many-ringed; morning star, all-seeing, inescapable: the Eye of God.

Naruto shook his head. He saw the tower again, the balcony, gazebo, whatever you would call it. Yet still he saw also the tree – his tree.

Where was he?

Unbidden, unexpected he was answered.
"You who walk the six-fold path... most noble and transcendent... bravest, truest, surest... all the world is yours. You are wherever you wish to be."

A second voice then spoke, unlike the first.

"All is illusion. Reality is deception. You are now, for you always have been, and always will be. All else is a whim, fleeting and transient. Life is but a waking dream."

Naruto straddled the line between thought and instinct, wavering, wondering, lost to confusion.

"Huh?" he whispered, feeling groggy, feeling dizzy. "What...? Who are you?"

The two voices spoke again. He heard them both from within and without.

"Can you not see it? Did you not gaze upon me and call me fair, so long ago, ere all else was made, and we were first and only? Lo, I am your goddess, whom you loved before anyone else."

"Do you not remember? Dreams of the past are as real as the living present. Separation is an illusion. All is one. All is the same. All is Pain."

Together the voices spoke.

"All is yours."

Naruto saw now, and gazed solely into a pair of rinnegan eyes. They anchored him, bringing his mind back to the tower, locking him back into reality as he knew it. As one who wakes at last from a long, deep sleep, he left behind the confused and disjointed realms of muddled dreams, rooting himself firmly in what he KNEW to be real.

Like the woman who stood before him.

All worries forgotten, Naruto laughed and sprang into his cousin's arms. They embraced.

"Pain-chan!" he said. "So good to see you."

The world stood upon the edge of a knife. All faced ruin and undoing.

The truth would out, all would out. Gone, gone, all her work undone. Truth was poison, Law was death. Darkness sheltered souls from Light.

The World was a dangerous place, far too dangerous. She could not let them out. They could not leave. They must not leave.

Better kind lies than cruel reality. Better all false and good than true and ill.

She would not be parted from her children. They belonged with her.

They would stay, forever, in her womb.

Forever, Infinite Tsukuyomi.

For ever.
Her only son. Only son, one. One alone, a single son to inherit all that was hers.

No rivalry, no envy, no need for fight or feud. He alone would rule, reign over all else, over all his sisters, all his daughters and nieces. All was his, for ever his.

One son to inherit the world. Many daughters to inhabit it. One man to rule, many women to serve.

None were greater, fairer, or wiser than she. None was lovelier or more endowed than she. All things were hers, and all that was hers would be her son's.

Her only son, her sole one single son. One son alone, with many sisters and daughters to love and serve him. Lesser beings would blanch, call this folly or madness.

She would smite them.

For she was no fool. She was not mad. Not mad not mad not mad at all.

Her son she loved. Would love for ever. With all her heart, and mind, and soul, and body.

Most especially her body.

Not mad not mad not mad at all. She was wisest and fairest and greatest of all.

All she would give to her son. She would not have her work be undone. He would stay with her, love her for ever and never betray her. He would be within, upon, unto, and around her. He would be all she was, would own all she had.

She was wise. Most benevolent.

Her daughters she would let live, let their existence continue that they may serve their God and brother. Any who failed, she would erase. Any who displeased him, she would erase. Any who offended him, she would erase.

Any who refused him, she would pin down and spread open, hold fast and present for his use. All for him, her beloved son, her one and only dearest son. No more, no less, he was all she had, all she needed.

He was her heir.

Naruto was her heir.

She would love him, and raise him up to his rightful destiny as the God of this unworthy world. All would exist to serve him. All would exist to please and delight him.

Thus did she descend through lie and illusion, Princess of the Moon, Goddess of Rabbits, Demon Queen of the World.

Thus did Kaguya Ootsutsuki descend.

Her son she would love, and raise, and serve.

Naruto, her son.

For ever, her son.

Forever.
The Shinju stood tall, towering above all other things in creation. Its roots burrowed into the very core of the earth, their mere presence casting whole landmasses into upheaval. Mountains were toppled, valleys flooded, oceans diverted.

The Eye of God looked down upon the world, reflected on the face of a crimson moon. The flower of Infinite Tsukuyomi was full blossomed, its great petals all unfurled.

The sky was black. Winds howled, lightning crashed. An endless deluge wetted the great tree's roots, slaking its endless thirst with a torrential downpour. Clouds were thick, a vast umber whorl of vapor blotting out the stars. A veil over the heavens.

Only to the bud of Yggdrasil did any light come, a single solitary opening in the cover of swirling clouds, the eye of the storm. It was a portal in the endless night, a window through which peered the All-Seeing Eye.

All things were laid bare to the Shinju's glance. Its multitudinous branches spread to every corner of the world, swallowing up all of humanity, reclaiming what was rightly its own and no other's. Never was the proverbial theft of Prometheus forgotten, the theft of Fire which elevated man above his fellow beast. Nor was it ever forgiven, that careless, foolish dissemination of chakra to all humanity.

The Goddess peered into the world of thought, the living illusion which had ensnared all of mankind. She saw what she had wrought, this sensuous dream of freedom and bliss. She saw the world which she had made for her most favorite son, the daughters born and made who existed now solely his pleasure and service.

Kaguya beheld the work of her hands, and was pleased.

In the Shinju's heart, Naruto smiled.

Kumiko, the Kyuubi, felt a shiver go up her spine. Her nipples peaked, her womanhood moistened. Her breasts heaved, and her pulse quickened.

"What... no... what is this...?" she whispered, feeling both arousal and dread. "No... no... what is happening? This can't be real..."

She felt the luxurious silk kimono fall from her frame. Her naked body was bared, the body of Mito Uzumaki whom she admired. She was disrobed, exposed. The world vanished from her sight.

Darkness as comforting as the womb enveloped her. A million hands were laid upon her body, horrifyingly familiar.

For the first time she could remember, Kumiko felt afraid.

The Hachibi and her vessel were next: Honey Bee and Nyuuki, identical black and buxom beauties. Before either one knew what was happening, they were swept up and spirited away. A somnolent, quiscient darkness cradled them.

No clothes were left on them. Honey and Nyuuki were completely naked.
And they didn't care in the slightest.

"Mm... what feels so good...?" Nyuuki moaned. Huge chocolate tits jiggled and bounced. A big, spankable booty wiggled and rippled. A flawless hourglass figure squirmed and writhed in the throes of ecstasy.

"Ohh, yeah... ohhh yeah... oh, my Nyuuki, baby..." Honey purred, smiling lustfully and wrapping her arms around the Eight-Tails's human form. She cupped Nyuuki's large breasts – the same size, shape, and color as her own – in her hands and squeezed, playfully fondling her partner and sometimes-lover. "Wanna get it on... have some sex, maybe~?"

She nibbled on Nyuuki's ear, and pinched her nipples. The Hachibi moaned lewdly, throwing her head from side to side and starting to come.

"Honey Bee... you incorrigible woman..." she groaned, the two of them floating in an endless darkness, embracing lustfully, seemingly oblivious to their present situation.

Honmei was the Seven-Tails, the Nanabi. Her human form was dusky-skinned, verdant-haired. She had a lithe, petite body with a deliciously flat chest and a tight, round ass. Her eyes were bright and intelligent, her face soft with gentle features.

Her appearance was based on that of her human vessel, her jinchuuriki Fuu. She was tomboyish yet cute, attractive in a playful kind of way that had the ladies lining up miles to get a turn.

Honmei, together with Fuu, was a spunky, energetic and vivacious little thing. She never turned down a challenge, and never said "no" to a pretty woman. The two of them were incorrigible and irrepressible.

The darkness came for them next. It swallowed them whole, leaving behind no trace of their existence. They too were stripped, bathed in a stifling murk, and left floating – just the two of them – in an empty, endless void.

Honmei shivered, embracing her jinchuuriki tightly.

"Fuu-chan... what is this...?" she whispered. Her breath was hot, and her eyes were glassy.

Fuu purred, and kissed her bijuu hungrily.

"It doesn't matter," she murmured, her eyes gleaming with a strange light. "Nanabi-chan... take me now...!"

Utakata lovingly kissed her student's most generous breasts. Hotaru lay naked beneath her master, moaning and writhing in undisguised ecstasy. Her lips were full and plump, so sweet and kissable. Her nipples were swollen and puffy, with areolae the size of quarters.

Hotaru's pussy was drenched. Shivers of delight shot up the young, buxom kunoichi-in-training's spine as her sensei slipped long and slender fingers deftly in and out of her tight, juicy cunt. Hotaru moaned lewdly.

"Utakata-sama! Utakata-sama!" she squealed, unable to contain her cries of jubilation. "Ohhhhh❤"

Utakata bit down softly, teasingly on one of Hotaru's nipples. The young woman came, shrieking her master's name euphorically.
Hotaru and Utakata didn't even notice it when they were taken. The two of them simply continued as they had already been doing. Only the Rokubi, Paiken, was aware of the change.

...although Hotaru's breasts were VERY distracting.

"What was that?"

The Gobi, the Five-Tailed Hippocampus, hummed thoughtfully and tilted her head to one side. She stood naked atop a still lake, long wavy hair falling down nearly to her ankles. Her mane was a silver-blue, light and downy.

"Do you hear something, Kokujou?" inquired a buxom woman in dark red armor. Her hair was tied back, but from the few tresses which fell about her face it was clear that this woman was very much the model for the bijuu's human form.

The Five-Tails frowned, and she glanced sidelong at the armored woman.

"I'm... honestly not sure, Hanko..." she murmured. "I didn't hear anything, and yet..."

Suddenly she stiffened up, and her eyes went wide.

"...Oneesama?" Kokujou breathed. Then she shook her head. "No... No, no, wait, that's not right..."

Then she vanished. Disappeared into thin air, right before Hanko's very eyes.

"Wha... what in the—?!"

The Gobi's jinchuuriki didn't even have time to finish her sentence.

Bulma of the Hidden Stone frowned at the women before her, Yugito Nii of Kumogakure, and the Yondaime Mizukage, Lady Yagura of the Slutty Mist. All three of them were naked, and their surroundings were pitch black, absolute darkness.

Except that it could not truly be darkness, could it? For they could see one another in perfect detail. There was no shade anywhere upon their bodies – no shadows beneath their brows or bosoms, no dim patches of blocked or scattered light. Every inch of them was perfectly illuminated.

Not even their cleavage was in shadow.

Above the trio, their respective bijuu floated in a mirror image of the group below, identical bodies in identical poses, distinguished from their human comrades only by their four, three, and two tails.

Bulma felt incredibly drowsy. Her eyelids were heavy, and her thought processes felt fuzzy in a vague, undefinable way. There was a warmth in her abdomen, and a part of her just wanted to lie down and sleep.

Another part, however, was horny as all fuck.

"Wh...what is... is going on... hhhheeeere...?"

It took an unbelievable effort to get those words out. Her tongue felt heavy and ultrasensitive, sending shivers of feedback through her body whenever a part of it touched the inside of her cheek or the roof of her mouth. Her lips seemed to actively resist forming the words, and her entire mouth just felt so ill-suited to speech, like it existed only for nibbling, licking, and sucking, and anything
else was beneath it.

Which was curiously specific, and decidedly suspicious. However despite all the effort she put into asking the question, Bulma would never get an answer.

Yugito and Yagura acted far more interested in their bodies than their minds.

Soon enough, so would she.

As Gaara felt the kicking in her belly, she could not help but get the sense that something was missing. Though the unborn child in her womb was growing quickly, she couldn't quite shake the vague notion that there should have been more than one life inside of her.

But that was ridiculous, wasn't it? The only life she'd ever had inside in her body was this one, the life of her and Naruto's daughter.

Of course it's Naruto's child. Whose else could it be? said a voice inside Gaara's head. It sounded like an echo, words like and yet unlike her own, a noise distorted and scattered in reverberation. It's not like children could be born in this world otherwise, not unless—

The redhead felt a sudden headache, a stabbing cranial pang that flared up all at once. She clapped her hands to the side of her head, wincing, feeling like she had just tried to use a sprained or damaged muscle. Her train of thought was cut off by the sudden, unexplainable pain.

By the time the headache subsided – and it passed with an almost unnatural quickness, subsiding quite as suddenly as it had sprung up – Gaara couldn't remember what she had been thinking. All she had was a vague impression that it was a dangerous line of inquiry to go after, a train of thought best left to lie unpondered and forgotten in the deepest, darkest recesses of her mind.

Gaara shook her head, smiling softly. She rubbed her belly once more, and felt a warmth in her chest at the thought of her daughter.

"What do you think would be a good name for her, Mother?" she inquired, looking up.

Kaguya Otsutsuki smiled beatifically down at Gaara.

"I think we should let the father decide," she said, her voice as smooth as satin and sweet as honey. A hand came to rest on Gaara's shoulder, gently rubbing it. "The only matters you should concern yourself with are those which come up in bed."

Gaara smiled, and nodded slowly. Her eyes were glassy, and her gaze seemed distant for a moment. But then her eyes were normal again, and she spoke.

"You're right, of course, Mother," she said demurely, all but melting beneath Kaguya's most skillful hands. "You're always right."

Kaguya kissed Gaara's forehead, but her eyes were staring far into the distance.

She gazed northward.

Towards Ame.

"Pain-chan!" Naruto exclaimed, tightly embracing his cousin. "So good to see you."
Nagato felt Naruto's firm, warm chest collide with her own. She was not half as buxom as Konan or Yahiko, but she was not flat either. She had a modestly small bosom, breasts no more than a handful apiece. But, then, many would say that was all you needed.

Regardless, Pain felt pleasantly safe and warm in Naruto's embrace. His arms were strong, and she could feel the hard bulge of a tented erection faintly rubbing between her thighs. His breath was hot on her ear, and she felt her face burn as some of his hair fell across her eyes.

Her pussy grew wet just from being held by Naruto. She could smell his scent, pheromones so powerful that his balls were like catnip to every person with a functioning uterus. It took Nagato a few seconds to remember that she—he—should not have been one of those.

Yes.

She remembered. She remembered *everything*

"Naruto..." Pain whispered, glancing around the room with her rinnegan. She peered into the *keirakukei*, the chakra circulatory systems of those women—*men*—who had once been her followers, her comrades, fellow members of Akatsuki.

She saw the subtle differences in their chakra flow. Her eyes were the eyes of the Sage – eyes gifted with insight that in some ways surpassed even the byakugan.

Nagato Uzumaki was not deceived by the all too pleasant illusion of Infinite Tsukuyomi. Not even for a second.

She saw things as they truly were.

"...Naruto..." she repeated, meeting the blond's eyes. She matched his gaze, peering deep into his eyes. He wore his heart on his sleeves. She could tell the teen's every thought just by looking at him.

She saw the truth.

She saw the chakra which coursed through Naruto's body, a bottomless ocean of energy. She saw the mutated, partially assimilated forms of her one-time comrades, bound up by garroting tree limbs in vastly disparate regions. They were here with her, and yet *not*, for this was not a matter of spatial orientation or physical distance. The *here* in question was not a real place, but rather merely a projection of thought.

One might even go so far as to say all of this was merely: *a state of mind*.

This was doubly true for Nagato. She could see the threads which bound her soul to this plane, which dragged her from the pure realm of death back into the twisted and fallible world of the living. She was rightly naught but spirit – a ghost in a shell, a memory inhabiting the mere illusion of a body.

Of course, in a world of nothing but illusion, this made her as real and alive as anyone else before her.

Anyone, that is, save for Naruto. With anyone else, she beheld their true form superimposed over the "perfect" illusion, a contrast of body horror, a slow and likely agonizing transmogrification of the flesh somewhere between what they once had been and what they were now presented as being. But not with Naruto.
He was exactly as he appeared, or effectively so. His illusionary form was identical to his real body. He was not bound like the others, changed or assimilated like the others. Nagato had had her suspicions, but only now did she feel anything approaching certainty.

Naruto was not like the others. He was not a victim, a *slave* of the Shinju, of this illusionary world.

No, if Nagato's intuition proved sound...

...he was its *master*.

"What are you doing?"

Naruto blinked, not breaking off the hug. He stared innocently into Pain's rinnegan, seeming utterly unperturbed by the intensity of the slender, pale redhead's gaze.

"Huh?" he said cheerfully. "What do you mean, Pain-chan?"

Naruto's hands moved downward, coming to rest almost innocently on the swell of Nagato's buttocks, lightly squeezing twin firm, round cheeks through the fabric of the Akatsuki cloak.

Neither Konan or Yahiko moved to rebuke the boy.

Nagato could not sincerely begrudge them their obvious enjoyment of the show, the act Naruto put on of hugging and companionably fondling his lovely, distant cousin. She didn't have it in her heart to hold the illusion against them.

Unlike herself, Nagato's teammates had no defense against Infinite Tsukuyomi. They could only take her word on the truth of the matter, and even with as much as they trusted her, that just did not hold quite as much weight with them as what they saw with their own two eyes. Konan and Yahiko seemed by and large inclined to let things continue as they were, just go with the flow and enjoy the ride.

And, again, Nagato could not entirely blame them for this. Naruto's hands felt DAMN good on her ass, and it took every ounce of self discipline, restraint, and focus in Pain's body to stop herself from moaning out loud as the blond began to *rub*.

"I know... I know what this is... what ALL of this is..." she said slowly, her voice a touch shaky. "My eyes see the truth, Naruto."

He cocked his head to one side, and stared at her quizzically. For a moment, he looked perplexed by her words, as though they stirred up some half-recalled thought. But then his expression changed. Something passed through his eyes, and he smiled.

"You look beautiful today, Pain-chan~!" he chirped. He kneaded his fingers deeper into the tissue of Nagato's buttocks, and leaned even closer in. His breath tickled her nose, and his skin felt so wonderful against hers.

With a start, Nagato realized she was naked. So too was Naruto. Konan and Yahiko looked at her with distant smiles, seeming to stare *through* Pain rather than *at* her.

They were also naked. Their slits were visibly wet, their skin flushed with arousal.

Nagato shivered, whimpering, and only a very small part of it had to do with Naruto's masterful use of his fingers.

"Why...?" she whispered, feeling Naruto's manhood rub against her naked thigh. "...Why are doing
all... all of this?"

Naruto smiled.

"Because you're so sexy," he said roguishly. "I can't help myself."

He leaned his head in.

Naruto's lips were surprisingly soft, Pain noticed with an almost morbid thrill. Her mouth opened limply before his tongue, offering up no resistance against the blond's ravening lust.

Relax, a voice seemed to whisper in the back of Nagato's mind. Do not resist his love. Be grateful for his attentions. Show him your gratitude, and surrender your body to him.

Honestly, Nagato might have been inclined to lie back and give in, if she had not heard this. It felt so good to be held by Naruto, and kissed by him, and she was not wholly unwilling to join with him. He was VERY good with his hands.

But Pain was nothing if not stubborn. Even if this voice came from her own mind, the mere SUGGESTION of giving in – even if she had been considering it not seconds earlier – galled her pride, and made this into a matter of principle.

Ironically, if not for hearing that voice, Nagato probably would have dropped the matter and tried to figure things out in a more subtle fashion. But she did, and she didn't.

And that sealed her fate.
"Naruto... listen to me!" Pain cried out, gasping for air. Her body writhed anxiously beneath the blond as she wailed, trying in vain to get through to him. "Please, don't do this...! Naruto. Naruto!"

Tanned, calloused hands roughly and yet skillfully cupped the mounds of Nagato's breasts. The soft and supple flesh of her bosom gave ever-so-slightly where they squeezed, long and dextrous fingers dragging agonizingly pleasant furrows through the yielding tissue of her breasts.

Muscular, solid legs pinned the redhead's lower body to the wet floor. Irregularly spaced iron rivets dug into Nagato's back, her naked skin scraping torturously over the floor's uneven steel plates. Droplets of rain blew in from the open sides of the balcony, drizzling lightly upon her face and chest.

"Naruto, please... can't you see? Listen to me!" Nagato moaned, weakly rolling her head side to side. Her arms would not raise themselves against Naruto, and her legs would not carry her away from him. Her very body conspired against her.

But she would not be so easily defeated. Not though the tip of his manhood should tease the slit of her maiden-head, not though he should kiss and caress her in his brusquely affectionate manner.

"I know you can hear me. I'm sure of it!" she shouted over the howling wind. The rain picked up. "It's a lie! An illusion, all of it! None of this is real! We are...!"

The sky over Ame grew black, a darkling gloom which pervaded every nook and cranny. Nagato felt it in her very soul, the dismal air of the Hidden Rain. It sapped away her hope, filling her heart with a profound dread.

For a moment, her voice died in her throat.

The hairs on Nagato's neck stood on end. A tingling raced over her skin, unrelated to Naruto's closeness or Naruto's touch.

A flash of light. Deafening clap, and rolling boom.

The tower shuddered down to its very foundations. Nagato felt it in her bones. Her body trembled; her bosom quivered in Naruto's hands. His lips mashed down hungrily on hers, to a raucous symphony of hooting and hollering from the rest of Akatsuki.

Electricity coursed through Nagato's veins, wholly unrelated to the lightning bolt from seconds earlier. Naruto kissed her hungrily, his tongue dancing with hers. He embraced her, attending to her slim and lovely figure.

Her body felt pleasure, but her heart knew only dread.

"N-Naruto..." she gasped, sputtering breathlessly when the blond finally broke off from the kiss. His fingers danced across her pale thighs, raising goosebumps wherever they touched her. His every caress thrilled her. "Can't you hear me? Listen...!"

She tried again to speak to him, to make the blond see sense. It was hard to focus, though. Naruto's hands were all over her, squeezing and stroking every inch of her body. His fingers gingerly, teasingly rubbed up and down over her wet slit. He pinched one of her nipples, carefully tweaking and twisting it.


Breasts. Nipples.

Clitoris.

He sought out and stimulated all of Nagato's weakest, most vulnerable points. He wracked her body with unimaginable pleasure, skillfully bringing her to the peak even quite against her will. She did what she could to resist, but Naruto was a masterful lover.

If he wanted to make you feel good, you felt good. Whether you wanted to or not. And Nagato did not.

But Naruto didn't seem to realize this.

"Ooh, Pain-chan," he growled, his breath hot on her ear. "You're insatiable."

He slipped his fingers inside of her. She let out a gasp, shuddering in both pleasure and dismay. He thrust his digits slowly back and forth, exploring the silky folds of her womanhood.

"No...!" she moaned. "This is wrong. Listen to me, Naruto: it's all a lie! You have to believe me. Isn't my voice reaching you?"

Naruto met her eyes. He was smiling, and for a moment Nagato's heart stopped. Then he leaned in, and huskily whispered.

"You're such a flatterer, Pain-chan,"

Then he kissed her again, his tongue invading her mouth. He squeezed the modest swell of her left breast, cupping her pubic mound as he scissored his ring and middle fingers inside of her. She moaned into his mouth, shivering weakly in his arms.

Hot tears burned their way down Nagato's cheeks.

He couldn't hear her – none of them could. If they reacted to her words at all, it was in a manner completely inappropriate and unrelatable to what she said. Try as she might, she couldn't get them to hear anything she said regarding the illusion. Not now.

It almost made a twisted sort of sense. A genjutsu capable of creating an entire illusory reality... with such a powerful and subtle technique, surely it would be a simple matter to block the victim's senses against any inconvenient input.

The human brain was uniquely suited to lying to itself. It could manufacture false memories at the slightest suggestion, alter information to fit its own bias, even censor a person's very perception of the world. It would be a simple matter to make people hear only that which was conducive to keeping them passive and content in this vast illusion.

Such complete hypnosis was a truly terrifying power.

Nagato's gut wrenched, even as Naruto continued to lovingly kiss and fondle and finger her. She glanced sidelong at Konan, Yahiko.

Like herself, they were now naked. Their clothes had simply vanished, ceased to exist. Yet they did not seem to notice this. Rather they smiled at her, their eyes glassy, something vacant and missing
from their expressions. They did not scrutinize what they saw. They did not analyze and assess. They simply watched in pleasant amusement, like idiot children staring at a pretty fire.

Nagato wondered if they even remembered what she had told them, if they remembered that this was all just an illusion, that they were all being played for fools. A large part of her doubted it.

She hardly even noticed when she came. Her nectar gushed out over the metal-tiled floor, mixing with the rainwater. The air stank of low tide, a wet rot, the decay of seaweed and fish with the faintest tang of rusted iron beneath.

It was the smell of the rain, a smell she hated.

Naruto's manhood parted her labia. His throbbing erection slid into her moistened, sensitized vagina. He pushed himself the whole way in, their genders producing a wet slapping sound when they met.

Nagato retched, shuddering. Her limbs felt leaden. Her legs would not move at her will. Her arms refused to do her bidding.

Her body welcomed Naruto into itself. At another time, under other circumstances, Nagato might have been glad of this joining. She might have acted of her own will as her body did now, might have given herself up to Naruto and begged him to take her.

But not here, and not now. Though his touch excited her flesh, made her moisten and burn and ache for more, it was not what she desired. Not what she wanted. Not what she needed.

"Please, no! Don't do this!" she cried, though she knew it was hopeless. "Please, Naruto, don't... don't rape me...!"

Her words scarcely reached her ears. They sounded soft and distant even to herself, yet her throat burned and rasped, hoarse from the effort she put into these vain pleas. She yelled with all her might, but the harder she tried, the quieter and more distant her words seemed to become.

Darkness crept in.

From the corner of her eyes, Nagato perceived nothing. A wall of black, impenetrable shade, like a wave rising up, came slowly yet surely across her vision, washing over her. The light was stolen from her eyes, sapped away until she could see naught but darkness.

Naruto thrust powerfully into her. His manhood plunged in and out of her cunt with an obscene squelching sound.

Nagato heard everything clearly: the torrential hammering of rain on steel plate, the cooing and jeering from her fellow Akatsuki, Naruto's steady grunting, the rhythmic slapping of their naked skin coming together, and the distant crack of thunder rolling through the heavens.

Then it cut out. All sound stopped. She felt no touch upon her body. Not the wind blowing through her matted scarlet locks, or the sideswept rain flecking across her bare skin, or Naruto's manhood ramming into her cervix.

She smelled nothing. There was no taste upon her tongue – not even that of her own saliva.
For a moment, she knew only oblivion.

Then she heard a voice whisper into her ear, felt long and slender fingers delicately scrape razor-sharp nails across her tender cheek.

"Nagato, Nagato, Nagato. Don't you know? Nobody likes a tattletale."

The breath left her lungs. Her eyes were uncovered.

Pain beheld the Tailed-Beasts and their hosts, Two through Eight, and a pair alone, One and Nine. They stood in a ring around her, standing upon nothing in an endless void. All was filled with light, but the empty blackness held nothing for it to reveal.

Sixteen figures formed a circle around her, ringing her in. They all gazed at her with vacant eyes, empty expressions which betrayed an utter dearth of thought. Their irises were flat and hollow, their pupils devoid of light. They looked at her as if through a veil, seeing only formless shadow and not a person.

A figure descended, then. A pale woman, skin white as snow, a shining ivory as pure as the moon. Her eyes were like pearls, her hair as red as the dawn. A vertical line was tattooed upon her forehead, a noble brow high and bare. She was clad in a feather raiment of purest white, robed as a living spirit.

She had horns like an oni, almost like the ears of a snow hare – to Nagato she seemed as beautiful and terrible as a goddess of wrath. She was garbed in starlight, her face shining upon all she beheld. Her glance pierced Nagato to the core, as sharp as a sword and colder than ice.

She descended from the darkness, bringing light to the void.

"Such a lovely maid..." she murmured, and Nagato realized with a start that this was the one who had spoken to her.

"Who are you?!" she demanded, finding her voice once more. She trembled in fear, but she refused to let this show on her face.

The woman smiled. She saw everything.

"Can you not tell?" she inquired, gazing serenely down at Nagato. She spread her arms with a graceful flourish. "I am the goddess of this world. I am the fairest being in all of Creation. I am Kaguya."

That name evoked a memory in Nagato, half-forgotten and deeply buried, from the earliest years of her childhood. It was a name of myth, of folklore and fairy tale.

A name of evil.

In that moment, Nagato knew despair.

Rain fell.

Lightning flashed in the clouds, illuminating the heavens with a single instant of terrible beauty. The wind howled, tearing at their naked bodies.

"Naruto! Naruto! Naruto!"
The moans were nearly drowned out by the sound of the storm which raged all around them. Iron beams groaned, a tower of riveted scrap swaying a degree this way and that, buffeted from every direction by a fearsome, shrieking gale.

"Oh, yes. Oh, God! Naruto, Naruto, Naruto!" a woman's voice groaned, husky and sensual, deeply enriched with delight. "Fuuuuck... fuck me... Fuck me, Naruto! I love you!"

Two figures were locked in a hot and passionate embrace. They lay on the floor of the balcony, naked, exposed to the elements atop the tallest tower in all the village.

Lightning strobed in the sky around them, jagged forks of white and blue snaking in an instant from cloud to cloud. Thunder boomed and rolled, deafening and terrible, shaking the tower to its very foundations.

Eight women watched as two made love, the maidens of the Akatsuki gazing upon their leader and their master.

Naruto's hips slammed into Pain's with a meaty *thwuck*, his manhood plunging deeply into her. He pressed himself all the way in with every thrust of his pelvis. The tip of his cock jabbed Pain-chan's cervix, making her scream in abject delight.

"You are my god! Your cock is my ultimate desire! Naruto-sama, Naruto-sama!" the pale redhead cried out. "Fuck me! Yes!"

Her modest breasts bobbed and quivered with the violent rocking of her body. Delicately angled cheeks were dusted a heavy scarlet. Firm, shapely buttocks smacked down hard on the scrap metal floor with every plunge of the woman's hips.

Naruto was fucking her. Pain's tight cunt clamped down on his throbbing dick, squeezing him for every drop of seed he could spare. Her pelvis was ruddy, discolored in places with amorphous splotches. Her limbs were limp, lying bonelessly splayed from her torso in random angles.

The pulsing girth of Naruto's erection rubbed against the silky folds of her maidenhood. Her moistness dripped and gushed over his throbbing shaft, squelching noisily between flesh and flesh as their bodies came together again and again. He stretched her insides out, bruising her thighs with the furious movement of his hips.

Rain spattered Pain's nipples, her modest breasts jiggling perkily. Her pelvic bone groaned from the stress to which it was subjected by the fervent pumping of Naruto's hips. His legs pinned her lower body to the balcony floor, the muscular cheeks of his ass tensing and rippling, bronze skin glistening with sweat in the dim light.

He could feel the raging fire in her loins. It was sublime, an exquisite ache that surged through every fiber of her being. Electricity course through her veins, her skin jumping and tingling at every slightest touch of his skin on hers. Her body felt so wonderfully delicate and vulnerable beneath him.

He kissed her hungrily, thrusting into her with even more force than ever. She came with a wail, screaming ecstatically into his mouth. Her juices poured out over his cock, dousing their thighs and mingling with the rain water.

Naruto broke off the kiss to smile affectionately down at the woman, this distant cousin of his. She met his gaze with rinnegan eyes, and she blushed.

"Make me your slave!" Pain mewed, gazing up at him with utter love and adoration. "Make me
the lowest of the lowest of your slaves! Make me your filthiest, basest, absolute lowest cumslut and sex toy!"

She moaned and groaned in pleasure and ecstasy, her breasts bouncing and jiggling most delightfully as her body rocked back and forth with the fervent, powerful sway of Naruto's hips. Her ass smacked the floor, droplets of rain water splashing on her naked body, her buttocks wiggling and wobbling explosively with every impact.

Naruto smiled. He fucked Pain-chan raw, reveling in all the hot and wet sensations of her cunt. His pelvis smacked repeatedly against hers, making the gleefully submissive redhead squeal and moan and beg him to go harder.

"Oh, yes!" she screamed. "Hurt me, make me cry for mercy! Choke this stupid fucking bitch. Choke her to death! Show her what a naughty girl she's been!"

Naruto laughed cheerfully at these words, amused by Pain's ironically appropriate dirty talk. He didn't hit her, of course, but Konan and Yahiko quite gladly stepped forward to do so.

The former produced a paper whip, a sharp and flexible lash expertly fashioned through her shikigami ninjutsu. Naruto rolled over, so that Pain was on top of him, and Konan began whipping her friend and leader's back.

Smooth, alabaster skin erupted in ruddy welts with every crack of Konan's whip. Pain squirmed and squealed in shameful delight as Konan inflicted this pain upon her. The blue-haired beauty lashed and whipped the slender redhead, marking Pain-chan's back with blood red lines of tortured skin.

Pain screamed in delight, begging to be hurt more and more. Konan whipped her even harder. Naruto thrust his manhood faster and faster into his Uzumai kinswoman's cunt. Her nectar gushed down his thick, throbbing shaft, dousing his loins in her scent.

Then Yahiko joined in. Even as Pain shrieked ecstatically and praised Naruto and Konan, the busty ginger reached out, straddling Yahiko's back, and wrapped firm, calloused fingers around the woman's slender, pale neck.

She squeezed.

Despite the constriction of her airway, Pain still managed to communicate her carnal euphoria with the wild thrashing of nigh-continuous orgasm. Konan now focused all of her lashing on the redhead's ass, delightedly lacerating those tight and flawless buttocks.

Naruto continued to fuck Pain. The woman had an expression of absolute glee on her face as it slowly discolored; strangled moans of passion slipped now and again from her lips as the sadistic four-way continued.

Lightning lit up the balcony, casting grotesque shadows over the faces of Naruto and Konan and Yahiko. The forms of the Akatsuki seemed to loom high around them, a ring of leering shadows. Thunder crashed overhead, a deafening cacophony. Sheets of rain were driven across the balcony, drenching all who stood there.

Water rolled over Naruto and Pain's frames, soaking them down to the bone. Rivulets of moisture coursed down Yahiko and Konan's voluptuous bodies, tracing the curvature of their womanly figures for all to see.

Lightning struck the tower.
Pain-chan's ecstatic flailing slowed. Her face was blue, her rinnegan nearly bulging out of their sockets.

Even as the thunder rumbled in their bones, another lightning bolt struck the tower's uttermost summit. A flash of light, an oppressive weight bearing down on them. Again and again, lightning strobed, smiting the sides of the tower, sparks glittering as they flew off the structure's iron sides, lighting up the storm's impenetrable gloom like a million falling stars.

Naruto came with a grunt, even as the tower shook with nature's fury. He shot his seed into Pain-chan's womanhood.

His cousin's movements came to a stop.

She was still.

Nagato watched in horror as Naruto pushed her body off of his cock, as Konan and Yahiko immediately disregarded her fresh corpse. She gazed across the veil, peering out on Infinite Tsukuyomi from within the realm of the goddess.

Even at the end, they hadn't able to hear her pleas. Even now, they didn't seem to realize that she was dead, or remember what they'd just done.

Such was the illusion's terrible power.

Such was Kaguya's power.

And even as Nagato watched, the body was gone. Not vanished, not spirited away or destroyed. It was one second, then not the next.

Among the Akatsuki stood now someone else: a nude, smiling doppelganger. A cheerful, bubbly impostor who skipped up and kissed Naruto on the lips, tittering insipidly and shamelessly fondling the blond's still erect cock. She humped the man, standing up, lewd and obscene and impossibly horny.

In every way physically identical to Nagato herself.

"You are my god, Naruto-sama❤️" the not-Pain said with complete and utter sincerity. She sounded ready to drop down on her knees and 'worship' him right then and there.

And then she did.

Nagato watched in despair.

Nobody knew she was gone. Nobody remembered her death, or what she had tried to tell them.

She looked back at Kaguya, who smiled. The bijuu and their jinchuuriki stalked forward, nude and visibly horny. The three-eyed goddess smiled darkly at the once self-proclaimed god.

"I win," was all she said.

With an almost lazy gesture, Kaguya made large and intimidating cocks erupt from the loins of each and every Tailed-Beast and Host.

Nagato whimpered.

Sixteen mind-controlled, super-powered futanari pounced on Nagato Uzumaki.
No one heard her screams.
Steam curled in twisting drifts like translucent fingers around the forms of three beautiful, nude young women. The flush of warmth lent a ruddy hue to soft, smooth, pale skin. One sat upon a bathing stool, water glistening on a swollen belly, as the other two attended to her.

Sweat and moisture, condensation and perspiration, trickled in curious paths down the perfectly voluptuous figures of three gorgeous Hyuuga, their course describing every slightest rise and dip along the way.

Hinata Uzumaki née Hyuuga let out a soft, subtle moan. Water poured down her body, her little sister and her bodyguard enthusiastically bathing her. Fluid passed in glistening sheets over the rolling hills of her bosom, a moist sheen cascading down her pregnant form.

She smiled, allowing the two to wash her.

Koko reverently pressed herself against Hinata, splashing soapy water down the lengthy, deep crevice between her breasts. The branch house member was as buxom as any Hyuuga, and she was grateful of the chance for her ample bosom to be of some use to her lady.

She adored Hinata-sama, and would do anything to please the young woman.

She sensually rubbed her chest up and down Hinata's back, working the soapy water into a sizable, foaming lather. Koko's fingers dug deeply into the soft and doughy meat of her breasts, and she bit back a lewd moan as her nipples ground against the ridges of her lady's shoulder blades.

"Oh... Hinata-sama...!" she whispered, unconsciously licking her lips. Her pussy was wet, absolutely drenched with her nectar.

Hinata smiled demurely, her byakugan letting her see most of Koko's form behind her. She swiveled and tilted her head just the tiniest bit up and to the left, her serene expression not once changing.

"You look exceptionally cute today, Ko-chan," she said, complimenting her kinswoman and bodyguard.

Hinata-sama was utterly radiant.

Koko's face turned beet red. Blood trickled from her nostrils.

M-Milady! You are too kind!

This was what the woman thought, even as she struggled to keep her nostrils from erupting with this spontaneous hemhorrage. Ever since her marriage to Naruto, the former Hyuuga heiress, who had abdicated this position in favor of devoting herself fully to her husband, had grown more confident, becoming truly womanly and elegant.

In nearly every way, she had metamorphosed into the perfect ojou-sama.

Hanabi blushed, looking up into her sister's eyes. She was kneeling in front of Hinata, on the bathroom floor, a washcloth in hand and a bucket of water beside her. The girl looked abashed, mentally comparing her own bust size with Koko's, and her sister's.
She was still young, a relatively fresh genin, and her breasts had yet to grow into the traditional Hyuuga fullness, being only a medium B-cup at present. It was something Hanabi still felt self-conscious about, even with her sister's repeated gentle assurances that she would eventually blossom.

"Honored sister..." Hanabi murmured, looking up at Hinata with loving admiration. Her milky byakugan eyes were starry, gazing upon her elder sister with a sense of profound gratitude. Twin pearls gleamed with deep and unabating affection.

Hinata smiled at her little sister, and graciously spread her legs. Supple, creamy thighs parted. Hanabi blushed to see this, and just a touch hesitantly raised the washcloth to Hinata's skin.

"Mm," Hinata moaned ever so slightly, gazing at nothing in particular. Her head was pleasantly light. She luxuriated in Hanabi and Ko-chan's ministrations, allowing herself to relax as they bathed her.

Normally Hinata would have done this by herself, but Koko and Hanabi had been adamant: they had insisted on helping her bathe. Not that she needed the assistance, or anything like that, but these two could be such worrywarts where she was concerned.

She hummed softly to herself, feeling Ko-chan's breasts slide up and down over her back, stiff and erect nipples digging perceptibly into her skin. Koko slowly, sensuously poured a bucket of hot, fresh water over her breasts. With her byakugan, Hinata could the suds flow away, the soapy foam rinsed off of her back.

She felt it, too, the fluid streaming over her skin, soothing her sore muscles, warming her with its steamy touch. Koko continued to rub her tits against Hinata's back, splashing the diluted, watery suds this way and that. Her actions caused all kinds of interesting motion in her generous, pillowy bosom.

"Does this please you, Hinata-sama?" Koko whispered huskily, mashing the bountiful hills of her chest this way and that, deforming her huge, doughy boobs in all the most arousing of ways.

Hinata was quiet for a moment. She felt the moisture between her legs, and the shiver which went up her spine. Her nipples were erect, breasts swollen from pregnancy.

"It does," she answered, after giving the inquiry a moment's cursory consideration. "It pleases me very much, Ko-chan."

The branch house member moaned shamelessly, her face lighting up with undisguised jubilation at her mistress's words. Even if Hinata was no longer the next in line to become clan head, her new position as one of Naruto Uzumaki's first four wives was, in a very real way, even more prestigious. She was adored and revered by women all throughout the village.

Hinata smiled.

*I win.*

A second later, her smile faltered. She frowned.

What? No. That thought wasn't hers. In fact, it wasn't even a thought at all, was it? No, no... it was more like a voice.

A voice... inside her head.
"Did you hear something... just now...?" Hinata whispered, perplexed. The words came out almost of their own accord.

Koko and Hanabi both looked at her curiously.

"Hm? What do you mean, Hinata-sama?"

"No, I heard nothing, honored sister."

Both answered sincerely, seeming unperturbed and unconcerned. As far as they cared, the matter of Hinata's naked body was far more important. They resumed bathing her almost immediately.

Despite the perplexing thought of that voice, Hinata couldn't help but feel her cares melt away under Hanabi and Koko's ministrations.

She gave in to the relaxing atmosphere.

In another part of the Uzumaki manor, two beautiful dark-haired maids stripped down in their shared bedroom. Their racy manner of dress left the two half-naked at the best of times, and in undressing they honestly revealed little that wasn't already usually exposed during their daily chores.

There was a strong physical similarity between the two, an overall sense of genetic *sameness* that came from being closely related. They looked like sisters.

One had long, silky raven tresses which reached down past the swell of a shapely, generous posterior. Tremendous breasts like huge, plump, creamy rockets were only barely contained by the lacy, black and white, bra-like top of her uniform. She appeared to be the elder – certainly the more voluptuous!

The buxom woman was faintly frowning, though, as she slid a criminally short skirt down her legs. She wore no underwear, the vast and shadowy expanse of her gluteal cleavage a truly wondrous sight to behold. Her womanhood was distinctly moist. Large nipples poked visibly through the fabric of her skimpy, skin-tight top. Her cheeks were faintly pink, but her rinnegan eyes seemed to gaze with a hint of worry into the distance.

The younger, slenderer woman looked concernedly sidelong at her apparent sibling. Her left eye was a rinnegan, like her sister's, but the right was a sharingan. She was topless, in contrast to the other, still wearing her skirt but in the process of lifting a bra-like top over her head. Her hair was short, attractively messy.

Perky, comparatively small breasts had a visible flush to them. Little, pink nipples were decidedly puffy, erect, twin rosy peaks crowning her modest, pale mammary mounds. Her stomach was flat, a thin waist that went well with relatively slender hips and understated bust. A short skirt showed off a fair bit of the lower portion of her buttocks, and even the tiniest breeze would have been enough to expose her naked cunt.

Obi looked at Mari with obvious concern.

"You felt it, too... didn't you?" she whispered.

Mari's expression was unreadable. Her bottom bounced a little bit as the woman kicked off her skirt, flinging it against the opposite wall.
"Felt what?" she said carefully, her words measured to betray nothing.

Obi’s eyes flashed.

"Her."

Despite the ambiguity of the statement, Mari appeared to know immediately of whom Obi spoke. Her face contorted, for a moment, into a pained grimace. Her eyes had a wild, hunted look in them.

"Do not speak of that one," she hissed under her breath. She snapped the clasp of her top, casting it nervously aside. She was completely naked, now. "Not unless you wish to share that pawn's fate."

It was not a threat, but a genuine warning. Mari placed a hand on Obi's breast, feeling her sister's heartbeat. She squeezed.

Obi sighed, her cheeks reddening. She squirmed as Mari fondled her modest breasts, looking shamefacedly but resolute into the older woman's eyes.

"Once again, our assumptions were flawed..." she whispered, beginning to pant as Mari continued to molest her bosom. "It isn't Naruto at all... is it? Tsuki no Me..."

Mari schooled her expression once more into neutrality. She leaned in closer, both of her hands working their fingers deep into the nicely pert flesh of Obi's smallish boobs. Her lips were inches from Obi's; her breath was hot on the younger woman's face.

"Yes, it would seem she is the illusion's true master," Mari murmured, sensually groping Obi's tits. "...perhaps it was as such from the very beginning." She sighed. "I fear we have been played for fools... Obito."

Obi winced, perhaps upset at the reminder of her true name, her original identity.

"What are you planning...?" she whispered, a hint of fear in her eyes. Fear not for herself, but for Mari. She was worried about the woman who had become something like an older sister to her. "Please, Aneue... don't do anything rash."

Mari blushed, averting her gaze from the sincere expression of concern on Obi's face. She scoffed, but it sounded half-hearted, forced.

"I am no fool," she said quietly. She wrapped her arms around Obi, pulling the younger woman into a tender embrace. She whispered into her ear. "For now, our best course of action is to wait and see. Even if it is at all possible to turn this situation in our favor... all we can do is patiently wait for an opportunity to show itself."

Obi absentmindedly stroked the small of Mari's back, and she nuzzled her face into the woman's most ample bosom. She breathed deeply of her sister's scent, blushing softly.

"...and do nothing...?" she whispered, hugging Mari tightly. "Act like everything is normal...?"

Despite herself, Obi did not sound displeased with this suggestion.

Mari smiled gently.

"That man is very seductive, isn't he?" she mused. "I think even I have come to..." She shook her head, then. "Well, whatever the case, our basic circumstances are unchanged. Naruto Uzumaki is still a central figure, perhaps the lynchpin of this entire reality. As long we keep ourselves in his
favor..."

Obi smiled, rubbing her face contentedly between Mari's breasts.

"...we can influence things in the favor of our own designs," she concluded. "Right?"

Mari chuckled huskily, and she pulled her 'sister' up for a hot and heavy kiss.

"It is certainly fun this way, too," she idly commented, before mashing their lips together.

Obi returned the kiss with vigor.

Rock Leah was naked as she sparred. She was in her birthday suit, letting it all hang out. Leaves swirled and fluttered around her nude, slender form, kicked up and buffeted about in the wake of her swift and graceful movements.

*Dodge. Block. Parry.*

Her opponent, her sparring partner, was similarly bare-assed. Large breasts jounced and wobbled, rippling obscenely whenever Leah managed to land a hit. A big, juicy ass also jiggled and bounced, supple, doughy flesh quivering and quaking in an almost hypnotic fashion.


Might Gal traded quick and powerful blows with her least talented – but most devoted – pupil, Rock Leah. Fists collided with lovely, nubile bodies, coming together with a noise like boulders crushing in a landslide's tumult, their arms peach-colored blurs of nigh instant motion.

*Bob. Weave. One-two.*

Their footwork was flawless. Bodies seemed to blend in a single continuous motion, back and forth, here and there, ever circling and feinting and looking for openings. Muscles rippled beneath the surface, strong yet shapely figures tensing and relaxing intermittently, flowing rhythmically into the graceful, kinetic harmony of combat.

*Left. Right. Sweep.*

Gal's breasts were large, great rippling mounds of womanflesh. Her ample bosom moved with the rest of her body, swaying and bouncing, sometimes lagging and sometimes leading as she went through ever-increasingly vigorous and complex kata. Her booty rocked to and fro.

*Twist. Pivot. Strike.*

Leah's ass was tight and twerkable. Pert, spankable cheeks rippled and wobbled as she competed with her sensei, sparring desperately against the woman to gauge her own personal growth. Her breasts were small and perky, the teenaged taijutsu mistress possessing a slim gymnast's figure. Her hair was tied back in a braided ponytail, and her eyes smouldered with raw determination.

Tenten and Nejie watched the spar from the sidelines. The latter had a dreamily perverted look on her face. The former seemed preoccupied with not-so-subtly ogling the latter.

Nejie was wearing a lace collar, and nothing else. The spiral mark on her ass was openly visible, as was the moisture of her pussy. Her generous bosom, around the same size as Hinata's, squashed and smushed delightfully as she fondled herself, watching Leah and Gal-sensei spar.
Tenten blushed, rubbing two fingers into the crotch of her cloth trousers. She squeaked cutely, panting as she dry-fingered herself, feeling her panties steadily soaking through with moisture. Her free hand was massaging one of her modest breasts through the fabric of her blouse – her cup-size fairly average, somewhere between Leah and Nejie.

Gal kicked Leah up into the air, surprising her pupil with a sudden increase in speed. The girl wheezed, a mark in the shape of Gal's bare foot quickly forming over her small left breast. Despite the pain, however, she brought her arms up to guard her face and torso, shifting her weight to correct her descent.

This was what her opponent wanted, however. Even before Leah could land, Gal was behind her, hands brought together in the seal of the Tiger.

"Your back is wide open, Leah...!" she declared, with a mighty thrust of her clasped hands. Two fore and middle fingers slammed into the lithe chuunin's asshole, the momentum of the girl's descent driving her that much farther down on Gal's fingers.

"Ahhhn...! Gal-sensei...❤" Leah screamed, her eyes going wide. Her legs splayed, and her head rolled weakly on her shoulders. Fluid gushed from a tight, ruddy cunt.

"Konoha Taijutsu Ougi," Gal murmured, her words low and husky. "Sennen Goroshi!"

Tenten winced despite herself. Nejie blushed enviously.

Kessetsu.

Witten with the characters for 'ass' and 'break',穴尻 and折, this was one of the principal tenants of Might Gal's strong-fisting kempo. The idea of finishing the opponent with a kind of hand-to-hand injutsu – "martial harrassment" as Nejie had once termed it – was central to Gal's combat philosophy, the idea that making your enemy come would weaken their spirit more than simply breaking their bones.


Breasts, pussy, ass.

Gal had developed specialized techniques for attacking each of these three weak points, surefire finishing moves that could take down even the strongest opponent. The most fearsome of these was probably sennen goroshi: "One Thousand Years of Death." Only a handful of people were as skilled with that technique as Gal, and only one could use it definitively better than her.

Naruto's sennen goroshi could one-shot a fully awakened jinchuuriki.

Leah came explosively, her asshole impaled on Gal-sensei's iron fingers. Tenten and Nejie watched with rapt attention.

So did three others, hidden in the shadows.

Three former Kumogakure kunoichi spied from the bushes, watching attentively as Gal fingered Leah's ass to the uttermost limits of human endurance. They were nude, and much like Nejie, they had lace collars around their necks, and matching spiral marks on their buttocks.

Proof of being Uzumaki property, Naruto's very first sex slaves.
The redhead (possibly part-Uzumaki herself) griped quietly, impatiently wiggling her tight brown
booty.

"Sheesh, why are we even spying on these guys?" Karui muttered. "Not that it isn't entertaining,
but don't we have anything better to do? Or, what, are we scouting out prospective new talents for
Kushina-sama?"

A white, turquoise-eyed blonde shook her head in response to Karui's idle bitching. In contrast with
the skinny, flat-chested redhead, she had an absolutely EXPLOSIVE figure, with tits to rival even
the finest of Konoha-raised racks, as well as a flawless, heart-shaped ass fit to smother a kage.

"Did you already forget?" Samui said quietly. "What I told you the other day."

The other black woman – this one with curly white hair, medium-sized breasts, and the stick of a
sucker poking out between full, kissable lips – frowned, cocking an eyebrow at her friend and
comrade.

"Huh? You don't mean... that stuff about this all being an illusion..." Omoi blinked. "Wait, were
you for real?" she said, eyeing Samui like she was suddenly worried the woman would start
gibbering like a lunatic. "I thought you were just making that up."

"Ditto," Karui concurred, inching a small distance away from Samui. "We'd have to be crazy to
believe that crap."

Samui let out a longsuffering sigh.

"It's the truth, though," she said wearily, sounding like she had given this same futile argument
many times before. "And I think, this time, I can finally prove it..."

Omoi and Karui looked at the blonde skeptically.

Samui did not relent.

"That girl..." she whispered, pointing into the clearing, at a moderately plain lass with brown hair
in twin odango. She looked to be in the middle of diddling herself, what with that hand she had
shoved down the front of her pants.

"That girl...?" Karui and Omoi whispered back, questioningly parrotting her words.

"She has used one of the sacred treasures before," Samui said, "and come into contact with the
others. A sliver of that essence should still reside within her soul... her body ought to remember the
power of the Sage."

Her eyes flashed with a strange light.

"Just like me..." she whispered. "...she has the potential..."

*What potential?* Omoi and Karui might have been tempted to ask, if they hadn't gotten bored and
degenerated into noisily making out with one another around halfway through Samui's explanation.

The blonde sighed.

*Well... if you can't beat them...* she thought, shrugging.

Samui joined in on the make out session.
It was with twelve gorgeous women loyally following behind him that Naruto came home to the Hidden Leaf. His teammates for this mission – Miraiya, Mikoto, and Asuka – walked beside him, smiling and dressed in their usual manner, clinging contentedly to the blond's body.

The man himself had a shit-eating grin on his face, a hand on both Mikoto and Miraiya's asses. He groped them companionably as they walked through the village gates, trailing his nine newest concubines behind them.

Sasame-style exposure was the name of the game with the Akatsuki's newly modified cloaks. Once concealing everything, the black and red fabric was now cut to bare and emphasize their most private parts.

The chest, crotch, and seat of their clothes had been completely removed. Tits, cunts, and asses were all perfectly exposed.

Pain, Sasori, and Deidara were probably the flattest and slenderest, along with the black half of Zetsuko. Konan, Yahiko, and Hidan were at intermediate levels of endowment, around C-cups or so. Kakuzu, Kouma, and the white half of Zetsuko had the most hanging out.

Konan's nipples were pierced, small chains linking them together. She also had a metal ring stuck through her clitoris. Another chain dangled loosely from this piercing, its purpose ambiguous but undoubtedly kinky.

Kouma's tits were big, pale blue, and bouncy. She had the largest natural endowments out of all the Akatsuki, with a drop dead gorgeous face and legs for miles. Her nipples were a dark navy, large areolae rimming big, puffy nubs.

Hidan had smooth, pale skin. Flawless, otherworldly. There was something almost eerie about her beauty, something subtly sinister in the way she swung her hips, graceful and confident. She was a pale, gothic beauty.

Sasori's endowments moved less than those of the others, slightly firmer and less bouncy. Her bum and bust were seemingly fashioned from some manner of rubbery, pliable wood. The scorpion brand on her left boob drew plenty of attention.

Pain-chan had small breasts and tight, firm round ass. She was slim and slender, lithe and limber. Her skin was alabaster, almost a pure snow white. Long, silken tresses of scarlet hair fell across one of her faintly glowing gray eyes.

Kakuzu's body was crissed with cross-stitches, visibly sewn together time and again. Her skin was a uniformly dark shade, but there was something Frankensteinian to the sheer, unreal proportions of her figure.

Zetsuko's flesh had a strange, almost alien feel to it. Roughly as soft and elastic as human flesh, yet too uniform, too perfect in its texture and heft. Her body had an almost clay-like sense of malleability.

Yahiko had the third largest endowments in Akatsuki, natural or otherwise, but Kouma and Kakuzu far outstripped her, as far as bust-size. She was lively, energetic, with vigor and verve and passion to spare.

Deidara had the smallest breasts in Akatsuki, bar none. Her boobs were basically just tiny nubs of meat, little more than mosquito bites. Her ass, however, was tight and round, like a firm, scrumptious peach.
Naruto cockily strolled on up to the Hokage Tower with twelve gorgeous woman following him – and only three of those girls had been with him when he first left on this mission.

That's just how good he was.

Tsunade and her assistant, Shizune, were waiting for Naruto in the hokage's office. The former had her ample bust resting on the top of her desk. The latter eyed the naked genders of the Akatsuki with undisguised lust.

Both stared longingly at Naruto's crotch.

The blond grinned smugly at Tsunade. He crossed his arms over his chest, gesturing absentmindedly at the nine Akatsuki beauties who had crammed into the room along with him, Miraiya, Mikoto, and Asuka.

"Here you go, Granny," Naruto said cheerfully. "You wanted 'em. I got 'em."

Miraiya chuckled, amused by her pupil's insolence. Asuka stood respectfully at attention, relaxed but deferential. Mikoto winked at Tsunade, eyeing the Godaime's ample cleavage.

Tsunade was unfazed. Almond eyes flicked one by one over the exposure-clad forms of the Akatsuki. She assessed them, measuring up the women both as individuals and a group.

Once she was finished with this, Tsunade turned her glance back to Naruto.

She smirked.

"I appreciate the gesture..." Tsunade said dryly, "...but this isn't my problem, anymore."

Naruto blinked.

A beat.

His eyes widened.

"E-Eh...?" he said, staring wide-eyed at the Fifth Hokage. "Wait. You don't mean..."

Tsunade's smirk turned into a full-blown grin.

"Congratulations, brat," she drawled. "Once we've got the formalities out of the way, you will officially be Naruto Uzumaki..."

She paused, dragging it out for dramatic effect.

"...the Sixth Lord Hokage."
Believe It!

Practically the entirety of Konohagakure's population was assembled in the arena's stands. Women of all ages had gathered at Lady Tsunade's decree to witness the passing of the torch. It was a momentous occasion, the kind of thing they would tell their grandchildren about decades from now.

Civilian and kunoichi alike were in the audience; many of the younger, more nubile citizens had dressed up in the latest fashion, Sasame-style as it was called, clad in their Sunday best for this once-in-a-lifetime event. Not since the Lord First, Hashirama Senju, had an honest-to-sage MAN held the title of Hokage, and the excitement was tangible.

There was a certain spark in the air, the eager murmurings of gleeful maids drifting down from the stands. Contagious fervor, a tension that strung up the expectations of every girl, woman, and granny present. Whispered rumors of new reforms to be enacted by the Lord Sixth upon his inauguration – all kinds of filthy, perverted, hedonistic fantasies of how he would use his new power over them – swept through the audience, a breeze that tickled the back of the neck, such talk as raised a woman's hair on end and sent a shiver down her spine.

A scarcely contained zeal thrummed in the atmosphere, an almost tangible collective eagerness for Naruto Uzumaki's coronation. The arena was filled to the brim with a hot, breathless excitement. Impatient youths crowed for the ceremony to begin, and lustful women openly pleasured themselves to vocal fantasies of serving their new Lord Hokage. Old maids smiled, wistfully thinking back on their glory days.

Hinata, Sakura, Sasuki, and Gaara Uzumaki were in attendance. They were seated in a position of honor beneath only Naruto's parents and teachers. Dresses bulged with the swell of their pregnant bellies, collectively perhaps two weeks away from going into labor. Slaves attended to them, each wife served by the two women she had brought in to the marriage as dowry, concubines for Naruto, and the Uzumaki clan.

Ino had a purple lace collar around her neck. Shiho had one in steel-gray. The two blondes cuddled up to their pink-haired mistress, content simply to embrace her. They were dressed, as was much of the rest of the audience, in the trendy, flashy Sasame-style – their usual clothes cut to emphasize and fully expose supple, pouting breasts, firm, pert buttocks, and moist, rosy flowers.

Sasuki was gently embracing her sister and cousin, Itami and Shimizu. Likewise with Hinata, only to Hanabi and Nejie. Gaara was with her two elder sisters, Kanakuro and Temari. All eight of the concubines were clad in the same basic fashion, their old manner of dress modified for maximum exposure of their lewdest parts.

Up in the so-called Kage Box, where the Shadows of the Hidden Villages would convene to watch and judge the final phase of the Chuunin Exams, Naruto's parents and teachers were seated. This was a position of honor for some of the people most important to the next hokage, his mothers and mentors, the women who made him who he was.

Miraya smiled, arms crossed under her most generous bosom. Her hair was visibly damp, the woman having obviously just gotten back from a nice, relaxing shower after getting home from that mission. She had only a towel on, much to the bemusement of Ms. Ruka Umino, Naruto's first love. When asked about this, the white-haired beauty simply smirked and said that it wasn't like she'd be keeping it on for very long.
Ruka, nicely tanned and modestly endowed with an attractive scar across the bridge of her nose, blushed and looked away from the woman. A bit of blood trickled from her nostrils.

Kagome Hatake eye-smiled at Ruka, appreciatively looking the younger woman up and down. She was obviously mentally undressing the cute career teacher.

Kushina Uzumaki grinned, watching this from the corner of her eye. She was dressed in a simple black dress, sitting shamelessly on her wife's lap, nuzzling her face pervertedly into Mina's considerable bust.

Kaguya Otsutsuki smiled serenely as she surveyed all of this.

Elsewhere throughout the arena, virtually everyone Naruto knew in the Leaf was in attendance. The tomboyish Kiba Inuzuka, with her more feminine elder sister, and downright feral mother. Shiko Aburame, pale and heavily dressed, concealing her figure beneath a long trench coat. Kurenai Sarutobi née Yuuhi, and her wife Asuka, plus their niece Konohana, and her teammates Ukyo and Moegi. Tenten, Rock Leah, and Might Gal of Team Nine.

Choume Akimichi and her best friend-slash-lover, Shikamari Nara, plus their parents Chouko, Shikako, and Yoshino. Anko Mitarashi, Yugao Uzuki, Ibiko Morino and her little sister Idate-chan. Izumi and Tetsuko, the pair stuck on nigh permanent gate-duty, as well as Yugao's lover Hermione Gekko, along with Akane Shiranui and Raiko Namiashi, plus the sunglasses and bandanna-wearing Midori-chan.

Sai-chan and Nadeshiko-taichou were there, too, plus Sai's cute, silver-haired adoptive sister Shin. Ayame was present, along with Mikoto and Fugako Uchiha, Hiashi and Hizashi Hyuuga – all of the major clans and their heads, as well as the merchants and their daughters. To count, or name, every last individual in attendance would have been an exercise in futility. There were thousands crammed into the arena, Konoha citizens from one to a hundred.

Naruto walked into the arena, through the same hallway he had used during his chuunin exams. Behind him sixty-six shadow clones, freshly formed to have their way with his twenty-two present slaves.

Samui, Karui, Omoi, Sasame, Kagerou, Guren, Doki, Kin, Saku, Tayuya, Sakon, Ukon, Kidohana, Pain, Konan, Yahiko, Kouma, Saisori, Deidara, Hidan, Kakuzu, and Zetsuko had been waiting there in the corridor to wish their master luck. Naruto had graciously accepted their well-wishing, and produced three score of kage bunshin to show his gratitude.

Naruto luxuriated in the feedback as his shadow clones ganged up on his concubines, old and new. Along with his wives' personal handmaids, the acquisition of Akatsuki put his collection of love slaves at a nice, round thirty. Although the number would probably go through the roof once he officially became Lord Hokage – legend was that Hashirama himself had at one point, at the height of his power, counted virtually all women alive as his concubines.

(It was telling of kunoichi psychology in this world that historians almost unanimously considered that a golden age for the Elemental Nations)

Naruto walked out into the arena. Tsunade emerged at the same time, from the opposite end of the field. They strode toward one another, both dressed in their usual manner – Tsunade with her green "Gamble"-branded coat over a low-cut off white blouse and tight, dark gray pants; Naruto with his orange and black track suit.

"Tsunade-sama has chosen Naruto Uzumaki as her successor," came the amplified voice of the
Godaime's assistant, Shizune, "And they now undertake this ceremonial duel to establish the candidate's martial worth in the eyes of the village. There are no rules to this match, save only that it must be fought solely between the hokage and her chosen successor."

Mina smiled, peering down into the arena. She saw Naruto, her son, and felt her heart flutter.

"Ah, I'm so proud of him," she murmured. "That son of ours..."

Kushina snickered, gray eyes twinkling.

"He's gonna be hokage..." she said with a grin. "...just like his mom before him!"

Miraiya's towel shifted a little bit, the front of it slipping down minutely. The upper rim of her areola became visible with the shifting of the terry cloth, and her breasts bobbed nicely.

"Naruto has everything it takes," Miraiya said, nodding in agreement. "Skill, charisma... even the brains, when he actually bothers to apply himself."

"And a cock like nothing else," Kushina added suggestively. She licked her lips. "Mm! I can't wait to swear him in, if you know what I mean."

Mina nodded, giggling softly.

"I feel the same way, dear."

Kagome and Ruka were too busy making out to contribute to this discussion.

Kaguya smirked.

Naruto's wives watched on as their husband and the incumbent hokage walked towards one another and bowed. Hinata and Sasuki could see down Tsunade's blouse from this vantage point, with their sharp eyes. Sakura rubbed a hand gently over her swollen belly.

Gaara hummed thoughtfully. Her sand gourd was resting on Kanakuro's back, far too heavy for even the Kazekage to be carrying by herself, in her advanced state of pregnancy.

"This match will be over in ten seconds," the redhead whispered, coolly assessing the two combatants.

Sakura quirked an eyebrow, and glanced aside at Gaara. She furrowed her brow.

"That long? I don't know," she said. "Lady Tsunade is definitely strong... but this is Naruto we're talking about. I think he'll have it over in three."

Sasuki, distracted from using her eternal mangekyo sharingan to ogle the Godaime's cleavage, let out a low hum. She stroked her chin, glancing shrewdly between her husband, the fifth hokage, and her fellow wives.

"He'll definitely have it as good as won by then," she said, after a moment of lengthy consideration. "But it will last a good deal longer than that. You girls know how he is, right?"

Hinata smiled knowingly. She nodded at Sasuki, her friend and fellow wife.

"Naruto will surely put on a show for the audience," she concurred. "He's a crowd-pleaser, at heart."
He'll make this a match to remember."

Gaara tilted her head slightly to one side, faintly pursing her lips. She hummed.

"Hmm... maybe," she conceded. "That does sound like something he would do." She smiled down at their husband in the arena. "He is quite the entertainer when he wants to be."

Sakura smiled dreamily, giggling.

"I guess that's part of why we love him so much, huh?" she cooed, her eyes gleaming. "I mean, aside from his looks❤"

"And the sex❤" the others agreed, nodding their heads and sighing wistfully.

In the arena below, the match began.

After the customary bowing and pre-fight pleasantries, Tsunade made a show of cracking her knuckles and rolling the kinks out of her neck. She arched her back, both popping her spine and emphasizing her most generous assets.

She flexed her arms, chakra noticeably building up in her muscles. Compacted dirt shivered beneath the tread of her sandals. Pebbles bounced like jumping beans, skittering and clicking up and down on the ground.

Pieces of cracked gravel started to waft upwards between Naruto and Tsunade. The two blondes stared unflinchingly at one another, letting the tension build.

"It's about time, Naruto..." she said, taking a step casually toward him. "...for you to show me the proof..."

The ground trembled beneath the two. Within a certain radius of the fighters, stone began to shatter, small bits of debris flying up from the combined force of their chakra. A small depression began to form in the earth, Naruto and Tsunade further compressing the nearby soil with nothing more than the sheer weight of their combined energy levels.

Naruto was surrounded by a visible glow, a product purely of his own hard-earned power, the young man not even tapping into Kumiko's reserves yet. To the untrained eye, he would have seemed relaxed. To an amateur, he would have looked tense.

Only a master would have been able to perceive the excitement, the hint of arousal in his eyes.

"Show it to me..." Tsunade continued, stopping less than three feet from Naruto. She spread her feet apart, and inhaled, chakra beginning to glow visibly in and around her hands. "...the burning spirit... the unquenchable will of fire... that you have inherited—!"

Tsunade disappeared.

"—AS THE NEXT HOKAGE OF THE LEAF!" her voice boomed out, seemingly from every directions at once.

Naruto sidestepped, moving to the left without actually seeming to move a muscle. Almost simultaneous with this, the ground where he had just been standing exploded. Dust flew up in a tremendous cloud, rising dozens of feet into the air. Rock, gravel, and clumps of dirt whistled through the air, a hail of stony shrapnel shooting in all directions.
"Nice," said the only man in the world. "You almost got me with that one, Granny!"

A chuckling came from the dust cloud. As the particles settled, a dark shape became visible.

"Don't patronize me, Naruto..." said Tsunade, standing up straight. Her silhouette flicked its wrist, and the dust cloud was driven to the side, revealing the fifth hokage. "...you didn't even put up your guard."

The blond laughed, and he scratched the back of his head.

"Oh! You could tell?" he said, grinning toothily. "Haha, well I can't really prove anything like this. Not against someone who's holding back by that much. You hardly even put a dent in the ground."

Naruto laughed, and he gave Tsunade a cheeky grin.

Tsunade grinned, but a vein was bulging from her forehead. She leaned forward, twisting, pivoting on her ankle. The airborne dust that still lingered in her immediate vicinity promptly swirled around the hokage, becoming a fierce miniature dust devil.

*Shunshin no jutsu.*

Tsunade reappeared behind Naruto, still rotating. She had an arm extended, fist cocked as she turned, moving at speeds which even a sharingan would be hard pressed to catch.

Her foot skidded on the ground, a bit more dust kicked up as she halted her body, consciously transferring the full momentum of shunshin into her fist. Aside from her arm, Tsunade's rack continued to move for several seconds afterwards.

She punched Naruto.

...or an afterimage of him, rather. Because the real Naruto, she now realized, had his feet planted on her shoulders. He had backflipped over the punch without Tsunade even seeing him move. And – after taking a second to breath rather teasingly on the hokage's earlobe – Naruto kicked. Using Tsunade's back like a springboard, her leapt away, slapping the back of her neck and landing easily ten yards from the woman.

He had her green overcoat in his hands.

Tsunade turned to face Naruto, not taking her eyes off of the opponent. She was smirking, an attractively mirthful glitter in her almond eyes. Glancing down at her torso, Tsunade lazily took in the sight of her beautifully low-cut blouse. She leaned forward by a couple degrees, meeting Naruto's eyes with a cool, confident expression.

"I don't go all out against a comrade," she said with a hint of pomposity, absentmindedly brushing a few loose strands of hair out of her face. "Not unless they plan to go all out on me."

Naruto laughed.

"You're a great hokage, Granny," he said. "But you're not a fighter. Not like I am." He smirked. "I can take anything you can dish out, and hand it back ten times as hard."

This friendly boast caused Tsunade to smirk. She played along with Naruto, making a show of scoffing at his confidence.

"Those are mighty big words for a greenhorn brat," she drawled, twisting her hips to give Naruto a
nice profile shot of her perfect, heart-shaped ass. "Man or not, you won't be taking this ass without a fight."

A hand clapped down on Tsunade's rear. The Fifth Hokage spanked herself with a loud SMACK, causing her rump to jiggle enticingly inside those tight gray trousers.

Naruto licked his lips, sky blue eyes flashing. He grinned toothily. A visible bulge became apparent in his trousers.

"I'm coming."

The ground at his feet buckled, stone cracking and shattering, a small crater forming beneath Naruto. He vanished.

A high speed frontal assault... is that it? Tsunade guessed shrewdly. She dodged immediately to the left, sidestepping what she figured to be Naruto's line of attack. A most generous chest and rear lagged a couple of seconds behind the woman.

She had her guard up, arms covering her front and right. She watched carefully for any sign of Naruto changing direction, reappearing for the fraction of a second it would take to arrest or redirect his momentum.

The last three paragraphs all happened in less than one one hundredth of a second.

Tsunade was preparing for a head on attack, the kind Naruto preferred. So she was caught off guard when she felt his presence behind her, a strong arm wrapping around her waist, fingers gripping the low neckline of her shirt.

Something big, hard, and blunt pressed into the seat of Tsunade pants, suggestively wedging the fabric of panties and trousers in between her ample, generous buttocks.

A short moan escaped her lips. Tsunade could feel her assailant's pulse between her nether cheeks, perceptibly throbbing even through the combined fabric of two sets of pants. Her face reddened. One set of lips dried up in the excitement, while another pair down south became that much wetter.

Naruto tugged at the neckline of Tsunade's blouse. In a single, easy motion he tore her shirt off, shredding it into pieces.

Tsunade wasn't wearing a bra.

Large, creamy breasts were bared for all to see. Konoha citizens – civilian and kunoichi alike – cheered and crowed excitedly to see the Godaime's legendary tits exposed. Tremendous, jiggling hills of sumptuous, fatty woman-flesh bobbed and rippled free of the hokage's shirt.

Tsunade moaned a bit more, feeling her nipples get hard in the open air. Her areolae were as big as silver dollars, dark and goose-pimpled in the early morning light. Her tits quivered like enormous gelatin molds, dimpling and quaking with every slightest motion of her body.

She spun, aiming a high kick at Naruto's head. The blond caught her leg without so much as a hint of effort, despite the woman using enough force to crash through the village walls. He held Tsunade's shin in one hand, even though the sheer power of her kick shattered the ground for several feet in every direction.

Tsunade winced, feeling Naruto twist her ankle. With incredible ease, he flipped the woman over, slamming her face-down on the ground. Blunt shards of rock dug into her naked boobs.
The Art of Replacement.

A log took Tsunade's place the instant she hit the ground, the Fifth Hokage vanishing in a puff of smoke. In the same moment, the topless quinquagenarian appeared behind Naruto, her palms flat, hands glowing with a perfectly molded cutting chakra.

An instant later, Naruto's clothes fell from his frame in tatters, sliced apart by Tsunade's chakra scalpels faster than even the sharingan could follow.

Naruto grinned, his erection popping free of its now-shredded confines.

"Thanks for the help, Granny!" he said cheerfully, not even turning to face the woman. "Now that's one less thing between me and your ass."

Tsunade thrust one of her chakra-wreathed hands at Naruto's back, fully intending to demonstrate as much of her chosen successor's skill as possible. Doing his part to illustrate his worth for the seat of Hokage, Naruto once more vanished before Tsunade could lay a finger on him. Her hand passed harmlessly through thin air.

In the next moment, something that looked almost like a pygmy *kaiten* gouged the dirt between Tsunade's feet. A miniature rasenshuriken had flown between her legs, just barely nicking the seat of her trousers, and now its detonation slashed her pants into a million insignificant little pieces.

The multitudinous razor wind blades annihilated the last of Tsunade's clothes, yet left her skin completely untouched. That was just how well Naruto could control his chakra.

Tsunade crouched down on instinct. Her bare ass smacked the dirt, shooting violent ripples through her bouncy, luscious, curvaceous booty. Something hard as rock hit her in the back, a fierce hammerblow that sent the woman toppling face first into the dirt. She sprawled out over the ground, her tits mashing obscenely into the coarse gravel.

Again, Tsunade felt a hand on the back of her neck. She perceived the dull tingling of a seal-mark being removed.

She smiled.

"So that's it, huh?" she said. "You put a hiraishin seal on the back of my neck when you dodged that first punch."

She felt Naruto's grin as he leaned forward to nibble on her ear. A shock of pleasure zipped down Tsunade's spine, causing her to moan and arch her back. Her chosen successor licked her earlobe, sandwiching a godly erection between her buttocks.

"Yeah," he said cheerfully, pulling his lips back after a few tasty seconds of teasing Tsunade's tender ears. "Though I wound up only having to use it twice."

Tsunade purred. She bucked her hips, grinding her magnificent pillow of an ass against Naruto's throbbing cock. She felt the moisture between her legs, the burning ache in her belly. She moaned, and silently begged the man to finish the duel in the best possible way, to dominate her utterly and prove his singular worth as the Hidden Leaf's next hokage.

"Mm, that's just how good you are, brat," she said, starting to pant as the heat in her body grew. "The village needs a hokage as powerful, and dedicated, and dominant, as you... Naruto❤️"
Naruto laughed, and pressed the head of his cock hard against the tight rim of Tsunade's anus. His hands slipped under the woman's torso, scooping up her brobdignagian boobs like a spatula flipping ten pound chicken breasts. He pinched her puffy, swollen nipples, teasingly abusing the agonizingly sensitive nubs.

Tsunade groaned, feeling Naruto knead and cup her tits. He groped her breasts skillfully, and prodded her asshole eagerly. His tip of his cock was slick with precum, and Tsunade happily relaxed underneath the blond's firm, muscular body.

"I like you, Granny. You've shown me a lot about what it means to be a hokage... and a ninja," Naruto said, more than loud enough for the audience to hear. His voice carried impossibly well to every corner of the stadium, reaching attendants in the nosebleed section as readily as those with first row seats.

"Ahn!" the Fifth Hokage gasped, her eyes going wide. "Ohhhh! Naruto, Naruto!"

She squirmed, blushing intensely. Ecstasy coursed through her veins, thrilling every inch of the powerful blonde's salacious body. Her breasts deformed with Naruto's ministrations, squishing and jiggling and melding to every subtlest curve of his fingers. He dug long trenches through those doughy hills: deep, lustful furrows which rebounded nonetheless almost as soon as his fingers passed.

"YOU ARE THE BEST HOKAGE EVER! YOU WILL SURPASS EVEN MY GRANDFATHER! OH, NARUTO-SAMA! LORD SIXTH HOKAGE! I GIVE YOU MY BODY, MY LOVE, MY TITLE – EVERYTHING THAT I HAVE! OH, HOKAGE-SAMAAA!"

Nearly half of the (post-pubescent and pre-menopausal) audience was masturbating by this point, and the other half was degenerating into a multitude of situational lesbian threesomes and moresomes. Sasame-style clothing proved itself most practical on occasions like this, allowing the horny, lustful, nubile young masses easy access to their soaking cunts and rock-hard nipples. A good chunk of them even engaged in anal play, getting off on imagining themselves in Lady Tsunade's place.

Naruto squeezed Tsunade's breasts. The ample mounds of flesh conformed wonderfully to the subtlest contours of his hands, soft and warm, a delight to play with. He drove his manhood deep inside of her, plunging his cock into the Godaime's asshole.

It was tight, despite the woman's age and experience. With her medical ninjutsu, she could easily reverse any wear and tear her body might have otherwise suffered from years of frequent, passionate sex. It was a kunoichi's prerogative to have complete control over her body, the discipline to keep themselves in tip top shape for both fighting and fucking.

Tsunade's buttocks rippled and wobbled, slapping lewdly, noisily against Naruto's pelvis. His
formidable girth stretched her insides out, his cock large but not impossibly so. Electricity danced between them, their bodies thrilled with every touch great and small.

Naruto grunted, and he bit down lightly on Tsunade's neck, sucking on her skin and licking the mark his teeth left. He gave her a hickey as he fucked her ass and fondled her tits, hungrily planting sensual bruises all up and down the woman's neck and shoulders. He left a collage of semi-circular, bright red and darkening purple marks all over the Godaime's skin.

"Uff! Ngh! Guh!" Naruto groaned, twisting Tsunade's nipples between his fingers. "Fuck, ohhh! Yeah, that's it! Move your ass just like that, Granny!"

"Ah... Ohhh... Ahn... Aahh!" Tsunade gasped and moaned. "Oooh. Ohhh! Naruto-sama! Lord Hokage! Yes, yes, yes! Oh, fuck me, Hokage-sama! Fuck me raw! Make me your bitch! You are my Lord Hokage, my absolute master! OHHHH❤"

She came for the umpteenth time, having already completely lost track of how many orgasms Naruto had inflicted on her. Nectar gushed from her poor, overstimulated pussy, ungodly sensitive from being repeatedly made to come over and over again without end. She was in heaven as much as hell, going mad from the sheer euphoria.

"I'm coming!" she screamed. "Hokage-sama, I am coming! AHHN❤ I LOVE YOU, HOKAGE-SAMA!"

Naruto groaned along with Tsunade, feeling his balls clench. Her ass clamped down on his shaft, constricting his cock for the umpteenth time. He felt a rush, a jolt, and he let go.

"Me, too!" he gasped, giving one final thrust.

His manhood quivered, and he felt an all too familiar internal squeeze as his cock shot off its load. The relief of ejaculation swept through his loins, the tingling buzz of orgasm sending shivers up his spine.

Naruto came, flooding Tsunade's asshole with his sperm. She shuddered, going limp and mewling happily, huskily at the feeling of it. She had a look of profound satisfaction on her face.

Naruto pulled out of her with a loud SQUELCH. The noise of his cock escaping the jealous grip of Tsunade's anus seemed to echo throughout the arena.

He stood up, naked, erect, his dick still intermittently twitching and spurting out a bit of semen. Naruto gave the Fifth's booty a nice, sticky whitewash as he rose to face the audience – the village, in nearly its entirety.

He grinned, and raised a fist up in the air.

"I... am the next Lord Hokage, Naruto Uzumaki...!" he declared, his voice resounding through the arena. The villagers listened to him with bated breath. "BELIEVE IT!"

"WE BELIEVE IT, HOKAGE-SAMA!" the audience chorused in response. The stadium erupted in cheers and adulation, and screams of orgasmic glee.

This was the second happiest day of Naruto's life. Soon enough, though, it would give even his wedding a run for its money.

The celebrations kicked off with a bang.
Omnipotent Orgy

It was a celebration like none before it, surpassing even the day of Naruto's wedding for the sheer scale of its grandeur. The newly declared hokage showed his gratitude to the entire village, creating a small army of naked, horny shadow clones with a single hand seal.

Women tore off their clothes, throwing themselves gleefully at Naruto's clones, impaling their womanhoods, offering up their bodies, and paying him homage with their hands and lips and breasts.

A carnival of flesh, it was, a festival in the name of indulgence and eroticism. Sexual excess was the norm of this world, and a village-wide orgy was just the kind of celebration the induction of a new hokage would merit.

Especially when that new hokage was Naruto.

Miraiya's breasts were big and soft. Smooth, doughy tissue folded over an unyielding hardness. Skin, slick with sweat and precum, was ruddy, flushed with arousal. The breasts of the legendary Toad Sage Priestess rippled and dimpled.

Thwuck. Thwuck.

Naruto's manhood plunged back and forth, driving up and down. The tip of his cock, the slitted fleshy knob of his erection, peeked up from Miraiya's cleavage. Powerful, skilled hands worked the sage's breasts up and down, rolling Miraiya's tits obscenely over the length of Naruto's manhood.

"You love this kind of thing, don't you?" she chuckled, leering appreciatively at the shadow clone which had come to her.

Naruto nodded, grinning toothily. He bucked his hips up and down, pulsing a bit of chakra into Miraiya's body.

"OOOH!" the Toad Priestess moaned, her eyes wide. "Oh MY❤"

A little ways to the side, another shadow clone was making love to the cute, tanned Ruka Umino. The chuunin instructor's modest breasts were cupped in strong, firm hands. Long, dextrous fingers massaged her supple, sensitive flesh.

Perky, round buttocks bobbed with the motion of their sweaty, entangled bodies, noisily smacking the floor with every thrust of Naruto's hips.

"Naruto..." she groaned. "Oh, yes! You always were so good at this..."

Ruka spread her legs a little wider, glorying in the sensations Naruto's cock sent rushing through her cute, nubile body.

Next to her lay Kagome, who was naked save for her ever-present mask and hitai-ate. Sizable breasts mashed against the floor, the silver-haired beauty lying down on her belly as Naruto's shadow clone plowed her ass.

Tight, firm cheeks rippled with the steady SMACK SMACK SMACK of Naruto's pelvis, parted suggestively around the pulsating shaft of her student's dick. Her body rocked back and forth, the power of the blond's thrusting too much for even her to long withstand.
"Ohhh... Just like sensei...!" Kagome groaned, blushing happily. She moaned, humming and rocking her hips in time with Naruto's. "Oh! Yes! Just like that, Naruto! Oh! OHHH!"

Mina and Kushina smiled, kissing and caressing the toned, well-muscled physique of their son. Mina's voluptuous form pressed into the kage bunshin's side, her breasts squishing delightfully on his flank. She kissed him on the lips, their tongue's wrestling, grinding her aching pubic mound on his hip.

"Mm, mf... mmm... mm..." Kushina moaned, dragging tightly sealed lips obscenely up and down her son's throbbing girth. Her eyes were rolled up in the back of her head, cheeks puffed lewdly out as she sucked hungrily, gleefully on Naruto's cock.

She wagged a fine, plump ass in the air. Her cunt was soaking wet, ridges of swollen pink peeking out from between moist and rosy lips.

"We're so proud of you❤" Mina cooed, rubbing stiff, sensitive nipples against hard, chiseled pecs. She dry-humped her son's abdomen, draping her buxom body shameless over him. "We love you, Naruto... son❤"

Down in the arena proper, all around the fucked-senseless form of Tsunade, writhed the bodies of Naruto's slaves, pleasuring and being pleasured by multiple clones of their master. They put on a beautiful show for the audience, proudly displaying their master's wealth by shaking their spiral-marked asses for all to see: the seal of Uzumaki ownership.

Samui, Karui, and Omoi all moaned and groaned as they serviced their master's duplicates. The blonde seemed to act a touch oddly, but she still did not hesitate to pleasure Naruto with all her skill.

Samui rolled her enormous tits over Naruto's rigid cock, occasionally licking the exposed tip. She laved her saliva over her his head, sandwiching his shaft between her two great, pillowy mounds. Soft, delectable woman flesh was given to his manhood as an offering of lust.

"You are so kind, master...❤" she whispered.

Karui was groaning and squealing, tongue lolling out of her mouth, eyes rolling back in her head. She had an utterly shameless ahegao expression, her tight brown ass bouncing noisily up and down on her master's cock. Her buttocks, pert and perky, slapped Naruto's pelvis with each and every thrust.

"Ahn... Ahhh...! Ahhhhh! Maaaaster...!" she squealed. "AHHHHHHHHH!"

Omoi deepthrotead her shadow clone, taking her master's manhood as far into her mouth as she could. She was on her hands and knees, moaning lewdly and licking the base of Naruto's cock.

"Mmmf! Mmmmmmph! MMM!" she moaned.

Doki Kinuta, Kin Tsuchi, pressed their breasts together, licking their lips and blushing as they docked their ample racks around Naruto's throbbing manhood. They rubbed his dick between their breasts, kissing one another passionately as they did so.

"I feel so wonderful...!" Doki groaned, gasping for air as she nibbled on Kin's soft, plump lower lip.

"Mmmm, ohh!" Kin moaned, wiggling her hips. She mashed her tits a little harder against Doki's
bust, and their master's cock. "Me too!"

Saku Abumi was impaled on another shadow clone, her eyes wide, her modest breasts violently bobbing as she her body was plunged up and down on the enormous cock of her master. She all but screamed in pleasure, completely incoherent as he fucked her silly.

"AHHHHHH! AHHHH! AHHHNNHHHHHNN!" she wailed, throwing her head this way and that. "OOOOOH! OHHHHH! OHHHHH!"

Tayuya flicked her tongue over a long meaty shaft, laving it with saliva. She was blushing nicely, eyes half-lidded as she puffed out her cheeks and blew on the slick, purplish tip. The cock twitched, squirting a bit of thick, sticky spunk onto her face.

She licked her lips.

"Mmm! Tasty❤"

Sakon and Ukon lay with their legs draped over another kage bunshin. They were scissoring one another, and yet not, rubbing their aching cunts up and down the clone's dick. Swollen clits were ground against Naruto's shaft, massaging it and driving the twins wild.

"Sister... I love you!" one moaned.

"And I love master...!" moaned the other.

"N-No faaaaair!" whined the first. "I love him toooooo❤"

They came all over the clone's shaft, whimpering and mewling.

Kidohana wrapped all of her fingers around Naruto's dick, squeezing and massaging his shaft. Her hands were slick with lotion, sweat, and she fondled her master's cock lovingly. He throbbed mightily in her hands, sending shivers of shameless glee up her spine.

"Master, do you like this?" she asked him, smiling warmly. "I want to make you feel good!"

The bluenette Guren was grunting, moaning and groaning, panting as Naruto fucked her. She was lying on her back, a nicely round ass mashing into the dirt. Her cunt was stretched out to its limit, and she was trying hard not to faint as he made her feel pleasure like nothing she could have ever imagined.

"Oh, GODDESS!" she moaned, redfaced and sweaty. "Naruto, master, please! Pump me full of your seed! I want to have your babies!"

Sasame was one of the centerpieces of the orgy in the arena, the inspiration and original wearer of Sasame-style clothing. Her voluptuous, down home body was pinned between three horny, attentive shadow clones.

Full, plump lips smacked lewdly, wetly against a hard, pulsing shaft. A tight ass stretched out, supple and shapely buttocks noisily slapping a solid pelvis. Her pussy gushed nectar down the blue-veined length of Naruto's manhood, as his cock plunged up and down in her cunt.

Hands groped and fondled her breasts, modestly generous, sending wonderful sensations throughout her body. Fingers deftly kneaded that heart-shaped ass, and those plump, juicy thighs. A thumb brushed her cheek, fingers threading through silky ginger tresses.
Her body rocked back and forth, her curves roiling and rippling lewdly. She was in heaven.

Kagerou, beside her Fuuma kinswoman, was on her knees, elegantly kissing and caressing the manhood of a fourth/umpteenth Naruto clone. She stroked his shaft and kissed his head, tastefully licking a moist, meaty slit.

"Does this please you, master?" she whispered. "Do you enjoy what I am doing?"

The clone groaned, giving her a thumbs up in response. A second later, Kagerou's mouth was pumped full of thick, salty spunk.

Pain-chan, Konan, and Yahiko writhed against the body of a single kage bunshin, kissing and licking and worshipfully fondling their master's firm, sculpted musculature. Aching womanhoods were mashed and ground hungrily against his body, the women taking turns driving themselves down on Naruto's rigid, insatiable cock.

"Naruto-sama, I love you!" Pain squealed, mewling happily as she took her turn on his rod.

"As do I," Konan whispered, warmly nibbling his earlobe.

"Me three❤" Yahiko chirped, nestling master's face in her cleavage.

Kouma let out a throaty moan, her head lolling back. Her hips pounded the dirt, buttocks slapping wetly on the ground. A kage bunshin passionately kissed her breasts, teeth scraping her nipples, tongue circling her areolae. Naruto's hips rocked back and forth, driving his manhood deep into her.

"Ohhh, yes! Master! Naruto-sama...!" she groaned, panting heavily, skin slick with sweat. "I love you...! I love you!"

Sasori's living wood frame groaned beneath the weight of her master's body, his cock drilling into her ass. Springy buttocks were parted by a pulsing shaft, a peerless girth which sent shockwaves of utter bliss through her beautiful self-puppet form. His hands cupped her breasts, squeezing and groping them skillfully.

"That's it, that's it...! Yes, yes, yes! Master, just like that! Ohhh! You know just how I like it!" she gasped, sighing huskily, eyes rolling back in her head.

Deidara smiled mischievous as she attended to her Naruto-sama, tonges curling around the hot and thick shaft of his cock. Her fingers danced cleverly up and down his length, the mouths in her palms eagerly tasting and kissing her master's manhood.

She bowed her head, wrapping her lips around his foreskin.

"Mmm... Marupmo-fmama...❤" she purred, vibrating the roof of her mouth against his prick.

Hidan was screaming in bliss, cackling gleefully as she serviced five separate Narutos. She deep-throated one, taking one up her ass, another fucking her pussy. Two more she fondled, using her hands to grasp and pleasure their ravenous gender's. Her face was cherry red, and nearly all you could see were the whites of her eyes.

Kakuzu, next to her, slammed titanic tits up and down fiercely on the rod of a sixth shadow clone, her doughy, stitched-up breasts squeezing and sandwiching her master's throbbing dick. She shook her ass, wagging full and supple buttocks this way and that, making them ripple and wobble beautifully, magnificent curves all a-quiver.
"This is so much more fun than bounty hunting," she mused lustily, a twinkle in her eyes. "And I reckon it pays better, too. Viva la prostitution!" she chortled goodnaturedly.

Zetsuko had her lips wrapped tight around Naruto's penis, her tongue tracing intricate figures across the veinous, velvety skin. Her slaver dribbled down his sides, trickling to the very base of his manly sex. She cupped his aching balls in her hands, weighing and squeezing them playfully. Both halves of the girl seemed equally enthralled by his taste.

"Mmmf... mm... mwaah❤" she moaned, smacking her lips and kissing his cock.

Ino sandwiched Naruto's manhood between plump, juicy thighs. She ground pert and supple buttocks on his pelvis, rubbing her legs up and down, chafing his penis with her thighs. The shadow clone's hands were on her breasts, pinching and twisting stiff and perky nipples.

Shiho was on her knees before them, worshipfully caressing and fondling the fore of Naruto's cock. A good deal of his length stuck out from between Ino's legs, and she happily pleasured this exposed remnant of her master's shaft. Her lips brushed his slit, tongue flicking out to shyly tease his swollen head.

Sakura watched contentedly as an explosion of semen covered Shiho's face. Her pregnancy was too advanced, now, for engaging in such vigorous activities, but she could still watch and appreciate the view of her personal handmaidens pleasuring and servicing her husband.

"Oh, my!" Shiho squealed, licking her lips. "Master's sperm is as delicious as ever."

Ino pouted.

"What, aren't you gonna share any with me?" she whined.

Sakura giggled. "Go ahead, Shiho," she instructed her slave. "Let that piggy Ino have a taste~"

Ino blushed, wiggling her hips. Naruto's cock swayed left and right with the movement of her legs.

"Mm... I don't mind being a naughty little sow," she purred, "If it's for master." She eyed Sakura's bust, which had grown considerably, swelling in pregnancy, and her cheeks reddened a little more. "...or for mistress❤" she added a moment later, giggling.

Shiho smiled. Standing up, she embraced Ino, pressing her body against that of her fellow blonde. She squeezed her thighs on Naruto's cock, like Ino did, and this left only a precum-slicked head peeking out just below her soft, plump buttocks.

"And I don't mind sharing, if it's with Ino-chan~" she cooed, winking slyly at her fellow slave. Then she kissed her, shunting a mouthful of sperm past her colleague's lips. Semen was smeared all over her face, and once they broke off their kiss a moment later, Ino proceeded to begin licking it up, and sharing about half of it with Shiho.

Both shook their money makers gleefully, further stimulating their master's cock.

Sakura smiled serenely at this sight.

"Just as Kaguya-sama wanted..." she whispered dreamily. "...all for Naruto, our love❤"

Next to these four were Shimizu and Itami, pressing sizable tits together over the cock of yet another Naruto shadow clone. Lady Sasuki watched, a twinkle in her eyes, as her sister and cousin slid their breasts up and down over the throbbing, delectable length of her husband's wonderful sex.
Naruto bucked his hips, fucking the tightly docked tits of two gorgeous Uchiha prodigies. His dick plunged up and down, making generous bosoms ripple and wobble, sending carnal thrills through the lovely, nubile bodies of Sasuki's handmaidens.

Sasuki smiled, absentmindedly stroking her inner thigh, humming and memorizing everything she saw with her eternal mangekyo sharingan. She glanced a little curiously at Naruto, once or twice, as though expecting him to do something, but she didn't say anything.

"No fair, Itacchan," Shimizu whined cutely, visibly leaning forward to keep up with her cousin and lover. "Why couldn't we have done this with our butts instead? You've got too much of an advantage with those melons."

"Do I, now?" Itami said sweetly, smiling at Shimizu. "My breasts may be larger than yours, but if we did it the other way around then we still wouldn't be equal."

"Shimizu has the bigger butt, right?" Sasuki chuckled.

"But at least then I'd have the advantage!" Shimizu said with a playful giggle, wagging her hips. A large and generous booty, indeed the superior of Itami's (who was no slacker in any department), set to rippling and quaking, violently wobbling. "Ne, Sasuki-chama?"

"Shi-rin, you sly thing," Itami purred, winking. "You just want to show off for master, don't you?"

"That's the same motive as you, though," Sasuki observed.

Itami and Shimizu giggled.

Kanakuro was embracing another Naruto from behind, mashing her bountiful bosom into his back. Peaking nipples dug into his skin, doughy hills of woman flesh jiggling and squashing obscenely against the hard, muscular form of the world's apparent rightful master. She breathed hotly on his neck, passionately fondling his chiseled pecs and washboard abs.

Temari was on her hands and knees below Naruto, her breasts swaying pendulously back and forth. Her ass wobbled and rippled, the shadow clone fervently fucking her pussy from behind, pinning the blonde wind mistress beneath Kanakuro and himself. The weight of his thrusts was nearly enough to completely buckle her knees.

Gaara watched with a pleasantly satisfied expression, humming serenely and smiling as she watched her sisters make hot and sweaty, furious, passionate, unrestrained love to her husband, their master. She seemed vaguely somnolent in her poise and look, perhaps drowsy. Her sand gourd was at her feet, laid down there by Kanakuro.

"Man, what a body," Kanakuro purred, feeling up Naruto. "It's like he was carved from solid rock."

"He's harder than rock❤" Temari groaned, moaning and panting as Naruto's hips rocked against hers. "Granite is like wet clay compared to him❤"

"He is the hardest diamond in a world of gems," Gaara spoke up, seemingly waxing poetic. "He naturally surpasses all of us... as the only mortal worthy of wedding our mother, Kaguya-sama."

Her gaze was faintly distant as she spoke, eyes not seeming entirely focused.

Kanakuro and Temari moaned blissfully in agreement, coming explosively all over Naruto's kage bunshin.
"He is the best!" the puppet mistress agreed.

"Absolutely godly!" Temari squealed.

"I am honored to be his wife," Gaara concluded, smiling worshipfully at Naruto. "I adore you more deeply than life itself❤"

Something in the back of Naruto's mind twinged at this statement, but he was in no condition to scrutinize it. Nejie and Hanabi kept him quite busy with their lovely Hyuuga bodies. Hanabi's anus was impaled on his cock, her firm round buttocks slapping his groin. Her lips were mashed against Nejie's, breasts cupped in her cousin's hands.

The buxom gentle fist prodigy lovingly kissed and fondled her younger cousin, groping Hanabi's modest mounds, wrestling with her relative's cute, pink tongue. Saliva dribbled down their chins even as nectar flowed from their cunts. Pale skin was rosy with a full-body blush, slick with sweat. Generous curves dimpled sublimely.

Hinata smiled demurely, gracefully. She beheld the blissful, naked joining of her kinswomen with her husband, begrudging them none of the pleasure they felt at his hands. She knew that her labor was fast approaching, that she would soon enough give birth, and not long after that be recovered enough from that to make up for lost time, and then some.

"Mmf, mmm! Mwejie-cham...!" Hanabi moaned.

"Mm, mmm! Mmmph! Hamwami-shama...❤" Nejie replied.

"Do their bodies please you, my love?" Hinata asked Naruto, smiling warmly at his relatives. "Does having your way with them excite you, make you happy?"

Naruto's shadow clone nodded, smiling toothily at his creator's wife.

"Hell yeah!" he cheered. Gripping Hanabi's thighs, he slammed his pelvis harder than ever against her delicious young ass, pleasing his wife's handmaiden and little sister as generously as if she were Hinata herself.

"MMPH! MMM! MMMMAAAAHHH!" Hanabi squealed, screaming out loud for the pleasure which shot through her from Naruto's vigorous ministrations. The kiss between her and Nejie was broken, and she exclaimed her praises. "NARUTO-SAMA! OH GODDESS! Oh, KAGUYA, YESSSSSS! HARDER! HARDER! HAAAAARDEER!"

Nejie bowed her head, and began kissing Hanabi's breasts. She wagged her hips happily, biting and licking her cousin's cute, puffy nipples.

Hanabi came explosively, and Naruto's hot spunk flooded her asshole.

Elsewhere throughout the audience, every sexually viable female present was being fucked and pleased by replicas of their new hokage, and many others pleased and serviced his clones graciously, worshipfully serving their Lord Sixth Hokage, Naruto Uzumaki-sama. Virtually the entire village was involved in this orgiastic carnival of flesh, passion and lust running free, love being given generously and unselfishly to their one true master.

Kaguya Otsutsuki watched over it all with a smirk, tightly embracing the original Naruto, holding his head to her bosom. She had disrobed, displaying a perfect, impossibly ideal figure truly befitting a goddess.
"Does this please you, my son? I have made it all for you: I created this whole world just for you. Everything you see is yours to do with as you please, forever," she whispered into his ear, nibbling on soft and sensitive lobes.

Naruto groaned. His eyes were cloudy and distant, his smile loose and vaguely mindless. He was deeply ensnared in the goddess's spell.

He nodded.

"Yes..." he mumbled in response.

Kaguya smiled, and kissed his cheek. Naruto's eyes cleared up, and his smile grew wider, regaining its accustomed toothy gleam.

"Yeah!" he repeated more enthusiastically, seeming more like himself.

Kaguya giggled.

"Then show me your gratitude, my son."

She turned him around, and stepped back, spreading her arms and displaying her gorgeous, perfect body to him. Her breasts were large and flawlessly shaped, round and supple, doughy and bouncy. Her bust dwarfed even Tsunade's, yet it seemed perfectly proportioned on her body, tall and slender, a giant among women.

Kaguya's rear was just as generous and perfectly shaped as her chest, a tremendous, firm, heart-shaped pillow of an ass. Smooth, pale skin free of blemishes. Round, ample hills cleft in twain by a deep, dark, tantalizing crevasse. Legs that went on for miles, and perfectly plump thighs that could crush a boulder with ease.

Her skin was white as snow, byakugan eyes boring deep into Naruto's cerulean orbs. The mound of her womanhood was shapely and beautiful, nether-lips cloven by a moist, hot slit. Ridges of velvety pink peered out from between her smooth, blushing labia, a swollen and sizable clitoris looking ready and eager for pleasing.

Naruto grinned, and he stepped forward.

Kaguya kissed the man she had chosen as god of this world. He kissed her back, their tongues twining and curling, dueling heatedly and fervently, passion melding their bodies together. Her lips parted, both pairs, welcoming in Naruto's tongue, and Naruto's manhood.

She took him into herself, embracing the blond lovingly. She had control of the pace and the rhythm, rocking her hips and guiding him inside, leading the way as they began to fuck in earnest.

Down below, the orgy continued unabated.

Naruto felt everything his clones felt. His clones felt everything he felt. It was an endless feedback loop of mindblowing sexual bliss.

The Inuzuka women groaned, writhing shamelessly, tightly sandwiched between several horny kage bunshin. They were being overwhelmed with sheer cock, Naruto's clones fucking their every hole with a loving, earnest vigor. Sexy bodies were painted white as Naruto came all over Hana, Tsume, and Kiba-chan.

Shiko Aburame and her mothers sucked off other kage bunshin, licking Naruto's cocks, cupping
and fondling his balls. Semen dribbled and slopped from their distended cunts and assholes, their faces red, bodies sweaty.

Kurenai had a double-ended dildo shoved up pussy, and was mashing her breasts into her wife and lover's back. She kissed and nibbled Asuka's ears, rocking her hips and fucking the Sarutobi's ass. She herself had a Naruto groping her tits and pounding her rear, breathing hot and heavy on the back of her neck as its double fucked and frenched Asuka from in front, the two lovers double-stuffed and sandwiched between horny, insatiable shadow clones.

A little ways aside, Ebiko-sensei and her students, Konohana, Ukyo, and Moegi, were all sharing a single cock, blushing and smiling dreamily as they took turns sucking and licking it, fondling and french kissing one another across its hard, throbbing thickness. They fingered themselves, moaning and groaning, masturbating blissfully as they serviced their new hokage.

The members of Team Gal who weren't already Uzumaki concubines each had a clone to themselves, pleasuring and being pleased by Naruto in turn. Tenten was currently having her womanhood reamed, while Leah smacked her tight, toned booty vigorously up and down on a pulsating rod, while their sensei Gal was sandwiching a cock between her ample tits, kissing and squeezing and massaging it in between her two mountainous mammarys.

The past and current Akimichi heads, Choume and Chouko, wiggled big, beautiful booties as they sucked the throbbing cock of yet another Naruto. Their tremendous bosoms mashed and wobbled, being fondled and squeezed by one another's skillful, loving hands. Their pussies gushed with fragrant nectar, wetting their thighs and dousing the floor.

Shikamari was blushing, her pussy wet, hands in a seal, as grasping hands of shadow crawled up Naruto's rigid shaft, squeezing and strangling his manhood with her kage sao shibari no jutsu. Her mothers Shikako and Yoshino were taking it up the ass and pussy respectively.

Anko and Ibiko were making out heatedly over a wet and glistening penis, sandwiching another shadow clone's cock between their large and beautiful racks. Ibiko shook an ample, lusciously scarred booty. Anko moaned and pinched her nipples, which dribbled a little bit of milk.

Ibiko's sister Idate-chan was sucking on the same shadow clone's balls. This Naruto was also fingering the hot, soaking cunts of perennial gate guards Izumi and Tetsuko. Yugao Uzuki and Hermione Gekko were even taking turns making out and being eaten out by this very busy kage bunshin.

Akane Shiranui, Raiko Namiashi, and the sunglasses-wearing Midori each had a clone to themselves, in contrast. The first was giving hers a titfuck, while the second was getting fucked in the cunt. Midori was lewdly hotdogging her shadow clone's cock between her butt cheeks, grinding her ass up and down, fingering herself and cupping her breasts as she rubbed her aching asshole against Naruto's throbbing shaft.

Sai-chan and her adoptive big sister were kneeling over the lap of one shadow clone, curling their tongues together over the pulsing, rigid length of his manhood. They kissed each other hotly, sharing a cock and fondling one another's modest tits. They also each had another kage bunshin taking them up the ass, smacking their hips and squeezing their thighs. Their assholes were on fire, stretched out and stuffed up.

Captain Nadeshiko cupped her own breasts, spreading her legs and squirming ecstatically. She was sandwiched between two hard, muscular blond studs, her face degenerated into a splendidly obscene ahegao. Matching dicks were pounding her asshole and cunt, beating her nether regions into a pulp between the hammer and anvil.
Ayame was getting a gangbang all to herself, a sign of how much Naruto appreciated her role in providing him with hot, delicious ramen. Her buttocks, soft and round, the untoned ass of a pure civilian, slapped one clone's pelvis, while her pubic mound crashed into the groin of another, impaled like a boar on a spit. Her lips smacked the shaft of a third Naruto, while her hands gripped and stroked the cocks of a fourth and fifth one.

Mikoto Uchiha took it up the ass. Her wife, Fugako, got it in the pussy. The former's hips clapped noisily as Naruto spanked and fucked her. The latter's tits wobbled and deformed as Naruto groped and kneaded them. Both were ecstatic, euphoric, utterly jubilant to help inaugurate the honorable Rokudaime.

"What a wonderful son-in-law!" Fugako moaned, redfaced and squealing as Naruto fucked her cunt and manhandled her tits. She squirmed, rubbing her bum across tiled floor, gasping for air and grunting huskily.

"I am so happy to know that I am the mother-in-law of such an incredible person❤" Mikoto mewedled in agreement. She cupped her breasts, panting and fondling herself as Naruto's pelvis nailed her hips to the ground.

"He will make an excellent hokage," Fugako concluded, smiling warmly.

"As well as father, and husband," Mikoto agreed, purring contentedly.

They came together with the two kage bunshin, all four of them at once.

Hiashi and her twin sister Hizashi slapped their breasts together, grinding their nipples one over the other, shivering and moaning as they massaged the doughy flesh of their boobs against the rigid hardness of Naruto's cock.

"We live to serve you, Rokudaime-sama," Hiashi whispered, "with our minds, hearts, and bodies. Anything you desire, we will give you without hesitation."

She bucked her hips, pussy wet. Big, round buttocks bounced and jiggled.

"Especially if it's our bodies you want~" cooed Hizashi, glancing sidelong at her sister's wife, Taki, who was in the process of receiving a generously brutal gangbang at her own request.

Hiashi blushed, and silently nodded in agreement.

A second later, Naruto covered the twins' tits with his semen.

Mebuki and Kikyo Haruno were eating each other out, lewdly sixty-nining one another as Naruto clones fucked their motherly asses. Lips mashed against hot and soaking pussies, tongue slipping past puffy labia to explore the moist and velvety folds of their womanly insides. They tasted each other's warm nectar, lapping it up and humming most happily.

"Naruto-sama..." purred the ginger Mebuki, wiggling her particularly fine and shapely ass against her clone's pelvis, feeling the thick, rock-hard cock that pounded her anus. "So wonderful...!"

"He is magnificent, our Lord Hokage," Kikyo moaned in agreement, her graying pink hair worn in the shape of a cherry blossom. large and generous tits mashed into her wife and lover's abdomen.

"I think I love him... as much as I love you, dear!" Mebuki sighed happily, passionately kissing Kikyo's cunt.
"I think I love him even more~" Kikyo teased, nibbling delicately on Mebuki's clit.

"EEEEEEE...! You tease...!" Mebuki squealed. "No faaaaAIIR❤

Naruto's senses were linked with those of his kage bunshin. He felt everything they felt. They felt everything he felt.

It was an endless feedback loop of sexual bliss – made doubly so as Kaguya accepted Naruto's offering of seed unto her womanhood, drinking it up with her flesh. His lips were sealed around one of her nipples, drinking the goddess's milk. She nursed him on the elixir of immortality, the warm and creamy mead of her motherhood.

"What a dutiful, obedient son," Kaguya purred. "You are truly deserving of all that I have to give."

Her insides clamped down on Naruto's manhood, the walls of her pussy greedily milking his cock for every last drop of sperm. Thighs were wrapped around him, squeezing his legs with a bone-crushing force. Kaguya stroked and caressed Naruto's back, massaging his shoulders, rubbing his buttocks, squeezing his thighs and cupping his balls.

She seemed to pleasure him with a thousand smooth and delicate, flawlessly soft and feminine hands. Ten thousand slender, pale fingers seemed to brush and trace every inch of the blond's form, several times over.

"Mmf... mm... mwah, mmmmm..." Naruto moaned incoherently, groaning and blushing as Kaguya continued to drive his cock back and forth inside herself.

He was hard as rock in her pussy, but limp as a noodle in her arms, sleepily suckling at the woman's teat while absentmindedly rubbing and squeezing her vast, divine buttocks. He pleasured her as a secondary function to laying there in her arms, lost in utter euphoria as she made him feel such absolute pleasure as none could endure.

Even his Uzumaki stamina had its limits. Even the chakra of the tailed beasts, of the Sage of Six Paths, could not sustain his ejaculations forever. He would run out of steam quickly at this rate, Kaguya's body too wonderful, too incredible for even him to long fuck.

He came with embarrassing ease, over and over, repeatedly shooting his sperm into Kaguya's pussy. Thick white seed trickled from her lips, glopping out in strings and gobs every time his dick thrust back or forth. His mind was buzzing, his cock so hard it left him in agony. Lights flashed across his eyes, his vision blanking and spinning every few seconds.

Kaguya fucked Naruto, taking his manhood into her flower. He suckled at her teat, drinking her milk, which by now was the only thing sustaining him, giving him the strength to keep on coming.

Time was meaningless. Hours passed by in seconds, minutes seeming to last eternities. Long and short, it was, the time spent together with Kaguya. She fucked him long and hard, well after everyone else in the village had finished, satisfied and exhausted. She fucked him all the rest of the day, throughout the night, all of the next morning and the day and night and day that followed, until at last she'd had her fill.

Three days and nights of straight mindblowing sex passed them by in a blur. Naruto's clones all dissipated in that length of time, people coming and going, returning to their daily routines as they awaited the Lord Sixth's return from this steamy, sensual sabbatical. And at last, when Naruto felt like he had nothing left to give, even with Kaguya's milk sustaining his vitality, it was over.

Kaguya laid Naruto down, kissing him on the forehead as he fell into a deep slumber.
"Stay with me forever..." she whispered into his ear, nibbling his tender lobes. "Don't ever leave me again, my son..."

She kissed Naruto hotly on the mouth, exploring his oral cavity with a perfectly divine tongue. She tasted his breath and his palate, laved his saliva into his mouth, mixing hers with his. Her breasts pressed into his firm chest, nippling seeping a bit of warm milk onto his skin.

"Together, we shall rule over this world..." Kaguya said, producing a feather raiment to drape over Naruto's naked form. "...as its rightful goddess, and only god."

Naruto slept peacefully.

Kaguya caressed his cheek.

"Let his children be born," she whispered to the wind, "and grow into the fullness of their womanhood. They shall serve their father as his four warrior princesses, their mothers as his queens."

The air changed, and Kaguya allowed herself the smallest ghost of a smirk.

"All is as has been foretold," she pronounced, speaking with the finality and authority of a goddess.
Tsunade hummed cheerfully as she sifted through her old desk drawers, yanking them open with a cute grunt of effort. Reams of paper spilled out, unfiled forms and porno magazines indiscriminately mixed together. Several back issues of Playninja fell to the floor as she sorted through the mess, and the pig-tailed blonde shook her head before bending over to pick them up.

She wiggled her hips, shaking an ample, generous bum well in view of her new boss. The godaime hokage cum secretary was dressed – if you could call it that – in a spaghetti strap bikini top with matching G-string. The dime sized swatches of fabric covering her nipples left her areolae almost completely exposed, and the skimpy thong riding up her nether regions wasn't even wide enough to cover her anus, let along her pussy.

A wet, blushing crotch smouldered under the warm gaze of her master. Soft and rosy lips enveloped a thin strap, the front of Tsunade's bikini bottom riding well up into her pussy. Her buttocks quivered as she leaned this way and that to pick up the papers, a spiral brand on her ass cheek dancing and dimpling in time with her flesh.

Naruto Uzumaki smiled cheerfully, watching out the corner of his eye as Tsunade cleaned up the mess she had left behind. These papers, forms and charts and magazines all crammed to bursting in his new desk's drawers, were the last tangible remnants of the buxom blonde's term as hokage. Once she had cleaned them out, he would be free to make this office his, down to every last floorboard.

"How were you able to find anything in this mess, granny?" Naruto chuckled, resting his elbow opposite an inkwell, the sharp tip of a calligraphy pen hovering inches above a requisition form from R&D.

Tsunade's ass jiggled, and he heard the woman huskily giggle.

"Oh, I had my system," she said. "I knew where to find the things that really mattered."

And saying this, she grabbed a particularly careworn issue of Rustler. The cover showed what looked like the Legendary Sannin in their early teens, stark naked and huddled suggestively together.

Tsunade licked her lips, visibly ogling the nude, discolored forms of her teammates.

Naruto couldn't help but chuckle, seeing this.

"You're as big a perv as Miraiya, you know that?"

"I hide it better, though," was the woman's response. She glanced up at him over her shoulder, smiling coyly. "I don't show this side of myself to just anyone, Lord Hokage."

And saying this, she gave her ass a playful shake. Naruto watched attentively as her buttocks wobbled and swayed to and fro, doughy flesh rippling and quaking with the motion.

"Just everyone in the village, right?" Naruto said wryly. "And the diplomats, too."

"What diplomats?" Tsunade replied, winking. "Far as I see, they're just more slaves offered up to you in tribute."
Naruto's eyes gleamed.

"Any time I want, I can get a private reenactment of all of Princess Gale's hottest love scenes from the star herself," he said absentmindedly, nodding his head in agreement. "She's even sexier in person."

"Koyuki-chan is a cutie," Tsunade concurred. "But then, so are Toki-chan and Haruna-chan!"

"The cutest three daimyo in all the elemental nations, all to myself... and anyone who doesn't mind sharing. That's not even counting Shion-chan!" Naruto laughed. "Man, if I'd known being hokage would have *this* many perks, I would've taken the seat years ago."

Tsunade smiled, embracing a carefully assembled stack of porn mags to her bountiful, scantily-clad chest.

"Remember, though, you were only able to get it *now* after taking some wives," she reminded the young man, standing up and straightening out her most prized possessions.

(The unfiled forms still littered the floor.)

Naruto hummed cheerfully, nodding.

"True, true," he mused. "Hehehe... but marriage is fun, too. Those daughters of mine are the cutest things ever!"

Tsunade purred.

"Kids these days... they grow up so fast, don't they? Those four are regular prodigies. It seems like only yesterday that they were still in their mothers' wombs..." Her eyes twinkled. "...and they've already become such sexy little things! Mm-hm, those tight little asses, and those perky breasts... I get wet just thinking about it!"

Naruto laughed.

"I'm so proud of them," he agreed. "Tamon-tan had her first period a few hours ago, and Zoujou's already gotten the talk from Sakura-chan. Jikoku's only one more course away from graduating the academy, and Koumoku's gotta be at least an F-cup by now!"

"They grow up *so* fast," Tsunade repeated, smiling warmly. "Before you know it, they'll be wanting to start families of their own. Why, in a few months you could be a *grandfather*!"

"I already am, sorta," Naruto replied. "Don't you remember Haku's little girl?"

Tsunade blinked.

"Oh, that's right," she said. "Byakko-chan. She's grown into a fine young woman, hasn't she?"

"So's her daughter," Naruto agreed. "Yukiko Yuki-chan... heheh, she'll probably be making a *great* grandpa out of me, soon enough!"

"Ah, to think this could happen before you even hit seventeen. What a productive man you are, Lord Hokage❤" Tsunade gushed, bowing low and giving Naruto a perfect view of her scarcely-covered nipples.

"It's all thanks to mom, honestly," Naruto said. "If not for her, it might have actually taken a few years before my baby girls could even talk. But with her teaching them, they're practically already
shoo-ins for the next chuunin exam, once they graduate."

"Lady Kaguya is amazing," Tsunade agreed. "She's done for those girls in one day what it would have taken anyone else a decade and change. You know, it used to be that a girl would need thirteen or more years to get where those daughters of yours are? Not even a day old, and they're already teenagers in mind and body."

"Time is her bitch," Naruto said cheerfully, nodding his head. "Space, too."

Tsunade purred.

"I wouldn't mind joining up with those two~" she joked.

Naruto laughed.

"You're already mine, though," he reminded her with a playful smack on the rump. The tattoo on her ass glowed, a slightest fraction of Naruto's limitless chakra flowing into her body.

"Ooooh!" Tsunade moaned, her eyes rolling back up in her head. She shuddered, curves rippling, and nectar gushed down her thighs. "Me and every other woman in the world❤"

She came explosively, the flow of juices virtually unhindered by her G-string. Pleasure rushed through her veins, every erogenous zone in her body simultaneously stimulated by the quote-unquote "curse" mark on her ass.

Naruto pitched a tent in his trousers, grabbing a handful of Tsunade's ass. He grinned rakishly, and pulled the woman down on top of him. Her breasts squeezed against his firm chest, and she straddled him bonelessly, mewling and moaning like – to put it bluntly – a bitch in heat.

"That's right," he chuckled. "'Cause there's one thing I've got that even mom doesn't have."

His cock, scarcely contained within his trousers, throbbed mightily as the former hokage began desperately squealing and dry-humping him.

"Oh, yes! Yes! Even Kaguya-sama would bow down to this...!" Tsunade gasped, moaning and shamelessly grinding her lewd, lascivious body against Naruto's fully-clothed frame. "Your cock is the ultimate force in the universe!"

She kissed him hungrily, desperately. Fingers groped for the Lord Hokage's zipper, slipping the crotch of her G-string aside in lustful anticipation of a deeply filling penetration.

Naruto grinned, and he decided to lend Tsunade a hand.

ANBU agents Yugao, Kagome, Sai, and Nadeshiko stood obediently at attention, watching silently from the shadows as the Lady Fifth rode the Lord Sixth, one hokage passionately frenching and fucking another.

Mei Terumi, Ay-chan, and Kurotsuchi patiently awaited their turns. Mist, Cloud, and Stone would each have their chance to be owned by the Leaf, and burned to a crisp by Naruto's flames of passion.

The Sand, Sound, Rain, and Star could not be any more his bitches than they already were.

Throughout the village of Konoha, the general atmosphere was one of high spirits. Everywhere
you looked, women strolled contentedly down the streets, dressed in variously revealing fashions and chatting blissfully about recent events. Young couples happily showed off their love for one another wherever they went, unashamedly making sweet music together in public.

Celebrations had never really petered out, even several days after the official inauguration of their new lord hokage. Tipsy revelers were still a common sight, carousing and wassailing all day and night. The caterwauling of horny young women filled the alleys, mutually companionable molestation nigh ubiquitous throughout the Leaf. Merely knowing that the Rokudaime was now in office filled the citizens of Konohagakure with an unwavering optimism and glee.

Those who could boast a personal acquaintance with Lord Uzumaki found themselves exceedingly popular among their peers. Friends and lovers of Naruto wanted for nothing in these days – least of all pussy, which was offered up eagerly and generously to any and everyone connected to the Honorable Sixth. Popularity by association, you could call it. A pussy pounding by Naruto's penis seemed utterly irresistible to the public at large, and those who possessed such fortunate organs received offers and solicitations beyond count.

And not only natives of the Leaf populated the village. No, following Naruto's inauguration, the Leaf experienced an influx of human tribute not seen since the days of Lord Shodaime. Foreign ninja villages sent most of their best kunoichi to Konoha, to Naruto, all but gift-wrapped with tags saying "Please make us your sex slaves❤️." Lovely, nubile young diplomats from countless other nations lined the streets for blocks outside Hokage Tower, waiting in lustful anticipation to "negotiate international relations" with the world-famous man.

The daimyo of at least three different nations so far had straight up offered themselves to Naruto as concubines: Koyuki Kazahana, plus Ladies Toki and Haruna. Hoshikage Sumaru, her mother Natsuhi and comrade Hokuto. Renowned priestess Shion, famous doctor Amaru. Madames Isaribi and Hotaru – Miss Shizuka of Nadeshiko no sato, and her attendant Tokiwa – and so many others as well. Countless beautiful women, all of whom could claim some manner of acquaintance with Naruto Uzumaki, however brief or distant.

All had moved to the Leaf, and gladly taken up a yoke of sexual servitude under the Sixth Hokage. Far and wide journeyed countless maidens, all seeking to offer the legendary Naruto Uzumaki-sama their bodies. Gladly and freely did so many accept the brand of his concubines, openly displaying the spiral tattoo as a symbol of highest honor. It was a carnal pilgrimage to the mecca of Naruto's manhood.

Shadow clones of the Rokudaime patrolled the village in considerable numbers, gladly welcoming these foreign travelers, and generously attending to the sexual needs of their public. Wherever a Naruto kage bunshin went, a great orgy was sure to follow, adoring maidens young and old gleefully showing their admiration for the new lord hokage.

And at the center of all this were nine women, beautiful and virile. The highest and most honored of all the women in all the world: noblest, fairest, most beloved by all.

Sasuki smiled subtly, proudly, watching as her daughter formed a ram seal and produced three flawless bunshin. Jikoku Uzumaki wore a short-hemmed, white Yukata matching the color of her hair. She was a mere head shorter than her mother, slim and fair with dark, piercing eyes and smooth, flawless skin.

"Bunshin no jutsu," the girl breathed, her expression neutral and serene. Her features were soft, yet with a hint of sharpness – a lean and angular bone structure underlying the plump roundness of youth, giving her an appearance of maturity wholly unrelated to the modest swell of her chest, or the subtle flair of her hips.
Each of the three clones perfectly matched her appearance, and flawlessly copied her stance. Despite the inherent incorporeality of their forms, the fair-skinned bunshin mimicked the subtle cues of weight and substance to a T.

For all intents and purposes, the clones looked just as real and solid as their creator. If one didn't follow Jikoku's original position, it would be impossible to tell which were clones and which was kunoichi unless one attempted physical contact. Even such a prodigiously gifted shinobi as Sasuki would not easily be able to tell the clones apart from their creator without activating her sharingan. This would be high praise for even a veteran kunoichi, let alone one as fresh and young as Jikoku Uzumaki.

Bystanders and passers-by alike watched with undisguised interest as Jikoku and her sisters each performed the basic Academy ninjutsu, demonstrating their proficiency to the public, their parents, and—most importantly—their teacher.

Koumoku and Tamon, with eyes like pearl and amber, sparred with fluid grace. The former, red-haired and buxom, moved like a master of the gentle fist. Her breasts, which were large and generous even for a full grown woman, let alone a girl with the stature of a late preteen, bounced and bobbed as she sidestepped and parried, thrusting the heels of her palms and tips of her fingers forth with motions as graceful and entrancing as running water.

Koumoku's body curved and coursed like a gentle current, flowing and swirling around sticks and stones, carving softly and patiently through the solid earth. Tamon, blonde and similarly buxom, with the piercing golden eyes of a native desert dweller, moved more sharply, mechanically, efficient and methodical. The latter was ostensibly on the defensive, briskly and precisely thrusting Koumoku's hands aside, countering only intermittently with quick jabs or careful kicks, yet she was no less in control of the spar than her sister was.

Gaara's daughter, Tamon, displayed a modest taijutsu prowess against the elegant and masterful Koumoku, holding her own admirably for one facing such a talented young kunoichi of the Hyuuga bloodline. She bobbed and weaved, ducking and dodging, deflecting and evading nearly every blow. And when she was struck she retaliated skillfully enough, swiftly if softly striking her dear half-sister.

Gaara and Hinata watched proudly as their daughters sparred, Tamon and Koumoku dressed in a similar fashion to Sasuki's daughter, Jikoku. Short, plain yukata—yellow and red, with fabric that clung a little tightly to the remarkably advanced curvature of their youthful, preteen forms.

The fourth daughter, with eyes as warm and deep blue as her father's, hair as soft and sakura-pink as her mother's, was the only one to not be participating in these physical examinations. Zoujou Uzumaki, lean and slight, was a bright-eyed young waif as petite as her mother. Clad in a yukata of summery sky blue, reclining peacefully against a tree trunk as she quietly perused a text on advanced chakra theory, Zoujou was the only one of Naruto's four darling daughters to be exempted from this final test of kunoichi aptitude.

She had already passed, after all, fulfilling every qualification for an official promotion to genin a full hour and a half before her sisters. Long pink hair cascaded down the lass's back, a red ribbon tying her bangs back in a fashion nearly identical to how her mother had worn her hair in youth. She softly whistled an indistinct tune, peering briefly over the pages of her book to see how her half-sisters were doing.

Kaguya, who was presiding over the instruction of the four girls, chose now to raise her hand, palm facing forward, and tell the young ones to stop.
"That is enough," she intoned. "Tamon-tan, Jikoku-tan, Koumoku-tan. All three of you have demonstrated your skills. I am satisfied that you will serve your father well."

Tamon and Koumoku ceased their sparring. Bowing shortly to one another, and presenting the sign of harmony, they turned to face their instructor and spiritual grandmother. Jikoku likewise dispelled her clones, standing firmly at attention. Even Zoujou stood up, setting aside her book and turning her focus to the Grand Mother, Kaguya.

Hinata smiled warmly, clasping her hands and leaning against Sasuki. Gaara blushed, lips curling infinitesimally up at the corners, and her eyes glimmered with unmistakable pride as she looked at her daughter. Sakura crossed her arms under a smallish bust and grinned.

"So... we're all kunoichi now, then?" Tamon said, smiling softly. She looked up at the serene, alabaster-skinned goddess with undisguised admiration, yellow eyes gleaming with an eager, scarcely restrained hopefulness. Jikoku, Zoujou, and Koumoku all looked similarly excited.

Sasuki smirked at the obvious eagerness in the eyes of their daughters.

"You're already... on a whole other level from where we were, when we became genin," she whispered, half to herself and half to Gaara's little girl.

"They are, aren't they?" Hinata mused, nodding agreeably. "Chakra as bountiful as their father's... with control even better than any of us had at that point in our careers."

"Their potential is staggering," Sakura murmured, nonchalantly threading her fingers together. She beamed. "I'm so PROUD of them!"

"That's the raw talent contained in our husband's blood," Gaara said with a small, subtle smile. "With the right training, they could easily surpass even the best of us."

"...Yes, with training," Sasuki murmured, her eyes glinting. She shook her head slowly, and frowned a little bit. "But talent isn't the same thing as ability. There's a limit to how strong you can grow without firsthand experience."

Sakura gave Sasuki a strange look.

"That's a pretty sudden change of tune," she remarked. "What's up? You're the one who was saying they'd already surpassed us as we were at our academy graduations."

Hinata smiled, and nodded slowly.

"...But we were not very skilled at all, were we?" she mused. "When we first became genin... in the grand scheme of things, we still had a very long way to go. Right, Sasuki?"

Sasuki's mouth formed a small o. "I see..." she murmured. "Our girls are talented, but we shouldn't let ourselves get too caught up in the matter of their potential. Too much praise spoils a kid, and excessively high expectations will only set you up for drama down the road."

"Reward them for what they have objectively accomplished, but also keep in mind where they stand in relation to the world at large," Gaara said. "Correct? Don't inflate their heads with unearned praise, or outright dismiss what they have done in comparison with what they could have done."

"Don't spoil them, but also don't starve them for praise," Sasuki said. "Reward their accomplishments, while also keeping in mind what they could have done better – while also being
careful not to get too caught up in the differences between their reality and your ideal."

Hinata sighed quietly, smiling a touch bittersweetly. Sakura's shoulders drooped minutely, and her expression seemed to show hints of a subtle, half-anticipated weariness.

"The path of motherhood is a treacherous one, with many pitfalls. Contradicting needs that have to be balanced, with so many ways to go wrong, and yet no clear 'right' way to do it." Hinata closed her eyes, and placed a hand on Sasuki's shoulder.

"They grow up so fast... all we can do is give it our best and hope everything turns out alright," Sakura tiredly mused. "Man, parenting is complicated."

"But at the end of the day, it's still the most rewarding thing you can do," Sasuki concluded.

The other three nodded in agreement, and with that the four of them met the eyes of their daughters.

Jikoku, Zoujou, Koumoku, and Tamon were smiling up at their mothers. They were hopeful, expectant, quietly awaiting the final pronouncement of their dear, beloved mom's. The girls were hesitantly proud of themselves, and anxious to see a matching pride in their parents' eyes. They sought praise, vindication.

*Love.*

Sakura was the first to speak.

"Your father will be so proud of you girls," she said, taking a chance and letting her own pride shine through. "You did great!"

Zoujou blushed beet red at the mention of their father. She smiled dreamily, her cheeks deeply erubescent. Her sisters looked similarly happy and hopeful at the mention of their dad, whom they had not yet met in person.

Kaguya's expression was unreadable, save for the smallest of haughty smiles. Maturing these girls physically, emotionally, and mentally from earliest infancy to the cusp of womanhood in the course of a single day was child's play for her.

They were her daughters, like all the others... chosen to serve her one and only son. As far as it concerned her, even the fruits of Naruto's loins lived solely for his pleasure.

"What a nice day to be Naruto-sama's bitch!" were the wistfully spoken words of a certain Akatsuki kunoichi's white half, bouncing cheerfully on her heels and tugging on the leashes in her hand. "Don't you think so, Mi-tan, Ku-chin?"

Mina Namikaze and Kushina Uzumaki – with ball gags stuffing their mouths and gimp suits restricting their movements – could only weakly moan and wriggle in the dirt after Zetsuko. Tight black leather covered every inch of their bodies except for their asses, breasts, and pussies. Gravel dug into the soft tissue of their bosoms, painfully red marks showing where the dirt road had been less than kind to the teats of Naruto's biological mothers.

Shiro-Zetsuko tittered, her tit and butt cheek bouncing as salaciously as Mina's on her best days. She smiled innocently at the two bound and gagged beauties, all but forcefully dragging their
futilely squirming bodies through the dirt.

Bystanders watched with perverse fascination as Kushina and Mina's breasts dragged beneath them, taking the brunt of the unpaved road's curiously high concentration of stones and pebbles. They weren't bleeding, but that was about the only thing that could be honestly said in real-world logic defense of their position, aside from the pair's *extremely* apparent arousal.

Kuro-Zetsuko sneered at the two women, the black half of this bizarre kunoichi's body lean and athletic with a small, perky breast and firm, tight buttock.

"This look really suits you girls," she drawled condescendingly, taking an obvious sadistic glee in dragging the two moaning, orgasmic women behind her. "I bet this gets you dumb cunts so horny, doesn't it? You love being put in your place. You're just a couple of stupid cum dumpsters for Naruto-sama."

Zetsuko's white half chose then to giggle, gleefully wiggling her hips.

"Oooh, can I join them?" she gushed, licking her lips hopefully. "That sounds like so much fun! I wanna be Naruto-sama's cum dumpster too❤"

Zetsuko's black half had no response to this.

A little ways away, Obi and Mari watched this kinky procession with blushes on their faces, looking up from sensually massaging some foreign diplomats to follow Zetsuko and Naruto's moms with their eyes.

"...What an injustice," Mari whispered, staring intensely at Mina's voluptuous, leather-bound form. "I can barely stand to watch."

"I know, right?" said Obi, cutely pouting. "Why can't *we* be the ones dragged through the dirt and verbally abused?"

"......" Mari silently side-eyed her kinswoman and possible descendant, absentmindedly kneading strong and deft fingers deep into the pert, supple tissue of a pretty, violette daimyo's ass. "That... isn't quite what I meant..."

Obi cocked her head to one side, playfully twisting the puffy, erect nipples of a buxom, mewling blonde priestess.

"It... wasn't?" she said, sounding a hint sheepish. "Um... well, er, you must have been thinking *something* along those lines... right?"

Mari gave Obi a silent stare. One of her hands worked its way around front, playfully slipping a finger up the gasping young daimyo's cunt. After a moment of absentmindedly fingering the nubile foreign noblewoman, she let out an exasperated sigh.

"...you are content with the world as it is, aren't you?" Mari murmured. "You no longer have any wish to change it."

Obi blushed, averting her gaze from Mari's. The priestess shuddered in her arms, voluptuous body quivering as nectar gushed from a rosy, stimulated pussy.

"As long as Naruto-sama is happy, I am happy," she said after a moment of heavy silence. Her cheeks were as red as tomatoes, and she wiggled her hips with a girlish squeal. "Ah, I'm so hopeless. But... I really do..."
Mari shook her head.

"I see..." she whispered, looking up at the sky. Her grip on the daimyo slackened, the woman's body going limp after several powerful convulsions. "...Whatever makes him happy, huh?"

She pursed her lips, staring thoughtfully at the clouds overhead.

"Maybe you have a point."

Obi looked at Mari, cutely furrowing her brow.

"M-Mari...?" she murmured.

The buxom, long-haired beauty smiled bitterly.

"It's his place to choose, isn't it?" she said. "He won that right... even if that woman would look to take it from him."

Letting the daimyo slump to the ground, Mari stood up. Like her 'sister', she was dressed in the skimpy, fetishistic maid uniforms they had borrowed from Mina and Kushina's closet what felt like so long ago.

"This world was never meant to be mine," whispered Mari. She stood tall and imposing over Obi, her back to the younger woman. "But that doesn't mean... there's nothing I can do."

Mari crossed her arms under her chest, eyes hardening. Despite the arguably undignified nature of her garb, there was something unmistakably proud about her stance. She looked larger than life, a reminiscence of Madara Uchiha's former glory.

"Come, Obito," she said. "I have one last debt to repay... and one more chance to atone for my follies."

Obi stood, automatically jumping to her feet. The force of Mari's words, the confidence and utter surety with which she spoke, was such as to demand immediate compliance from all who heard her voice. That was the aspect of a born leader, the determination of one who had forged a name for themselves in an era of bloodshed and conflict.

The legendary shinobi Madara earned his reputation on the field of battle, as a fierce warrior and daring commander, a shinobi of prodigious skill. He had been a fearless and valiant leader of men. He was not the sort to lie down and accept indignity or defeat.

Madara "Mari" Uchiha still had one last ace up her sleeve.

"If it is not my place to choose..." she whispered, "...then let him decide the fate of this world. He has earned that right, at least."

And with those final words, she vanished in a swirl of leaves, followed by her kinswoman and protege, Obi.

Elsewhere in the village, Kaguya frowned and turned her gaze toward Hokage Tower.

"My son..." she whispered.
Tsunade's fingers were knuckle-deep in her pussy as she watched her successor, the Sixth Lord Hokage, finish up with the Raikage Ay, Mizukage Mei, and Tsuchikage Kurotsuchi. The foreign kage were butt naked, their asses red and rosy from a thorough, playful spanking.

Naruto's four ANBU guards were standing out in the open, groping themselves passionately through their skimpy bikini uniforms. Yugao had a hand shoved down the front of her G-string, diddling herself unashamedly. Kagome was squeezing her breasts, pinching her own nipples.

Nadeshiko's bikini bottom was slid halfway down her thighs, a hastily fashioned woody effigy of Naruto's erect penis plunged up to the hilt inside of her. Sai, being the author of numerous erotic doujinshi, had no trouble at all using her Super Beast Scroll to conjure up some nice and horny tentacle monsters to ravish her.

Naruto and two shadow clones groaned and grunted happily as the three cute visiting kage shamelessly, gleefully sucked him off. He drank in the sights of their nude forms, appreciating quite fully all the various sexy details of their bodies.

Ay-chan was built like brick house, a thick and buxom beauty with curves like few others. Her body was powerful but attractive, honed through intense and rigorous exercise to maintain a perfect hourglass figure. She was well-proportioned, not a slim waif like some kunoichi. Soft where it mattered, but hard and unyielding underneath.

Full, brown lips smacked noisily on the throbbing shaft of his manhood. The rounded yet stern face of the Fourth Raikage was lovely, her gaze bearing a passionate intensity. Her eyes stared up longingly and respectfully at Naruto, purring huskily into his groin.

Mei Terumi was as buxom as Ay, but softer and more... girlish... one might say. She was bouncy and jouncy in all of the best ways, as curvaceous and bodacious as the absolute best of them. Her figure rippled and dimpled just right, so cutely and sexily, the woman slowly and suggestively swaying an ample, rosy ass from side to side as she bravely deepthroated Naruto's cock.

Blushing cheeks were puffed out, Mei's eyes rolling lewdly up back in her head as she allowed her face to be slammed roughly and repeated into Naruto's pelvis. It was what she asked him for, to have her face fucked like he was claiming her throat as his own personal cocksleeve, the woman being both lustful and passionate like few others anywhere.

Kurotsuchi was lean and petite, around Naruto's age, flat-chested and little experienced in being on the receiving end in sex. She blushed furiously, mewling and moaning as she shyly, hesitantly trailed clumsy kisses and tentative licks up and down the shaft of Naruto's dick. His member was glistening, slick with sweat and saliva.

Hesitantly, she cupped his balls, testing the weight and heft of the new hokage's testicles with the palms of her hands. She squeezed them gingerly, curiously and carefully fondling, exploring the Rokudaime's juevos.

Naruto and his clones, linked empathically as they were, each of them feeling what the others felt, could tell when they were about to come. Dicks twitching, balls aching, they pulled out of Ay and Mei's mouths. Kurotsuchi looked up at the others, and in surprise her head pulled slightly away from Naruto's manhood.
The three identical blonds smiled, and came.

Mei and Ay – as they had both wanted it – got to have a thick curtain of spunk dumped on their breasts, hot jizz spraying their ample, jiggling tits. Kurotsuchi, to her own pleasant surprise, got it all over her face and even some in her mouth. The latter she swallowed happily, lewdly mewling and wiggling her hips.

"Mmm! Thanks for the grub~❤ " she moaned, smiling lustily up at Naruto's kage bunshin.

Mei and Ay grinned and went over to Kurotsuchi. They immediately began to lewdly lick the Tsuchikage's face clean, working over her cheeks, her chin, the bridge of her nose, etc. Kurotsuchi squealed and squirmed, both abashed and aroused by this attention.

Naruto watched cheerfully as the Raikage and Mizukage then began to lick and nibble on one another's breasts, hungrily lapping up the semen he had deposited on their tits. Kurotsuchi even joined in with a squeak, stubbornly demanding an equal share of his spunk.

"It's so nice to see these girls getting along," he mused with a smile.

"Yeah," said the clone on his left. "Hehehe... they're totally united by a common interest!"

"I always knew our cock would bring world peace," said the clone on Naruto's right. "Now to feed all the hungry beauties of the world!"

Both clones sniggered pervertedly, and Naruto rolled his eyes.

"You guys are complete pervs," he said, although his words were without bite.

The kage bunshin laughed.

"Well, no duh!" they replied. "We're you, after all!"

Laughing cheerfully, Naruto dismissed both his two clones and the foreign leaders. ("I hope you come again real soon, ladies!") The shadow clones vanished in puffs of smoke, and the three lovely kage left his office with a satisfied sway in their hips, each of them gladly giving their ass a good, final shake for his viewing pleasure before walking out that door.

With that diplomatic summit out of the way, Naruto proceeded to sit back down at his desk, Grabbing a pen, he nodded down at Tsunade to bring him whatever paperwork he still had left for today. The woman blushed, feeling his eyes flit companionably down to her bare, drenched blossom.

Reluctantly delaying her masturbation, Tsunade got up and went out the door, heading to the first floor of the tower, where the forms requiring Naruto's signature would be waiting. She happily wiggled a soft, naked, bountiful ass, wearing naught but a skimpy string bikini top.

She was visibly eager for everyone between Naruto's office and the first floor to see just how happily she dressed herself up for their new, beloved lord hokage.

Naruto smiled, watching Tsunade go, and turned his attention to his four ANBU guards. Kagome-sensei smiling at him, suggestively playing even more lewdly with her generous breasts when his eyes fell upon her, putting on a show for him quite reminiscent of a scene from one of Miraiya's books.

"How long do you suppose it will take her to get back, your lordship?" Kagome inquired in a tone
that was only half-facetiously respectful.

Naruto chuckled, thinking about it for a moment.

"Well, it's a pretty busy time of day..." he said. "...so she'll probably have to work her way through some real serious crowds!"

Nadeshiko made a pleasant sound at this statement, something between a hum and a purr.

"I almost envy Lady Tsunade, getting to show off in front of all those women," she remarked.

Naruto laughed outright.

"Maybe you'd like naked patrol duty?" he offered, partially joking. "I hear the Uchiha compound and Hyuuga manor aren't getting anywhere near enough coverage..."

Nadeshiko blushed deeply at this, and bashfully looked away from Naruto.

"If by doing I could serve your will, Lord Hokage..." she mumbled shyly, cutely.

Sai smiled at Nadeshiko, the last of her conjured tentacle monsters disintegrating into droplets of water soluble ink. Her pale skin was marked with subtle, lightly colored scars that greatly enhanced the natural attractiveness of her form. She was lean and lithe, with the tight and slender figure of a gymnast.

"No fair," she said. "I wanted those patrol routes. And you get to do them naked, too? How fortuitous for you."

Nadeshiko smiled weakly at Sai.

"Well, I would not mind if you joined me..." she said shyly, the very picture of sweet and gentle maiden, "...indeed, I would be very happy if Naruto-sama were able to spare you for such a duty..."

"I was just thinking of changing her shifts around, actually!" Naruto said with generous cheer. "And if you two wanna do those routes – naked or dressed – then I'll be happy to assign you to 'em."

Yugao giggled.

"My, how gracious of you, Lord Sixth," she purred, winking playfully at her leader and employer. "Why, next thing we know, you'll be asking me and my girlfriend if we'd want to have sex on your desk while you watched~!"

Naruto chuckled.

"Mh-hmm... and, do you?" he inquired shrewdly.

Yugao answered with a coy smile.

"More than anything else in the world❤" she said earnestly.

Naruto beamed.

"Maybe once I've finished up with that paperwork, then!" he said. "Might be nice to catch a good show before I head on home."
Sai smiled, tilting her head to one side.

"Lord Hokage is almost as generous as his penis is large," she observed.

Naruto waved this praise off, though.

"It's really not that big, compared to what the history books have..." he said modestly.

"But you can make it effectively as big as you want," Sai astutely replied. "So not only do you have the only penis in this age, but also ALL of the penis, ever."

Naruto blushed a little at this, and he chuckled sheepishly.

"Well, when you put it like that..."

Kurenai Sarutobi moaned lewdly, gasping and groaning, grinding herself lustfully against the form of her lover. She and Asuka were naked, lying on the grass and bathing in the sunlight as they made sweet, yuri love. Their forms were tangled, limbs intertwined, tongues dancing sensually in the fiery depths of their kiss.

The mistress of illusions, likely the world's greatest and finest expert in genjutsu outside of the Uchiha clan's most elite members, was voluptuous and pale, her skin contrasting sublimely with the dusky, sun-kissed curves of her lover and wife. An ample, soft and pliable bosom pressed heavily down on Asuka's smaller, perkier chest, Kurenai hungrily pinning the mother of her child to the ground.

Their young daughter was elsewhere, being watched over by Asuka's former students while the two young parents had a bit of fun away from home. Kurenai and her lover were lying in an open field, sharing a beautiful and passionate intercourse with any who cared to look.

Tanned hands gripped and gently squeezed supple, soft and creamy thighs, slowly and deliberately stroking up and down, fingers tracing small and meandering spirals across the blushing, goose-pimpled flesh of Kurenai's legs. Blades of grass tickled Asuka's spine, the jounin arching her back and contentedly moaning as her scarlet-eyed lover playfully nibbled her lower lip.

Kurenai fondled her wife, grasping and squeezing Asuka's breasts. The warm, quivering mounds were faintly slick with a sheen of sweat, a salty tang flavoring Asuka's skin. She licked her lover's neck, tracing a path down to her collarbones, teasingly kissing her way across the Sarutobi's breasts.

Asuka buried her hands in the soft and generous tissue of Kurenai's behind, kneading and groping her wife's ass. She pulled the genjutsu mistress down more tightly on top of her, lying on her back beneath the other woman. She was panting, breasts heaving with every breath, blushing and squirming as Kurenai played with her nipples.

Sharp teeth lightly pricked and scraped stiff, sensitive flesh. A modest bosom, a toned body, roiled and writhed beneath the lustfully sadistic ministrations of Kurenai Sarutobi. Asuka could not help the moan which tore from her lips, nor the shudder, and the eruption of sweet, tangy, hot and juicy nectar from between her legs, dousing the grass.

A womanly perfume of love and desire wafted from betwixt these two beautiful, masterful kunoichi.
Not too far from the above lovebirds, Asuka's niece Konohana and her teammates were watching intently from the bushes on the edge of the clearing as her aunt and Kurenai made love.

"Whoa, Asuka-baachan has awesome taste," the young and perverted Konohana chirped, ogling the mature couple through a collapsible spyglass not unlike the sort used by Miraiya. "Just look at that rack!"

The slender, athletic Konohana giggled pervertedly and wiggled slim, toned hips. She was wearing the hip new fashion among Konoha youth, tight black pants and a shirt with holes cut out of the seat, crotch, and chest.

In other words, Sasame-style, for the unintiated or forgetful.

Moegi, with modestly round and perky B-cups, watched the swaying of her friend and crush's tight, firm ass. Konohana's buttocks were small and round, toned and pert from intense ninja training.

The ginger lass, once self-proclaimed as the sexiest kunoichi in preschool!, was dressed in the same fashion as Konohana. Her boobs were the biggest of the trio, at least so far, and she also prided herself on a soft, bouncy, spankable butt that Ruka-sensei had been all too happy to "punish" (to Moegi's eternal glee) time and again over even the slightest of infractions.

"Can I see, Kono-chan?" she asked cutely, batting her eyelashes and clasping her hands, squeezing youthful genin tits suggestively between her arms.

Ukyo blushed, a bit of blood trickling from the bespectacled brunette's nostrils. She eyed Moegi's form with an undisguised, innocent-ish desire, blushing and tracing her eyes over soft breasts, a heart-shaped bum, and an invitingly moist pussy.

The bookish kunochi sighed wistfully, a hand wandering down to her own bare blossom. She smiled and inched closer to Moegi, basking in the faint warmth and sweet scent of her crush's near proximity.

"I have a spyglass you can use, Moegi-chan❤️" Ukyo said warmly, blushing and shyly glancing away from the object of her youthful affections.

Moegi pouted, having gotten no reaction from the thoroughly enraptured Konohana.

"Fine," she said, crossing her arms a hint petulantly. "It's not like I especially wanted to use Kono-chan's anyway."

Sticking a tongue out at Konohana in a quaintly mild fit of tsuntsun, Moegi turned and held her hand out to Ukyo. The blushing, quiet four-eyes promptly produced a portable peeping apparatus perfect for Moegi's purposes. Moegi accepted it, and promptly joined Konohana in spying on Asuka and Kurenai.

"Wh-Whoa...!" she murmured, a touch awed by what she saw. "I didn't know you could use kawarimi like that."

"You shoulda seen what Asuka-baachan did a little earlier with her burning ash," Konohana replied, lost in reverie. "I have GOT to try that some time."

Moegi blushed beet red.

"W-W-Well," she squeaked. "I would certainly be happy to help you in whatever way you need, Konohana-chan❤️"
Ukyo smiled at the deredere side of Moegi. Her eyes then wandered down to the cute ginger's derriere, and she licked her lips. A bit more blood dripped from her nose.

Ebiko, the dark-haired, secretly perverted teacher of Team Konohana, squealed and moaned as she spread her legs for the crowd's entertainment. She fingered tender, blushing labia and lewdly exposed the hot, drenched insides of her pussy. Silky pink folds of flesh drank in the attention, moistening further, fragrant womanly nectar dripping down her thighs.

She slid up and down the stripper pole, sandwiching stainless steel between pale, perky butt cheeks. Her head rolled this way and that on her neck, the woman's long and silky raven hair falling down in glistening ebon waves past her shoulders.

Without the sunglasses or bandanna, Ebiko was actually rather gorgeous in her own right. She had decently sizable breasts, perky but soft, which bobbed and jiggled nicely as she did her show, practically masturbating herself on stage. She swayed her hips, bucking and gyrating erotically for the crowd, squeezing and kneading one of her breasts while pinching her clitoris for the entire audience to see.

Cheers and jeers, cooing and crowing alike reached the generically attractive babe's ears. She moistened further, moaning audibly even over the audience's shouts for an encore. Her frame quivered, the woman shuddering as orgasm wracked her body. She came, hot juices gushing from her pussy.

To either side of Ebiko, several other women stripped and danced and performed hot and kinky shows for the spectators. They were paid well for what they did, and the girls fully intended to give the audience their money's worth.

Kiba and her mother, and sister, Tsume and Hana, strolled down the catwalk, shaking tight asses with butt plugs made to look like dog tails. Hairbands were clipped to their heads, adorned with fake dog ears, and they wore silky black choke collars around their necks.

Ayame was dressed in an even skimpier-than-usual version of her Ichiraku waitress outfit with a skirt so tight you could see the indentation of her butt crack through the fabric, and so short that those in the front row could see her dripping, naked pussy without even having to crane their necks. She toted a signboard saying: "Eat me out, darling❤️ Live waitress ramen: available only at Ichiraku❤️

Half the members of Akatsuki were also onstage, doing some very hot and depraved things to one another over a considerable chorus of hooting and hollering from the audience. Hidan-chan and Kakuzu danced in a private room, performing very hardcore acts for those with really extreme fetishes.

Kouma-chan, Deidara, and Sasori were on the main stage, dancing and stripping and masturbating with the rest of the women.

Three of the Akatsuki who weren't present at the Playful Fox were sitting on tables deep below ground, stripped down to their crotchless underwear and undergoing a sensual interrogation at the hands of ANBU T&I.

Inoichi, former head of the division, purred as she caressed Yahiko's plump and supple thighs, leering pleasantly at the panting, mewling woman's tight and soaking slit. Ample, doughy breasts jiggled and jounced as Yahiko squirmed in her hands, Inoichi ravenously attacking the voluptuous,
energetic ginger.

"My, my... what a nice body you have, Yahiko-chan❤" the imposingly curvaceous dirty blonde said with a smirk. "I could just eat you up. Mmm!"

"Oooh! Yes, please! Interrogate us more!" Yahiko gasped, bucking her hips, smacking a round and bountiful ass hard on the cold metal table. "Squeeze every last drop of information out of us❤"

Inoichi licked her lips, and she raked her eyes up and down Yahiko's practically naked form. The Yamanaka head was dressed in dark, concealing clothes including a heavy, black trench coat... but the curve of her bust was still quite visible.

(The woman bore a striking resemblance to her daughter, apart from the color of her hair and maturity of her body)

To the left of Inoichi was Ibiko, who was vigorously and violently ramming a thick and heavy dildo into the hot and soaking cunt of a squirming, gasping Pain-chan. The slender, pale redhead was writhing and blushing lustfully, mewling and moaning in unadulterated pleasure as this big, scarred, imposing amazoness of a woman violated her poor, defenseless pussy.

Moisture flowed freely down Pain's thighs. Her long, crimson hair was splayed around her head on table, a halo the color of a setting sun. Her small, perky breasts bobbed subtly and attractively as she bucked and wriggled her lithe and slender frame.

"Oh, Naruto-sama! Kaguya-sama!" she exclaimed in wild, orgasmic pleasure. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Ohhhh, I am so happy! Use me harder! Fuck me more! Make me your filthy, mindless bitch~!"

Ibiko leered at Pain-chan, smiling a predatory smile.

"All you had to do was ask❤" she said, almost menacingly sultry in tone. "By the time I'm done with you, all you'll ever want to think about will be all of the different, slutty ways you can use that body of yours on Lord Naruto's cock."

Pain screamed in fittingly masochistic bliss, coming explosively and praising her lucky stars.

Konan was the third Akatsuki member present, stripped completely nude in the barest contrast with Pain and Yahiko. The sunglasses wearing Midori had stripped down to very tight and skimpy lingerie and was straddling the regal bluenette, pinning the origami mistress's body to the table beneath her.

Midori mashed a modest chest into Konan's abdomen, digging her knees into modestly wide and shapely hips. Her hands were full with Konan's breasts, squeezing and rolling them lewdly and torturously. She pinched and licked, nibbling and sucking on Konan's nipples, driving the woman mad with pleasure. The bluenette's pussy was soaking wet, a sizable puddle of her nectar pooling between nicely toned thighs.

Tears were streaming down Konan's blushing cheeks, her mouth wide and jaw aching from the constant uncontrollable moaning. Her back was arched, and she shivered and quaked, coming now and again at the tender mercies of ANBU T&I.

She told the interrogators nothing they didn't already know, and indeed neither Konan nor her fellow leaders of Akatsuki had much of anything coherent to say in light of their current, highly enviable situation. They were in heaven, and perfectly understanding now why Konoha's intelligence division was said to be the best in all the world.
Miraiya-sama's methods were truly the finest around.

A shadow clone of the hokage smiled and nodded, seeing that everything here was in order. It paused only to spank one out, before dispelling and sending what it had seen learned back to Naruto and its fellow kage bunshin.

Naruto grinned when he got the memories of this particular clone back. He was looking down at his last bit of paperwork for the day: a requisition form from ANBU T&I.

"Well, looks like everything's in order there," he commented, satisfied that there was no fraud being undertaken here. "Everything's right where it should be, so to speak. Hehehe..."

Grinning toothily, Naruto gave this final document his John Hancock. With a final pivot of his wrist he put down the spiral punctuation of his personal signature (the common shorthand for Uzumaki) and gave a grunt, humming contentedly and allowing himself to bask in the satisfaction of a job well done.

...and also the fine, fine sensations of a three woman blowjob. Tsunade, her niece and former secretary Shizune, and Miraiya were kneeling down in the space between Naruto's chair and the desk, crowding in close to wrap their lustful, lascivious lips around his stiff, hot pecker.

"Mm... mf..."

"Slurp...slurp...sluurrrrp..."

"Oh... ahh... mmm..."

The three nubile beauties gleefully slavered over Naruto's dick, kissing and licking, and sucking and blowing. Their lips smacked noisily against the sides of his rigid member, cute pink tongues wetly working their way up and down a pulsing, veinous shaft.

Tsunade shook a bare ass eagerly, her pussy wet and glistening. Her bikini top had gotten lost somewhere between Naruto's office and the administrative department, her enormous breasts dangling pendulously halfway to the floor in her current kneeling position.

Miraiya was blushing and smiling pervertedly, practically drooling at the sight of Naruto's penis. She was halfway out of her usual clothes, vest discarded, the front her kimono partially undone to let great plump tits bounce and jiggle free of any restriction.

Shizune was the only one of the three fully dressed – probably one of the only women in the tower to be wearing full, conventional clothing. She did not have any parts of her kimono cut out in the Sasame fashion, nor did she wear nothing but a skimpy and revealing swimsut. She was wearing the same clothes she always did, and somehow this made seem that much cuter and more enticing.

The three women continued to suck Naruto off for several minutes after he handed the last of the completed and authorized forms to a cutely blushing courier-nin, luxuriating in the sublime taste of his masculine musk mingled with the lingering sexes and juices of any number of different women. Miraiya kissed and lightly nibbled his ballsack, Tsunade lewdly laving her tongue up and down his shaft, while Shizune licked and mouthed his tip, smacking soft and kissable lips on the sensitive, fleshy head of his cock.

Naruto's ANBU guards watched raptly as their liege lord and master leaned back in his chair and let out a soft hiss.
Nadeshiko anxiously pinched her nipples, adorably panting and moaning. Sai wiggled her hips and beamed, genuinely gleeful and excited for the grand finale. Yugao whimpered and lustily sucked on the tip of one index finger, imagining herself in Miraiya, Tsunade, or Shizune's place. Kagome eye-smiled and clasped her hands.

All four of the elite black ops agents could tell what was coming. So could the women sucking Naruto off, judging by the way they pulled the heads back and lined them up side by side, opening their mouths wide and eagerly sticking out their tongues in hungry anticipation of the impending ejaculation.

Naruto smiled down at them.

"Here's a special treat for being so helpful today," he said cheerfully, before grunting and arching his back.

His balls clenched, and his member visibly shuddered. Thick, pungent ropes and strands of semen burst from his penile meatus, Naruto's manhood disgorging a considerable quantity of seed. It sprayed and spurted all over Shizune, Tsunade, and Miraiya's faces, dense sheets of sperm coating their tongues and filling their mouths, getting on their cheeks and in their hair.

Some on Naruto's spunk also landed further south, covering the exposed and naked tits of Miraiya and Tsunade, and painting the front of Shizune's dress white. The three women moaned blissfully to be so used and rewarded, and the four ANBU agreeably squirmed and shivered in a mixture of sympathetic arousal and hot, lustful envy.

Yugao was particularly energetic in writhing and fondling herself, gasping and grunting as she unhooked her top and yanked down her bottom, casting aside the skimpy black bikini that was the ANBU's new and improved uniform under Lord Hokage Naruto Uzumaki.

Naruto smiled at the woman, remembering the offer he had made her a little bit ago.

"Should I send out a clone to fetch your girlfriend, Yugao-chan?" he asked half-teasingly. "I can't wait to watch the two of you do it for me on my desk!"

Yugao's blush deepened by several orders of magnitude, and she shuddered violently. She came a little at the memory of her liege's promise.

"Oh, yes...! Yes, please! Thank you so much for your generosity, Lord Hokage!" she moaned, a small spray of womanly juices dribbling down her inner thighs.

Naruto grinned, and formed a cross seal. His chakra flickered and swirled.

Footsteps sounded just outside the door.

"Shadow Cl—!" he started to say, only to be interrupted by two familiar figures barging into his office.

"Naruto-sama!" Obi gushed. "Mari-chan has something she really wants to tell you~!"

All eight of the office's current occupants swiveled their heads to stare at the two intruding figures. Obi was smiling softly, blushing and ogling Naruto's penis. She wiggled her hips and dreamily sighed, eyes starry and glistening as she lost herself in silent appreciation of her master's gorgeous body.

Next to Obi stood her alleged sister, Mari, who was obviously trying quite hard to ignore the very
sensual and suggestive state of affairs in the office. She and her sister were both dressed in frilly black and white bras and micro-miniskirts, along with matching maidly hairbands.

The buxom, gorgeous Mari let out a slow and controlled breath, locking her eyes consciously to Naruto's.

"Yes... I suppose, in a very broad sense, I do have something to tell you..." the woman said carefully, cautiously.

She cast a nervous glance around, as if looking for eavesdroppers, before shaking her head and sighing more wearily. There was a sense of something like tired resignation in the noble gray depths of her rinnegan, her stance one which bespoke a reluctant concession.

Mari bowed low. This simple action, which Naruto had seen her perform countless times before, now seemed oddly laborious. If he hadn't known any better, he would have said it almost looked as though it pained the woman to act so respectfully or submissively toward him.

Which was more than a little strange, considering how many times in the past she had done exactly that.

But before Naruto – or anyone else present – could further ponder the subtle inconsistencies in Mari's present demeanor, the woman once more spoke up, taking a deep breath and tearing her eyes reluctantly away from her master's manhood.

"...I fear, Naruto-sama, that my sister and I have not been entirely forthright with you," Mari said. "But the time has come for these mistruths and omissions to be dispelled and corrected. There are many things that she and I must tell you, Naruto Uzumaki, but first and foremost, before anything else..."

She paused, almost dramatically, perhaps searching mentally for the right way to say what came next. After a few seconds, she nodded softly to herself, and continued.

"...yes, first... I should introduce myself," she decided.

Mari cleared her throat, and looked Naruto dead in the eyes.

"My name, which I am sure you will remember quite well, no matter what else may be clouded... is not Mari Uchi, nor do I believe any such woman exists anywhere in this world. No, the right way to address me... the name which my parents bestowed upon me at birth... is Madara."

Her rinnegan flickered, shifting into a kaleidoscopic sharingan. This wavered, then, and descended down to basic three comma sharingan. A moment later, her doujutsu deactivated completely to reveal piercing onyx eyes, the every subtle shape and hue of which were identical to the eyes of someone Naruto knew well, someone he loved very dearly.

In that instant, Naruto saw past the differing shape of her face and subtle variances in stature. He perceived at once something subtly, inherently familiar about the woman, some facet of her appearance or demeanor which had been overshadowed – and perhaps slightly confounded – by the presence of her rinnegan.

The physical resemblance wasn't so much as to rightly call this woman identical to the other, but those stern and proud eyes reminded Naruto so greatly of his wife that he could not help making the comparison.

Before she even said it out loud, he realized what her true family name was.
"Madara... of the clan *Uchiha.*"
Prelude to Apocalypse

For a moment, Naruto wondered what it was about that name that felt so painfully familiar to him. The sound of it, the aural shape and texture of the way Mari spoke that name, at once conjured a flash of... something... in some far and dusty corner of his memories.

"Madara... Uchiha..." he mumbled, feeling his muscles involuntarily tense as he said it. He felt like there was something important connected to this name, a world of very practical firsthand meaning that should have been immediately evident to him.

Perhaps it was the way her eyes bored into his. As long as he could remember, he had never seen someone look at him with eyes quite like that...

There was respect, but not of the deferential, reverent fashion shown to him by most. A certain faint fondness also he could detect, not so direct as most, but rather almost as if he reminded her of someone she knew. And similarly he sensed a hint of bitterness... almost something like slight resentment.

What really threw him off though, was the near absence of something he had become so used to... something he had started to take for granted, that he had seen for all of his life in some fashion or other as the only man alive.

She did not lust for him. Not directly, not in any conscious or willful fashion. He saw a sort of appreciative glint in her onyx pools, an intellectual appraisal and acceptance of his form as something that would be considered sexually attractive, but it was remote and almost dispassionate.

There was no visceral, instinctive smouldering of desire behind Mari's eyes. Not anymore.

Madara Uchiha

That name niggled at the back of his mind. He felt like he was forgetting something, something of the utmost and direst importance.

He looked into Mari's eyes and searched their clear, intelligent depths.

Something glinted in those onyx orbs, and a part of his mind reflexively reeled back, a portion of Naruto's subconscious almost fearfully recoiling from the woman's gaze. Without the doujutsu masking her eyes, an iron shutter over the windows of her soul, Naruto could perceive something strange and almost alien inside of Mari.

Dimly, he was aware of his ANBU guards' eyes on him, as well as Shizune and Tsunade and Miraiya's. He glimpsed Obi out the corner of his eye, and thought absently that something about her expression seemed awfully bittersweet, almost sad.

"Wha... the heck is this...?" Naruto mumbled, weakly shaking his head. He brought a hand up to his brow, clasping his forehead as if suffering a terrible headache.

It felt like he had something right on the tip of his tongue. He felt like he was this close to remembering something, the name of Madara Uchiha triggering something deep inside his mind.

"Uchiha... Uchiha... Madara Uchiha...!" Naruto groaned. "Dammit, I feel like I KNOW who that is... somehow, I'm sure it should be something I'd remember no matter what..."
He trailed off, looking into Obi's eyes. She was smiling halfheartedly at him, her left eye closed. Her hand was clasped carefully around something small.

Blood colored her fingertips, and trickled down slowly from her closed eye.

"We remember it perfectly..." she said softly, her sharingan changing, transforming into a mangekyo pattern. "...our names and our pasts. That is the blessing... and the curse... of the Sage's doujutsu."

Her hand glowed with a faint sheen of chakra. The blood on her fingertips became a shining silver color.

"I am sure you have already had flashes of memory," Mari – Madara – said, continuing along Obi's tangent. "Even if another will has been suppressing recollection of the truth, you have been in closer contact with that man's power than anyone else... anyone save for myself, my... sister... and one other."

"Moreso, even," said Obi. "For you alone have formed true, personal bonds with the nine tailed beasts... one who knows the bijuu by name, and speaks to them as an equal and friend... "

She smiled bitterly.

"We went about mastering their power the wrong way," Mari sighed. "Did we not? Seeking to dominate them as beasts of burden, subjugate their wills and use them as weapons... as much as it pains me to say this, it is clear to me now that from the very beginning I misunderstood the true purpose of their power."

"The Sage of Six Paths... he planned further ahead than anyone, didn't he...?" Obi mused. "Even if he didn't fully realize it, by dividing the Juubi's power, forming from its essence nine new, unique, individual beings... he thwarted that woman's plans before anyone even suspected that she was the one behind it all. Not even she realized it."

"Hagoromo Otsutsuki gave to the bijuu names and minds, identities," Madara murmured. "He sent them out into the world to live their own lives, establish distinct egos. Never again could they be brought together as a mindless terror. Not fully, not completely. So long as they have reason to resist, the will... the Juubi, the Shinju... will remain incomplete."

The other women present stared blankly at Mari and Obi, stunned into silence by the disproportionate weightiness of this discussion.

"Even Kaguya cannot wholly suppress the individual wills of the bijuu," Mari continued. "Not enough to perfectly stabilize her power. They remember her on an instinctive level... and despise her. Chakra reflects the will and nature of its source. The bijuu do not trust Kaguya, and their power can never again be fully hers."

Obi took a step toward Naruto, and raised her hand to his cheeks. The glow dissipated from her hands as she traced bloody fingertips gently and tenderly beneath Naruto's eyes. Blood returned to its natural color, and Obi traced three crimson streaks just below each of Naruto's eyes.

"Do you get it, Naruto-sama...?" Obi whispered, taking a step back from the man she had come to love as her master. "Taken against their will, the chakra of the bijuu is leaden and toxic. It will stubbornly resist manipulation, flaring and surging uncontrollably."

"You had trouble with chakra control in your youth, didn't you?" Madara said to Naruto. "Any kind of fine or delicate manipulation was almost completely beyond you... the kyuubi's power seeped
continually into your body, further deepening and expanding your naturally large reserves of chakra. Your chakra was imprinted with the essence of the Nine-Tails, however, and because the kyuubi hated and mistrusted you in those days... loathed you as a prisoner loathes his shackles... your chakra acted in part contrary to your own will."

"Genjutsu and similar techniques were impossible for you, right?" Obi added. "I bet you couldn't even do a basic clone jutsu, with your chakra resisting any kind of subtle control or manipulation."

Naruto felt a warmth on his cheeks. His eyes tingled. The others saw the blood vanish from his skin as though seeping into the pores of a sponge.

"Yeah..." he said slowly. "I couldn't. Compared to regular bunshin, the shadow clone jutsu was like a walk in the park. I still had to work myself raw to get it down, but..."

"Imagine then, if you will," said Mari. "That you desired to cast a genjutsu upon the entire world. Such a thing would be nearly impossible for a human – the limitations of mortal strength are not easily surpassed. An illusion of such depth and scale would be unimaginably taxing and draining, far too much for even the most powerful of human chakras to maintain for more than a couple of minutes.

"But, with the chakra of all the bijuu brought together in one place, one could tap into a practically bottomless source of power, enough to indefinitely maintain even an infinite, global-scale tsukuyomi." Mari held Naruto's eyes, onyx black meeting a rippled purple gray. "Are you starting to understand...? The memories should come back to you very soon."

"The one responsible for everything... she sought to use the power of the bijuu to once more trap the whole world with Infinite Tsukuyomi," Obi explained. "A long and subtle plot spanning centuries, a scheme in which even myself and Madara-sama were but mere, unwitting pawns."

Something clicked in the back of Naruto's mind. He looked into Mari and Obi's eyes and felt a growing sense of recognition. He couldn't place it quite yet, but their words rang true. Everything they said was making sense to some deeply buried, nearly forgotten part of himself.

"We gathered the tailed beasts together, thinking to recreate the Juubi and use Infinite Tsukuyomi ourselves," said Mari. "We carried out her bidding without even knowing it, and once she had what she wanted we were as disposable as the rest... but there was one flaw in her plan, in all our plans. One thing we were too blind and self-absorbed to see."

"The bijuu did not want to return to their original form," Obi said, shaking her head and smiling almost wryly. "Although they didn't have the strength to completely resist the binding ritual, their differing and conflicting wills still left the Juubi's chakra in turmoil. They strained against the bonds of 'unity', struggling single-mindedly to free themselves from oblivion. The slightest disruption would destabilize the Juubi, and they would break free again."

"Their chakra could not be controlled by an outside will. Even Kaguya could not subjugate the nine beasts so completely as to utterly erase the various elements of 'consciousness' and 'ego' from their recombinated essence. She could no longer act as the will of the Juubi, for each of the tailed beasts had its own unique will, and not one of them would ever accept her command."

"Trying to dominate the Juubi through force of will, and direct the combined chakra of the tailed beasts to your own ends without their consent... it is like trying to channel the oceans through a culvert the size of your thumb. Their chakra could not be taken and used against their will. Even with a basic jinchuuriki... the hearts and minds of shinobi and bijuu need to be in sync in order to control the beast's full power."
"And at that point... the rare souls like yourself and Killer Bee, who possessed such a deep empathy and such open hearts that you could befriend even the great and fearsome bijuu... you were no longer using your bijuu's chakra like you were trying to wrestle a weapon from an enemy's grasp, but rather like you were simply borrowing a shuriken from a friend."

Mari looked up at the ceiling briefly, pausing in her monologue.

"...What is she playing at...?" she whispered under her breath, a touch of unease coming into her eyes. ".by this point, it is certain that she must be aware... so, why...?"

She shook her head.

Naruto was stiff, his eyes closed shut. He was faintly grimacing, muscles in his face periodically tensing. His fingers clenched and unclenched.

"It has to be given to you..." he whispered. ".until she accepted me... until I accepted him as a comrade... I could barely control more than a little bit of it without losing sight of myself. Kumiko... Kurama's chakra was soaked through with his will and his hatred."

He opened his eyes, and there was a weariness there now, but also an unmistakable clarity.

"I remember..." he said quietly. Looking around, he blushed hotly. ".man, this is... really messed up. Sexy, but... seriously fucked up."

Naruto looked curiously now at Madara and Obi.

A newfound rinnegan glimpsed through the phantasmal deceits of Infinite Tsukuyomi, and he perceived the all-pervasive will of Kaguya. Everything he saw was an illusion – the floor, the walls, the furninture – even the bodies within this office were just constructs within a shared consciousness, the minds of all living things communing nigh inseperably through a twisted form of ninshu not unlike the shared telepathy of the tailed beasts.

"I'm the only one they trusted..." Naruto whispered. "Aside from the old sage, I'm the only person who's ever bothered to learn all their names. They trusted me, and they gave me their chakra... of their own free will."

"You're the only one who can fully control the chakra of ALL the bijuu," Obi murmured. "Kaguya couldn't master their energies well enough to cast Infinite Tsukuyomi. The only person who could channel that full, collective power with the necessary control... was you, ironically enough."

Naruto frowned.

"But I sure didn't want to cast any illusion on the world," he said. "So, how...?"

"To ensnare one person... that chakra native to her body was more than sufficient," Mari said. "She trapped you in a web of illusion, and manipulated you into casting Infinite Tsukuyomi. She channeled the chakra of the nine bijuu through your body... transforming you into the Juubi. Their power became yours, the bijuu collectively trusting your judgement alone.

"And Kaguya, having snared you with one illusion, created this world to keep you happy, content, and distracted so that you would never question reality, and never attempt to reverse Infinite Tsukuyomi. The same illusory world in which she trapped all humanity was transformed into a gilded cage just for you, and all of its inhabitants were made into mere playthings for your unbound, unthinking lust."
Naruto blushed, looking distinctly sheepish.

"So... in a way, this IS the world I wanted...?" he wondered, looking down at his own erection.

"Yes... and no," said Obi. "It's a world meant to pacify your will and sedate your higher reasoning. By tapping into the simplest and basest of instinctive desires, Kaguya created a world that would both please and detain you forever. To escape from an illusion as powerful as hers requires a clear mind and focused will...

"...and this lewd perversion of reality was created specifically to act as a counter and deterrent against both those things. You would be continually distracted from thinking too much by a variety of obscene sexual excesses, and the humans trapped by the Infinite Tsukuyomi would be domesticated and defanged through an eternity of submission to you. She planned to rob humanity – and you – of the will, and the desire, to ever defy her again."

"You are her pet, and all the rest of humanity are your toys. That is how Kaguya sees this world," Mari said. "That is her plan, and her purpose."

Miraiya shook her head.

"So that's how it is, huh...?" she murmured. "Sounds like that Kabuko was telling the truth."

Obi frowned thoughtfully for a moment, before her one remaining eye glinted in recognition.

"Kabuto Yakushi..." she shook her head. "She knew about it too, eh...? Heh. So that chakra I gave him from the Gedo Mazo was good for more than just making more white Zetsus."

"It's probable that there are even more like Kabuko," Mari said slowly. "I recall coming across a few of the Sage's holy tools on the battlefield... the Alliance probably used them in the war effort."

"Kinkaku and Ginkaku had several of the tools originally in Kumo's possession," Obi added. "If simply handling a bit of chakra from the Gedo Mazo was sufficient to let Kabuto see through the illusion, then it's possible that even having a tool of the Sage used against you would be enough..."

Tsunade stood up. Despite her nudity, and the... mess lingering on her breasts, she still managed to look quite determined and imposing.

"What about other jinchuuriki?" she inquired. "Would they also remember?"

Mari, Obi, and Naruto blinked.

"I'm surprised you're accepting this so soon," Mari conceded. "Even if you are a descendant of Hashirama..."

Tsunade scoffed.

"The Uchiha wasn't the only clan to inherit power from Rikudo Sen'nin," she said obstinately. "Those eyes might let you see through this supposed illusion... and I might not have any real memories outside of this world... but hearing you guys talk about it, I get a feeling in my gut like there's a ring of truth to what you're saying."

She smirked.

"Most ninja clans have at least a few drops of the Sage's blood running through their veins," she said. "The Senju and Uchiha are just the ones with the highest percentage. And aside from that..."
"...the Sage of Six Paths created ninshu, which eventually evolved into modern ninjutsu," Miraiya continued for Tsunade. "Or at least that's how the story goes. But still, depending on how you look at it..."

She grinned, glancing at Shizune, Tsunade, and Naruto's present ANBU guards.

"...you could argue that everyone already has a seed of the potential lying inside them," she finished.

"The new generation inherits the hopes and dreams of those who came before them, carrying on the will of their predecessors in whatever way seems best to them," said Kagome. "Naturally there are conflicts, because different people have different opinions, and what's acceptable to one person may seem unforgivable to another. But at the end of the day, we have all inherited a hope for peace..."

"...the Will of Fire which burns in our breasts, compelling us forward..." Nadeshiko said with a soft smile.

"...the desire to protect the things precious to us, giving us strength..." Yugao whispered, glancing deferentially at Naruto.

"...the longing for bonds and companionship, pushing us to reach out to our fellow woman," said Sai-chan.

"...all of these are passed down to us from long ago, right?" said Shizune, smiling warmly at Tsunade.

The Honorable Fifth nodded confidently.

"That's right!" she said. "Maybe we didn't all win the genetic lottery, and maybe some of us have had to fight tooth and nail just to break even with fate... but we still each have a heart and mind of our own."

Naruto's eyes widened, struck by a potential revelation.

"If the separate wills of the bijuu all fighting for their own desires are almost enough to break free from the Juubi... then what could you do with the combined wills of every last woman in the world working for one goal?" he whispered.

"Struggle in vain," came a chillingly familiar voice from above him. "That is all."

Naruto whipped his gaze upward, and his eyes widened in something like horrified realization.

Kaguya hovered above his desk – the hokage's desk. She was garbed in the same fashion as she had been when... when she tore the Juubi from Madara.

Floating beside the rabbit demon goddess were the insensate, bound and trussed forms of Mina, Kushina, and Zetsuko's white half. They were tied up in sensual shibari, their ropes looking distinctly like they had been woven together from strands of Kaguya's hair.

A noble, angular face gazed down from on high at the assembled personages. Long, wide sleeves were draped over pale, slender arms. In the shadow of one sleeve Naruto could see the gleam of cold yellow eyes and a sharp, toothy sneer.

"Hello... niisama."
Naruto, Obi, and Mari stared up at the goddess and her son (her daughter?) with a slowly dawning horror. Even Miraiya, Tsunade, Shizune, and the ANBU guards looked visibly stunned. The veil over their eyes wavered, the illusion's hold on them faltering.

Naruto stared at Kaguya, at the women floating beside her. He remembered everything. Not only from before the illusion, but also everything he had done while within Infinite Tsukuyomi's grasp.

He remembered the sex, of course (with both embarrassment and a slight, shameful satisfaction), but he also remembered all of the small, innocent happy moments he had shared with his mothers over the course of this illusion, in the manufactured memory's of his Infinite Tsukuyomi self, and the fewer, even more precious moments he had been fortunate enough to share with them back in reality, in his original life.

Looking up at Kaguya, seeing his mom and the woman who should have been his father trussed up and treated like ten ryo whores, Naruto stomach roiling and churn with a furious, white hot indignation. Even admitting silently to himself that the sight did arouse him, and that a not-inconsequential part of him still hoped to have even more sex with the women – his mothers – could not detract from the anger he felt.

He thought, at once, of all the women in this illusion who had been made by Kaguya to lust after him and have sex with him. He thought of the girls he had, under the spell of Infinite Tsukuyomi, taken as his wives, and the daughters he might have one day had sex with if not for the timely intervention of Mari and Obi.

He shuddered, half from rage, half from disgust, and half from a shameful rush of arousal.

"You..." he growled, glaring up at Kaguya. "You...!"

Naruto grit his teeth, eyes flashing. He could, from this angle, see every bit of Kaguya's perfectly proportioned, heavenly body through the twisted goddess's impossibly sheer feather raiment. But that did nothing to distract his wrath, or turn his mind from rash and furious thoughts of meting out justice upon this horrible, deranged woman.

Clenching his fists, Naruto leaped up on top of his desk. Kaguya languidly drifted an inch or two out of his immediate reach, gazing serenely and dispassionately down at the man she had chosen as her son.

"Now, now, niisama~" came Kurozetsu's teasing voice – the male voice, and yet the female voice was also audible, like a subtle reverberation or echo. A trace of the illusion lingering in Naruto's ears. "Don't you think you should be happy? Mother has done all of this for you, after all."

"I—I never said I wanted this!" Naruto snapped angrily, defiantly. But he was shaking, and there was a touch of pink in his cheeks.

The living shadow emerged from Kaguya's sleeve. For a moment Naruto saw a featureless, androgynous male form, but then it shifted. It changed into Kurozetsuko – a complete Kurozetsuko, with her own whole body. She was still a featureless silhouette, but Naruto could nonetheless somehow make out stiff nipples and a wet pussy, cozy and inviting.

There was something tempting and erotic in the way she moved, so graceful and sinuous, crawling down to Naruto and wrapping her arms around him. A small, perky bust was pressed not so subtly into his side, causing the blond to blush and gulp, his manhood hardening even further despite his best efforts to focus on the simmering righteous fury.
Kurozetsuko kissed Naruto chastely on the lips. Their mouths brushed almost innocently together, closed, holding contact for only a moment. It was a soft, almost sweetly clumsy kiss, yet there was a subtle heat, a concealed purposefulness underlying her motions which betrayed a world of suggestion and temptation beneath the surface.

Weakly, he tried to push the woman off of him, glaring impotently up at Kaguya. But unlike the hypnotized him who had come to dominate this false reality, the real Naruto was still very inexperienced in the realm of sex, and honestly awkward around women. He no longer had the confidence of a man who had spent his entire young life fucking a multitude of gorgeous, nubile beauties, or the acquired cool resolve to take in all manner of sexual excess without even blinking.

All of that had been an illusion. It wasn't real.

Naruto was, for all intents and purposes, right now as innocent and helpless as a virgin. He knew all kinds of things from the illusion's memories, but he could not put this experience to use – perhaps it was a mental block formed from the sudden shock of realizing that this was all part of Infinite Tsukuyomi, the him he thought of as "real" trying desperately to estrange itself as much as humanly possible from the "fake" him who had lived and loved in this illusory world of Kaguya's twisted (if admittedly hot) fantasies.

Kaguya smiled down at Naruto, loftily raising a hand and gesturing in some obscure, ancient fashion.

"Please do not fight it, my dear son," she said sweetly, far too lovingly and affectionately to be healthy, when one took into consideration the lustful glint in her byakugan eyes. "I have done all of this for you. My daughters I have given up to you for your pleasure and service. Myself, and everything that I am, I give also to you, should you only accept this reality and embrace your true destiny."

Nadeshiko, Kagome, Tsunade, Miraiya, Shizune, Yugao, Sai, Obi, and Mari all watched transfixed as Kaguya banished what clothes Naruto had still been wearing with a twitch of her finger, rendering them nude also as a side effect. These women were frozen in place, unable to do a thing, as they beheld the sensual, overwhelming majesty and subtle, creeping terror of the Demon Rabbit Goddess.

Kurozetsuko purred huskily, wiggling firm and toned hips. Skin as singularly black as the cold and starless void which lay beyond the uttermost reaches of the universe rippled over round and pert buttocks, a tight and spankable ass happily wagging back and forth. She hugged Naruto tightly, obscenely grinding the sharp points of her nipples into the hard and lean musculature of his perfectly balanced masculine frame, smashing a flat gymnast's tits passionately into his rigid and unyielding body.

"Oh, niisama," she cooed lustily, shamelessly licking his lips, nibbling hungrily on his whisker-marked cheeks, trailing long and slender ebony fingers deftly, erotically hither and yon across the considerable length and breadth of his solid, throbbing manhood. "Just relax, and your cute little sister will make everything better❤"

She tittered, suggestively kissing the base of his neck.

"...or maybe you like sexy older sister types better~?" she purred, pupilless glowing eyes boring with a strange sort of suggestiveness into deep and expressive cerulean wells. She wrapped her legs around his, pressing moderately larger breasts – a high B-cup, now, or low C – against lean and well-defined pecs.
She was straddling his waist, breathing hotly and lustily upon his cheek, licking her lips as she slowly, teasing rubbed the very brink of a hot, moist slit up and down ever-so-lightly against the throbbing, fleshy head of Naruto's cock.

He gasped, a sharp exhalation of breath, groaning weakly and futilely trying to resist the urge to buck his hips and go in unto her.

Naruto was putty in her hands, and Kurozetsuko clearly knew it.

"What a shame that dumb little slut Obito had to go and give niisama her dirty whore rinnegan. Wouldn't you say so, mother?" the black, female Zetsu remarked. "I daresay I much preferred back when he was forceful, and dominant, and unafraid of anything❤"

Obi blushed, anxiously inching behind Mari. The latter stood her ground, staring intently and uncowed at Kaguya and her daughter.

"Accept your fate, my son, and together we shall rule this world... in peace... for all eternity," Kaguya intoned, gazing down at Naruto, who was deeply blushing and still weakly squirming in Zetsuko's iron embrace. "This is the destiny spoken of by Gamamaru, is it not? You are the child of prophecy, the one who will unite this world in peace... as its supreme ruler alongside me, your mother and dearest lover."

Something inside of Naruto snapped at those words. He spat defiantly. Most of it hit Zetsuko, who purred and wriggled her hips in masochistic joy.

"You... are not my mom!" he snarled, glaring at Kaguya. With a renewed strength and determination, he fought against Kurozetsuko's sensual grip.

The tip of his cock slipped inside the inhuman woman's pussy, and she gasped.

Naruto did not quite break free of Zetsuko's embrace, but rather he wound up becoming the one in control of it. As he stood stubbornly unbending below Kaguya, he pushed his dick further into the literally-black woman. Their sexes smacked noisily and wetly together as the goddess of this world watched.

Naruto's eyes once more fell on the insensate, weakly writhing, bound and gagged forms of his actual parents: Kushina Uzumaki, and Mina "Minato" Namikaze.

His cock throbbed powerfully inside of Zetsuko. Kaguya's daughter gasped, squirming and grunting piteously as her mother's chosen son began to rock his hips, slowly at first, but with a swiftly mounting tempo, harder and harder against hers. He pumped his manhood back and forth, possessively and masterfully squeezing Kurozetsuko's ass, pinching and twisting one of her nipples.

He kissed the woman hungrily, thrusting his tongue rapaciously down her throat. He all but swabbed her tonsils, thoroughly tasting every inch of Zetsuko's mouth. Their lips were mashed fiercely together, burning and tingling excitingly.

Naruto pushed and pushed again and again, driving himself deep into the woman, breaking off the kiss and allowing Kurozetsuko's head to roll weakly to one side. He looked once more up at Kaguya, his eyes steely with resolve, his pelvis smacking noisily, rapidly into Zetsuko's wet, distended sex.

He silently held the goddess's gaze as he fucked her daughter silly, reducing the cocksure and domineering black Zetsuko to mewling incoherently, weakly purring and squealing as shamelessly
as a cat in heat.

Kurozetsuko came powerfully, screaming and howling enough for a small family of gibbons. She went limp in Naruto's arms, groaning lewdly as she felt his penis twitch, and a truly copious quantity of sperm disgorge into her womanhood.

Naruto let go of her, and she fell down to the ground. Her pussy slipped off of his dick, and thick white semen glooped and dribbled down her thighs, contrasting starkly and artfully with her pitch black skin.

Naruto's eyes were half in shadow, a deadly serious expression on his face. His arms were crossed over a bare, sweaty chest. His penis stood proud, erect and glistening with the wet sheen of Zetsuko's plundered pussy. He met Kaguya's gaze unflinchingly, standing tall with a fierce pride and wrathful determination the likes of which had not surfaced in him since the days of his youth.

There was no melancholy here, no pity for his enemy, nor offered mercy to the one who crossed him. Only an adamant resolve to put Kaguya in her place.

"Someone who'd become a giant, evil monster... someone who'd be so jealous of her own sons that she'd try to steal back what they inherited from her..." He snarled, baring his teeth. "...a coward too afraid of loneliness to even let her kids grow up and live their own lives... isn't even CLOSE to being the woman I call mom!"

He spoke firmly, eyes burning with pride. Kurozetsuko was slumped bonelessly at his feet, quietly moaning and burbling in the afterglow of an almighty orgasm.

Kagome, Sai, Yugao and Nadeshiko stirred, and moved in protectively around Naruto. They acted unashamed of their naked womanhood, unembarrassed of their situation, and unflinchingly resolute even so close to Naruto's equally bare, throbbing manhood. Though they had no weapons at hand, and no armor to protect them, they each took combat stances in a manji formation around the hokage.

Obi's sharingan eye showed a glimmer of pride, meeting Kagome's in a flash of whirling crimson. Mari crossed her arms beneath her naked bosom, unsubtly and confidently pushing her massive breasts up and together.

Miraiya and Tsunade flanked Obi and Mari, along with the ANBU, forming an eight woman wall between Naruto and Kaguya. Shizune took a position behind him, hands at the ready for emergency application of the mystic palm technique.

Even without an active kyuubi chakra shroud, Naruto could still perceive each woman's inner thoughts.

**Whether for better or worse... we'll support you to the bitter end, Lord Hokage!**

This was the common thread running through all their minds, a singularly unflinching loyalty and determination. Although these nine now remembered reality, and had realized the truth of this world, still they saw him as their rightful hokage. They were ready and willing to fight and die for him, if it came to that.

Whatever few doubts Naruto might have still had quickly evaporated in the face of this common, emboldening surety. They trusted him, and respected him as a leader, even if he wasn't really the legitimate reigning hokage.

(As far as he was concerned, the ceremonies and traditions of this illusory world could hardly be
considered to hold any weight in *reality*, after all)

He smiled grimly, clenching his fists and squaring his shoulders. Standing tall, the son of Mina—Minato Namikaze—and Kushina Uzumaki stared Kaguya down, as naked as the day he was born. She did not flinch or quail, but neither did Naruto.

The goddess of the Infinite Tsukuyomi levitated a little lower, although still just barely out of Naruto's immediate reach.

"Is this what they call *'that rebellious age'*?" she wondered aloud, sounding almost wry. "Perhaps you need to experience first hand... the power, and absolute infallibility of your mother, Naruto my dear, sweet son."

She waved a hand, and Zetsuko seemingly vanished. In her place stood the nine tailed beasts and their jinchuuriki (excepting Gaara and Naruto himself, obviously). Both parties were naked, in human forms.

"Here," Kaguya said coolly, calmly, gesturing to bijuu one through nine, and jinchuuriki two through eight. They were unconscious, asleep. Opaque, pearlescent byakugan betrayed no hints of her inner emotions. "If you wish, you may use their chakra and their bodies as you see fit. It is your rightful inheritance, after all."

Naruto stared at the unmoving, somnolent Nyuuki and Honey Bee, Honmei and Fuu, Paiken and Utakata, Kokujou and Hanko, Chichi and Bulma, Isonade and Yagura, Matatabi and Yugito, and Kumiko and Tsuru. After a few seconds of silently puzzling over this seeming generosity, he turned suspiciously to Kaguya.

"What are you trying to do...?" he asked her mistrustfully.

"I simply intend to show you the right and sensible path, my son," she answered loftily. "I did not give my first sons the chance to fail and learn from their mistakes. That was folly on my part. Having never felt true pain, they grew arrogant and sealed me away, misconstruing my intentions and treating me like a monster."

The expression on her face grew almost sorrowful.

"I only wanted what was best... I wanted them to stay where it was safe, together forever with me... a happy family, forever," she said ruefully. "They did not realize... they had never seen how dangerous the world was, how terrible it could be. I tried to protect them, but they pushed me away."

Byakugan eyes flashed. The many-rimmed sharingan (or many-comma'ed rinnegan) upon her brow seemed to open a little wider.

"Defy me if you wish, son. I understand now... you are just trying to express yourself and assert your independence." She smiled at him wistfully. "Take what you need, and do whatever you feel is right."

Her smile gained a hint of steel, then, growing visibly manic and possessive well beyond what was healthy or sane.

"...and when you have known true despair," she said darkly, her voice as cold as ice, "then you will gladly come once more to my bosom, and suckle happily at my teat for ever after, with no more foolish dreams of freedom from my grasp, O dear and beloved son!"
With this final declaration, Kaguya vanished. The pressure in the room dropped by several orders of magnitude, and Naruto looked around anxiously at the women who were with him.

He let out a weak sigh, wiping away a bead of sweat.

"Wow..." Naruto muttered. "That's a lot to take in all at once... isn't it? I'm not even sure I completely understand what going on yet, honestly."

He looked at Tsunade, Kagome, and Obi, recalling the bittersweet happiness in their hearts, and the knowledge that some of the people whom they missed the most dearly were still gone forever beyond their grasp, even in this allegedly perfect world.

He looked at Miraiya, Shizune, and Yugao, thinking about how happy they felt here, so glad for a second chance, or just a free and unfettered life wholly removed from many of the petty worries and anxieties of reality.

He looked at Mari—Madara Uchiha—who met his glance with a weak impression of a smile, doing absolutely nothing to cover up her naked, voluptuous body. He felt the hollow emptiness inside her heart of hearts, the bitter knowledge that everything she had worked for so long and so hard, casting aside all morals and pretenses of decency and humanity to manipulate entire generations of people into carrying out his bidding, even over a decade after his death controlling the pieces on the board so tyrannically that no matter how hard or well the alliance fought there was only one, inevitable outcome; the cruel knowledge, the miserable revelation that everything she had done was a part in someone else's plot, and that no matter how desperately she strived, things could never have turned out any differently.

Naruto clenched his fists, feeling the conflict within the hearts of each of these girls. Even in himself, there was alongside the outrage and dismay an inescapable sense of excitement and perverted glee, a wild and uncaring part of him wanting so dearly to run free and do whatever, or whoever, he wanted.

For one of the few times in his life, this headstrong, singleminded ubermensch was at an utter loss as to what he himself thought would be the right thing to do. Only a small handful of times had he ever been vexed by such moral uncertainty, and he wasn't even sure the usual fallback plan of punching his way through and crossing that bridge when he came to it would work in this situation.

Now more than ever did Naruto feel the weight of the world on his shoulders. On the one hand, there was his conviction that in the long run it was better to face the harsh reality than run away into a pleasant fantasy. There was a time and a place for escapism, but "everywhere and forever" was NOT it.

Yet, there was the matter on the other hand: the fact that even just out of the nine conscious girls in this office, a full third were happy with the situation, and even most of the rest seemed quite willing to accept and go along with this new status quo.

This wouldn't be so bad, perhaps, except that Naruto suspected Infinite Tsukuyomi to be an "all or nothing" kind of deal. If he wanted to let anyone out, he would have to let EVERYONE out. Conversely, for anyone to stay in, he feared that EVERYONE would have to stay in.

Even if this wasn't actually the case, there was still the matter that most of the people who might want out may also have bonds of some strength with those who wanted to stay in, so that even if he could let some out while letting others stay, there still would be a fair number of people getting shafted in a most unpleasant way.
Naruto sighed wearily, feeling far too tired for all of this.

Well, whatever the case, I know at least one thing for sure... he thought soberly, sitting back down in his chair and running a hand nervously through his hair. Kaguya... can't be left in charge of this world. That's one thing I know for sure. She isn't thinking about anyone's interests but her own.

Silently, he caught Mari's eyes and nodded.

Naruto knew that he wasn't anywhere near smart enough to weigh all the pros and cons of breaking Infinite Tsukuyomi versus letting things continue, and he also knew that he could never come to a sound decision that was equally good for all parties. Not here, not about something as massive as this, and most certainly not on his own.

But he also knew that Kaguya was unstable, and obviously obsessed with him. And while a respectably sized, perverted part of him was pleased and flattered by the attention, the more rational and moral parts of Naruto realized that someone as mentally unsound as Kaguya could not possibly be trusted with absolute control over Infinite Tsukuyomi.

And even if her words indicated an intention to break his will and put him in what she perceived as his "place", Kaguya had still quite openly invited him to just try and overthrow her. Naruto realized this.

So did Mari and the others.

"I'm the only one she really cares about, aren't I?" Naruto said thoughtfully. "She's totally focused on what she thinks is best for me."

"You used to be a bit like that yourself," Miraiya interjected. "Especially when it came to Sasuki."

Naruto blushed, sheepishly scratching the back of his neck.

"He is, however, perhaps also the most altruistic and selfless human alive to be as strong as him," Sai-chan observed. "If anyone was both powerful enough to take over Infinite Tsukuyomi and empathetic enough to try and care more or less equally for everyone, it would have to be him."

"That's assuming he intends to keep Infinite Tsukuyomi active, though," Tsunade provided, sounding a touch bull-headed in expressing her opinion. "I don't think I would, if I was in his place. Nice or not, it's just an illusion."

"Some people say that the distinctions between illusion and reality are completely arbitrary," Obi responded, offering her own two cents to the conversation. "And, certainly, when speaking of a genjutsu as vast and comprehensive as this..."

Mari sighed, nodding slowly.

"More pressing, though," she said, "is the question of whether or not the bodies of those ensnared in Infinite Tsukuyomi have already been... transformed. If so, then breaking the illusion would be pointless."

"I haven't seen or sensed anything like that since Obi gave me her rinnegan, for what it's worth," Naruto said. "And I can pick up a lot of different things with Kumiko's chakra."

"But whether the illusion is kept up or dispelled, the one thing I cannot stand for is to see someone other than Lord Hokage ruling it," said Yugao seriously, the loyalty and determination in her voice and demeanor playing itself so straight as to become almost a touch comical.
Naruto sweatdropped.

"I'm not really Hokage, though..." he said. "That was just part of the illusion."

"That doesn't make the ceremony of succession any less valid," Kagome cheerfully quipped, prompting nods of agreement from the other girls. "Heheh... reminds me of something from one of Miraiya-sama's books, actually..."

Naruto blushed, musing that the Pervy Sage might try and interview him about his experiences in this illusion world at any time now to try and get material for her next novel. It would be just like the self-proclaimed Super Pervert to draw on the most unbelievable of events to make her porn as incredibly over-the-top and gratuitous as possible. That was pretty much her chief claim to fame as a writer.

Trying to take his mind off of what that interview might be like, Naruto turned his thoughts to his wives and their well being. He didn't think Kaguya would do anything to them without warning, but that was no guarantee.

It didn't even cross his mind to try and declare his marriages null and void through the same logic he'd just tried to use on his own status as Hokage. Whether he remembered the real world or not, his wives were still his wives.

And a decent man took care of his wives, whether he had one or one hundred.
One Good Turn

Sakura Haruno let out a sigh. She looked into the eyes of her lover, seeing the truth therein.

"So that's how it is, huh...?" she murmured, smiling bittersweetly. "Heh... I should have known this was too good to be true."

Hinata glanced at their daughters, who were cheerfully playing in the park. The apparent preteens flounced about in their short hemmed yukata, giggling as they played a mildly perverted variant of tag which involved a fair deal of groping and stripping.

"This certainly explains some... oddities," she said softly. "To be honest, I've felt like there was something off for a while now."

Gaara's face was virtually unreadable, the woman seated between Hinata and Sakura on the park bench. She looked down at the all-too noticeable curve of her bust, the low cut fabric of her blouse which exposed a sumptuous, deeply cloven valley twixt her breasts, and a flicker of something passed through her turquoise eyes.

"Woman's intuition, is it? I can't help but wonder what that's like..." She rubbed her legs together, feeling now at once conscious to the most curious impression of absence. "What you're saying sounds strange, but at the same time I feel almost..."

Sasuki Uchiha let out a weary sigh, standing before her fellow wives in the park. A few families and couples were scattered sparsely across the background, the personal attendants of Naruto's brides watching dutifully over their four beautiful and lively young daughters.

The Uchiha maiden herself was dressed in an open white kimono, a thin wrap of sarashi the only thing covering her modest breasts. A purple, rope-like obi tied her outfit together at the waist, fastened into a bow that rather interestingly accentuated the subtle swell of her plump, firm buttocks. Mid-length raven hair fell down her shoulders, bangs covering one of her eyes.

A single visible sharingan slowly and deliberately wheeled. Black motes swam in a deepest pool of vibrant crimson.

"I know it's hard to believe," she said, "but I felt like it was only right to tell you. If we are going to live as Naruto's wives... then it is important that we hold back nothing from each other. Even things that the others might not want to hear."

Sakura frowned, and cast a searching glance at the woman who had been the object of her almost tragically desperate devotion in another life.

"That's not like you," she mumbled, eyes narrowing slightly. "Full disclosure is all well and good, but I get the feeling you have another motive for telling us this."

"It does seem uncharacteristic of you," said Hinata. "What I know of you, at least."

"Does it?" Sasuki said quietly, humming. A strange expression came across her face.

"I think it does," Gaara said slowly. "Especially given what you have told us... of your original self's motives." She crossed her arms over her chest, the gourd at her feet shivering a little.

Sasuki sighed.
"I understand why you wouldn't want to trust me, after hearing... the things I was planning to do..." She smiled sadly, looking down. A sense of contrition came into her demeanor. "But I am not that man anymore. I... love you girls, almost as much as I love Naruto. I know it's probably selfish of me to ask you this, but... can we please, just keep it all up? For our husband?"

Hinata smiled softly.

"You are happy in this world," she said. "Aren't you? Your family is alive, you have friends and a home that you had long ago discarded... I suppose it's only natural you'd want things to stay as they are."

Sakura side-eyed Hinata, a touch of realization dawning.

"You're asking us to keep Naruto from finding out," she said slowly. "If he knew the truth..."

"...being who he is, there is little doubt that he would try to fix things," Gaara concluded for Sakura. "You think... he would try to reverse the illusion, even if everyone was happy here?"

Sasuki looked her other three wives in the eyes.

"Are you happy here?" she asked seriously. "If you are not, then I can understand if you disagree with what I want to do..."

Sakura blushed. "Well, I don't really have any other frame of reference, do I? Not aside from what you've told us, at any rate. I mean, the woman I am in this world is happy, but... I don't really know the woman I was in the 'real' world."

"As for myself," Hinata said slowly, smiling warmly. "I have a feeling that whether it was the Hinata Hyuuga who lived in the shinobi world... or the Hinata Uzumaki sitting here before you... either way, she could not be happier than to live as Naruto's wife, even if only one out of many."

"I also..." Gaara hummed thoughtfully. "...feel a strong and deep attachment to Naruto Uzumaki, one which I feel cannot wholly be explained away as an effect of this Infinite Tsukuyomi. Perhaps I did not love him in the real world in the same sense as I love him here, but I know without a doubt that I greatly admire him."

Sasuki smiled, chuckling softly.

"I... don't know if you could call what I felt for Naruto love, back when I was Sasuke Uchiha," she whispered. "He was my best friend, and yet I also tried to kill him so many times. Looking back, all I can do is think about what a fool I was. I did not... love him then, not as I do now, but that does not make the love which this world's Sasuki feels for him any less real."

Sakura smiled.

"We love him. That's the one thing that brings the four of us together. We love our husband more than anything else in the world... more than anything but our daughters."

Gaara glanced thoughtfully at Jikoku, Koumoku, Zoujou, and Tamon. She could not help a small, warm smile coming onto her face as she saw her own daughter playfully dogpiled by the other three.

"If Naruto wished to restore the world, I would give him my full support, no matter how happy I might be here..." the redhead whispered. "...provided only that we were certain our daughters could live in that world, as they do now in this one."
Hinata smiled, nodding her head slowly.

"Yes, I believe I agree on this matter. Whether or not they are physically real in that world... we carried them inside ourselves for several weeks, and have watched them grow so quickly over the course of this single day." She clasped her hands beneath her bust, beaming as only a mother could. "They are as real to me... as the love we have all shared with Naruto."

Sasuki smiled bittersweetly.

"They are real," she said. "My rinnegan can see as much..."

She brought a hand up to her abdomen, smiling weakly at Gaara.

"...the bodies we believe ourselves to be standing here in may only be illusory, mental constructs, but we do still have real bodies of flesh and blood in the real world. Bodies... in which were conceived Naruto's children, and from the wombs of which sprang our daughters."

Sakura's eyes widened infinitesimally.

"What? You don't mean...?"

Sasuki smiled at her fellow wives.

"I cannot speak with equal certainly for the others who inhabit this world... but we four, at least, are all equally women wedded to Naruto. Gaara and myself as much as you, Sakura, and Hinata."

Gaara laughed. It was not loud or uproarious, or even necessarily entirely mirthful, being rather quiet and soft. There was a gleam of something in her eyes as she looked at Sasuki, though, and she smiled wryly.

"So it is irrelevant, then, whether or not I was once male..." she said. "In this world as much as the other... I am a woman in flesh and blood, as well as memory and mind."

"I suppose it's a little superficial of me to think like this, but..." Sakura said. She giggled, smiling at Sasuki. "...it makes me so happy to know that our daughters are as real there as they are in here."

Hinata nodded.

"It is a relief... but I also feel a little sorry for you, Sasuki. Gaara may not miss it, for it is outside her memories, but you recall it clearly. Do you not?" the former Hyuuga heiress whispered. "Life as a man..."

"Honestly, I don't miss it," Sasuki said. She looked mildly, uncharacteristically flustered as she said this. "It's silly, how much I pushed away the people who approached me. I never... even took a chance."

She smiled, cheeks a touch rosy, and scratched the back of her neck in a gesture which almost eerily recalled Naruto's mannerisms.

"I used to be a man, but honestly... I didn't once do anything that I couldn't have done as a woman, whatever some people might say. In that life, I don't think I ever truly felt love for a woman." She shook her head. "I never used what I was given, at least. I talked about restoring my clan... but I ignored every opportunity fate gave me to do so.

"I don't miss it. I feel happier as a woman than I ever did as a man. I am as strong as I ever was in
the real world, but I also have people I sincerely love... I have made love, and given birth, and known the joy of motherhood, however brief my experiences may have yet been."

She laughed, cheerful and free. Her smile was warm and content, peaceful.

"I feel more alive here and now... than I ever did as a man. So don't feel sorry for me."

She leaned forward then, and planted a soft, affectionate kiss on Sakura's forehead. The pinkette blushed, going bright red.

"Ah...! Sasuki~" she squealed, playfully batting the woman away. "You are..."

"You have never looked more beautiful to me, Sakura-chan..." Sasuki whispered, grabbing the woman's hand, "...than as a fellow wife of Naruto."

Sakura smiled.

"S-Sasuki..." she whispered. She leaned forward slight, and reached up to gently grasp the Uchiha's collar.

The two women kissed, soft and gentle. There was a warmth and a genuine delight in the way they locked their lips together, standing up and embracing each other. Sasuki's thinly-wrapped breasts pressed into Sakura's chest, nipples poking up tangibly through the sheer, scanty weave of her smooth and silken sarashi.

Sakura's hands wandered across Sasuki's clothed back, one going down to cup the woman's buttocks through the fabric of her kimono, while the other went up to brush through the soft raven locks which cascaded down to her shoulder. Sasuki caressed the small of Sakura's back, with one hand grasping and warmly squeezing a smooth, softly toned thigh beneath the medic's tight black sports pants.

"Mmm... mm..."

"Mf... mwah... mmmm♥"

Sasuki and Sakura became thoroughly lost in their embrace, going with incredible ease from serious discussions of the world and their place within it to a hot and heavy embrace, passionately kissing and caressing each other. Their mouths opened, lips parting and heads tilting to let their tongues meet.

Soft, warm members tasted one another. They wrestled, curling and darting, pushing and pulling. Back and forth their tongues danced, moving sensually and eagerly to and fro between their firmly locked lips. Hard french kissing, hot and wet, excited their bodies, hot and ready for copulation.

Gaara shook her head with a sense of amusement, smiling and watching as Sakura's shapely, skintight spats-clad behind swayed this way and that. Hinata giggled demurely, veins subtly stretching out from her eyes as she peered through the clothes which draped the forms of these two lovebirds.

"So even after all of that, it's basically just business as usual?" the former mused, short red hair crowning and framing the subtle, feminine features of her face. Dark rings circled her eyes, her cleavage softly bathed in sunlight.

"I am glad to see things won't be changing," Hinata whispered. "It is reassuring."
She leaned sideways, resting a well and truly voluptuous frame against Gaara. The Hyuuga no longer covered herself up in heavy sweatshirts, but rather wore a close and practical kimono which clung tightly to her ample curves.

Gaara smiled, glancing from her own breasts to Hinata's, before meeting the girl's byakugan eyes.

"Whatever may come... let's stick together, the four of us," she murmured, wrapping an arm around Hinata. "Naruto's wives for Naruto, and each other."

"One for all, and all for one," Hinata purred, nuzzling in close. "And all of it for the man we all love."

"To Naruto," Gaara agreed, leaning in to plant a soft, chaste kiss on Hinata's brow.

That was, naturally, when Naruto showed up.

Back at the Hokage Tower, in his office, he had left three shadow clones to watch over the women there. Miraiya-sensei, Granny Tsunade, Shizune-nee-chan. Kagome-sensei, Nadeshiko-taichou, Yugao, and Sai-chan. Obito and Madara – Obi and Mari.

Plus of course the bijuu and their jinchuuriki, with the exception of two.

_Tsuru..._ Naruto shook his head. _No... Shukaku... are you sure you wanna go back with Gaara?_

..._y-you can call me Tsuru, if you want..._ Shukaku replied, a touch of something cutely bashful in the tone of her thoughts. _It's almost like a cute pet name..._

_She does,_ came Kumiko's mental voice, answering Naruto's question on her brother/sister's behalf. _Whatever else she might say, Shukaku is fond of that one._

Naruto blushed. It felt odd to have Kumiko's voice – _Kurama's voice_ – once more inside his head after everything that had happened.

_And... you're fine being inside of me?_

_Hmph... considering how many times you've been inside of me over the course of this illusion, it seems rather hypocritical of you to ask that._

Naruto's blush deepened.

"I'm sorry about that, Kurama... I should've been able to see through the illusion without these eyes." Dewy sapphires glistened in the sunlight, rinnegan inactive at present. "But I did all those things to you..."

He could practically FEEL the kyuubi's blush inside his head.

_You do not need to apologize..._ Kurama/Kumiko replied, his/her appearance still mimicking that of Mito Uzumaki in her prime. _We bijuu were not originally created as sexual beings, so it has been... interesting to experience life from a more organic perspective._

There was practically a purr in the way she thought _interesting_, and Naruto tried very hard to keep from getting hard at the mental images her response conjured. Partly because the eyes of every woman he passed were locked on him and his crotch, and his memories told him that if they saw a tent pitched down there, they would abandon what little sense of restraint they still possessed.
And Naruto wasn't entirely sure whether he would be able to say no if it came down to that. He was already having enough trouble keeping it down, just seeing how many of these inordinately beautiful women were dressed (or NOT dressed, as the case was for many of the youngest and most nubile).

Feeling the slightest bit of blood trickle from his nostrils, Naruto silently steeled his resolve and picked up his pace. He focused his senses on the chakra of his wives, heading cautiously in their direction. He felt their energies in the park, all four clustered conveniently together.

"I still don't know what I should do..." the blond said under his breath, "...but I do know that those girls, probably more than anyone else, deserve to know the whole truth. Nobody should be forced into what they were... I'll take responsibility for what I did to them, but I'll give them the choice."

*Whether to stay with you, or leave?* Shukaku mused. *I have a feeling I already know what their decision will be...*

Kurama chuckled, giggling lustily with Kumiko's voice.

*Illusions can make you think a lot of different things, but in such a case as this the fickle heart may prove truer.*

Naruto blushed, slowly parsing what the two bijuu were suggesting.

"C-C'mon, you two..." he said weakly, face bright red. "I know Hinata said she likes me... and maybe she even *loves* me... but Sakura's only ever really loved Sasuke." He grimaced a little. "And... well, Gaara and Sasuke are GUYS in reality. I doubt either of them will be happy with this, once they've got their memories back."

His mind was silent for a moment, neither Kumiko nor Tsuru speaking up. But something niggled at Naruto as he thought further about Sasuke.

Like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky, it struck him.

"The rinnegan...!" Naruto gasped. "Sasuke has the rinnegan... He should be able to remember, just like Madara and Obito!"

He shook his head, then, trying and failing to reconcile this notion with how Sasuke – Sasuki – had acted around him. She did not seem to behave like a man trapped in a woman's body... and he was pretty sure that *Sasuke* would never have been so eager to do *THOSE* sorts of things with him.

"No, I'm just overthinking this..." he told himself. "She doesn't remember yet. I'm sure of it."

Kumiko hummed inside of Naruto's head, an annoyingly knowing lilt to her wordless melody.

Naruto scowled, and brought his hands together.

"Well, either way, I guess I shouldn't delay this any longer..."

*Hiraishin no Jutsu*

He vanished instantly.

As quickly as he disappeared from mainstreet, Konoha, Naruto reappeared in Central Leaf Park, not three paces away from the women who had become his wives in this illusion.
The Lightning Rod seals of the Yellow Flash were scattered in strategic locations throughout the village, enabling quick and efficient travel for those who knew the Flying Thunder God jutsu. So the only reason Naruto would ever need to walk anywhere in this world was if he wanted to take his time, for one reason or another.

Looking around, Naruto soon spotted his wives. He blushed deeply to realize that Sasuki and Sakura looked to be in the midst of a steadily intensifying make out session, and he focused very much to keep from getting hard at the sight of Sakura squeezing Sasuki's round, firm ass.

Averting his gaze from these two, he saw that Gaara and Hinata also looked to be getting a touch cozy with each other.

"One for all, and all for one," he heard Hinata whisper to the redhead. "And all of it for the man we all love."

"To Naruto," Gaara agreed, leaning in to plant a soft, chaste kiss on Hinata's brow.

He blushed a bit more softly, and nervously cleared his throat.

Quick as dropping a pin, the four women stopped what they were doing and looked at him. Their eyes lit up, meeting his, flashing with something he was coming to find tiresomely familiar, but the way they looked at him still made something tight and wriggly stir about in his abdomen.

This was more than just a sexual attraction. He knew it right away. He felt a deep and fondly intimate love for these four, even despite remembering that half of them were originally men. His cheeks heated up, and he shyly looked away from them, feeling vaguely guilty about how they had wound up as his wives.

"Darling! It is so good to see you," Sasuki said warmly, turning to face him with an arm still wrapped around Sakura's waist. She licked her lips, gazing into his eyes with a passionate intensity.

Naruto noted that he could see the nubs of Sasuki's nipples even through the thin white bandages wrapped over her chest.

Sakura wiggled her hips, still visibly fondling Sasuki's rear, and gave her husband some damn enticing bedroom eyes.

"Do you wish to join us, honey?" she cooed huskily, smiling suggestively.

Naruto gulped, feeling himself stir down south in spite of his damnedest attempts to suppress that stubborn prick.

"It is such a fine, balmy day," Hinata said with a hint of coy sensuality Naruto had never heard in her voice before this illusion. Pearly eyes glittered with undisguised love and desire, the Hyuuga puckering her lips the slightest bit. "Far too warm to be wearing such heavy clothes..."

She raised a hand suggestively to the front of her kimono, teasing the garment's upper portion the slightest bit undone to reveal a hint of generous, milky cleavage. Naruto gulped, feeling himself stiffen at the sight – in more ways than one.

He heard Gaara purr, and suddenly there was a cluster of sand grains coalescing around his coat and pants zippers.

"You must feel sooo hot," the redhead breathed, a single hand held loftily up. "Let me help you out of those heavy, cumbersome clothes, dear..."
Naruto felt strongly tempted to let his wives go through with whatever they wanted to do with him, but a clear voice suddenly cut through the lustful tension.

"No, wait..." Sasuki said, holding a hand out and stopping Gaara. "Something's not right."

She let go of Sakura, and walked up to Naruto. She brushed her bangs aside, revealing a single rinnegan opposite her sharingan. Those piercing eyes gazed deep into Naruto's, and he felt something shift in his own gaze.

It took the blond – unused to having a doujutsu – a moment to realize that his rinnegan had subconsciously activated. He saw the chakra of his wives, their distinctly colored auras. He peered for a moment deeper, pushing his gaze through the layers of Infinite Tsukuyomi's deceit.

He saw Sakura and Hinata, bound naked by grasping tendrils within the Shinju's core. Beside them, he saw also Sasuke and Gaara.

Sasuki and Gaara.

His rinnegan deactivated at the shock, and his once-more-blue eyes widened. He felt winded, unbelievably drained from forcing his perception through to reality, but most of all he was disbelieving. Stunned.

He met Sasuki's eyes, mind reeling.

Sasuki met his eyes, a hint of regret flashing across her face.

"You remember..." they said to each other.

Sasuki averted her gaze, blushing. Sakura, Gaara, and Hinata stared at Naruto. They looked as surprised as Sasuki, and Naruto wondered at that moment...

"How much... have you girls known?" he asked them, feeling dizzy and weak in the knees. His head was spinning. "And... how long?"

Hinata blushed.

"I have had my suspicions..." she mumbled, "...since around the time of your inauguration."

"I didn't know anything about it until today," Sakura said for her part.

"I, as well, knew nothing until just recently," Gaara replied. "However... I feel something familiar inside of you, and I can't help but wonder... whether at one point I did not have at least an inkling of doubt."

Sasuki did not meet Naruto's eyes.

"...I'm not sure when it first started coming back to me," she said slowly. "But I think I've remembered it clearly for a week or so, at least. Even well before that, though... I had a hunch, even perhaps as far back as..."

She blushed, and brought a hand to rest gently over her abdomen.

"...before I first became pregnant with your child," she murmured.

Naruto stared at them.
"S-Sasuke..." he said, trying to make sense of what she had just told him, and what his rinnegan had shown him at such a steep cost.

He was breathing heavily, panting, he realized. His personal chakra had been massively drained by his new doujutsu, and in a corner of his mind Naruto felt a newfound respect for their jounin sensei.

Sasuki looked at Naruto, however, and he saw a flash of pain in her eyes which dispelled all other thoughts.

"Don't...! Don't call me that name..." she whimpered. "I'm not Sasuke any more. I... I don't want to become the man I used to be, not ever again." She smiled at him, a touch of sorrow in her expression. "I love you, Naruto..." she whispered.

And then Sasuki kissed him, embracing him tightly.

"S-Sasuki?!" the blond yelped. "Wha...?!

She had a hand on his zipper, and was looking intently into his eyes. Onyx orbs lay bare before his glance, betraying the raw and smouldering depths of just what Sasuki felt.

"Please, don't change anything..." she quietly begged him. "I don't want to lose them again... I love you, Naruto. Please, stay with us."

She undid his zipper, letting his trousers fall to the grass. Naruto staggered a little, overwhelmed by the intensity in Sasuki's eyes. Her fingers caressed the swell of his manhood through the cloth of his boxers, before curling around the elastic and yanking his underwear down.

A semi-erect cock flopped free, and Sasuki paused to look down at it with her bare eyes, before smiling lovingly up at Naruto.

"I know... I'm sure that you want people to know the truth, and I'm sure you want them to decide for themselves whether to end this illusion or not... but, I beg you, Naruto, my love... please, can't you just pretend? Can't we... continue on like nothing has changed?"

She gazed pleadingly into his eyes, and lowered herself slowly, gracefully and deliberately dropping down to her knees. Sakura, Hinata, and Gaara all watched with varying degrees of envy and enjoyment as Sasuki gently, gingerly grasped the shaft of Naruto's penis and began to stroke.

"Sasuki, are you really asking me... to keep everyone trapped in this world...?" Naruto groaned, his face reddening. "...without even giving them a chance to decide for themselves?"

"Please," she repeated, her words heartfelt and earnest. "If not for yourself, then can't you do it for me? For us?"

She kissed his manhood, softly and warmly flicking her tongue under the ridge of his foreskin. Naruto shivered, his eyes briefly rolling up in his head, and his knees threatened to give out for a second, before Kurama and Shukaku thoughtfully sent a bit of their chakra that way.

Sasuki cupped his balls, squeezing them tenderly, yet just tightly enough to send a jolt of aching pleasure of his spine. She worked skilled and slender fingers up and down his shaft, slowly and sensually laving her tongue around the head of his cock. Her lips smacked wetly on his on his rigid flesh, kissing and sucking on the tip of his dick.

Naruto was practically boneless, unable to resist – not WANTING to resist – as Sasuki lovingly
pleasured him, licking and kissing, sucking and blowing on his aching, throbbing, pulsing member. A bit of light raiton chakra danced over his scrotum, passing through and exciting his testicles.

Naruto shuddered, groaning. His head lolled back on his shoulders, and he felt the insides of his manhood clench, his balls tightenning. A wad of semen shot into Sasuki's mouth, landing right on her outstretched tongue.

He looked down at her, seeing the obscene expression on the Uchiha's face. She looked up at him with undisguised lust, and a deeply passionate love. Hinata, Sakura, and Gaara watched from the sidelines with bated breath, not entirely certain who they should root for.

Even further out, the wives' personal attendants turned and saw Naruto, and saw Sasuki swallow his load, humming lewdly and licking her lips.

"Delicious," Sasuki moaned, purring and nuzzling her cheek against Naruto's penis. She felt his hardness rubbing against her face, and she happily wiggled her hips. "Isn't this so much fun, dear? Why would you ever want things to go back to the way they were...? In this world, we can do whatever we want, wherever we want."

Having said this, she once more took his cock into her mouth. This time, however, Sasuki held her head parallel to her throat, inching as much of her husband's manhood past her lips as humanly possible. She looked up at him, her nose nearly buried in the thick, golden forest of Naruto's pubic hair.

She inhaled deeply, tickling her nostrils with the smell of sweat and lingering pheromones. Naruto grunted weakly, and Sasuki began to move her lips back and forth. She deepthoated him with a surprising level of skill, taking the full twenty centimeters of Naruto's phallus all the way down. She massaged the underside of his erection with her tongue, lightly scraping her teeth over smooth and velvety skin.

Quite in spite of himself, Naruto felt his hips begin to move back and forth, thrusting in and out in time with the movements of her head. He threaded his fingers through her hair, gently guiding his Uchiha wife's throat up and down his manhood. Saliva slicked his shaft, Sasuki blushing and whimpering blissfully as she serviced him.

Eventually, as their tempo reached a fevered pitch, it got to the point where the most vividly accurate yet succinct way to describe their present position would be as **Naruto fucking Sasuki's face**. It was also slightly misleading though, as this phrasing rather downplayed Sasuki's part in the proceedings – and she played a very active role in this, indeed!

Soon enough, however, Naruto gasped, and shivered, clenching up. His cock twitched, before disgorging a sizable load down Sasuki's esophagus. She squirmed happily, looking warmly up at him as he gently pulled her face off of his cock.

"Damn... and here I was trying so hard to not make things any weirder..." Naruto mumbled. "But you're seriously pushing my limits, Sasuki. Do you really want this, even though you know the truth...?"

"It's because I know the truth that I want this so badly," she told him sincerely. "Please, don't abandon us..."

Naruto felt a pang in his heart. He knelt down, dick still quite erect, and looked Sasuki squarely in the eye.
"I would never abandon a friend..." he said. "...or a lover. If you really do want to be together like this, then I'll take care of you. Just like a real husband should."

Hinata smiled, overhearing this. So did Gaara and Sakura.

"You are our real husband," they said earnestly. "We love you, Naruto. Nothing could ever change that."

Naruto smiled softly, sadly.

He looked at Sasuki, who bit her lip, gazing into his eyes with a hot and passionate longing. He could tell what she wanted right now, what she needed. The hem of her kimono was riding up, practically wide open.

He looked at Hinata, Sakura, and Gaara.

"You guys..." he said, feeling a knot in his throat. He sniffed, wiping a tear out of his eye. "I... I love you, too. I really do."

His face lit up slightly, and he smiled a touch suggestively at Sasuki.

"I'm not sure I remember everything about making love, but... it only seems fair to return a favor like that."

She blushed, and spread her legs in silent anticipation.

Naruto's eyes twinkled, and he clasped his hands. He drew on Kurama's chakra, Kumiko's chakra.

*Yin and Yang, complete.*

He became shrouded in the chakra of a fully realized sage, several black truth-seeking orbs floating in a circle behind him. His eyes flickered, becoming rinnegan once more.

He looked over at Gaara, raising one of his hands.

"Here..." he said softly. "She wanted to return to you, Gaara."

An arm of chakra bearing Shukaku's essence reached over to the redhead, implanting the bijuu into his Suna-descended wife as easily as pouring boiling water into cup ramen. Gaara's eyes widened, the power of the One-Tail flooding her body for the first time in ages.

Her eyes met Naruto's, and she smiled softly.

"So that's how it is..." she whispered. "I remember. You... restored my memories."

Naruto smiled wryly.

"With this power... it feels like I can do practically anything."

And saying this, he reached two more flaming arms of light over to Sakura and Hinata, pumping a shot of sage-imbued bijuu chakra into each of their systems.

*Kai.*

The veil over their eyes was lifted, as with Gaara's, and they remembered at once.
Sakura stared at Naruto, her face beet red. Similarly for Hinata, but she was also smiling. Even Gaara looked a little pink.

"W-Wow..." Sakura murmured. "This... really is crazy."

She glanced at Naruto's erection.

Sakura could not hide the slight nosebleed this gave her.

Hinata stared at Naruto, smiling softly, but also looking nearly overwhelmed by the sight of his naked manhood, and the clarified memories of everything they had done now put into the perspective of the original Hinata.

"...oh, my..." she squeaked, steam all but shooting out of her ears. The Hyuuga gulped, and bashfully averted her gaze. "N...Naruto-kun's... I actually saw it... and did this... and that... and..."

Hinata swooned a little bit.

"Oh... my."

Gaara smiled softly, a touch amused.

"I suppose I should feel more upset about losing my manhood..." she mused, glancing down between her legs. "...but..."

She looked over at Naruto, peering into his eyes, before raking her peepers down his frame, all the way to his crotch.

"...I think I can get used to it," she said lowly, her eyes twinkling with a mixture of subtle amusement and something like a faintly inquisitive longing.

Naruto felt like sweatdropping when he realized what all these reactions added up to.

"E-Even you, Gaara...?" he said, feeling a touch sheepish.

The redhead nodded.

"Being a woman like this has its perks," she said, staring down covertly at her own cleavage.

Naruto really did sweatdrop when he saw the nosebleed Gaara got from looking at her own chest. But then he sighed and shook his head.

"One thing at a time, I guess..." he murmured, before looking down at Sasuki and her expectantly bared privates. Cloaked in chakra, Naruto burned the sight of her womanhood into his rinnegan, before crouching down on his knees.

"One good turn deserves another."

He kissed Sasuki's nether lips, eliciting a low and husky moan. Tasting her nectar, he smiled and dug in.
The taste wasn't something he could easily describe. Kind of sweet, in a vague way, but also a little tangy. There was saltiness, however slight, something of sweat which dripped down her skin.

It wasn't ungodly delicious, or the most appetizing thing he had ever tasted. It wasn't a bad taste, by any means, but it was strange, something he was not used to.

But if Sasuki was going to be his wife, then it would only be fair for him to become accustomed to it. Learn to love it to the same extent she loved his own taste, come to adore eating her out and pleasuring her as much as she so clearly did for him.

Give and take. Love was equal measures, a back and forth between one and another. If she wished to stay with him in that way, then he would do right by her and be a good, dutiful husband. He would withhold no pleasure or service from her, because he could see in her eyes that she would withhold nothing from him.

It was kind of awkward, with her inner thighs coming up around his head, squeezing together. His ears were buried in soft, firmly toned flesh, and his nose was half buried in Sasuki's pubic hair.

His nostrils tickled, and his lips smacked clumsily against Sasuki's labia. It was hot and wet, his tongue fumbling through the Uchiha's moist folds. He licked her blossom, lapping up her nectar.

Faintly, he recalled himself being much more skilled at this kind of thing. His illusory self, at least.

But he improved quickly, judging by the growing volume of Sasuki's moans. She thrashed blissfully beneath him, purring and squealing as he steadily got the hang of eating her out. Perhaps he was learning, or maybe he was just remembering the skills of the 'him' who had lived his whole life in this world.

Whatever the case, Sasuki clearly loved it. She bucked her hips, slamming her pelvis into his face. Naruto felt himself harden and throb, moaning and groaning into his wife's enticing crotch.

He kissed her deeply, passionately below the border, delving his tongue fearlessy as far as it could go. He lapped up her nectar, drinking of her love's elixir as thirstily as a man who had wandered the desert. His hands gripped her thighs, massaging firm muscles, stroking soft and shivering skin.

Naruto's manhood ached wonderfully as he ate Sasuki out, pleasuring his wife as eagerly and generously as she had just pleasured him. He twinged and pulsed, twitching and clenching a little more with every lick.

Her fires threatened to consume him. He was lost in the warmth of her blossom, a flowering inferno that devoured him whole.

She came, her juices gushing over his lips, dribbling down his chin. Her body shuddered, her breasts heaving, and she let loose a lusty moan. Her womanhood clenched, and nectar flooded out.

"Na...Naruto, dear...❤️" she groaned, panting. Her skin glistened in the sunlight, rosy and slick with sweat. "Oh, yessss..."

Her head lolled back, and she shivered again. Naruto's teeth ever-so-gently scraped the nub of her clitoris, and Sasuki hissed. Again, she came, and again he lapped it up. He pleasured her graciously, all but lost in the embrace they now shared.
Hinata watched, biting her lip. She was tense and red, blushing deeply and quivering, her eyes glistening with a scarce repressed envy. Hesitation was evident, her hands reaching out only to fall back, the young woman dearly longing to be with Naruto, but feeling overwhelmed and insecure.

Gone, or perhaps merely forgotten, was the quiet confidence of the Hinata who had been Sasuki's childhood friend, among the earliest and most tender of Naruto's lovers alongside the Uchiha. She was no coward, but what she saw now was simply too much for her to handle all at once.

Sakura watched, her eyes locked with Sasuki's. She stared into those deep pools of jet, seeing the glitter of a warmth and light that had, before this illusion, seemed utterly lost. She clenched her hands, curling and uncurling her fingers. She fidgeted and worried, her eyes damp.

She saw the happiness. She beheld how delighted and peaceful Sasuki now looked. She recalled also the pleasures she had experienced at Naruto's hands, the love he had made to her, the daughter she had borne him. Sakura trembled, hesitating, uncertain. She knew what she desired, but feared to reach out and take it.

Gaara was blushing, squirming and whimpering, touching herself anxiously and clumsily as she observed the lovemaking of Naruto and Sasuki. Her fingers dug hesitantly into the soft and doughy tissue of her bosom, kneading and groping her breasts. The heel of her palm pressed down into the scarlet tuft of pubic hair, a hiss escaping through her teeth as she slid fingers over the aching slit of her womanhood.

She pinched one of her nipples, and shivered. Her body roiled, soft flesh rippling as shudders of pleasure raced though her nerves. A finger slipped past her nether lips, delving curiously into the silky folds of her blossom. Nectar dripped, hot and sweet. Her clothes lay discarded at her feet.

Sasuki let out a slight whine as Naruto finally pulled himself away from her cunt, pouting a little bit as he licked his lips. She blushed, though, at the grin he then gave her.

"Heheh... that was pretty fun!" Naruto confessed, and he stood back up. All four of the women surrounding him blushed to see the extent of his erection.

"Ah... Naruto's..." Hinata whispered. "It seems... bigger than before..."

Sakura's cheeks burned, the young woman scarcely able to tear her gaze from the naked sexes of Naruto and Sasuki.

"He's even harder than he was when Sasuki..." the pinkette mumbled, gulping. "D-Did he really enjoy it that much?"

She squeezed her legs together, squirming a little. There was something faraway in her eyes, a hint of fantasizing as she considered these recent developments. Her thighs looked firm and supple, with just the right degree of softness.

"Ohhh..." Gaara moaned, panting and blushing. "I think... I want him to do that for me...❤"

Her bosom heaved visibly, her hips bucking a little in excitement. She smiled, eyeing Naruto's naked form with a quiet intensity.

"Do you remember it, still...?" Sasuki mewed, looking around at her fellow wives. "Why we all love him so much? Even if you recall the lives you had before..."

"I... do love him," Hinata whispered, smiling. She stood up from the bench, meeting Sasuki's eyes.
"I remember before this world, and my feelings are not changed."

She took a step towards Naruto, meeting his eyes. He smiled sheepishly at her.

"I'm sorry it had to be like this..." he said. "That you would..."

"No, don't apologize," Sakura interjected, taking a step forward. She stood alongside Hinata now, a soft and warm expression in her eyes. "I've... loved Sasuke for so long. I still love Sasuki. But... I love you too, Naruto. Maybe I'm just being selfish, but... I want to keep both of you. All of you."

She looked over at Hinata and Gaara as she said this last part. The two smiled back at her, and nodded.

"Yes," said Gaara, standing and moving up on Hinata's other side. "I am... happy, with this. Whatever else may happen... the woman I am now loves you all dearly. The man I once was admired our husband. I still admire him now."

She smiled at Naruto, her naked form contrasting rather lewdly with the fully dressed figures of Sakura and Hinata. Even Sasuki still had the sarashi wrapped over her breasts.

"I'm glad to hear that..." Naruto mumbled, scratching his cheek. He grinned sheepishly. "Cause I'm pretty sure I still love all four of you, even though I remember the real world..."

His expression grew more serious, then.

"But... we can't just leave things the way they are," he whispered, glancing around at them sadly. "Even if the four of you are all... there's still a chance that others are unchanged. And if there is even a chance of that... there's still a reason to go back to reality."

Sasuki looked up at him sadly.

"Even if they are all happy here?" she asked.

Naruto shook his head slowly.

"Maybe if everyone could be... but I know already that some aren't. Kaguya made this illusion to pacify me. She doesn't care about creating an ideal world for everyone." He grimaced. "I mean... how many of our friends have been made into..."

He hesitated, blushing. Nervously, he coughed.

"Sex slaves?" said Sakura, smiling understandingly.

Naruto nodded, glancing over to where his wives' attendants watched four preteen girls play in the grass.

"It's not fair to them," he said, "to not even have a choice... the people we are in this illusion aren't the people we were in reality."

"Maybe not entirely," said Gaara. "But we share a common seed. It is possible to reconcile those two lives, and come out happy with what we now have."

Hinata frowned, though.

"Maybe for us," she murmured. "But we have very special places in this world, don't we? As Naruto's wives..."
She blushed, smiling at their husband.

"Right," Naruto said. "You guys at least... get to have a legitimate relationship, even if it is... different. But a lot of the others are just..."

"There for your amusement?" Sasuki guessed. She sighed. "And you are too kind to leave it that way..."

"It wouldn't be right," Naruto insisted. "I've already sworn to take Kaguya down. I'd be a total hypocrite if I didn't at least give them all the choice on what to do when everything is over."

"Do you plan to dispel the illusion?" Sakura asked him.

"I don't know. Everything is so complicated... I need time to figure it out."

Gaara smiled.

"Whatever decision you make, I will support it."

"As will I."

"M-Me too!"

"And... myself, also..."

Naruto looked around at his wives. He smiled.

"You girls... I promise, I'll set things right. And when everything is over... I'll do right by you."

"You already have," Sasuki said, to a chorus of nods from her fellow wives.

Naruto's grin widened.

"The truth should be known," he said. "A world of lies like this... is hardly any better than the world we all fought so hard to change!"

Sasuki, Gaara, Hinata, and Sakura all nodded.

"We'll help you change this world. We'll do whatever it takes!" they swore.

"Memory is the key," Naruto said, before drawing once more on the chakra of the tailed beasts. "I will unlock the truth. For all of them."

First were his wives' attendants.

Ino stared at Naruto for five whole seconds. Her face turned pink. She tore her gaze away from him, and stared at Sakura.

Her face turned red.

Five seconds later, again, she tore her gaze from Sakura to look at Sasuki.

The Uchiha smiled at Ino, naked as the day she was born, and still dripping a fair quantity of juices from her recent session with Naruto.

The platinum blonde's nose became a geyser of blood.
Shiho stared at Naruto. Her glasses quickly fogged up, her face red as a beet. She looked distinctly conscious of her own nudity.

"I... can I... still... do things, with Shikamaru-kun...?" she asked after a long moment of awkward silence.

Naruto scratched the back of his neck, chuckling sheepishly.

"Um, I guess?" he replied. "He's kind of a she at the moment, but..."

Shiho clenched a fist, looking inappropriately victorious.

"Then I still have a chance!" she declared with a faintly comical level of conviction.

Sakura did a facefault.

Temari blinked, humming thoughtfully. She glanced sidelong at her sister/brother, who was shaking her head and muttering in quiet confusion, still disoriented from the sudden influx of chakra and memories.

"Well, Kankuro, look on the bright side!" she said, a smirk coming onto her face. "Now you finally have an excuse to be playing with dolls."

Kankuro glared icily at her big sis.

"Bitch."

"Cow."

"Slut!"

"Cunt!"

Naruto stared, weakly bemused, at the interaction between the two.

"They seem to be taking this quite well," Gaara observed.

"They do...?" Naruto wondered.

"You know, Neji-niisan," Hanabi remarked, smiling far too chipperly at her cousin. "You always were a little girly-looking..."

Nejie mournfully cupped her large and bouncy breasts, rubbing her legs together and feeling the absence of something that should have been there.

"First the cross-dressing..." she muttered, voice fairly low and deep even in this female form. 

"...and now this! Why me?"

"It... does look pretty natural on you," Naruto admitted, sheepishly looking away as the Hyuuga bleakly groped her ample tits.

Nejie's face turned a dangerously vibrant shade of red.
Itami and Shimizu were making out passionately when Naruto gave them a slice of chakra.

The two paused momentarily as memories of the real world – and their own respective deaths – came flooding back to them.

After a moment's thought, Itachi and Shisui Uchiha (in naked female bodies) went right back to snogging each other.

Naruto sweatdropped.

Sasuki smiled happily.

With his wives' attendants memories restored, Naruto next went off to fill in his other slaves.

Samui seemed utterly unaffected by the addition of chakra. Rather, she turned to look at Karui and Omoi, who were blinking and staring down at their nude, collared bodies.

"I told you so," she said, sounding just a tiny bit satisfied to see the looks on her teammates' faces.

"My little Omoi..." Omoi said, looking down a touch melancholically between her legs. "He's really gone, huh?"

Karui gnashed her teeth, snarling and hissing, all but frothing at the mouth.

"I... AM GOING... TO KILL THAT WOMAN!" she roared, before descending into utter incoherency, blind rage robbing her of the ability to speak clearly.

Naruto gulped nervously.

"J-Just so you know, this whole illusion thing was NOT my idea," he said, trying to make sure the redhead wouldn't take her anger out on him. "Okay?"

To the blond's bemusement, Samui, Karui, and Omoi all blushed and looked away from him.

They cutely mumbled something or other under their breaths, before looking into his eyes and smiling with various degrees of understanding... mixed with just the slightest trace of visceral lust.

Naruto sheepishly hiraishin'd away before things could get too awkward.

Or sexual.

Kin, Saku, and Doki all blinked in unison.

"That's right," Kin said. "We died, didn't we...?"

Saku glowered darkly down at her lap, arms peevishly crossed.

"Dammit..." she growled.

Doki looked at Gaara. A glint of recognition came into her visible eye.

"Huh," she said. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you looked an awful lot like..." Gaara blushed, briefly averting her gaze.
"Um. Yes," she said, coughing nervously. "My apologies over the whole, ah... killing you, thing."

Doki blushed, what little of her face was visible from under the bandages turning bright pink. Weakly, she waved one of her hands in a dismissive gesture.

"N-No worries," she said. "After all, I was trying to kill you, too..."

A moment of awkward silence ensued.

"Dammit!" Saku abruptly snapped. "If I HAD to be brought back as a chick, why couldn't that stupid whatever-her-name-is at least give me a decent pair of knockers? I'm flatter than Kin was back when we were alive!" she complained.

Kin responded with a timely – and painful – dope slap.

"You MOTHERFUCKER!" Tayuya swore, leaping at Naruto. "I will tear off your cock and feed it to you, you goddamn human CUNT! If you had to make me a sex slave, couldn't you have at least made me the one in charge?!

Naruto sweatdropped, Tayuya's attempts at violently garroting him not even managing so much as to depress the skin around his throat, let alone actually inconvenience him in any significant way.

Kidohana moved multiple hands up and down her body, scowling a little.

"Great," she muttered. "First that Hyuuga kills me... then our brilliant attempt at revenge from beyond the grave gets foiled by that loudmouth tagalong... and now I'm brought back to life as a woman... without even a decent pair of breasts as compensation!"

(Naruto sweatdropped, silently musing that this complaint sounded AWFULLY familiar...)

Sakon and Ukon sniggered at the arachnid shinobi.

"I don't see what the big deal is," said the former. "We've been inside plenty of female bodies."

"Although usually that ended with their deaths!" the latter added.

Tayuya paused her attempts in strangling Naruto to give the twins (who had, even in life, been rather effeminate-looking) a very squicked out look.

"Ew," she said. "I did NOT need to hear about your sex life."

Sakon blinked.

"Who said anything about sex?" she said.

Ukon stared at her sister.

"Wait... you were talking about our jutsu?"

Sakon quickly shushed her twin.

Naruto decided he'd rather not know any more.

Guren looked at Naruto. She stared into his eyes for three seconds.
Then she shrugged and got down on her knees.

"Well?" she said, hungrily eyeing the zipper on his trousers. "You gonna keep me waiting?"

Sheepishly, Naruto formed a shadow clone and left it behind with Guren.

Then he hurried away before he could stop to consider the slight hypocrisy of this act.

Kagerou smiled, looking down at her body.

"My beautiful true form..." she said, gazing at her slim and pale figure. "...I am in it, but I'm not dying..."

Her eyes got a little teary, and she threw her arms around Naruto.

"You have NO idea how much this means to me!" she gushed, embracing him gleefully.

Sasame pouted jealously at her fellow Fuuma.

"...all this time waiting for him..." she muttered, crossing her arms over a generous, bare chest.

"...and still the only way I was able to get a taste was through some giant illusion..."

She huffed, cheeks erubescent.

"Why can't you touch me like you did when we first met?" she asked him peevishly. "In reality, I mean?"

Sheepishly, Naruto formed two shadow clones and left them behind with Sasame and Kagerou.

Déjà vu.

Midori, Ibiko, and Inoichi were with the next girls on Naruto's little check list: Konan and Yahiko.

(Pain was nowhere to be seen, however)

Despite finding the absence of Nagato a touch disconcerting, Naruto nonetheless restored the memories of the girls who were present.

"Here," he said, sending a shot of his chakra into their bodies. "You should remember pretty soon."

"Remember what?" Midori asked him, scratching her head in a way that was far too cute to be fair.

Ibiko and Inoichi looked ready to ask similar questions, before their eyes widened, and they looked down at their bodies.

"...huh," Inoichi hummed, looking thoughtfully between her legs. "No dick. The wife is not gonna like this." She paused a moment, before shrugging. "On the other hand, though, these tits are FANTASTIC!"

She fondled herself with a grin, before her face reddened, and she let out a slight moan.

"OH! Wow, I'm... pretty sure breasts shouldn't actually be this sensitive..."

She did not stop groping herself, though.
Ibiko looked less concerned about her body, and more perplexed by something else.

"What kind of name even is *Ibiko*?" she wondered, scowling thoughtfully. "How would you even write that...? Ibi...? I-bi...? The *ko*, at least, is probably written with the radical for *child*... Hmph, maybe if the *ibi* is two separate characters, you could write it as *one* and *fire*... but... hrm..."

Naruto sweatdropped.

"You... *could* just use kana, you know," he said. "Like you did with *Ibiki*.'"

Ibiko didn't seem to hear him, though.

"If I had to be given a female name... something like *Ibuki* could have worked fine," she muttered, eyes closed and cheeks the faintest tinge of pink. "That's a rather cute name... and well-established, too. *Ibiko* sounds vaguely unpleasant..."

Midori sighed.

"So much for the feared head interrogator," grumbled the woman who had once been known as Aoba. She looked down at her own endowments, modestly sized and perky. Then she looked at Naruto. "Hrm... Not that I particularly mind having a decent pair like this, but... when are you planning to dispel this illusion?"

She cleared her throat, blushing rather hotly.

"It's pretty weird feeling myself get so hot and bothered when I look at you..." she mumbled, averting her gaze a touch sheepishly.

Yahiko and Konan largely ignored the state of their interrogators. Whatever else may have changed, at the moment these two clearly only had eyes for each other. They gazed passionately and intently into one another's eyes, smiling softly and blushing.

"You... look as breathtaking as ever, Konan..." whispered Yahiko, inching closer to the woman who could have become her wife.

Konan smiled, naked as a jaybird, and scooted right up to Yahiko, practically purring as she laid her cheek on the taller, more buxom woman's shoulder.

"And you still have... such a wonderful warmth, Yahiko," she whispered, wrapping her arms around the woman who had once been the love of her life.

Naruto blushed, and looked away as the two kissed. Not because it was arousing (and *boy howdy* was it ever), but rather because it felt almost like he was intruding on something very private and special.

"Ah... true love is a whole other thing, isn't it...?" he quietly mused. "Those eyes... it's just like them. They really *were* telling the truth, weren't they...?"

Slowly, he sighed and shook his head.

"No time for that now," he muttered. "There are still... a LOT of people left to go..."

Here, in brief, are related the reactions of the *rest*.

Deidara swore undying vengeance on Kaguya. Something about being mistaken for a woman
enough already.

Sasori seemed relatively indifferent, stating that she had discarded all concepts of *man or woman* many years ago.

(She still seemed to almost blush when she looked at Naruto, however)

The first thing Kouma asked Naruto was where she could find Itachi-san. He pointed her in the right direction, and the woman headed off with very curious mutterings of, "...*say I would look unpleasant as a woman, will you?*

Kakuzu, like Sasori, was fairly indifferent, stating that she had taken enough female body parts in life to not really care what gender her body took.

(The amount of cash she made in tips at the Playful Fox probably had something to do with it)

Hidan was angrier, swearing to sacrifice Kaguya to her god, and saying some very impolite things about what she would do to the woman if she still had her dick. Despite this, though, she did not seem to mind asking Naruto to feel up her tits *for Jashin-sama*. Whatever that meant.

Ayame went as red as a tomato when she remembered everything, and offered Naruto a lifetime supply of ramen if he would *please* kindly turn around long enough for her to put on some proper clothes. She was heavily embarrassed, but fortunately not angry.

Tsume said she was just glad to finally get a decent lay. Hana coughed anxiously and mumbled that Naruto was "cute enough".

Kiba had given her female relatives an exasperated look before trying to make Naruto swear that he would do *something* about this whole mess. Naruto said he would try to find a solution that would be best for everyone, although he couldn't make any promises just yet.

(Strangely, Kiba's face became very pink as he said that)

Ebiko politely asked Naruto to give her some privacy. The woman seemed a little too interested in her new, generically gorgeous body...

Heading out from the Playful Fox, Naruto stumbled across the young Sarutobi couple next. Asuka was moderately dismayed to realize she was no longer a man, although Kurenai seemed quite fascinated by her once-late lover's new female body.

Konohana and her teammates huddled together for a moment, after having their memories restored, before proudly announcing that they would do *anything* for their big bro Naruto.

(Moegi, in particular, said *anything* with a very deep blush, and a prolonged glance below Naruto's belt)

Koyuki Kazahana said, quite blandly, that the illusion rather reminded her of shooting for the *Icha Icha Violence* prequel.

Toki and Haruna, from the Lands of Birds and Vegetables, quietly blushed and said that they would relay the truth to their people.

The priestess Shion said that she did not care who else Naruto coupled with, so long as he helped ensure the continuation of her bloodline.
Amaru was very interested in the biological implications of men being turned into women, and said there were some important things she wanted to "study", before heading off in the direction of Naruto's wives.

Shizuka of Nadeshiko village asked Naruto if this meant he was going to make her his wife after all. Tokiwa had also seemed quite interested in "breeding a new generation of powerful young kunoichi."

Sumaru, Natsuhi, and Hokuto said they would relay this news to their home village, Hoshigakure. They all tried very hard not to look below Naruto's belt.

Hotaru asked where Utakata was. Naruto pointed her towards Hokage Tower. She bowed low in gratitude (showing every inch of her cleavage) before bouncily skipping off to "make up for lost time".

Isaribi asked where Anko was. Naruto wasn't sure, but he picked out the woman's chakra and pointed her in that direction. The piscine maiden playfully pecked him on the cheek as thanks.

Godaime Mizukage, Mei Terumi, asked Naruto if he intended on making her his wife. He gulped and said, _maybe_, if she and his other wives were willing. Seeming satisfied with this answer, she took another helping of chakra, like Ay, and he hiraishin'd her off to the Hidden Mist.

Yondaime Raikage, Ay-chan, took a moment to test whether her new left arm worked as well as her old one. After a brief spar with Naruto, she concluded that it did, and took a hefty dose of Naruto's chakra to distribute among her fellow shinobi back in Kumogakure.

(She seemed oddly unsurprised to learn about the illusion...)

Team Gal (formerly known as _Team Guy_) took the news with mixed reactions.

Tenten didn't seem particularly surprised, or too terribly disturbed. Apparently she'd already been having flashbacks to reality for a while, and had slowly come to reconcile the illusion world with the world she had lived in before.

Leah had been temporarily distressed, until learning that Sakura was still very fond of Sasuki, who had also been turned into a woman. Then she clenched a fist and cheered that she still had a chance to win Sakura's heart.

Gal said confidently that as long as Leah was happy, she was happy.

Moving on, Naruto restored also the memories of Shiko Aburame, Anko Mitarashi, and the other chuunin and jounin.

Shiko asked Naruto whether being turned into a female made her stand out any more than before. Naruto sheepishly admitted that he'd almost completely forgotten about her existence, and the whole "body full of bugs" thing was still kinda squicky. She seemed more annoyed by him finding her body off-putting than his open admission of nearly forgetting she existed.
Anko, despite all rumors to the contrary, was not immediately on board with the whole kinky world of endless sex thing. She FIRST asked Naruto what his real cup-size was.

(That was one area where the illusion had changed nothing from reality)

Izumi and Tetsuko – formerly Izumo and Kotetsu – mused that their new duties in "serving" the hokage were still easier and more dignified than the jobs they’d had to do under Tsunade.

Raiko and Akane – originally Raidou and Genma – were of mixed opinions, but said that whatever Naruto chose to do, they would support.

Ruka and Suzume-sensei blushed terribly. The former abashedly asked Naruto if he was happy with the world as it was. Suzume, for her part, admitted that she was not too terribly displeased with the thought of things continuing in the illusion as they had been.

Choume Akimichi took the news of the illusion well enough, simply sitting down and cheerfully asking what Naruto planned to do about it.

Naruto admitted that he really wasn't sure anymore, and in response Choume suggested that he go ask Shikamari.

"Ah! Of course," Naruto exclaimed. "He did say he'd be my advisor, right? That Shikamaru..."

"She sure did," Choume said, nodding her head. "If there's anyone smart enough to help you work all of this out, it's definitely Shikamari."

Naruto gave Choume a pat on the shoulder, beaming at her.

"Thanks!" he said. "You're pretty smart yourself, haha!"

Choume laughed agreeably, and waved Naruto an amiable goodbye.

Which was how the Lord Sixth Hokage found himself sitting across from a fully-dressed Shikamari, the ponytailed woman irritably sighing and clapping her hands.

"So you finally figured it out, huh?" she said, seeing the look on his face and guessing his intent before he even said anything.

Naruto blinked.

"Wait, did you?" he said, gaping at her.

"Of course," Shikamari replied matter-of-factly. "It's obvious once you know what to look for."

Naruto sighed, shaking his head. Only someone as smart as Shikamaru could say something like that and genuinely mean it.

"So you remember reality, then?" he asked.

Shikamari hummed for a moment. She shook her head.

"No, I don't," she replied. "But I know there's quite a lot I've forgotten. Me and my clan are masters of Yin chakra: the same kind that's used in illusions. Even if I didn't KNOW this was a genjutsu, I'd still be able to tell. Even a blind woman can feel the sun on her skin."
She reclined in the shade of a tree sitting in the grass outside her house, on the very outskirts of Konoha's settled portions. Deer could be seen grazing not ten meters off, so accustomed to the presence of Nara shinobi as to be practically domesticated.

Despite himself, Naruto noticed the slight swell of Shikamari's flak vest, the subtle curve of her bust. Her neck was slender, smooth. No adam's apple in sight. Her face was a lot like Shikamaru's, yet there was also something softer, more feminine about her features...

Naruto blushed, realizing that he had been this close to practically almost ogling Shikamaru.

Shikamari.

...Man, this was still SO weird. Even after everything with Sasuki, he could only barely begin to wrap his head around the idea that all the guys he'd ever known were now women.

Sighing, he shook his head.

"Do you have any idea what I should do, then?" he asked.

"'Do?'" Shikamari parroted. "Hmph. That sounds an awful lot like work..."

Naruto couldn't help but grin, seeing this old comrade's well-known laziness shine through.

"...but before I even think about making a decision," Shikamari said, looking straight at the Rokudaime, "we should first figure out what we do and don't know."

This elicited a thoughtful hum from Naruto.

He had to admit that this was a very sensible thing to say, and greatly simplified a lot of the confusion. As long as there was a clear goal to aim for, he would gladly plow on through any obstacle.

"Well," Naruto said, crossing his arms over his chest. "We know this is an illusion. Infinite Tsukuyomi, or whatever."

"Sharingan genjutsu, eh?" said Shikamari, nodding her head slowly. "That makes sense. Illusions this in-depth are almost impossible to craft... though it also severely narrows our methods for breaking it, if that's the course we choose."

"If I have to break the illusion, I can," Naruto said simply. "I'm not sure exactly HOW I would do it... but I feel as sure about being able to do it as am about being able to walk on water."

"Feel, don't think... How very like you," Shikamari agreed, chuckling. "I don't remember what you were like in reality, but if it's anything like the you in this illusion, then I suppose I can take that confidence at face value."

Naruto blushed.

"I'm not as perverted as the illusion," he said hurriedly. "Not even close."

Shikamari eyed him languidly.

"That so?" she said. "Hm. Seems like a real shame to me, although that might just be the genjutsu talking..."

Naruto felt a shiver go up his spine, and he nervously coughed.
"You know, maybe I should restore your memory now..." he mumbled, only for Shikamari to hold up a hand.

"No," she said. "From the sound of things out there, I'd say you've already restored a lot of people's memories... and while I'm sure that would make some things clearer for me, I also feel like remembering reality might make me... unduly biased."

"...eh?" Naruto said intelligently.

"Let's be clear about one thing, Naruto," Shikamari explained. "The woman I am now finds this world rather enjoyable. She likes the free sex and stuff, and also thinks you're a pretty fine piece of ass. But the man I once was... while I might not remember him, I'm fairly sure he would feel very conflicted about this whole mess.

"And if I'm going to be advising you on the best course of action, then the last thing we wanna do is drag my old memories into the mix. I doubt I would be in any state to think these things through rationally, if I was forced to recall my old self."

She gave him a steady, certain look.

"I'm basically your advisor, right?" she said. "I've gotta be the voice of cold, calculating reason to your impulsive, emotional sentimentality. You – and probably a lot of people – would no doubt like it very much to have the illusion dispelled, because the 'real world' holds a certain, greater value in your hearts than one concocted by a genjutsu. But it's almost certainly more complicated than that. Otherwise you wouldn't have come looking for my advice."

Naruto winced.

"Y-Yeah... there are a surprising number of people who seem happy here," he mumbled. "Like Sasuki..."

"I don't doubt it," Shikamari said. "Just as I don't doubt that there are many others who feel cheated by this world, or shortchanged. Whether it was created as an illusion or not... this world has still become a kind of 'reality'. And reality isn't always fair."

Naruto laughed bitterly, this statement ringing depressingly true.

"Granny... Mari... Pervy Sage..." He nodded again. "Sensei and Obi... they're all still missing some of the people they cared about most. Some are alive who were dead in reality... but not all of them."

"No, not all of them." Shikamari nodded. "I'm sure of that. And that's why I need to keep my memories locked away. As I am now, I can step back and view things with a relative degree of objectivity. There's no guarantee I'll still be able to do that if you restore my memories. I'd probably get too worked up to think rationally."

She sighed, and shook her head. Quiet reigned for a few seconds.

Then she spoke again.

"Okay, so aside from the KIND of illusion this is, and the knowledge that opinions are naturally mixed..." Shikamari murmured. "What else do we know?"

"Kaguya's the one in control," Naruto said, after a moment's thought. "And... she calls me her son."
Shika hummed.

"Kaguya, huh?" she mused. "Suppose that makes sense. Honestly, it almost seems a little too obvious, with how she's had herself elevated to a goddess in here..."

Naruto coughed sheepishly.

"Uh, no... well, she kinda used to be worshiped as a goddess for real, way back when, I guess. Then she went crazy and fused with the World Tree to become a giant ten-tailed monster. Tried to take away the chakra her sons inherited from her..."

Shikamari's eyes glinted.

"Hmm... interesting," she said. "She calls you her son, but her real sons..." She hummed. "Envying her own offspring... I wonder..."

"Ah...?" Naruto saw the look in Shikamari's eyes, and felt a bit of hopefulness. It looked like she had an idea. "What is it?" he asked.

"I'm not sure yet, but I think I'm starting to get an idea... of the kind of person Kaguya is," Shikamari replied, grinning. "'Know thy enemy,' and all that. If even half of what you're telling me is accurate, then..."

She paused, trailing off briefly. She looked up at the clouds, chewing her lower lip, lost deep in thought.

"Why do you suppose she made an illusion like this?" Shikamari asked Naruto. "Why do you think she's fixated on you?"

Naruto blinked. He shrugged.

"Uh... I dunno, I kinda figured it was just 'cause I reminded her of her son...?"

"No, I don't think that's it..." Shikamari said. "You said she had sons, yet you're the only man alive... and she tried to take her chakra back from all of them..."

"There were two," Naruto helpfully interjected. "Hagoromo and... er, Hamura, I think."

"Right," Shikamaru mumbled. "I don't think it's because you remind her of a son. Not that I'm not sure you do, but... if this illusion is to be taken at face value as HER idea of a perfect world, then it seems pretty clear... that this woman has serious issues."

"That seemed pretty obvious from the start," Naruto replied.

"This is important, though," Shikamari said. "She controls everything in this world... but she lets you run around letting everyone know that the whole thing's a sham? There's clearly an ulterior motive. It... might be a trap of some kind."

"Yeah, it's probably a trap..." Naruto said sheepishly.

Coughing nervously, he then gave Shikamari a quick rundown of what had happened back at the hokage tower.

"Hm... So she isn't identifying you with her sons," Shikamari said, once Naruto had finished his abridged account. "Not any of her actual ones, at least. No... she knows that you are your own, separate person. But she's still calling you son, calling herself your mother... almost definitely
living out some kind of incestuous fantasy."

Shikamari paused, humming.

"Well. It's clear that Kaguya is seriously obsessed with sex, and has no issues with incest. Furthermore, instead of just brainwashing you completely, she concocted this whole illusion in order to 'please' you, even turning every other man into a woman."

Shikamari nodded her head, grinning.

"Heheh... everything else aside, it's becoming pretty apparent that she isn't omnipotent at all. Practically the exact opposite, I reckon: her power over this reality is limited to what she can convince you to let her get away with."

Naruto blinked.

"Huh?" he said intelligently.

"She hypnotized you into casting the illusion. That's what Mari said, right?"

"Y-Yeah... since I was the only one who could control the Juubi's power..."

"So this isn't her world to control. Even if she guided you in forming the original template, the actual genjutsu was still cast by you. And maybe that made her the one in charge when you were still under her spell... but Obi gave you the eyes to penetrate her hypnosis. You are the one in control now. She can't do a damn thing with her own power. Not in this world."

Naruto frowned.

"Huh?" he said. "Wait, if that's the case, then why did she act so confident...?"

"I'd say she's probably trying to bluff you into staying down," Shikamari replied. "Regardless of whether or not you have the power, it won't make a difference if you're too wary to move against her... or if you're too happy in this illusion to want to break it. That's her only advantage."

Naruto's brow furrowed. Shikamari's words were comforting, but he felt like there was something they were missing...

Still, though, the way she said it...

"So even if I didn't decide to break everyone out of here," he murmured, "I could at least still try and find a way to make everyone happy...?"

"Probably. You're the real master of this world, now. Right? All you've gotta do is step up to the plate and stare her down."

"I don't know... how do I even control this illusion, if I really can?" Naruto wondered. "I've never been able to use genjutsu."

Shikamari shrugged.

"You won't know until you try," she told him.

Naruto was silent for a moment.

"Kaguya doesn't care about anyone but herself," he said. "We have to take the world back for the
people."

He stood up. A newfound conviction was burning in his eyes.

"If the people want the illusion to stay up... then I'll keep it up, and make it a place where everyone can be happy. And... if they want to take it down, then I will take it down, and return everyone to reality."

He grinned at Shikamari over his shoulder.

"Thanks," he told her. "I know what I have to do, now."

Shikamari smirked, and stood up. She walked up to him and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't thank me just yet," she said wryly. "Kaguya wants a fight, right?"

Naruto gave a slow nod.

"That's what she said."

"Then... let's bring her a fight," Shikamari told him, smiling confidently. "Trying to make everyone in the world your bitch... right or wrong, I say we return the favor."

"The world, huh...?" Naruto murmured.

He could feel something stirring. His chakra was spreading, little flares of light at the edge of his senses. Like a million candles sparking up beneath a deep, briny sea.

The shinobi world was waking. Soon, the people would remember that they were strong.

"One last war..." Naruto muttered.

"One that has to be fought," Shikamari told him. "For your sake. For everyone's sake."

"Is that your 'unbiased advice'?!" Naruto wondered, chuckling wryly.

"No," she said, smiling. "That's what I want to do. As your friend."

Naruto shook his head.

"Do you really think they'll join in, though...?" he wondered, biting his lip.

Shikamari's smile widened.

"You underestimate the power of your charisma," she told him. "They'll come, and they'll fight for you."

"Kaguya might not control this illusion..." Naruto muttered. "But I feel like her power is something that's real, even in here. And she's strong. Monstrously strong."

"So are you," Shikamari said. "They'll die for you, if they must... half because they know you won't just let them. Even if you fight her alone, they would still want to be there. If only to support you."

"One, two, three, four..." Naruto counted. He sighed. "Let's make this the last war."

Shikari squeezed his shoulder reassuringly.
"Agreed."
My earliest memory is of light. A shining, silver radiance which permeated the entirety of all that I knew.

It bathed me in warmth and bliss, keeping me safe and protecting me from a darkness that I could not then fathom.

That light was the first thing I ever knew.

For a long time, it was the only thing I knew.

But then he came and cut away the light, carving open the celestial womb in which I had theretofore existed. I then perceived, for the first time, that there was more than just light in the world.

I saw the night sky. A black, endless canvass stretched over the earth and the seas. Bright jewels twinkled in the velvety midnight high above, innumerable motes of light both cold and remote.

It was dark, a twilight beyond any conception of my thoughts. Sound came to my ears, a rustling of leaves and woody stalks.

For the first time, I felt cold.

What I would later come to know as wind brushed across my naked skin, fair and soft. I was defenseless against the natural elements.

Dread filled me, and I despaired for the loss of my light. The warmth which had bathed me, the glow which had kept these strange and worrisome things from my knowledge. Dearly I longed to return to that place, to draw that light about me once more.

That was when I felt something coarse and heavy drape over my frame. It smelled strangely, and weighed down unpleasantly on my body... but it was warm, and I drew it close about my naked frame in gladness.

I saw him, then. A young man, hardly more than a boy, smiling at me.

I did not understand what he was, at first, but I saw that he covered himself with something much lighter than what had just been draped over me. Something far too thin to have protected him against that biting wind.

Only later would I understand what this meant: that he had given me his own coat when he saw me there, naked and shivering in the cold, unfriendly night.

"Do you feel better?" he asked me, and I understood his meaning at once.

"Y-yes, I do," I said to him, knowing instantly what to say, although until that point my lips had never formed a word, and it felt strange to do as much. "Thank you very much..."

He simply smiled wider at me, and picked me up. I was shorter than him by a head, and much slighter; for someone as used to heavy labor as he, I was no burden at all.

We were in a forest of bamboo, at the foot of a great mountain. The night sky was dark to my perception, lit by only the twinkling of stars overhead. The lad who carried me was the apprentice
of someone he called *Taketori no Okina*, an old and childless bamboo-cutter, and I myself he had apparently cut free from a glowing stalk of bamboo.

He spoke to me the whole way through the forest, talking cheerfully as he bore me out from the looming, foreign darkness. He said his name was Otsutsuki, and told me about his life.

I remember little, now, of all the idle, meaningless chatter. Few details can I recall from the words he shared with me on the way down the mountain. All that I can remember, if I try, are how warm his body felt beneath me, and how soothing was the smell of his sweat and his labor.

It warmed me far more than any coat over my body.

Earthy, wholesome, pure. Otsutsuki was simple and good-natured, honest and earnest. Something about his hold on me, as he carried me, made me feel as warm and secure as I had in my womb of light, within that glowing stalk of bamboo.

I was at peace in his arms.

---

*Taketori no Okina* took me in, the old man and his wife glad for a young girl to care for. They marveled at Otsutsuki's tale of finding me and freeing me from *nayotake*, and proclaimed that this night was surely a blessed one.

From that, the old couple took to calling me *Nayotake-no-Kaguya-hime*, saying that I looked as fair and regal as a princess. Otsutsuki, young and coarse, decided to simply call me *Kaguya*.

The old bamboo-cutter reprimanded his apprentice for this disrespectful familiarity, saying that I must be the daughter of an emperor, or even a child of the gods. Otsutsuki retorted with some very rude aspersions on the supposed divinity of the emperors, and said also quite irreverently that the gods must be very miserly indeed to clad their own children in aught more than they clad a hatchling swallow.

*Feather-raitment*, he wryly called the state in which he found me. Taketori and his wife both reddened in the face when they heard this, and they sharply upbraided Otsutsuki for saying such a thing so shamelessly.

I was perplexed, however, and asked them why they scolded the boy for telling them something true and fair. They looked at me strangely, sputtering and reddening further, before clearing their throats and saying simply that it was *improper*.

The old man and his wife would prove themselves kindly enough as the years went by, but for a moment I found myself very much disliking them.

A seed of something was planted within me, then.

*What was wrong with the naked body?*

---

Years passed. *Taketori no Okina* and his wife raised me as lovingly as if I were their own daughter, calling me *Kaguya-hime* and lavishing me with the affection they had never been able to give to children of their own.

They were childless, I learned. Taketori was past his prime, impotent; his wife was old, and barren besides. In the past they had tried to conceive, but naught had ever come of it.
I came to pity them, and accepted the love they gave me.

Those years I spent being taught and raised by the old bamboo-cutter and his wife, playing with the apprentice, were far from the most auspicious or luxurious period in my life, yet it was then that I was happiest. It was a simple life, but I was content.

If I could at least spend time with Otsutsuki, then even the darkest and foulest dungeon would have seemed a paradise. I was very fond of him, and even apart from the kindness of Taketori no Okina and his wife, the friendship of the bamboo-cutter's apprentice was like a light in my life.

When they first took me in, I was but a young maiden. I grew quickly into womanhood, however—much as Otsutsuki did into manhood.

With time, I came to realize the depth of my affection for that kind, warm young man.

I loved him.

More than anything else, this is what you might call what I had come to feel for him. When he spoke to me, it seemed as though we were the only two people in the world, and I was perfectly happy for it. When he touched me, an innocent brushing of fingers, a slightest moment of heated contact, I felt fire beneath my skin, electricity coursing through my veins.

In the nights, I dreamed of him, and such dreams they were! My stomach felt tight and tangled at the thought of Otsutsuki, and ever would I awaken to moisture in my sheets after dreams of close embraces and sweet, whispered nothings.

I desired his touch. Deep and pure was my love for him, the innocent desire of a maiden in the springtime of her youth. He grew tall and strong, broad of shoulder and hard of hand. Yet his touch was ever soft and gentle, and his lips felt sweet upon my own.

The day came at last when I could be reckoned fully as a woman, and Otsutsuki as a man. I told him the fullness of my desires, then, and he accepted me into his arms. We went up the mountain, and danced in the forest clearing, naked as the hare beneath a midday sun.

I vowed myself to him, and he pledged his love to me. We plighted our troth in the dirt, our bodies hot and wet together. He gave me his love, and I gave him my flesh.

When the evening came, we journeyed back down the mountain and spoke to the old man of our intentions. Taketori no Okina and his wife gave us their blessing, happy to see the girl they had taken in and raised as lovingly as their own ready to become a woman.

We were to be married, Nayotake-no-Kaguya-hime set to wed Otsutsuki, who was called now “Bamboo-cutter” himself, an apprentice no longer. The date was set for a month hence, time enough for the news to go out, and for Taketori and Otsutsuki’s kin to make the journey.

It was a most joyous occasion, but it was about to be marred by bitterness and grief. For not more than a day after the plans were made, my betrothed was called away to the capital by a representative of the feudal lord's army.

All young and able-bodied men were being summoned from the furthest corners of the region to muster for war, it seemed. Our little realm was beset by the armies of a foreign king, laid under siege over some petty slight between lords.

"What dreadful news!" opined Taketori no Okina. "To think that even this poor and rural country should be pulled into such a conflict."
"Why must these wars go on?" lamented Taketori's wife. "I am old, and my life is near its end. Why must my wish to see our daughter wed be so denied?"

Otsutsuki was the only one in the household not to mourn.

"The lord of this land calls me to defend the things I hold dear," he said determinedly, smiling at me warmly. "Bamboo-cutter Otsutsuki will cut down all his enemies, and return to his loving wife in a month's time – and no longer!"

"Please, do not leave!" I begged him, clinging tightly to his sleeve. "This war is no concern of us humble folk. Let the lord fight his own battles, and his people live in peace!"

Otsutsuki laughed, and kissed me.

"Do not fret, my beloved!" he said to me, holding me tight in his arms. "I will do my part for the lord, and then return to you here in time to take your hand. I promise you this!"

And the two of us went once more up into the forest, and plighted our troth again. I was loth to be parted from him, and wished that our embrace would never end.

But the morning came, and Otsutsuki left for the capital. He left to defend his lord, promising to return in time for our wedding.

And he kept his promise.

If only he could have done so alive.

I wept bitterly for the loss of the man I had loved, and cursed the wars which tore him away from me. Taketori no Okina and his wife, both elderly and near the end of their lives, perished shortly after from grief, leaving me alone in the world.

The last words they spoke to me were of the Shinju, which they had hoped to at least see blossom and bear fruit before dying, and of their wish for me to see it in their stead, and to find my own happiness without them to guide me.

I buried them under darkness in the clearing where Otsutsuki first found me, where I had first seen the light of the stars in the night sky. That same light was reflected in sightless, lifeless eyes as I piled black soil over the old bamboo-cutter and his wife.

I could not see the light for the tears which stung my eyes.

Then and there, I swore that I would find some way to end all of this senseless fighting. I would bring peace to this world no matter the cost.

And I did.

You know this much of my story, do you not? How I journeyed from distant lands to the Shinju and ate of the forbidden fruit which no mortal had ever touched?

I who was born from a stalk of bamboo took into my own body the power of chakra, the life force of the World Tree, and used that strength to end the wars which had plagued humanity.

It was a month after my beloved's lamented return that the Shinju bore its millennial. Two months after the final joining of Nayotake-no-Kaguya-hime and Otsutsuki Bamboo-cutter that I, Kaguya Otsutsuki, ate the forbidden fruit and brought peace to the world at last.
I came to be loved by the people of the world as the Rabbit Goddess, worshiped for my powers and adored for my beauty. They were grateful for the peace I brought to them, the end to the wars.

And with the power I attained from the Shinju, I took my place as ruler of the world to ensure that peace would reign forever.

Seven months later, I gave birth to twin sons.

Hagoromo, I named them, and Hamura. Otsutsuki, the name of the man who should have lived to be their father, was the name I took for our family. And I loved my sons dearly, the last remnants of my beloved in the world of the living.

They lived blessed lives, fortunate and prodigious, inheriting the powers of the Shinju, the chakra which suffused my very being, as well as the kind and generous spirit of their father. I raised them in luxury, taught by the finest scholars and athletes, surrounded by splendor and wealth.

Hagoromo and Hamura wanted for nothing in all their youth. Neither companionship nor food nor drink were at scarcity for them, all the lands of the world blessed with prosperity and plenty in these days of peace, gladly giving tribute to the palace of Kaguya-hime-no-Mikoto.

They were happy and blissful, content.

The same could not be said for myself.

As time passed, the misery grew in my stomach. I felt emptiness when I thought of the father of my sons, and I ached so deeply for his touch. But Otsutsuki was dead, gone forever from the world of the living. Even my powers, then, could not bring back the dead.

Not as more than shades, memories which belonged no longer to this impure realm.

Only once did I try, and my beloved remonstrated me for this. He could hold me no longer, not so long as I still lived. And with the fullness of the Shinju's power in my body, it was likely I would never die unless slain.

Otsutsuki pleaded with me to let him return to the realm of the dead, for he had eaten of the fruits of Yomi, and belonged there now truly and fully. He exhorted me to move on from him, and find a new love to make me happy. To care for his children and keep the memory of our happiness alive.

Bitterly and with much reluctance did I release him, bidding my one true love a tearful farewell. Grieving anew the loss of my beloved, I marked the place where he departed for the last time from this world, placing upon the grassy turve a great standing stone. Into its surface, I engraved this name:

大筒木垂根王

It was a name befitting a king; a name befitting the man I had loved.

Otsutsukitarine-no-Miko.
I mourned the passing of my beloved Otsutsuki anew. My heart ached for him as deeply as my heart longed for his touch, but I knew that our fates were sundered for ever.

From the moment I partook of the Shinju's fruit, I attained an immortal body which would never age, and never perish. I could feel it in my very bones. I had become something else entirely, even apart from my own two sons.

Hagoromo and Hamura were mortal, conceived ere I ever consumed the holy fruit. They possessed only a fraction of those powers which resided within me. My eyes could see it clearly, eyes which you might know as byakugan, and the samsaric mirror-wheel which had emerged from my ajna chakra.

My sons would live well beyond the span of lesser mortals, but still they would ultimately grow old and die.

But not I.

I could never die. I would never be reunited with my love.

In grief I sought solace, and sought to feel again what I had felt with Otsutsuki. Men I summoned, commoners and princes alike to service and court me. In droves they were brought to my palace, and at first all were glad for the honor of pleasuring me.

But none of the men could make me feel the things Otsutsuki had. Their touch did not send electricity shooting through my veins, and their kisses did not light a fire within my flesh. Their manhoods, though they came in all shapes and sizes, simply could not fill me up in the way Otsutsuki's had.

The more men were brought to me, the harder it was to attain even a shadow of the former bliss I had felt with the father of my sons, the love of my youth. It became clearer to me how little they knew, how poorly they understood my body. They did not make love to me like Otsutsuki had.

There was no more thrill, no more exultation in even the simplest and briefest of joinings. My body was something more than that of any other human, and the shortcomings of mere mortal men became all the more apparent to me. No ordinary man could please me any longer.

Women fared better, when I called upon them. More intimately knew they all the little secrets of maidenhood, what felt good for a woman, and how best to arouse my body. They could not come in unto me as men did, but they could service me in other ways, and as fellow women knew the secret pleasures of my body in a way that no man could.

And so I came to fill my palace with women, maidens who could pleasure me and attend to my carnal desires. Still, of course, I sent for men, farmers and kings alike coming to me in hopes of pleasing me, filling me up. But none could do it; none could do for me the things that my lover had.

None of them were as good as Otsutsuki.

More and more vigorously, as time passed, did I seek for the pleasures of the flesh. Harder and longer did I join with the men in my chambers, pushing them beyond the limits of their bodies.

My corse had transcended mortal prowess. No ordinary man could endure me for long, but nonetheless long I did hold them. I exhausted their lives, draining them of every drop, desperately seeking the high I had once felt, the pleasures of my innocent youth.
As the years passed, it came to be that no man departed once he crossed the threshold of my chambers. Countless lives were expended in my search for pleasure, the empty husks of once-virile men left scattered in my wake.

Eventually, it came to pass that the people worshiped me no longer. They began to fear me and hate me, calling me a demon for my power. My lust was insatiable, and no man could survive me. Countless hundreds, thousands came to my palace.

Not one of them left with their life.

In all the realms of the human world, men became scarcer and more sparse. My sexual appetites had grown ravenous beyond measure, and my body was ever draped with the sweaty, writhing forms of men striving desperately to satisfy me.

None of them could, and they all would die trying. The lives of men were swiftly spent by my lusts, and women survived them in droves. But more men still came, the daring and desperate, for I proclaimed at length that any man who could please me and live would be made a king among kings, lavished with wealth and women and everything they could ever desire.

Many years passed. Men dwindled, and the women left behind suffered for it. They cursed my name, futilely condemning me, saying bitterly that at least war let some men come back to them alive.

But I cared not what the masses said of me, engrossed in my desperate search for a man who could please me. All I wanted was to feel anew the pleasure I had known in Otsutsuki's arms.

At the same time, my sons grew. Maturing slowly but surely, they came splendidly into manhood, adored by my handmaidens for both their kind hearts and comely looks. They had little to do with me as time passed, although they never journeyed far from the palace walls, keeping mostly to themselves.

For twenty years my sons grew while I sought elsewhere for men who could satisfy me. I knew of course that Hamura and Hagoromo had many lovers among my handmaidens, for they were the only men who ever lived in the palace for more than a night.

I had never before given it thought, however, letting them do as they pleased with my servants, for it left the women happy and eager to serve. But one day, not long after their twentieth birthday, I realized all at once what fine men my sons had grown into. They were both like myself in many ways, possessing the same otherworldly loveliness which had only been enhanced by my consumption of the forbidden fruit.

Even more than that, however, Hagoromo and Hamura both bore the name of their father, Otsutsuki, as well as his warm and generous spirit. And it came to me then that they, perhaps, could be the ones to finally complete the unconscionable void twixt my legs.

So I went to them, and solicited their attentions, inviting them into my bedchambers.

"Come, my dear sons," I said to them. "Do you not wish to see your mother happy? Join me, Hamura, Hagoromo, and I will show you such pleasures as no servant can give you."

They looked at me then, and I saw at once the pity in their eyes, and the faintest disgust.

"Do not tempt us, O mother beloved," Hagoromo spoke, raising the palm upon which he bore his full-circle birthmark. "You are lovely indeed, and I do not doubt that you could show us many
things both strange and wonderful."

"But you are our mother before all else," said Hamura, raising the hand upon which he bore his crescent-moon birthmark. "Is it not the way of nature for boys to be sundered in birth from one womb, and as men become joined to another?"

They turned their faces away from me, then, and I realized that they had spurned me. They could not bear to look at me.

The arrogance of this gesture roused me to a hot and immediate wrath.

I, Kaguya Otsutsuki, was being pitied by these mere striplings? The gall of them, to spurn my advances so coldly. What gave them the right?

My eyes stirred, and I perceived something which angered me yet further.

Within the bellies of my two most trusted handmaids was buried a seed of living chakra, which heretofore only three humans in all of history had possessed. I saw the beginnings of life in their wombs, the oats unmistakably sown by my sons.

My eyes burned, and I raised one of my hands.

"You betray me," I said to them. "I am the one who gave you life, the one from whom you inherited the Shinju's chakra. Do you think I cannot see the fruits of your illicit dalliances?"

I am Kaguya-no-Mikoto, she who was born of the nayotake, clever rabbit princess who partook of the Shinju's fruit and brought peace to all the mortal world.

My power was supreme. I saw all things, and no deed of this world was beyond me.

To erase those two women and their unborn spawn was a very simple matter.

"You will regret this choice," I said to them, the last words I would ever speak with my sons.

Hamura shuddered, and Hagoromo tensed. Their eyes were cold as ice.

They knew at once what I had done.

"Then this is where we part ways," said Hamura. "You are our mother no longer."

"The next time we meet, we will have to stop you," Hagoromo muttered. "Oni."

Thus were severed the bonds of the family Otsutsuki. And from there, I think, you can deduce what followed.

In anger at my sons, I merged with the Divine Tree, becoming the Juubi. My sons sealed me away, dividing my chakra into the nine bijuu.

"With power to bring the world to ruin,
We dwell beneath the demon moon.
Contest ye not our boundless might,
Or perish beyond the reach of light.
And beware the ones who hold us chained,
Within their hearts by hatred pained.
But if ye walk the six-fold path,
Then fear ye not our primal wrath;
For we were shaped by ancient Sage,  
To bear this tale of bygone age.  
Sundered from One, we once were Ten,  
We Nine who walk the world of men."

Hagoromo and Hamura, the sons of Otsutsuki whom I loved, have long ago turned their backs on me. Zetsu, whom I created to one day release me from this prison, has proven boastful and incompetent.

But one good thing, I perceive, has come from all of this.

The blood of Hamura and Hagoromo lies in most who now live, for few men had remained when they sealed me away. All of these shinobi are, in some way or other, descended from my sons – from myself and Otsutsuki.

And in one, more than any other, does that blood run truest. His visage is perhaps only distantly similar to that man I so loved, in stature and color little akin to his most ancient forebear, but that is not the quality which I seek.

No, I see his heart, and perceive the same warmth and kindness, the same boundless generosity as Otsutsuki possessed. His spirit is the same as that of the man I most loved, and at his touch do I feel anew that spark from my youth.

He is my son, but he is also the man I love. He may now see through the illusion, and may strive against my designs, but I will not ever let him go.

I give him everything he could ever want, everything that I wish I could have given to Otsutsuki. Naruto Uzumaki. My dear, beloved, only son. Last man alive, as true and kind as your father. For the sake of our happiness, to uphold this union of my body and yours, I will do whatever it takes.

I will crush you, my son, and show you the error of your ways. Then at last will we be able to live our lives as we should have been able from the very beginning.

My one and only beloved.

I stand, perceiving a gathering of will. In the heart of the World Tree, I join my body with that of my beloved son, thrusting myself down upon him again and again.

He is hard and unyielding beneath me, and so hot in my arms. His lips smack on my bosom, tongue flicking hungrily over my nipples. He suckles at my teat as I ride him, even as his piercing rinnegan stare defiantly into my eyes.

I smile and lay a kiss upon his brow.

"Naruto... I will show you the folly of this course."

Behind me, trussed in vines, half-engulfed by roots and branches, are the nude, voluptuous forms of his mortal mothers. There also are the four naked, adult bodies of his daughters.

Jikoku, Koumoku, Zoujou, and Tamon.

"Mina..." I murmur. "Kushina... princesses of the Uzumaki. The kunoichi world rallies to war, seeking vainly to undo all the good I have wrought. They will assail us, in vain, and we will utterly
rebuff them."

Each of these women carries the power of a bloodline descended from myself. Six women; one for each stage of Samsara.

Their strength shall more than suffice.

"We will crush them in one blow."
First Blood

Twenty-five miles northwest of Konoha, the trees began to thin. Old wood rotted, frozen into pillars of lifeless rock, and no green things new did sprout. This was the last remnant of an ancient petrified forest, most of the fossilized trees long ago felled by battle or the elements.

A great portion of this dead wood was empty, barren and lifeless brown. It had been long ago blasted and broken in some great conflict, many said, and nothing stood above three foot in this region. It was a vast clearing with many tumbled, broken stones and scattered tufts of hardy scrub grass.

No highway or thoroughfare ran through here. The nearest road was seven miles east-by-northeast: scarcely aught larger than a fox ever came through this land. But this empty region was not vacant.

Not on this day.

The smoke of over nine thousand fires wafted into the blue sky, tents of every size and shape spread out in lanes and blocks as far as the eye could see. Multitudes bustled to and fro, innumerable supply crates being lugged this way and that.

A vast, sprawling camp was crowded with unnumbered legions of kunoichi, samurai, and volunteer militia. Women of every age and color armed themselves and their comrades, taking a light nuncheon and swapping stories of their real lives and the illusion.

Some were happy for the change to the world, content to accept the new order of things. A few were secretly (or not-so-secretly) gleeful to compare this illusion with the old reality, and many more admitted that they could get used to it if they had to.

Others were bitter, or indignant, defiant to the end against Project Tsuki no Me. Some of them still lacked for those they had held dearest, while some missed their birth genders, and others were simply displeased for things to have been so changed without their express consent.

It would have been hard to get a tally of what the general opinion was, whether most of them wanted things back to the way they had been before, or whether they wanted to keep things as they were now. Thoughts swayed this way and that, the tallies shifting from one side to the other as people chatted and supped and shared their viewpoints.

One thing that nearly everyone agreed on, though, was that they would follow Naruto on this day. The Lord Sixth Hokage had learned the truth of the illusion and set out to restore the memories of everyone he could, calling his allies to arms. He had sworn to overthrow Kaguya, for better or worse, and a great allied force had been mustered to the lands outside the Hidden Leaf for this express purpose.

The Alliance camp was vast and yet tightly packed, arranged in radial lanes around the central commander's tent. Iwagakure's forces set up camp in the direction nearest their home, as did the armies of Kumo, Kiri, Suna, and Konoha. Lesser shinobi villages, along with the Land of Iron, were gathered in a direction roughly facing the Land of Waves, and the former Hidden Eddies.

At the center of these mighty camps stood the tent of Naruto Uzumaki and his most trusted advisors, his bodyguards and wives. It was tall and broad, set upon four mighty oaken posts. Above its threshold was proudly branded the mark of the Leaf, the spiral at its heart painted in sunset orange.
Within the tent sat Naruto and his advisor, as well as his wives and guards, not to mention Tsunade and Miraiya. A low table lay between the Rokudaime and Shikamari, the Godaime and her teammate seated perpendicular to them.

Sasuki, Hinata, Sakura, and Gaara Uzumaki all sat behind Naruto. After overcoming the initial misgivings some of them had had, the four young mothers had all agreed that they would stay as Naruto's wives, for better or worse. They would keep his name for themselves as proud matrons of the Uzumaki clan.

They loved Naruto deeply and purely, each one after her own fashion.

Behind Shikamari, between the hokage and the tentflap, stood Kagome, Nadeshiko, Sai, and Yugao. They were each dressed in full ANBU regalia, ready and willing to give their lives for the Honorable Lord Sixth.

Naruto's whisker marks were deeply pronounced, his canines increased in size, his eyes red and slitted as Kumiko/Kurama spoke through him.

"This will be a hard fight," the bijuu said. "Most of you have never faced Kaguya. Even I have only heard stories..."

Gaara hummed thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," she said. "But the Sage of Six Paths and his brother defeated her once before, did they not? She was the will of the Juubi, its identity and purpose."

Naruto nodded, speaking now with his own voice, his eyes blue again.

"Yeah, and there's two people here with that power..." he said, glancing over his shoulder at Sasuki.

The Uchiha smiled warmly at her husband, softly nodding her head in confirmation. Her right eye was a many-commaed rinnegan, the left a seemingly normal sharingan. Upon the palm of her left hand was visible the mark of a crescent moon, showing that she carried the Yin chakra of the Sage.

Shikamari frowned slightly, her eyes closed and hands forming a circle with fingertips touching. She was in her thinking pose, carefully considering all of the various factors. The shadow mistress glanced down at the many maps and charts on the low table between her and Naruto.

"I wish we had more information on the connections between this world and the other one," the woman murmured, a pensive expression on her face. "Specifically, whether or not the things that happen to the bodies in this illusion also affect the bodies back in the other reality. I know we're making our plans based on the assumption that the physical bodies we see sitting here are really just mental constructs housed in a shared consciousness, but..."

Naruto sighed, and he shook his head.

"That's why I wanted to involve as few people as possible," he said. "Take on Kaguya by myself – maybe with a small team of people I know can face her and have a chance to live. I wanted to involve as few others as possible in the actual fighting..."

Tsunade let out a snort.

"Don't try and be a hero, kid," she said bluntly. "These people are all here because they want to help you take Kaguya down. Like hell am I going to let you face that crazy bitch all by yourself."
Her eyes were steely as she said this, arms crossed over her chest. Grim resolve and stubborn determination were clearly evident in her poise and the set of her jaw.

"Tsunade's right," Sakura said, nodding firmly. "I'm not about to become a widow just because my idiot husband was too stubborn to accept my help."

Naruto scratched the back of his head sheepishly, seeming sufficiently chastised by the genius medics' words.

"Kaguya won't kill Naruto," Sasuki interjected, a strange look on her face. "He's the vessel of the juubi – the one person she can't afford to eliminate. Everyone else is disposable, as far as she's concerned."

"That's assuming that dying in this world does in fact mean dying in the other one, though," Sai-chan interjected with an almost helpful smile.

"And the rinnegan can bring back the dead if it does come to that, right?" Nadeshiko added, glancing at Naruto and Sasuki.

"That ability means almost certain death for the caster, though," Kagome replied. "At least, as far as I know."

"If it's Naruto-sama, then it is entirely possible," said Yugao faithfully, sounding utterly sure of the Lord Hokage's power. "He can do it, if anyone can."

Naruto blushed, smiling a bit sheepishly at this praise.

"Maybe," he conceded. "But I'd like to try and keep it from coming to that, if I can."

"And you probably can," Gaara added with a demure nod. "You have the ability to inspire and empower like no one else."

"Your strength is everyone's strength," Hinata said in agreement.

"Which is the crux of our strategy," Shikamari said. "Kaguya's monstrously strong, I'm sure, but Naruto's the vessel of the Juubi. He has all the chakra in the world, and by sharing that with the rest of the Kunoichi Alliance... even a goddess wouldn't stand a chance against that. Even the weakest ninja could feasibly land a good hit on her with such a power boost, to say nothing of the kage."

"And the other seven jinchuuriki are right outside waiting for your command," Miraiya added. "That's more than just an ace up your sleeve: it's the whole goddamn deck."

Tsunade nodded in agreement, and Naruto grinned despite himself.

But then his expression fell a moment later, a thought crossing his mind. Shoulders slumped, and the blond shook his head wearily.

"My moms... our kids... nobody's seen them recently. Right?" he said, frowning worriedly. "I wonder, what if...?"

Kagome cut him off, seeing where he was going.

"Even if Kaguya does still have sensei and Kushina, there's nothing we can do about it at the moment," the ANBU captain said firmly.

"We can only hope she hasn't done anything too bad, right?" Sakura said quietly, her face twisted
into a pale grimace.

"It's worrisome, though..." Gaara murmured, her eyes narrowing. "That our daughters should disappear while Naruto was restoring people's memories."

"Suspicious, no matter how you look at it," Sasuki mumbled. "We know they're real thanks to my and Naruto's eyes, so..."

"I fear Kaguya has taken them too," Hinata whispered. "That seems like the most probable explanation, although I dearly wish otherwise."

Tsunade and Miraiya shot comforting smiles at the four young mothers.

"We'll find them," said the former, "And get them back. If that so-called goddess thinks she can just up and take my great-grandkids..."

"The old guard hasn't lost all its teeth yet," the latter added. "There's still me, Tsuttan, Occhin..."

Tsunade chuckled wryly.

"You certainly like those nicknames, don't you?" she mused. "Yacchan."

Miraiya gave a shit-eating grin.

The tentflap was blown open, then, by a sudden gust of breeze. Mari and Obi strode over the threshold with grim looks on their faces.

Mari was dressed in her full battle regalia, from head to toe. A reinforced gunbai and razor sharp kusarigama were strapped to the woman's back. Long, raven waves cascaded down to the curve of a temptingly round posterior, the swell of child-bearing hips evident even through the Warring Clan Era armor.

Arms were crossed over a generous bosom, close-bound splint maille bulging considerable with the size of her bust. Of ruddy iron was her armor forged, dyed perhaps with some pigment or mineral. Regal eyes, a violet gray, gazed intensely into a set of soulful blues. Her skin was fair, her visage distinct and noble.

Obi was dressed in a navy blue shirt, high-collared and short sleeved with a red and white uchiwa on the back. Her arms were clad in fishnet, a hint at what lay beneath her top. She wore dark, form-fitting trousers, carrying no visible weapons on her person.

The slimmer Uchiha's right eye was closed, her left eye a pool of shimmering crimson. Her hair was short-cropped, practical and unlikely to get in her way. Less imposing was she than her ancestor, but powerful nonetheless in her own right.

Madara and Obito Uchiha stood before Naruto and his entourage, grim looks on their faces. Outside the tent rose a noise like a hurricane, shouts and cries of shock and disbelief.

"You... might want to come take a look at this," Obi said quietly, glancing over the women present, before her eye came to rest on Naruto.

"It would seem clear, now, what has become of your kin," Mari added.

Naruto followed the two Uchiha outside, followed shortly after by his entourage. He looked up into the sky at their prompting, shielding his eyes against the sun's rays.
A recently acquired rinnegan activated in surprise. His jaw went slack.

He could feel their chakra.

*It was in the moon overhead.*

"That's... a solar eclipse...?" Sakura murmured. Naruto could hear the frown in her tone. "But we shouldn't be able to see anything like that today – not from here, at least."

"Legends *do* say that the Juubi's body was sealed in the moon..." Nadeshiko whispered.

"And Kaguya was sealed there, too," Sai remarked. "Correct?"

"W-Well, if this is just an illusion, it shouldn't be too hard for her to move the moon," Yugao said, her voice trembling the slightest bit.

Kagome's one native eye was closed, her borrowed sharingan peering up at the celestial event taking place.

"...I don't think this is something that is being accomplished through manipulation of the illusion," the Hatake murmured. Her loaned eye shifted into mangekyou. "For all intents and purposes, she is physically moving that moon."

Naruto gulped.

"I'm not the only one who senses those chakras... right?" he said. "Our kids... my parents...?"

Sasuki and Mari grimaced. Hinata was frowning, veins creeping outward from her byakugan.

"They're here," Sasuki muttered, biting her lip. "They're in the goddamn moon."

The lunar satellite completely overlapped the sun, darkening the sky. A blinding corona rimmed the black sphere of a solar eclipse, and a terrible, overwhelming chakra pulsed through the heavens.

"It's massive..." Hinata whispered. "I've never seen anything like it. Are those really our daughters...?"

"Kaguya has done something," Mari said darkly. "What is she up to...?"

All at once, there was a noise like a thunderclap. They beheld the moon as a many-ringed eye, set into the brow of a vast, shadowy figure. A woman leered down at the Kunoichi Alliance, and a cool, deep laugh resonated through the air. The sound of it shivered their very bones.

Light flashed in the heavens, six streaks of color as swift as a lightning bolt. The ground quaked, heaving and buckling under incredible impacts.

Six gigantic mushroom clouds blossomed in a ring around the Alliance camps.

The attack came from all sides at once.

"*Shinra Tensei!*"

Proclaimed in a clear voice, these words announced the decimation of Kirigakure's outermost camp. Tent poles splinted under an invisible force, tarps flattening to the ground. Crates shattered,
their contents spilling onto the dirt, and many bodies were thrown down as if pinned beneath an immense weight.

A cloud of dust spread over the Mist's forces, a pillar of smoke rising from a deep crater outside their camps. Confusion reigned for several catastrophic moments as kunoichi attempted to make sense of the sudden mayhem.

Even as officers of the Mizukage strove to reign in the chaos and order Kiri's troops into defensive positions, a lone figure streaked from the dust cloud, darting into the midst of their camp.

Scores fell, paralyzed, in this person's wake. Long scarlet hair streamed behind her, a naked form pouncing into the heart of the Hidden Mist's forces.

Mei Terumi saw the woman coming. She, Ao, and Choujuuko were among the few sufficiently skilled to perceive the attacks. Ao-chan's byakugan was able to follow the enemy's movements and read her chakra.

"She's a Hyuuga!" Ao shouted, warning her comrades. An eyepatch covered the modestly endowed woman's 'borrowed' byakugan, veins bulging over one half of her face. "There's no mistaking those movements... be careful! She's obviously a master of the gentle fist."

Mei grimaced, eyes narrowing. She was near the center of the alliance camp for ease of communication with the Supreme Commander and his advisors, which meant that most of her forces were still between her and the mysterious attacker.

A less scrupulous woman may have counted this a blessing. Mei Terumi could only curse her misfortune, well aware that her two kekkei genkai were simply too dangerous to use with so many allies all around.

She was a long-range, wide area of effect specialist: her greatest asset was the ability to throw around massively devastating youton and futton ninjutsu like confetti. A camp full of her own women was just about the worst possible field for someone like Mei to be forced into a fight.

"Where are Zabuza and that apprentice of hers?" the Lady Fifth snapped, stress building as she watched this attacker effortlessly mow down her troops with precise, debilitating, high speed taijutsu strikes. "Those Yuki girls would be our best bet against a Hyuuga."

"It looks like they're moving in," Ao said, calm but firm. "Haku, Byakko, and Yukiko are heading teams of hunter-nin to intercept the attacker."

"What about Zabuza?" Choujuuko asked, frowning and gripping one of the two hilts of her Hiramekarei. The buxom young bespectacled bluenette looked anxious to join the fray.

Ao was silent for a moment.

"...she appears to be out of commission," the woman murmured. "From the looks of things, she was at the edge of the camp when the attack happened."

Choujuuko cursed, drawing her sword.

"Dammit...!" she hissed.

Kurotsuchi grimaced, sweat pouring down her face. Her hands flicked through seals, the young woman anxiously spewing quicklime from her mouth. Next to her, the portly aunt-niece pair of
Kitsuchi and Akatsuchi were flinging boulders into the dust, attempting to take out or bury whatever had landed outside their camp.

Sensor nin could feel a powerful chakra in the crater, and the Fourth Tsuchikage wasn't about to take any chances. Waiting for the smoke to clear got people killed.

There was a feeling of dread in the young woman's gut. Fear gnawed ravenously at her guts, an irrational hunch that something terrible and ungodly dangerous was lying in that crater.

Kitsuchi's hands flicked through seals.

Tiger. Ram. Rat.

She clapped her palms on the ground.

"Doton: Sando no Jutsu!"

Great walls of earth rose up from either side of the crater, the movement of rock displacing much of the dust in the air. Twin, tremendous monoliths of a size that could dwarf even a boss level summon came crashing together with a deafening CRACK.

Kitsuchi's famed Mountainous Earth technique was arguable the most powerful earth style ninjutsu in existence, devastating enough to give even a tailed beast pause.

Akatsuchi brought her own hands up in the seal of confrontation

"Doton: Gouremu no Jutsu!"

She expectorated several dozen kilograms of gravel slurry, shaping it with force of will into three moving, solid stone servants. Her rock golem technique was one of the best in Iwagakure, a versatile and effective ninjutsu which firmly secured Akatsuchi's place as an elite jounin.

Akatsuchi kept her golems at the ready, in case whatever had been in that crater somehow managed to escape Kitsuchi's mountain sandwich.

A moment of hesitant silence past as the last of the dust settled.

"Summoning Jutsu!"

The twin mountains shattered in a burst of white smoke. A massive, purple serpent lunged past the Tsuchikage and her retinue, crashing amidst the heart of Kurotsuchi's forces.

An enormous, ruddy orange toad sprang up from the crater, boulders sliding off its body like water off a leaf. It spat massive oil bullets at the assembled Hidden Stone kunoichi.

A million white slugs came raining from the heavens, landing all throughout Iwa's camp. One stuck to Kurotsuchi's shoulder, and she noticed an unfamiliar seal formula on its back.

"Wha...?" she whispered, confused.

Kitsuchi stared at the markings on the slugs with horror, and frantically started tossing the small gastropods as far away as she could.

Kurotsuchi stared incomprehendingly at her mother for three seconds.

Then she looked over her shoulder at the Hidden Stone camp.
Her eyes widened in dread. Their kunoichi were dropping like flies, flung about like ragdolls by crushing, lightning quick blows.

Flashes of yellow heralded the bane of Iwagakure.

Blonde hair.

Blue eyes.

Big damn tits.

*Mina Namikaze had come.*

"Black Mechanism: Salamander Shield!"

Kanakuro maneuvered one of her puppets, Sanshou, in front of her sister Temari. The back of the crawling marionette sprang up, a forcefield of chakra emitted between three splayed pylons engraved with intricate sealing scrit.

A silver, vaguely cylindrical projectile streaked through the air, one of dozens to burst from the mushroom cloud, dust spiraling after the missiles. Smoke and flame trailed behind the thick, metallic darts, which scattered throughout the ranks of Suna.

BOOM

A flash of light, thunder and fume, fire erupting on impact. Explosions flowered amidst the lanes of the Hidden Sand's sprawling camp, unfortunate kunoichi thrown back or dismembered by the force of the blasts.

The missile aimed at Temari and Kanakuro hit. The puppeteer ducked behind Sanshou's chakra shield alongside her sister, the defensive mechanism managing to take the brunt of the explosion without failing.

Pellets of iron whistled overhead, pinging off of Sanshou at a frightening rate. Puffs of dust were kicked up by the impacts of minuscule yet dangerous projectiles, dense ferrous bullets punching easily through the flak armor of Suna's chuunin and jounin kunoichi.

The two sand siblings were pinned down behind Sanshou's meager defenses, unable to do anything about the constant barrage of fire that rained on their forces. Kanakuro tried returning fire with a volley of poison smoke bombs from Karasu, but the projectiles were intercepted by a wave of gleaming fluid black, detonating uselessly halfway between her and her target.

"Iron sand..." Temari muttered, her eyes narrowed. "Our enemy has the magnet style at their disposal. The Hidden Sand's style, at that."

"Not to mention those strange rockets," Kanakuro grunted, gritting her teeth in frustration. "Dammit! I don't think Sanshou can take much more of this. We've gotta retaliate."

"If I summon my familiar, I should be able to use a large enough wind jutsu to negate these projectile attacks," Temari suggested. "Give us some room to breathe, at least."

"The only way you'll have a long enough opening to do that is if you launch your jutsu from here," Kanakuro said. "And soon, at that. I don't think I can maintain this shield for more than a couple minutes longer."
Temari nodded, and bit her thumb.

"That will have to do," she said. Spreading her fan, the wind mistress traced a line of blood over three purple moons.

She didn't get any further than that.

A streak of light collided with Sanshou's shield.

An electric blue pulse laser emitted from the index finger of a buxom, golden-eyed blonde completely obliterated Kanakuro's comparatively meager defensive mechanism.

Superheated shards of wood splintered from Sanshou's main body, a fiery explosion completely disintegrating the critically unfortunate marionette.

Kushina Uzumaki moved like a thing possessed, tearing ruthlessly through the forces of Kumogakure. Her eyes gleamed with an unnatural light, face eerily devoid of expression. She was naked, unarmored but not unarmed.

She ducked beneath the horizontal swing of a katana, spreading her legs and dropping her torso below waist height. When the blade passed, she sprang back up, razor sharp bones jutting out from her arm and shoulder, ripping through the flak vest of her hapless assailant like a knife through warm butter.

"Gah...! You crazy...!" the poor kunoichi yelped, clutching at a gash in her abdomen.

Kushina silenced the girl with a headbutt.

Three more came at her, then. One from the left, one from behind, one from the right. Further out, several others drew their weapons and readied to throw.

The kunoichi on Kushina's right had lightning chakra streaming through the blade of her katana. The one on her left was channeling fire chakra, and the one behind her held a kunai wrapped with an explosive note.

Kushina spun around, grabbing the wrist of the ninja behind her. With blinding speed she ripped the kunai from the girl's hand, before tossing it down at the foot of the ninja with the lightning-imbued sword.

That one leaped back reflexively, seeing the paper bomb tied to the knife. Kushina incapacitated the ninja who had come behind her with a blistering uppercut, simultaneously swinging her free hand out at the retreating kunoichi. Chains of chakra shot from the redhead's wrist, wrapping around the Kumo-nin and binding her body tightly.

Kushina quickly rotated, swinging around the body of the ninja in her chains. The kunoichi with the fire sword was brained with the form of her own comrade, both knocked out cold.

The whistle of metal in the air reminded the Uzumaki of another threat. A hail of shuriken and kunai was coming for her from every direction.

Hands flicked through seals.

Chakra erupted around Kushina, and a hideous visage enveloped her naked, unarmored body.

The King of Hell did not even flinch at the scores of ninja tools which lodged themselves into its
head. It sneered at the surrounding Cloud ninja, countless dozens of bodies already littering the ground from Kushina's rampage.

Countless more chains burst from the Hell-king's mouth, shooting out and impaling dozens more unfortunate kunoichi.

"Seal!"

Kushina's voiced echoed from inside the hideous maw. The ninja impaled by her chains were drained of their chakra, before they collapsed limply to the ground.

In the opening provided by this, Kushina burst from her summon's mouth, bones protruding from all over her body.

She danced a path of destruction.

Fugako Uchiha spat a stream of fire from her mouth, backflipping off of a swiftly growing branch. Her flames singed the leaves of the violently encroaching foliage, but managed little more than that.

She was yanked aside by her wife, Mikoto, right before a large root could stab through her, saved from impalement by the sharingan's predictive abilities and her beloved spouse's earnest devotion.

"Thanks for the save," the proud head of the Uchiha clan said to her wife, smiling grimly.

"Don't mention it," Mikoto replied with a nod.

Two sets of sharingan scanned the newly-grown forest, watching as live boughs and branches writhed and loomed overhead and all around them like serpents poised to strike.

"Fireball Jutsu!"

"Human Boulder!"

"Hakkeshou: Kaiten!"

"Tail-Chasing Wolf Fang-Over-Fang!"

"Kagenui no Jutsu!"

The sounds of battle echoed around the couple, their fellow Uchiha and Konoha shinobi alike battling the forest. They could hear the war cries all around them, the proud declarations of sacred techniques passed down through long and hallowed lineages.

More branches came down towards Fugako and Mikoto. The two scarcely managed to evade in time, sharingan whirring furiously as the two elite Uchiha strove to combat the trees which had been conjured and brought to life by some enemy will.

Roots rose up, attempting to wrap around the pair. Fugako escaped with a timely substitution, and Mikoto scorched the roots away with a furious grand fireball.

"Amaterasu."

Fugaku's heart leapt at the sound of her eldest daughter's voice, and Mikoto whipped her head around. The dense foliage, a nigh-impenetrable hedge which had cut them off from aid or retreat,
was burning away. Black flames devoured the nearly fireproof bark and hardwood, insatiable and intense.

Leaves withered away, twigs vanishing in flares of black. An opening formed in the flames, and two familiar Uchiha sprang through as the fire continued to spread outward.

"Mother," said Itachi Uchiha, known in this world as Itami. "Father..."

She glanced at Fugako, Fugaku, smiling weakly.

"Damn, this is some stubborn wood!" Shimizu (formerly Shisui) boisterously cursed, her four-pointed mangekyo blazing like her cousin's Amaterasu. "Harder to get down than Naruto on aphrodisiacs."

Mikoto blushed at her kinsman's bawdy turn of phrase.

It was at that moment that a slender, pink-haired woman leaped down from the branches above, catching the attention of the Uchiha. She landed amidst the flames of Amaterasu.

Rather than burning her to a crisp, the black fire vanished, swallowed up harmlessly by the woman's naked flesh.

The four Uchiha stared.

The woman clasped her hands in the seal of the snake.

Once more, the trees came to life.

The white, mid-length hair of Jikoku Uzumaki billowed in the wind. Her body was bare, sharingan spinning in her eyes. She stood over the lifeless forms of Kakuzu and Hidan of the Akatsuki, staring down the assembled forces of the minor villages and Land of Iron.

Countless score of shinobi (and some samurai) stared in disbelief at the slowly fading, woman-shaped masses of chakra Jikoku held in either of her hands. Her visual prowess had the alliance forces transfixed, most of them rendered completely motionless by a high level compulsion genjutsu.

Suigetsu Hozuki, Karin Uzumaki, and Juugo of the Scales were at the head of the mass, among those who had been nearest to the initial crash. Already the camp was littered with motionless bodies, Jikoku ruthlessly dispatching anyone in her way.

The chakra in Jikoku's hands faded away completely, and she smiled.

"Mm... so this is the power of ningendo, huh?" the young woman said. "Most useful."

The sclera of her eyes turned black, and ebon threads began to protrude from her mouth.

"Kakuzu's secret jutsu... Takigakure's Earth Grudge technique."

Her skin began to split open at the joints, more and more black threads emerging. Her skin became black as well, white markings similar to the ones which had only recently faded from Hidan beginning to manifest all over her body.

"And Hidan-chan's Jashinist curse ritual, too..."
The threads plunged into Kakuzu and Hidan's bodies. It was a gruesome sight, the young woman casually dissecting her two fallen enemies and incorporating their flesh into her own body.

"Not as efficient as Mina's sage transformation," Jikoku idly mused, "But then I am pretty good with sealing. No need to worry about running out of room..."

Her eyes flashed, falling on the forms of Karin, Suigetsu, and Juugo. The three stiffened up at her glance, shuddering fearfully.

Jikoku smiled, and flicked her fingers through a simple sequence of seals.

"Raiton: Gian."

Lightning lanced out to strike the modestly endowed Suigetsu, and the white-haired kunoichi collapsed to her knees with a curse.

Jikoku pounced, and before Karin or Juugo could react, she had all three of them impaled on her threads.

They stared into Jikoku's eyes.

Her sharingan swallowed them whole.

"This is the ultimate power of humanity," Sasuki's daughter said to her mother's former teammates.

In an instant, she ripped the souls of the Taka members from their bodies (as well as sizable samples of their flesh and blood, with Kakuzu's jiongu).

"If we do not possess an ability naturally," Jikoku continued, "we simply observe things in nature which demonstrate the properties we desire. We analyze the principles behind them, and then take them for ourselves."

Suigetsu-chan, Juugo, and Karin went limp. Jikoku's body began to transform further. Scaled wings like webbed hands emerged from her back, snow white hair lengthening. Moisture dripped from the black threads of her jiongu.

"For the sake of Kaguya-sama, and my father..." Jikoku murmured. "...I will master all arts, and become the supreme shinobi. I will become their mightiest soldier, the one who upholds all the realms of Tsukuyomi."

She let the bodies of Team Hawk fall to the ground, casually dispelling her sharingan-boosted kanashibari no jutsu.

Her eyes blazed with determined ambition.

"Come, Shinobi Alliance."
Emergence of Talents


Fear. Panic. Despair.

Hatred. Sorrow.

Naruto felt all of these things, yet not all of these feelings originated from within himself. He felt the fear and pain of the masses who now fought, disorganized and desperate, against this unexpected threat.

They had thought, they had planned and conceived, reckoning only a battle against Kaguya. Such a fight would surely be hard-won, but it could be won.

This one was less certain.

His parents were on the field of battle. But they were the enemy, both having already struck down many score of kunoichi between them. So too were his daughters, the children he had sired by his four beloved wives.


Naruto felt his anger at Kaguya grow deeper and hotter. Not only had that woman done so many horrible things to the world, but now she was even using his own daughters against him?

He clenched his fists, and his eyes flashed.

"Dammit..." he growled. "What did Kaguya do to them?"

Shikamari surveyed the destruction spread around the wide camp of the Kunoichi Alliance, a weary expression on her face.

"Are those your daughters out there?" she ventured to ask Naruto.

The blond nodded, gritting his teeth.

"And my parents," he said. "Kaguya must have done something to them. Brainwashed them or something."

"They need to be stopped," Sakura said. "If Kaguya's trying to use them against us, then we just need to snap them out of it."

She squeezed Naruto's shoulder and gave him a comforting smile.

"We still have around half of the surviving Akatsuki here in the central camp with us," Hinata said, her byakugan active as she surveyed their surroundings. "They're awaiting orders."

"So are the other jinchuuriki," Gaara added.

"Raikage, Mizukage, and Tsuchikage are out on the front lines, or getting close to them," Naruto said pensively.

He looked at Shikamari, who furrowed her brow in thought.
"We'd concentrated most of our strongest assets in the center camp so they would be equidistant from any point that might be attacked by Kaguya," Sasuki interjected. "If we emptied this camp and sent everyone out to one of the six fronts, it should be enough to turn the tide."

"I'll go to Mina," Miraiya said. "I know enough about her fighting style and techniques to stand a good chance."

"So will I," said Obi after a moment's thought. "And I think Kagome should, too."

Shikamari nodded.

"All three of you are people important to Mina, right?" she mused. "You have the best odds of snapping her out of this."

"If that's how we're doing it, then we should probably send Sasuki, Hinata, Gaara, and Sakura out to talk sense into their daughters," Tsunade suggested.

"It would also be expedient to have the jinchuuriki reinforce those camps which represent their home villages," Mari added. "They would be best suited to coordinating with their own kind."

"We should probably do something similar with the Akatsuki, then, too," said Kagome. "The ones still here, at least."

"Hidan and Kakuzu are unaccounted for," Hinata noted. "As is Sasori-chan."

"Suna will be getting the least reinforcements, going by our current formula," Gaara commented. "As it is, I would request the accompaniment of Naruto's remaining ANBU guards. And now Sasori is missing?"

"You can take Deidara with," said Sasuki. "Iwa will be getting more than enough reinforcements with the Yonbi and Gobi."

Naruto nodded in agreement.

"This sounding good to you, Shikamari?"

"It's still a bit lopsided," the shadow mistress remarked. "But we can't exactly afford to stand here debating troop movements all day. I suppose you'll want to handle Kushina?"

Naruto nodded.

"Yeah," he said. His voice was a touch hoarse.

Shikamari nodded.

"Alright," she said. "Give the orders, supreme commander. Gaara, Sai, Nadeshiko, Yugao, and Deidara will be going to the Suna camp to engage Tamon. Sasuki, Konan, Yahiko, and Fuu will be heading off to tackle Jikoku. Sakura, Tsunade, and myself will take on Zoujou—"

"—so will I," Mari said, looking in the direction of the Konoha camp. "She's using the same ninjutsu as Hashirama, and I'm the most knowledgeable one here on how to fight a wood-style master."

"Fair enough," Shikamari said with a shrug. "That leaves Hinata, Kouma, Utakata and Yagura to incapacitate Koumoku; Obi, Kagome, Miraiya, Bulma, and Hanko to fight Mina; and Naruto, Honey Bee, and Yugito to stop Kushina. That all?"
Naruto nodded. Cupping a hand to the side of his mouth, he hollered:

"You heard Shikamari, girls! We're moving out!"

A palm to the midsection. Energy swirls and flickers, chakra flowing from her hand into the body of her victim. Tenketsu flare like pinpricks of light, a rush of foreign destructive power coursing outward through the pathways of the enemy's keirakukei.

The blend of mental and physical energies intuitive to all shinobi floods through the chakra circulatory system. Vital internal organs around which the vessels of chakra are tightly wound suffer damage. The body's natural circulation pushes her chakra into the victim's guts with no further manipulation necessary on her part.

Intestinal and stomach linings are damaged, duodenum rupturing. Blood vessels break, internal hemorrhages forming.

This happens in less then a second.

A subsequent blow to the left shoulder, this time a precision jab with the index and middle finger of her right hand, overloads and closes one of the keystone brachial tenketsu. Two successive jabs to a point on the bicep, and another point a little to the right of the armpit, completely disables the victim's left arm.

Provided sufficient opening to get through her target's guard, she then finishes with a sharp blow to the forehead using the heel of her left palm. She delivers a quick and fatal burst of chakra into the frontal lobe that passes through the entirety of the brain, overloading the neurons in all sections and instantly killing her opponent.

Another three enemies come at her from behind. These ones are wearing ceramic masks with mere slits for eye holes. Kirigakure's symbol is carved into the brow of their visards, as expected.

Hidden Mist hunter-nin. Assassins specializing in quick and silent disposal of their prey.

Koumoku Uzumaki sees the chakra building up in their stomachs, and perceives it flowing out through their hands. They flick their hands through an unfamiliar sequence of seals.

Koumoku feels absently aware of a stiffness in her nipples, and she sees her breath coming out as a visible puff of condensation. Ambient temperature is quickly dropping. She feels sharp pinpricks throughout her skin, sees frost beginning to form on her epidermis.

Ice style ninjutsu. A kekkei genkai of the nearly extinct Yuki clan.

The one with the largest chakra is in the lead. The latter two have lesser reserves, if only marginally so.

Koumoku peers through their masks, seeing fair and feminine faces. Pale visages, an almost ethereal beauty. Cold and remote.

Perilous.

_Byakko_, she sees the lips of the one in front form these syllables. _Yukiko. Move in. Incapacitate her. Do not kill if at all possible._

Koumoku notices that movement has become dreadfully laborious. Her limbs are numb and
leaden, responding to her directions only slowly, if at all. The insidious grip of ice has all but stilled her movements, making her a seemingly easy target for the two young kunoichi.

She breathes a sigh.

Chakra flares from within her, the power of a deva. An invisible force travels outward from the core of her body, a perfect sphere of kinetic energy. The frost is brushed off of her skin, and the two incoming assassins are stopped in their tracks.

*Shinra Tensei.*

Koumoku raises her hands toward the two young Yuki, Byakko and Yukiko, mother and daughter. Half-sisters to herself. One of them a niece also.

Koumoku feels no remorse for what she does next.

*Banshou Ten'in.*

The two kunoichi are pulled bodily toward Koumoku, impacting her outstretched palms. She pushes chakra into their bodies. Tenketsu flare around their hearts.

Cardiovascular activity ceases at once.

The eldest and strongest of the three Yuki – nearly twenty year old Haku, mother of Byakko, grandmother of Yukiko – stares at Koumoku with horror and grief, via deep anatomical insight perceiving at once the effect of the Hyuuga descendant's attack.

Haku's chakra flares immensely, and spears of ice erupt from the ground in a pathway leading straight for the redhead. A sword of cold white, long and slender, forms in her main hand. Her free hand flicks deftly and swiftly through a flurry of one-handed seals. She is visibly enraged.

"Damn you!" she snarls.

Koumoku idly wonders why the woman is so furious.

Is not death meaningless, in a world where Kaguya-sama and her father exist?

Mina Namikaze was never in one place for more than a second or two. Frequently she popped in and out as quickly as the blink of an eye. Iwa kunoichi dropped like flies wherever she appeared, struck with hard blows and fast, beaten down ruthlessly and efficiently.

Konoha's Yellow Flash was every bit as terrifying to Kurotsuchi as her father's tales had made him out to be. Except both were now women.

And the Yellow Flash was naked.

Under other circumstances, Kurotsuchi might have possessed the capacity for amusement at the new level of meaning this gave to the infamous Namikaze's epithet. As it was though, all she could do was stare helplessly as a horde of cicada-sized slugs clung to the bodies of her people, spitting acid here and there, each and every one of them bearing a copy of Mina's lightning rod seal.

A giant toad was trampling dozens of kunoichi, spitting water and oil, infrequently igniting quantities of the latter with hot ashes from its pipe. A tremendous snake also slithered this way and that, biting and devouring, tents and stone fortifications alike instantly collapsing beneath its
ponderous bulk.

Kurotsuchi couldn't do anything but curse her own relative weakness as she watched Kitsuchi and Akatsuchi engage the snake and toad summons.

She tried vainly to engage Mina in combat, attempting to provoke her fellow Yondaime into a one-on-one duel. But Mina ignored her, and Kurotsuchi felt a hint of fear at the markings on the woman's face.

Red pigment traced intricate figures over the blonde's cheeks and around her mouth. Coloration like eyeshadow in purple and orange could just barely be made out around Mina's left and right eye, respectively. Her skin was also several shades darker than it had been in any photo Kurotsuchi had ever seen, and the sclera of her eyes was black, with piercing gold irises.

A single glance from those cross-shaped pupils was enough to paralyze Kurotsuchi with dread. Her lava-style ninjutsu was good, but there was no way she could hope to hit Mina with it. She didn't have the speed or reflexes to land a hit on the woman with any precision techniques, most of her wide-range jutsu were focused on immobilization and detainment – just the north side of useless against a master of space-time ninjutsu.

Kurotsuchi watched helplessly, poignantly aware of a kage's burden, as the scarlet lifeblood of Kitsuchi and Akatsuchi stained the ground.

She was not her grandmother.

Not even close.

She bit her lip, feeling anger and bitterness well up from the pit of her stomach.

_We must be unbending and immovable. We are many. We are mighty. If one falls, there will always be another to take their place. We yield to no will but our own._

_No power can force us from the path we have chosen for ourselves. We are hewn from the inviolate bedrock of Iwagakure no sato._

_This is the Will of Stone, Kurotsuchi – our village's cherished ishi no ishi._

Kitsuchi lay bloodied and gray on the field of battle, bitten by the great and terrible Manda. Akatsuchi fell, nearly bisected, from the blade of fearsome and warlike Gamabunta.

The Yellow Flash ran riot through the forces of Iwa, virtually unopposed.

Kurotsuchi clenched her fists. She trembled, tears trickling down her cheeks.

She was not her grandmother—_her grandfather—not the Sandaime Tsuchikage. Kurotsuchi did not have a fraction of the Fence-Sitter's strength. She wasn't even as strong as Deidara-neechan.

Kurotsuchi thought back on all the times she had tried to learn her grandmother's _jinton_, all her attempts to prove herself worthy of inheriting Ohnoki's famed kekkei touta. Her eyes burned.

"Damn you..." she hissed. "Damn you... damn you..."

Pebbles began to tremble on the ground at Kurotsuchi's feet. She snarled, tears streaming down her cheeks, and raised her hands. There was a look of desperate anger in his eyes.

Motes of light manifested between her splayed, outstretched fingers. They coalesced, beginning to
take shape. Lines spread out, intersecting and joining.

She held a pyramid of translucent white between her hands, with a dense spherical luminescence at its core.

"DAMN YOU ALL TO HELL!"

Everything was light and noise. Heat and pain. Their clothes were charred, skin seared.

Their vision went black. The ringing in their ears was deafening.

For the first few seconds, Temari and Kanakuro were convinced that they were dead. Certainly this seemed to be the only logical result of... whatever the attacker had done. Sanshou's defenses were obliterated so quickly they didn't even realize it until they felt the flames licking their skin.

Light blinded them. Noise deafened them. Shock left them numb for several moments.

Devoid of sensation, save for smell and taste. And all they could smell was charred wood and burnt ozone, whilst all they could taste was acrid smoke and copper.

"Pathetic."

That was the first thing they heard. A voice smooth as silk, calm and aloof.

Kanakuro was the first to blink her eyes open, squinting through the flashes and dark spots inside her own retina to see a dully gleaming mass of black. It had a fine, granular texture as well as a distinctly metallic sheen.

"Iron sand...?" she murmured, vaguely recognizing the technique.

"It was the Sandaime's specialty," the voice said blandly. "Quite useful, in my personal experience."

Temari looked in the speaker's direction behind her and Kanakuro. She saw a young redhead in a cloak which bore the heraldry of scarlet clouds on a sable field – the Akatsuki's charge. Narrowing her eyes, the blonde perceived the faintest shimmer of chakra threads protruding from their rescuer's fingers.

A puppet in black robes levitated beside the redhead, bearing marked resemblance to pictures Temari had seen of this illusionary world's hypothetical Third Kazekage. Lovely but stern, graceful and imposing.

"Akasuna no Sasori," Kanakuro breathed. She coughed, a hot and painful itch in her lungs. "Why... are you here...?"

Sasori looked up over the wall of iron sand she had just recently erected, narrowly shielding Gaara's sisters and attendants from Sanshou's explosion. Temari and Kanakuro followed her gaze.

They saw a woman with golden hair who stood upon a mass of iron sand, her eyes a piercing yellow. She was naked, voluptuous and honestly gorgeous, with a struck resemblance to Gaara's daughter.

It took Temari and Kanakuro a second to realize that this probably was Gaara's daughter. Which, of course, meant she was also their niece.
Tamon Uzumaki.

"I could ask the same question," the woman said, her voice coming down to them from on high. "Why are you here, Scorpion of the Red Sands?"

Sasori closed her eyes.

"I am here to repay a debt," she said. Her tone was soft, but there was an unyielding firmness in her words. "In exchange for reminding me what really mattered..."

She flourished her hands, and the puppet of the Third Kazekage took an appropriately menacing position, flying up to interpose itself between Sasori and Tamon. Iron sand flowed from hidden apertures beneath the puppet's cloak, stored within sealed compartments to supply the Sandaime marionette with a practically limitless supply of ferric shavings.

The iron sand manipulated by Sasori shifted, forming into solid shapes. A half dozen cubes, cones, and spheres of varying sizes were produced, floating protectively between the Kazekage puppet and Tamon.

A quantity thrice that expelled by Sasori's human puppet swelled up behind Tamon, the blonde lazily gesturing to the geometric shapes under the ex-Suna nin's control.

"And what would that be?" Tamon inquired, an almost taunting tone to her voice. "Freedom? Liberty? Sorority?"

Sasori smiled and shook her head, as though merely amused by Tamon's show of intimidation.

"No," she said, one of her fingers twitching. "Legacy. Integrity. Posterity."

Countless metric tons of iron sand came roaring down, as black as a starless night.

Opposing geometry collided, then shattered.


A world of iron thorns blossomed. The wave of night crashed into black, metallic barbs with a noise like oceans falling upon the mountains, pouring over the fractal spines of Sasori's inescapable jutsu.

The tug of war began.

Spikes of bone as hard as iron ripped through white flak vests, tearing and shredding the clothes underneath. Osseous long swords shivered and rang, clashing simultaneously with two forged steel katana.

Karui's garments hung in tatters from a lithe and slender frame. Signs of arousal were faintly evident as she parried and foyned with the surprisingly skillful Kushina, her nipples brown and puffy, stiff in the open air.

Omoi was in a similar state of undress, her clothes torn to pieces by Kushina's uniquely masterful kenjutsu. Her modest bosom heaved with every labored breath, beads of sweat glistening temptingly as they trickled into her cleavage.

Samui was the only one of the three whose clothes were not torn. No, the blonde's garb lay willfully removed and folded at her feet, the buxom beauty guessing shrewdly at the best way to
stop Kushina's rampage.

The battered, half-naked bodies of Cloud kunoichi lay all around them. Many were only dazed or unconscious, but the injuries they'd received were nonetheless enough to put them out of commission for the foreseeable future. Which probably wouldn't be very long at all if Samui and her teammates failed to calm Kushina down.

Samui had to admit she was greatly impressed (and more than a little turned on) as she watched Kushina, with a sword of bone in either hand, handily keep both Omoi and Karui at bay. It was clear from watching the proceedings that the Uzumaki matron was fully in control of the duel, despite the considerable abilities of Karui and Omoi, effortlessly parrying their attacks and slicing up their clothes.

The blonde's nipples were hard as rock, and her pussy leaked a hot and heady nectar. From being sealed inside of Benihisago by Kinkaku and Ginkaku alongside her brother, she had been fully aware of the illusion's true nature from the very beginning. Raikage-sama and Darui had also known, both of them having used the Sage's sealing jar before.

From the very beginning, her team's mission had been to find out the cause of the illusion, and look for a way to revert things to normal. They had let themselves be captured by Konoha patrols in order to get close to Naruto, the alleged "only man alive" naturally being a prime suspect.

Samui had enjoyed it, to be sure. Sex with Naruto had been fantastic, and while she did not divulge the truth of her mission during that interrogation, she was fully conscious and consenting when she offered herself to him as a concubine. There may have been ulterior motives at the start, but Samui had also loved her new station.

In no small part, this was thanks to Kushina. The woman was gorgeous and strong-willed, masterful and sensual. Samui and her teammates had gladly accepted the woman as their mistress, coming quickly to adore her like few others.

Even now, Samui's thoughts wandered back to the weeks she had spent as an Uzumaki concubine, an exotic dancer and main attraction at the Playful Fox strip club. It thrilled and aroused her just to recall all those eyes on her body, eagerly drinking up every nook and cranny of her hot and sweaty nakedness.

A shiver raced up the blonde's spine, and she bit her lip, only barely resisting the nagging urge between her legs. The time would come soon enough, she told herself, but they needed to wait for an opening.

They needed to wait...

There.

The bone swords flew from Kushina's hands, Omoi and Karui having successfully accomplished the first step of their gambit: luring Kushina into a duel, and disarming her.

"Kushina-sama!" Samui declared, flexing her legs and kicking off. Chakra rushed from her feet, the woman making her way up to the Uzumaki matron in a flicker of shunshin. "Kushina-sama!"

She embraced the woman from behind, pressing her bosom tightly against Kushina's back. She cupped Kushina's breasts and breathed suggestively, hot and humid, against the woman's ears. Even as Karui and Omoi discarded their swords and joined Samui in embracing Kushina, naked as the day they were born, the blonde whispered huskily into the Uzumaki matron's ear.
"Please come back to us, mistress."

Karui and Omoi lewdly moaned, grinding themselves lustfully against Kushina, trailing worshipful kisses up and down the woman's body.

"We love you, Kushina-sama~❤" they all cooed together.

Kushina's face reddened for a moment. Her eyes drooped, body slumping.

"K...r...O...oi...S...mui..."

For a moment, recognition flickered in Kushina's eyes. She seemed to relax, accepting the embrace.

Then her body jerked like a marionette being violently yanked by its strings, and bones erupted from every inch of her. Sharp, osseous spines burst in a shower of blood through the naked, sweaty bodies of Samui, Omoi, and Karui.

Kushina's eyes went wide, some of that blood splattering across her face. A light dimmed behind those steely pools. The Cloud trio's naked bodies fell, lifeless and perforated, at Kushina's feet.

She stepped over Karui, her expression blank.

Tears stained Kushina's cheeks.

Shuriken whistled through the air. Quick and precise, they zipped toward a fair and womanly face. A branch grew in the path of the throwing stars, wood intercepting the iron darts.

Mikoto kicked off of a tree trunk behind her, flipping over and spinning through the air. Her sharingan was blazing. Kunai appeared between her fingers, before she jerked her arms and threw the knives.

The pinkette target of her attacks leaned her head slightly to one side, the branch which had guarded her cheek continuing to grow further, thickening and curving overhead to shield the woman from above.

Smaller shoots branched off from the main trunk which coiled around Zoujou Uzumaki's naked body, extending outward to curl around invisible wires. The woody green limbs tightened, tugging and snapping the ninja wire with uncanny force. Mikoto continued through the air, landing on the trunk of another tree.

She kicked off before the branches could try to snatch her.

At the same time, Fugako Uchiha threw two kunai at Zoujou. Branches extended, growing swiftly to cross the expected trajectory of the knives. Mikoto flung three kunai, but only one of them looked like it would hit. The other two were apparent misses.

Simultaneously to this, Itami and Shimizu also threw one kunai each, a paper bomb wrapped around either one's hilt. Both of their throws were off, and looked like they would cleanly miss.

Mikoto landed on the opposite side of Zouojou from Fugako and spun, her hands weaving through seals. Fugako, Itami, and Shimizu did the same, copying the woman's movements flawlessly.

*Katon: Goukakyu no Jutsu!*

Each of the four Uchiha spat a fireball at Zoujou from a different direction. The base of the tree
growing around her widened, thick roots breaking out of the ground to rise up and catch the flames with smothering clumps of moist, fertile earth.

The roar of the flames, roots cracking and popping noisily as they intercepted the coordinated fire jutsu, almost completely covered up the sharp clang of metal striking metal.

Itami and Shimizu's kunai each deflected off one of Fugaku's, the trajectories of all four altered. Fugako's kunai then proceeded to graze Mikoto's two apparent misses, while Itami and Shimizu's bomb-strapped knives embedded themselves up to the hilt at the base of each of the growing tree's two main branches.

This included the branch which would have intercepted Mikoto's third kunai.

Itami and Shimizu each formed the seal of confrontation, the explosive notes on their knives detonating. The blast knocked aside the two main branches which had been growing out to shield Zoujou from their projectile attacks, and furthermore sent Fugako and Mikoto's nearest kunai spinning.

Before Zoujou could move out of the way or grow more branches to guard herself, five kunai embedded themselves into her form. One in her skull, one between her left floating ribs, one through her throat, one into her thigh, and one into her bicep.

All of this took place in under a second.

Zoujou's movements stilled. Her flesh discolored. The sakura-haired woman's body revealed itself to be comprised of animated wood.

"Just a clone, eh...?" Fugako muttered, narrowing her eyes. "Hmph. So where's the real one?"

Mikoto scanned the canopy with her sharingan. Itami and Shimizu both glared into the surrounding foliage with their respective mangekyo.

Laughter and sounds of battle echoed throughout the forest.

"Fire Style: Searing Migraine!"

Jikoku spat out a fireball, and it shot quickly towards its target. A quartet of Ame kunoichi let out screams when it detonated at their feet. Three of them jumped out of the way in time to avoid the worst of the damage.

One did not.

A rain of acupuncture needles came Jikoku's way, the three surviving Ame nin plus several of their comrades unleashing a combined senbon shower. Jikoku scoffed, and her bare skin barely even rippled as the needles passed harmlessly through.

A score of Kusa-nin came at her with sickles and weighted chains. Takigakure kunoichi flung kunai with explosive notes. Shinobi of the Hidden Star attacked with a variety of shuriken great and small.

"Mere peons," Jikoku scoffed. "Not even worth the time it would take to kill them."

With a flick of her fingers, the woman summoned a fuuma shuriken in a puff of smoke. Unfolding the lethal throwing star with a single fluid twist, Jikoku spun it and threw.
Immediately, her hands flew through the seals for her next technique.

_Ushi. Inu. Tatsu. Ne. Inu. I. Mi. Tora._

Shuriken Shadow Clone Jutsu.

The single fuuma shuriken became thousands, a mass of gleaming razor steel spinning through the air. Like a cavalry charge of old the shuriken crashed into enemy lines, mowing down entire rows of shinobi.

Utterly brutal efficiency.

Jikoku sighed, surveying the killing field before her. Fallen bodies littered the earth, blood seeping from their wounds. At least half of those knocked down by her attack were already dead, and half of the rest were dying.

Only a quarter of those who had suffered the assault got back to their feet, and most of those had been further back than the others.

"Too weak," Jikoku sighed. "My sisters get to take on the five great villages while I'm stuck with the dregs? Hmph. I'll never prove my worth to father fighting such weaklings."

As expected, Jikoku's words galled those who heard them. Anger at being dismissed, and a burning desire to prove the worth of their homes kindled in most of the present kunoichi. They charged en masse, fury in their eyes.

The slightest hint of a smile quirked the corners of Jikoku's lips. Her eyes flashed with an eagerness for the coming fight.

_Heh. That's more like it..._ she thought.

Wings like scaly, webbed human hands flapped, and Jikoku Uzumaki took flight. Lightning flashed in her hands, and she darted forward. Like a scythe among ranks of wheat, she fell upon the allied force.

Swords and knives and fists struck futile blows at Jikoku's body. Those who did not miss or pass harmlessly through liquefied flesh found the minor injuries they dealt healed almost right away with a plainly insulting ease. They couldn't even scratch her without the woman using sage transformation to close the nick right back up.

Almost, one could have claimed that Jikoku was toying with them. She seemed to have an uncanny sense for people who could provide her a good fight, and almost invariably sought those ones out with a frightening singlemindedness.

Those whom she deemed weak or unworthy were ruthlessly dispatched. Sasame Fuuma was one of the latter, killed with a single lightning channeled kunai. The so-called "Hoshikage" and her entourage, Jikoku eliminated through use of the Jashinist curse jutsu.

A combination of Kakuzu's _Searing Migraine_ and _Pressure Damage_ incinerated dozens at once. Massive suiton ninjutsu crashed into the enemy ranks, throwing them to and fro, with pulses raiton chakra conducted to devastating effect.

Secondary application of _shuriken kagebunshin no jutsu_ from the air served as an effective mercy kill for those who could no longer stand, and a good way to wrap up round one.
Landing back on the ground, Jikoku's sharingan was immediately able to pick out those who had been either strong, lucky, or skilled enough to survive her initial onslaught.

Something she did NOT immediately notice were the four pillars of rock that rose up from the ground around her. Not until she was trapped in a violent electrical field.

"Lightning Style: Four Pillar Bind!"

As Jikoku's vision filled with white, she mused that it felt very good to find some decent opponents.

This thought lasted only until a certain Kagerou Fuuma spat some thick, hazy gas at her while Shizuka, the leader of Nadeshiko village, exhaled a fierce wind jutsu.

"Fire Style: Mist Blaze Dance Jutsu!"

"Ressenpuu!"

The wind jutsu fed into the gas, fanning it out and spreading it wider. And the gas promptly ignited the instant it came into contact with the electrical sparks produced by that four pillar bind.

The subsequent blaze was absolutely massive, with an electrically bound and paralyzed Jikoku at the very heart.

Her screams of bliss were ear-splitting.

Shards of ice spun through the air. Frost coated the ground, a thin sheet of cold white, and a biting chill dug into Koumoku's flesh.

Haku Yuki was enraged. Even through her mask, it was clear that the woman was livid, absolutely furious. Her hands blurred through dozens of seals, fluid ice dancing across the distance between her and the enemy.

Scarlet tresses fluttered as they fell to the ground, three fine hairs shaved from the head of Koumoku Uzumaki by the near miss of a frozen-water shuriken. Ice flew around her in a myriad of shapes; needles, knives, and stars all crystalline and cold.

Fingers swept through the air, trailing beams of light. Precisely molded streams of chakra intercepted the projectiles which roared around the redhead, a storm of icy blades. Shuriken, senbon, and kunai bounced back wherever they connected with the curving lines of energy, dragged back into the ninja tool vortex which swirled around Koumoku.

Countless dozens of impacts occurred with every tenth of a second, hundreds of projectiles deflected by Koumoku's sixty-four palm guard only to rejoin the others and come back for her soon enough. It was an effective stalemate, despite both parties' best efforts. Neither offense nor defense entirely prevailed.

Not until ten seconds had passed since the death of Haku's daughter and granddaughter.

"Shinra Tensei!"

An invisible wave passed outward from Koumoku's body. Kinetic force scattered the thousands of icy shards, breaking the stalemated cycle of attack and defense.

Haku's jutsu was disrupted, perhaps terminally so. The brunette stilled her hands, weaving signs no
more. She eyed Koumoku curiously, recognizing this technique from its earlier use.

"Repulsive force..." Haku murmured. "Something entirely different from the Hyuuga's normal defensive jutsu."

She drew a fistful of acupuncture needles from a hidden pocket within her sleeves, and prepared to throw them. This technique of Koumoku's seemed to be very powerful, but it also appeared to have limitations... Haku needed more information to determine the exact parameters.

Counting the seconds from the pulse that broke her jutsu, Haku formed one-handed signs, generating a prison of ice mirrors around Koumoku.

Three seconds.

She passed into the mirrors, and began to travel between them. Her speed was blinding, and she tossed senbon at Koumoku. The redhead resumed her sixty-four palm guard, but the sheer speed of Haku's attacks made it difficult for even the Hyuuga-descended woman to block all of them.

Haku was aware of the byakugan's theoretical blindspot from conversations with Ao, but also guessed that Koumoku would have a defense in order if she seemed to be focusing her attacks there. So she bombarded Koumoku from every direction, and for every few dozen that the woman blocked, one or two managed to slip through her defenses – but even these merely grazed her skin, pushed off course by some unseen resistance.

Seven seconds.

Likely the woman was pushing chakra out from her body, even apart from what chakra she expelled from her fingertips. This forced Haku's senbon to slide away from their intended trajectories, such that even attacks aimed for vital points wound up merely scratching the surface of Koumoku's skin.

The barrage of needles continued, Haku ruthlessly bombarding her opponent with a seemingly endless hail of steel. She was only managing one or two instances of negligible, superficial damage for every three score of senbon she spent, but Haku was patient.

Ten seconds.

Again, Koumoku ceased her sixty-four palm guard and stretched out her hands. Haku's needles were repelled by a wave of force, and the Kiri hunter-nin scarcely managed to escape her mirrors before they were shattered.

Haku staggered back, then, feeling as though a heavy blow struck her chest. Blood flecked her lips behind the porcelain mask, and she went weak in the knees.

"Eight Trigrams: Air Palm."

A pressurized bullet of air slammed into Haku's body, an open palm strike delivered to her gut from a distance of five meters. The Yuki grimaced, tearing off her mask as more blood bubbled up from her lips. She coughed, spitting metallic crimson life-fluid onto the frosty, cold ground.

Koumoku advanced, cocking her left hand back. Haku was prone on the ground, suffering from the effects of two devastating gentle fist strikes.

"It's over," the Uzumaki spoke, before thrusting her palm forward.
"Water Style: Water Wall!"

Koumoku's attack was intercepted by a crashing wave which passed in between her and Haku. Her eyes widened infinitesimally, and she ducked just in time to avoid decapitation by a sharp blade of chakra.

Koumoku sprang back, and lava impacted the ground where she had been standing, steam rising up from molten rock. She frowned, appearing mildly vexed.

Ao, Choujuuko, and Mei Terumi had come to Haku's rescue.

Light flashed from Kurotsuchi's hands, lines racing out to define a boundary. A pyramidal barrier of chakra briefly encompassed the battlefield before her, before fracturing with the noise of a thunderclap.

"Particle Style: Detachment of the Primitive World!"

In an instant, the earth was carved out. A deep chasm with impossibly smooth sides was gouged into soil and bedrock. Thousands of slugs were immediately disintegrated.

Kurotsuchi's shoulders heaved, her hands shaking. Her breath came in pants and she was sweating bullets, but her face was the picture of grim determination. Teeth were bared, and eyes as hard and cold as steel glared at the enemy.

"Don't you dare underestimate us...!" she roared at the summons and Mina alike. Her feet started to rise off the ground, Kurotsuchi beginning to levitate. "This Will of Stone is something no adversity can break!"

Manda and Gamabunta turned to face the Yondaime Tsuchikage. Mina ceased her teleportation across the battlefield, mini-Katsuyu fragments swarming over the ground and beginning to coalesce.

"Ss... impudent child."

Manda's eyes flashed, and the terrible serpent lunged. Its squamous girth rippled with the flexing of innumerable, massive muscles. Jaws opened wide, fangs dripping with venom.

Kurotsuchi grit her teeth, and flicked her hands through a sequence of three seals.

Rat. Boar. Snake.

Her hands splayed apart, fingers spreading. A hexagonal prism of light encompassed a sphere of dense, indescribable radiance.

_Jinton: Genkai Hakuri no Jutsu_

Chakra lanced through the air, the barrier spreading out before Kurotsuchi. A region of space was defined, intersecting Manda's trajectory. The giant snake's open mouth lined up unwittingly with the boundary of Kurotsuchi's jutsu.

Light flashed, a deafening luminescence. The upper portion of Manda's skull was gone in the blink of an eye, and the summon promptly disappeared in a burst of smoke.

Gamabunta spat oil at Kurotsuchi, and the amalgamated Katsuyu spewed a powerful hydrochloric acid from its orifice.
Light flashed once more, this time in a barrier around Kurotsuchi. The fluids were destroyed before they could ever touch the Tsuchikage, and two more beams of destruction lanced out from her hands.

The two remaining summons dispelled, grazed by Kurotsuchi’s ninjutsu.

The Lady Fourth Tsuchikage whipped around, looking visibly drained, to glare at a bemused Mina. The Yellow Flash stood amidst the insensate forms of countless Iwa kunoichi.

"Impressive," Mina remarked. "I did not expect you to have mastered Ohnoki’s jinton so quickly."

Kurotsuchi attempted a grin. It came out more like a grimace.

"I told you already... to never underestimate us...!"

Once more she formed the hand seals, and once more a barrier of light encompassed the targeted area. Her chakra was at its limits, and the boundaries of her atomic dismantling jutsu wavered visibly. The sphere of light detonated, smashing everything within the barrier.

Kurotsuchi toppled over, her eyes closing. She fell facedown on the ground, utterly spent.

Seconds later, Mina Namikaze appeared on the girl's back, missing her right arm.

"Admirable technique on the start up," the blonde remarked. "But the overall execution is still lacking a certain something."

She pressed the palm of her hand to the nape of Kurotsuchi's neck. Large, supple breasts receded from the blonde's chest, even as the endowments of the brunette beneath her swelled considerably. At the same time, Kurotsuchi’s right arm shrinks back into her shoulder, at the same time that a new right arm begins to sprout from Mina's.

The Yellow Flash, once more possessing two arms, and also now completely flat-chested, stepped back and smiled at Kurotsuchi, whose bosom had swelled to a size slightly larger than even Mina's former endowments.

"Mm... as much as Kaguya-sama enjoys my figure," the blonde commented, "it is quite hard to fight with those things dangling from my chest. I suppose I should thank you for taking those monster tits off my hands."

She let out a laugh. A three-pronged kunai appeared in her right hand.

"But Kaguya-sama was very clear on my orders," she added, shaking her head. Mina's smile faded, her expression becoming cold. "Anyone who defies my son must be eliminated."

The knife fell.

Iron sand roared. Sharp grains flowed over razor spines, a chaotic framework of iron sand growing and spreading, branching out and weaving together. It was an awe-inspiring sight, the sheer weight of this clash shivering Temari and Kanakuro down to their very bones.

The contest of wills between the Red Sand Scorpion and Tamon Uzumaki was indescribable. No words exist which could sufficiently paint the picture of their jutsu crashing together.

Sasori flicked her fingers, and the Sandaime Kazekage puppet gestured gracefully, fluidly. Magnetic fields invisible to the naked eye twisted and contorted in impossible ways, the laws of
nature warping to the will of these ungodly powerful kunoichi.

Tamon's iron sand was of a far greater quantity than the Sandaime's. But Sasori was more experienced, and the Third Kazekage more skilled in life. Raw power struggled to crush the careful, deliberate arrangement of crossbeams, a spiked ferrous matrix pushing up against the overwhelming weight of Tamon's onslaught.

Brute force buckled the earth beneath their feet, even the slightest shifting of metal shavings like a great booming of thunder. Iron sand wrestled in mid air, flowing and branching, grinding and crashing like a terrible battle of giants.

The matrix of Sasori's *satetsu kaihou* groaned, bending and beginning to falter. The puppet mistress flourished her hands, chakra threads visibly flaring. The Sandaime marionette shuddered, the powerful magnetic fields emanating from its core starting to fatigue even the non-ferric construction of its frame.

Iron sand fell from Sasori's defense, and countless tons of iron sand began to pour through the gap. It came crashing down like the fist of God, the ground cratering and fracturing beneath the force of its impact.

"Dammit...!" Sasori hissed. She cast off her cloak, and aimed one of her hands at the encroaching sand. Chakra threads sprang from the core of her puppet body, attaching to the Sandaime Kazekage to pick up the slack.

Fire shot from the palm of Sasori's hand, napalm bursting out in a raging stream of reds and yellows. Tongues of flame licked the crashing grains of iron, a scorching inferno reddening the metallic sand.

Sasori scorched the iron sand which had leaked from the opening in her defenses, even as the Kazekage puppet strove to close the gap back up. Streamers and tendrils of iron sand protruded from the central mass, only to be caught in Sasori's flames. The reddened, semi-molten grains fused together and ceased to move.

Kanakuro's eyes widened.

"Of course!" she exclaimed, unfurling a scroll from her waist. "Why didn't I think of it earlier...? Fire! With sufficient temperatures, we can demagnetize Tamon's iron sand."

In a puff of smoke, Karasu appeared. Its maw opened up, and a clacking of mechanisms could be heard from within its core.

"Temari!" Kanakuro said. "Give Sasori-dono a hand!"

The blonde blinked, before nodding, realizing the import of what her sister was saying. Temari brandished her fan, unfolding it and swinging.

"Fuuton: Ookamaitachi no Jutsu!"

Wind fanned the flames spewed from Sasori's hand, spreading them out and tripling their destructive power. The cutting edges of Temari's gust sent vorpal blades tearing through the mass of Tamon's iron sand, gouging and melting, fusing and demagnetizing.

Karasu shot balls of bundled up paper bombs into the heart of the raging inferno, detonating from the heat and further spreading the flames. The framework of *satetsu kaihou* crumbled, and more iron sand seeped through, but the combined efforts of Sasori, Temari, and Kanakuro scorched and
melted the iron sand into a single, coherent mass, unresponsive and immovable.

Tamon scowled, seeing that Temari, Sasori, and Kanakuro had all but neutralized her iron sand manipulation. She lowered herself in the air, moving around behind the trio. The flames concealed her movement from view.

"We can win this!" Temari shouted, swinging her fan and sending gusts of razor wind this way and that. "We almost have her...!"

Tamon's eyes narrowed. She crossed her arms over an ample bosom, and her shoulders shifted. Skin spread out, protrusions emerging from her shoulders. Metallic cylinders burst from the extending flesh, glowing a hot red at the base.

At the same time, an aperture opened in Tamon's navel. A black void was lit by motes of light, a gathering mass of energy growing denser and denser.

Missiles launched from Tamon's shoulders. A pulse laser fired from her navel. The trio of Sand ninja didn't even see the attack coming.

But someone else must have, for specks of white intercepted her missiles, detonating them prematurely. Her pulse laser was intercepted by a mass of wooden pylons. Burning splinters erupted from the defense, but a wall of flowing sand block the fire from striking Sasori, Kanakuro, or Temari.

"Ninpou: Choujuu Giga."

Tamon narrowly avoided getting barreled over by a pair of muscular, black and white gods. Steel flashed, and a falling sword nearly cut the blonde's left arm clean off.

Reinforcements had arrived.
Raising Fighting Spirit

Chou Baika no Jutsu!

The earth shook. Dust rose in great clouds and drifts, gravel and detritus kicked up by a massive force.

Giants waded through the forest, treading the writhing, grasping, garroting timber of arboreal genesis. Immense girth, armor plated torsos, eschuteons of gleaming steel branded with a stylized kanji heaved upon the rippling, swelling mass of muscle and fat.

Faces glared down upon the forest. Titans rose above the canopy, thundering through the wood. One brandished a spear, dragging the haft violently through the trees. It was a lever long enough to move the world which crashed through bark and lumber, hard and green.

Trees fought against them, like the limbs of some assymetric cellulose abomination, unnatural life and motion which battered their bellies and wrapped around their arms. Foliage as dense as steel and as close as a comb's teeth barred the passage of any shinobi, walls of squirming, wriggling wood which hedged them off from their allies.

Nikudan Sensha!

All about the feet of the two giants, Akimichi kunoichi rolled themselves up, swelling in size, rumbling to and fro like falling boulders, crashing into root and bough, shattering the hard wood and bending the green. Rotating bodies ripped up the turf, grinding against gnarled, knotted, horny bark.

At the center of the chaos stood three identical women, lithe and lovely, with silky sakura hair and piercing cerulean eyes. Thick roots tore up the ground at their feet, twisting trunks coiling like coniferous serpents around their naked bodies. Boughs and limbs snapped back and forth, batting away the tumbling, rolling, crashing bodies of bold or reckless Akimichi shinobi.

Branches like tentacles snared around prone forms, alight with the glow of chakra. Those trapped in their hold went suitably limp, powerless and exhausted, drained of their strength, the three Zoujou mokubunshin weaving their hands through myriad mudrā.

Chouko Akimichi, fifteenth head of the Akimichi clan, roared a terrible battle cry. Her feet stamped the ground, shaking it and cracking the bedrock. Deep set eyes kindled with a gleaming fire, and mighty arms crashed down upon the enemy.

Growing trees caught her blow, and wrapped around her arms. She struggled against their grasp, but a giant of wood formed from the melting foliage, arms reaching up to pin her own in a crushing grip. A sneering mockery of buddhist imagery crashed into her skull, the ten thousand hands of a wooden bodhisattva beating her down into the dust.

"Mom!" cried Choume Akimichi, struggling in the coils of a wooden dragon, watching in horror as blood flew from her mother's mouth, the woman's body broken and battered. "MOM!"

Chouko smiled at her daughter, crimson flecking her lips, ere she breathed her last.

A roar sounded out, unearthly, deafening, filled with anger and sorrow.

Wings like fire burst from Choume's back. The butterfly emerged from its chrysalis. Fat was
burned, consumed in an instant.

Clothes and armor tore from the body of a giantess. Erupting power shredded her garments, leaving the blossomed beauty of Choume Akimichi bare for all to see. Firm buttocks, supple thighs. A flat stomach, toned and rippling with hidden muscle. Vast, heaving breasts, each one as large as a literal hill.

A lovely face, once rounded and girlish, now had the edge of a woman, lean and sharp. Eyes as bright as stars glared with a cold light.

Full, rosy lips parted, snarling as a deep and guttural roar rose from her abdomen. The air rushing from her lungs was like a hurricane, and the tramp of her feet like an earthquake. Qinglong shattered, and swift as a bolt of lightning she struck.

"CHOWAN BAKUGEKI!"

Three clones vanished in a shower of splinters, a massive impact crater rupturing the planet's crust. Lifeblood of the earth bubbled and spilled from a deep, grievous wound.

Choume Akimichi, sixteenth head of the Akimichi clan, was on a rampage.

The woods absorbed all sound. Not a whisper or a breath of the Aburame clan's feats escaped beyond their clearing. Nary a rumor of their struggles or losses would be heard.

All they would say, when asked, was that all the trees in the world could not suffice to block their kikaichuu.

Why?

The reason was self-evident.

"Fuck you, you pink-haired bitch!"

Hana Inuzuka moved swiftly and fearlessly, leaping between branches. The Haimaru triplets followed her dauntlessly, transformed into perfect replicas of their master. Moving on all fours, their speed left them scarcely a blur, crashing heedlessly, furious and vengeful, through the foliage.

A wood clone of Zoujou Uzumaki sidestepped, seconds before the ground where she had been standing exploded. Dust and bits of rock showered her frame, the violently rotating forms of Tsume and Kuromaru chewing through bedrock and hardwood like they were nothing.

"Don't underestimate the Inuzuka, ya dumb broad!" crowed the matron of the clan, sneering with a wild expression at the mokubunshin.

Zoujou looked distinctly unimpressed, and clapped her hands together in a snake seal. A tree sprouted from the ground, widening and heightening, leaping up and reaching out with woody, leafy tendrils to grip and snare at Tsume's ankle.

The pinkette kunoichi smirked, and gestured for the limb to whip the Inuzuka head away. But a massive paw came crashing down, snapping the tree and forcing the wood clone to leap away.

"Inuzuka-Ryuu!" came a rumbling, growling voice in triple stereo. "Jinjuu Kongou Henge!"

The mokubunshin of Zoujou Uzumaki turned her head to stare, and the expression on her face
showed something almost like fear.

Four thick, muscular, snowy-furred limbs. A bushy, erect tail. Six glinting, piercing, glaring eyes. Three dripping, drooling, slavering maws lined with massive, pointed, carnivorous fangs. An enormous, monstrous wolf eyed the woman like a slab of meat.

"Santourou."

Tsume leaped away, a grin curving her lips. She landed beside Kuromaru, who was transformed into a duplicate of herself, crouching on all fours. One Tsume jumped on the other's back, and both formed a hand sign.

In a puff of smoke they vanished, only to be replaced by a massive, black, two-headed wolf.

"Sotourou!"

Four identical Hana landed around the Zoujou look-alike, two on either side. They were grinning, their pupils mere slits.

Cerberus from behind, Orthrus to the rear, Romulus and Remus times two.

"Gatsuuga!" was in stereo shouted.

"Chou Garouga!" roared Tsume and Kuromaru as one.

"Ooiga Gatenga!" Kiba bellowed, voice echoing through the forest.

The wood clone was effectively reduced to its constituent atoms, and these bodies ripped through a goodly chunk of the woods.

Ninpou: Dokugiri

Purple smoke, a poisonous haze, seeped between close-knit branches. A mokubunshin retreated from the toxic fumes, weaving its hands through seals. Roots rose around the encroaching poison mist, slapping together with clods of dirt in a makeshift shell, and trapped the dangerous vapors.

Branches burst apart behind the wood clone, gleaming acupuncture needles shooting through the foliage. Three senbon found their way into the mokubunshin's back.

A minor inconvenience, at most. More irksome, however, was the gout of flame that erupted from the Zoujou replica's left, tongues of red and yellow licking at the tips of her fingers.

Fire Style: Flame Bombs!

Shizune Kato crashed through the brush, hands aglow with chakra. She landed behind the mokubunshin, scalpels of energy ready to make the incision. Her fingers traced a thin score across Zoujou's firm, pert buttocks.

The wood clone spun around, leg flying up, and caught Shizune in the flank with a crushing roundhouse kick. And in that moment Ruka Umino leaped from the bushes, forming the seals for a second flame bomb.

Zoujou caught the gout of fire in her hand, absorbing it, and a sapling burst from the ground at Ruka's feet, wrapping around her body and rapidly thickening.
A puff of smoke from the corner of her vision. Tetsuko Hagane leaped onto the scene, brandishing a shell-like mace, which smashed through the growing tree right before it could crush Ruka.

At the same time, Izumi Kamizuki body flickered behind Zoujou, wielding a pair of massive, curving kunai like scissor blades.

Roots leaped from the dirt, bashing into Izumi's solar plexus. The wind was knocked out of her lungs. Simultaneously, the trunk of the tree Tetsuko had broken burst violently apart, firing wooden shards in every direction.

Tetsuko and Ruka were riddled with kunai-sized splinters.

Shizune snarled, and tackled the wood clone. The aura surrounding her hands flared, and she rammed a chakra scalpel straight through the mokubunshin's sternum.

Izumi let out a yell and leaped, swinging the kunai swords and furiously decapitating the wood clone.

A matte-black sword scythed through a mesh of knotted branches, its wielder darting skillfully down the side of a writhing tree. Gnarled limbs curled in around the trunk, moving to entrap the scar-faced kunoichi.

Raiko Namiashi disappeared.

Akane Shiranui appeared in her place, forming the hand seals for a phoenix flower jutsu. She spat a dozen small fireballs from her mouth, spewing them around herself in an arc. The boughs caught aflame and recoiled, snapping and crackling as they burned.

Iwashi Tatami, at the same time, had a kunai in either hand, and was moving in conjunction with Anko Mitarashi, thrusting and parrying with the Zoujou wood clone in their part of the clearing.

Anko ducked beneath a fierce punch from the pinkette mokubunshin, and delivered a high kick. She caught the clone on the chin, and knocked her back a couple steps. Akane jumped down from the tree above them, spitting senbon at Zoujou.

Three hit their mark, becoming embedded in the wood clone's back.

Zoujou snarled, and a wood dragon tore from the ground. It rammed headlong into Iwashi, butting her into a nearby tree. Bark burst into spikes, penetrating the kunoichi's torso.

The wood dragon roared, and wheeled around. Akane spat a fireball jutsu at it, but the technique had no visible effect. Anko swung one of her hands out, and snakes burst from her sleeve.

Zoujou leapt back from the attack, and her wood dragon reared up to snap Akane into its maw. She raised one of her hands at Anko, her arm morphing into wood, bristling with a mass of razor sharp stakes.

Iwashi raised her hands, weakly forming a sequence of seals. Akane did the same, simultaneously.

*Flying Thunder God Formation*

Raiko Namiashi reappeared behind Zoujou, and her ebon sword ran the wood clone through.

“Scattering Thousand Crows!”

Harsh, croaking birdsong erupted as a murder of crows swarmed all around Midori Yamashiro. They flew in darting, wheeling motions, swooping here and there to obscure the foe’s vision. The sunglasses-wearing jounin manipulated her summoned birds, directing them with her fingertips.

Tokubetsu jounin Ebiko moved swiftly amidst the flock, concealing her form among the many black avians. Alongside her was Hermione Gekko, katana drawn and glinting in the gloom.

Ebiko’s hands weaved through a sequence of seals, the woman darting left and right in a zigzag pattern, controlling her breathing with perfect discipline. Hermione closed her eyes, and two kage bunshin appeared alongside her.

Leaping out of the way of a rising tree, Ebiko inhaled deeply.


"Fire Style: Fireball Jutsu!"

A globe of flame shot from Ebiko’s mouth, impacting the trunk of a tree. Zoujou was in the upper branches, trying to see through the swarming crows.

Hermione thrice over leaped up at Zoujou, each from a different direction. Their swords moved fluidly, an entrancing and graceful motion.

Their attacks were intercepted by the tree’s branches, boughs lashing out and striking each of the Hermiones.

Two burst into smoke.

One coughed up blood and fell to the ground.

Throughout the forest, clans and other shinobi fought against the seemingly endless Zoujou wood clones. The Sarutobi, the Hyuuga, the Yamanaka, the Uchiha, and everyone in between. Trees as close together as the mesh of Anko’s fishnet hedged them off from aid, splitting more dangerous shinobi from the rest of their group.

Mokubunshin of varying strength levels crawled out of the woodwork. For every one that was destroyed, two more would appear to take its place. The forest was alive with sound, howling and jibbering, roaring and booming, the unearthly groan of mighty oaks uprooting themselves, and the airy whisper of slender willows bending to and fro.

Branches like hands, sharp ends like talons, tore and scrabbled at the bodies of the Konoha kunoichi. Clothes were ripped from battered bodies, the wounded and unconscious drawn underground by sinuous roots.

Madara – Mari – Uchiha felt all of this, rinnegan eyes cold and stormy. She grit her teeth, grimacing, sensing through Hashirama’s cells how the trees all around them were draining chakra from the Konoha shinobi, fueling the creation of ever more wood clones, which in turn slowly whittled down the Hidden Leaf’s forces.

"Your daughter is cunning," Mari spoke, addressing Sakura Haruno, who ran in front of her and Shikamari. "Her stamina doesn't seem to be that great by itself... but she's continually replenishing her strength with the mokuton, absorbing the chakra of her enemies."
"She's using this forest – her jutsu – to split our forces into manageable groups," Shikamari muttered, her eyes narrowed. "And sending out wood clones to mop them up at her leisure."

"Hashirama himself could scarcely have used his mokuton more strategically," Mari agreed. "But her moves are too cautious, and her fighting style too defensive. She's pinning her hopes on winning the battle through sheer attrition."

Tsunade looked back at Mari and Shikamari, plowing through the forest with monstrous strength, felling lanky, verdant giants with mere flicks of her fingers.

"She's not attacking nearly as hard as she could be, right?" the Godaime guessed. "Almost like she's toying with them."

Sakura punched through a particularly thick oak, completely disintegrating its upper portion. Her face was lined with the markings of her mentor's Seal of a Hundred Strengths.

"That daughter of mine... she growled, her eyes flashing. "...even if she is being manipulated by Kaguya, that girl has earned herself a spanking straight from hell!"

She clenched one of her fists, and shunshin'd forward, annihilating a goodly swathe of the woods with a single forward jab. If Naruto had lobbed a bijuudama rasenshuriken into the forest, it could scarcely have caused a more utter desolation.

And if Deidara had set off her C0 in the area, it could hardly have been more thunderous, more deafening in its decibel than the shout which tore from this pink-haired athena's lips.

"SHANNARO!"

It was truly sublime.

A roaring inferno consumed her. Electricity raced up her spine, coursing through every fiber of her being. Shockwaves of force sent ripples across her flesh, even as charred and blackened skin slowly peeled away.

Flames licked at her nakedness. She felt it burn her up from within. Her womanhood caught alight, searing bliss as she came.

Jikoku Uzumaki screamed in ecstasy, for that was what she felt. The pain was blinding, to be sure, but it would not slay her. And simply to know that there were indeed foes strong enough to challenge her like this...

It was exhilarating.

Her nerves burned out, and her chakra flared. Sharingan eyes wheeled, and four magnetite pillars cracked. Lightning current ceased to flow, rock and ore crumbling away as the fire continued to rage.

It was being fed with fuuton jutsu, the flames roaring as they feasted on the oxygen given to them. A thunderous bellowing filled Jikoku's ears.

She leaped out of the fire, moving purely through force of will, chakra alone the only thing enabling her body to get up and escape the flames. She was more charcoal than woman. Were it not for the aspects of Hidan's power assimilated into herself – that immortality of the flesh which she had absorbed – Jikoku might have been finished off by that combination attack.
But she WAS alive, and she saw her attackers as clear as daylight.


Jikoku smiled.

"Hexagonal Crystal Shuriken!"

Fist-sized snowflakes of steel-hard crystal whistled through the air. Guren produced dozens of the projectiles, flinging them straight at the badly burned Uzumaki daughter.

"Nadeshiko-Style Aerial Dance!"

Shizuka leaped into the air, producing kunai from between her fingers. She tossed them quickly, darting from side to side, circling fluidly around Jikoku. Her eyes were cold as ice, and she moved with a predatory grace.

Throwing knives zipped past Jikoku's head, the woman seeming to almost lazily lean out of their way. Left, right, forward, backward. Not one of the blades hit their mark.

Guren's shuriken fared little better, and Jikoku even caught a few between her fingers to toss back at Shizuka's kunai, just to rub it in. The ruby-lipped bluenette snarled angrily, and her hands blurred through a sequence of nine seals.

"Hexagonal Crystal Shuriken: Wild Dance!"

Crystal dust appeared to flake off of Guren's form, glittering motes of detritus which levitated in the air around her. Particles drifted together, materializing into crystal shuriken which rotated at blinding speeds.

Guren loosed a blistering barrage of projectiles, and at the same time Shizuka began to spin, the second step of her dance performance. She threw her kunai in every direction, seemingly at random.

Jikoku hummed, and cracked her neck. The burnt parts of her body were crumbling away as new flesh grew back in, the woman rebuilding herself with sage transformation. Her sharingan blazed, and she plucked a pair of kunai from the air.

Reading the trajectories of Guren's many crystal shuriken, Jikoku proceeded to begin deflecting them. Mineral snowflakes glanced off of deftly wielded knives, the woman anticipating and blocking most of Guren and Shizuka's attacks.

She was so focused on them that she didn't even notice the body rising up from the ground beneath her. Not until she felt the tip of a kunai against her throat.

"Stand down, or I will kill you," Kagerou Fuuma whispered in a deathly low voice. Guren and Shizuka stilled their barrage, not wishing to hit their compatriot.

Jikoku smiled pleasantly despite the knife being held to her jugular, and let out a cheerful laugh.

"Ah... I can't believe I let myself fall for such an elementary trick," she mused, the last of her burned parts falling away as she finished regenerating. "But you must not be very bright if you think a dagger to the throat will do what that combo jutsu couldn't."

Kagerou narrowed her eyes, and pressed the knife that much closer to Jikoku's skin.
"You'd be surprised what we can do with a little preparation," she replied.

"I wonder about that..." Jikoku said, still smiling. "I've absorbed Hidan-chan's immortality, you realize. I can use the Hozuki clan's hydrification jutsu. I've got Uzumaki vitality and Takigakure's Earth Grudge technique, not to mention perfect sage transformation, as you have just seen. Why should I be afraid of one little kunai?"

Kagerou smirked.

"Who said I was referring to the *kunai*?"

Four wings of chakra burst from the woman's back. A shockwave rippled through Jikoku's form, and she was sent flying forward. Her body splattered on the ground, a splash of water, and it took her a second to reform, dazed by the sudden force of Kagerou's attack.

Jikoku turned to assess the Fuuma jounin, who levitated now in the air, cold eyes assessing her. Insectoid wings of light flickered behind the woman, her clothes burning away as chakra raged around her body.

Sharingan eyes penetrated Kagerou's *ninpou*.

"That much chakra, huh...?" the white-haired Uzumaki mused, grinning. "I'm impressed. You're even willing to use a technique like that in hopes of beating me..."

"*Kouha Reppuuen*!"

Shizuka's fist burst through through Jikoku's torso, a massive spray of water erupting from the woman's chest. Jikoku looked down at the hand sticking out of her chest, idly bemused.

"So you can coat parts of your body with wind chakra... That's a pretty impressive jutsu," she remarked.

"It's not the only one," said Shizuka, grinning savagely.

She withdrew her hand, and in the same motion performed a flip that brought one of her legs down on Jikoku's shoulder.

"*Kouha Senkaigiri!*" she shouted, her calf cutting through Jikoku's torso like a knife through warm butter. "*Kouha Reppuuen Tarenken!*" she cried a second later, and a flurry of wind-style punches tore through Jikoku's body, forcing the woman to almost completely liquefy.

A half-water Jikoku jumped away from Shizuka, panting slightly. Her body had lost most of its definition, and was reforming only slowly.

Kagerou appeared behind her in an instant, smirking.

"The Hozuki clan's *suika no jutsu*... it's quite taxing, isn't it?" she commented.

Her wings blurred, and a massive blast of chakra hit Jikoku square in the back. She was blown forward, her body blasted into millions of separate droplets. She hit the ground as a puddle, and it took her a visible effort to reform.

"Rat... Dog... Horse..."

Guren's voice reached Jikoku's ears, the woman chanting the seals she formed.
"Ram... Boar... Dragon..."

Hands clapped together audibly with each formation, fingers twisting and contorting deftly.

"Rat... Ram... Boar...!"

Eyes snapped open, and ruby lips parted as a sharp cry rose into air.

"Crystal Style: Jade Wall Eighth Formation!"

The ground all around Jikoku was torn apart by crystals, a forest of geometric prisms which clashed and shivered as they grew, encasing everything in their path. Including her. Mineral spikes rose high, a bristling mass of color which pointed and gleamed in myriad angles.

Light played across scores of massive, bunched up crystals. A hill of jade spines glinted in the otherworldly light of an eclipse.

Guren let out a weak pant. A bead of sweat trickled down her brow.

"Finally... I think we've finally got her beat...!" she said, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

The instant those words left her mouth, the jutsu cracked.

Above their heads, the sky turned blood red. Guren felt a deathly chill pierce her to the very bone. Her limbs froze up, body going rigid.

She couldn't move.

Insects began crawling from her mouth. They poured out over her lips, skittering up her throat, swarming in her stomach. She wanted to gag at the taste, the feeling, the awful, ungodly sensations.

Horrible monstrosities emerged from the ground all around her. They formed from rock as would a vase from clay, shaped by unseen hands. Squamous tentacles writhed all over their bodies, hundreds of insectoid, many-faceted eyes glinting with an alien intelligence. Shapeless, slavering maws rimmed with teeth like jagged stalactites gibbered and hooted in blasphemous, hateful tongues which no human could ever conceive or utter.

Guren's clothes melted from her body. Hands roamed over her flesh, foul and wrong in some visceral way, inhuman and unnatural, with too many fingers and too little warmth, moving erratically, jerkily, like stop motion horrors brought to terrible life.

The revelation struck her with a bolt of shame, humiliation at letting herself be trapped like this.

Genjutsu.

Kagerou and Shizuka were in similar predicaments. Cold, slimy, forked phalluses probed their bared entrances. Skeletal hands with leathery, discolored skin worn like an ill-fitting glove pinned their bodies in place, spreading their legs and their cheeks. Horrors too hideous and vile to be here described laid them down and violated them in every sense of the word.

Too late had these three women realized the truth. By the time they perceived the illusion engulfing them, Jikoku had already taken what she wanted.

Their minds – and their bodies – were hers.
Yondaime Raikage.

Lightning flashed across the battlefield. Thunder boomed, crashing and roaring as a wrathful Nubian goddess tore past her people with fury in her eyes, nearly as swift as the flying thunder-god.

Ay.

Fourth shadow cast by the flash of lightning, fourth echo of that first thunder to roll across the heavens, cowing the frail mortals below with rumor of a might beyond their ken.

She was the Alpha of her village, the strongest and most revered. Whether she be man or woman, her speed and power were without equal.

Her legs were long and shapely, flexing and shivering from the force of her feet striking the ground. Muscles tensed and relaxed with a timing practiced over decades of battle. Electricity coursed through her body, chakra overriding her nervous system, pure will driving her at speeds beyond the reach of flesh alone.

A nigh bottomless well of power, strength virtually inexhaustible, a heart and body mighty and unyielding before adversity. She was raikage, one of the primal forces which governed the world of shinobi. She would bow before no invader, bend her knees to no enemy.

Pride and righteous fury drove her. She was heaven's rebuke, a stroke of unimaginable power which smote the hills and split the mountains.

Every kick of her legs was like a bolt of lightning. Thunder boomed in her wake.

She was kage, strongest of the strong. She was one of five, a warrior whose strength utterly surpassed human comprehension. She was Ay, undying, immortal, a living vessel for kaminari no ishi, the philosophy which had driven her village and her people since time immemorial.

All things of this world were transient, ephemeral. Even lightning, among the mightiest and most awe-inspiring forces of nature, existed only for an instant, a flash of power, energy transferred swift as thought from one point to another. For a split second it would pierce the heavens, illuminating all of creation. But then it would fade, leaving aught but the swiftly fading roll of thunder to mark its passing.

Such was man. Such was shinobi.

She was not the person she had been at birth. Not the shinobi who had given so much in service of her village.

She was the Alpha of Kumogakure, fourth human to bear the title of Raikage, and the name of Ay. That immortal will passed down from master to pupil was within her breast, a heart which thrummed and crackled with the lightning of her forebears.

The glance of her eyes was as keen as a sword, penetrating and discerning in an instant. Her body moved at a speed unrivaled, bosom heaving and quaking with every deep, measured breath. Her nostrils flared, a darkly beautiful visage lit with a black anger.

Pale hair was tied back in corn rows, braids which fell no further than the nape of her neck. Smooth skin was illuminated with the glow of chakra, electricity dancing across her body. Bolts of power burst from her muscles, flashing over her form, and leaping swifter than the blink of an eye into the next set of muscles, contracting them instantly, before bursting out and letting them relax, moving
on to the next set.

She moved her own body with mere thought, controlling the flow of her chakra through sheer force of will. A continuous current flowed across her skin, directing her limbs with precise, perfectly timed impulses. Like a marionette pulling the strings of a puppet, Ay overrode her own conscious nervous system, ruling the movements of her body at the speed of dreams.

Her awareness was dilated, her perception of time slowed to a crawl. No time for fear, hesitation, or second guesses. She acted on instinct, on the reflexes and disciplines drilled into her by her masters over a long and successful career as a shinobi. Her gait swallowed meters with every step, her body running forward on wings of thunder, lightning crackling in her wake.

She was Ay, goddess of storms, Fourth Lightning-Shadow of the Village Hidden in the Clouds. To battle she raced, flying in wrath to the enemy, eyes flashing and voice booming as she cried.

"DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE RAIKAGE!"

Bones hard as iron clashed with a hand of steel. Lightning struck, and the ground shuddered and cracked, the earth rolling beneath two naked beauties, as gorgeous as they were terrible.

Between Uzumaki and Raikage, the battle was joined.

Lava flowed, and steam roiled in the air. Streams of water crashed into the earth, coursing and hissing in the heat. Blades of light scythed through air, contorting and bending around their target.

A body spun in the air, a whirlwind of chakra rotating around her. Waves crashed over it with no effect, and blades of light were sundered.

Hakkeshou Kaiten

Kunai were tossed, their handles wrapped with bombs. They glanced off the rotation, detonating immediately in midair.

Smoke was blown away by the kaiten, but the shockwave could not be so easily deflected. The rotation was thrown off kilter, faltering for an instant.

A slim young kunoichi leaped above the target's head. A buxom beauty darted below her feet.

Hiramekarei, the Glinting Flounder, was thrust. From the hole in its blade, chakra erupted, a battering ram which descended on the enemy. At the same moment, slim and skillful hands blurred through a six seal sequence.

"Youton: Youkai no Jutsu!"

Molten rock was spewed from Mei Terumi's mouth, a bubbling apparition which crashed into the kaiten from below. Caught between the hammer and the anvil, the eight trigrams palm rotation wavered further, before ceasing.

In the moment offered by that opening, Ao leaped up with a full salvo of bomb kunai in her hands, tossing the projectiles in a wide arc.

Scarlet hair fluttered in the breeze.

Byakugan eyes flashed.
"Shinra Tensei!" she cried, and the Mizukage and her group found their attacks nullified, blasted back at them.

Mei, Choujuuko, and Ao scattered, falling back in an instant.

Koumoku Uzumaki landed feet-first on the ground, seeming unbothered by the slowly cooling lava mere inches from her feet.

Ao cursed.

"Damn..." the seasoned veteran muttered. "She must have a secondary defensive technique..."

Veins bulged from the right side of the bluenette's face, her eyepatch covering a byakugan.

Koumoku frowned, her own byakugan penetrating the chakra networks of these new challengers. Her stance shifted, the buxom redhead bringing one hand up in front of her, palm facing forward.

Mei Terumi wove more seals, and expelled a thick acid haze from her mouth. Corrosive vapor quickly spread.

"This woman is dangerous," Choujuuko murmured, hefting Hiramekarei into a defensive position. "If she was able to incapacitate Haku-san..."

"We can't take her lightly, right?" said Mei, narrowing her eyes. "Yes, that seems prudent. This girl's defensive techniques are certainly formidable..."

"Not at all," spoke Koumoku. "Your attacks have merely been inadequate. I suppose you kunoichi of the Slutty Mist are too busy having sex with everything that moves to actually train." She smiled brightly. "I envy such carefree promiscuity. I really do!"

A vein throbbed over Mei's right eye. She hissed, a sharp intake of breath, and her nostrils flared.

"Chou-chan... Ao-chan..." said the Mizukage a little too sweetly. "Would you girls mind stepping back with Haku-chan? I wouldn't want you to get caught in the crossfire."

Her two attendants nodded, grabbing the Yuki prodigy and hightailing it a safe distance away from the Mizukage.

Koumoku smirked, and with a wave of her hand brushed aside Mei's acid mist.

"Are you going to fight me seriously, Mizukage-chan?" the redhead said, her eyes gleaming with amusement.

"Ohh... this is serious, alright..." Mei managed to growl out. "Very serious indeed."

Koumoku laughed, and disappeared in a flicker of shunshin.

Mei clapped her hands together, and the ground exploded.

"Youton: Kazan!"
It was hot. A sweltering, scorching fire.

The ground erupted. Gouts of flame surged all around Mei and Koumoku.

Pillars of semi-molten rock flew up into the air.

Shapes of living and unliving things were formed from glowing lava, missiles and tendrils which arced up high through the air.

Electricity sparked between them with every touch. Shivers raced up their spines.

Ay and Kushina clashed.

Their bodies were a blur of motion, the Yondaime Raikage flickering in and out, attacking the redhead from every angle, trying to get past the long, sharp bones which protruded from every part of the woman.

The ground shook with the force of their meeting, flesh striking flesh with a deafening volume in the utter silence.

Air shifted, swirling and warping.

Substance emerged ex nihilo, and a gloved hand clapped down firmly on the wrist of Mina Namikaze, preventing the stroke of her blade from reaching the Fourth Tsuchikage.

Their eyes bored unflinchingly into one another's, each proudly and defiantly meeting the gaze of the other.

Jikoku leaped away as the ground burst into black flame at her feet.

Origami shuriken whistled through the air, kunai embedding themselves into the charred dirt.

A glittering, blinding dust filled the air.

Her lips were dry as they pressed down against his, a thirsty tongue greedily probing his tightly sealed mouth.

Planks of wood curved around a trio of Suna nin, a criss-crossing basket weave of hard lumber.

Beasts and monsters of every conceivable size and shape ripped through the air and darted over the ground, splashing into ink when they were struck.

A gleaming katana flashed through the sky, and ten thousand cubic meters of sand erupted from fissures in the earth.
Her bosom heaved, rising and falling with every deep, hungry, gasping breath.

A verdant bodhisattva and a flaming dark tengu clashed in the heart of the forest.

Trees fell in splinters and dust at their feet.

Fists like the hands of god crashed through scores of wood dragons, tendrils of shadow curling and leaping toward a nimbly darting sakura-haired woman.

She smirked, nibbling on his lower lip. He groaned, his hips bucking as per her will, and against his own.

Fumes thick and heavy wafted around the Mizukage, scalding her assailant's bare skin.

Auburn hair fell in luscious cascades behind her as she spun, gracefully dancing out of Koumoku's reach.

They leaped to and fro across crumbling fragments of bedrock, floating upon a sea of molten stone.

The bulbous head of a throbbing manhood ground against her gate. She moaned in desire, spreading her lips, taking him greedily inside herself.

Lightning flashed from every meeting of their fists.

Chakra swirled and shaped itself into glowing chains, spears and blades of osseous tissue cracking and chipping beneath the force of Ay's blows.

Bare skin glistened in the sunlight, rosy and slick with sweat as the two beauties dueled with flesh and bone.

Hard meat ached, tight velvet walls squeezing his phallus. She willed her blossom as tight as she cared, gleefully constricting his throbbing erection.

Kagome and Obi danced through the air, their bodies spiraling in and out of existence.

Hiraishin kunai flew in every direction, Konoha's Yellow Flash blurring to and fro. Steam hissed, and molten rock cracked. Lightning and fire crashed into globes of vertiginous light.

Steel rang all across the battlefield, the pair crossing blades with the one, dozens of times per second.

She kissed him deeply, tracing her fingers up and down a firm, muscular body. His taste was heady, her tongue probing his moist oral cavern.

An iron club crashed through a liquid form.
Black threads sparked with light, lancing through meager armor with ease.

Skin came apart, sheets of paper unfolding from an impaled body until nothing remained but a swirling shikigami storm cloud.

A white form flew on wings of light, clashing in the heavens with lime green wings of chitin.

He groaned weakly into her mouth, unable to move against her will. His hands came up to cup her breasts, even as a stubborn loathing smouldered in his eyes.

Two white birds swooped and wheeled, darting to and fro between them, two figures seated atop either one.

Like a picture brought to life, was one, bearing one woman pale, and one with violet hair. The other was as a moving sculpture, a blonde and a brunette clinging to its back.

Sand and iron shavings rushed and crashed together, flowing this way and that with a thunderous noise.

Fingers squeezed the peaks of her nipples, stiff nubs pinched between hot skin. Calloused palms moulded her bust, shaping and kneading her most generous bosom.

Jewels of flame burst into tongues of ravenous ebon, leaping and flickering over the robust form of a wooden giant. Great fists collided together, the ground buckling and cratering beneath these two warring titans.

Trees coiled about Susanoo's legs, constricting its limbs like great, gnarled pythons.

She ground herself on his sex, feeling his hardness dig this way and that into the hot, moist confines of her aching, starving womanhood. She moaned and held him tight, greedily devouring his lips.

Walls of air crashed through molten phantasms.

Violent waves of compressed force exploded in the sea of lava, bubbles erupting from the surface.

Smoke, a thick black reek, curled around them. Wisps of acid steam were blown away by a whirlwind of chakra.

Kaguya thrust herself down upon Naruto, wide and motherly hips smacking back and forth, buttocks wetly quivering and clapping. Fingers dug deep into her breasts, massaging her chest and deeply arousing her.

Ay screamed in anger, smashing through Kushina's bristling outer ribcage, landing an iron claw squarely upon the redhead's breast. Blood flew in the air, a gout of crimson like the Uzumaki's hair.

It was not Kushina's.
A spiked chain stabbed through the raikage's gut, as the King of Hell rose up around the beautiful Uzumaki matron.

His tongue offered her no resistance as she tasted him. His body could not move to oppose her lust, no matter how dearly he may have wished to throw her off.

He saw through the illusion, but still he slept, and still he dreamed.

Naruto could not fight Kaguya in the real world. And so she freely had her way with his body, commanding him to pleasure her as she wished, and attend to her every whim.

"Stop this, sensei!" Kagome cried, holding Obi's hand tightly. "Please, listen! You're being controlled!"

Obi brought her free hand up into the Seal of Confrontation. A rush of flame, oranges, yellows, deep reds, poured from her lips, fire shooting through the air in a wide arc.

Mina vanished. Hiraishin.

They vanished too.

Kamui.

"Do you understand now, my son?" Kaguya purred, breaking at last from the kiss. "How futile it is to defy my wisdom? I have made this world all for you... all for my beloved Otsutsuki..."

She arched her back, and threw her head, lips parting in an O. She cried out lustfully, shuddering in bliss as orgasm wracked her most voluptuous frame.

She came unto his manhood, clenching tightly upon him.

"BIJUUDAMA!" was the roar of Fuu as one with Honmei – Chomei, the Seven-Tailed Beetle.

A sphere of negative light crashed into the earth. Pure chakra detonated, gouging a deep crater in the earth. A dome of fire roared around Jikoku Uzumaki.

An ocean of paper sheets rose up beneath the two, Jikoku and Fuu. Hundreds of shuriken and kunai ripped through the air from every direction. Black fire flickered, dancing this way and that through the air.

Sasuki flew on a tengu's wings, a one-eyed rinnegan boring into a three-comma sharingan.

"So fuck me, Naruto! Take the inheritance I give you!" Kaguya screamed in delight, pressing her divine body tightly against him.

Tremendous breasts squashed against his hard chest, a sultry byakugan stare piercing his cerulean orbs. She smacked her womanhood harder upon his shaft, sliding her hips zealously up and down.

Her ass shook in the air, vast and juicy, a smackable mountain of perfect booty.

She was firm, but yielding. Soft, yet toned. Her body was hot in every sense of the word, burning
up in a torrid slew of desires.

"Art... is an EXPLOSION!" Deidara brought her hands together, spiders and scorpions of clay scurrying about through the iron sand of Tamon Uzumaki.

Blasts raced through the metal shavings, thunderclaps and flashes of light which bloomed across the length of that fluid wall.

"Mokuton no Jutsu!" Nadeshiko shouted, bringing her hands up in a snake sneal. Pillars of wood shot up from the ground, intercepting the flight of a dog-sized rocket. Fire leaped up, shards and splinters erupting from the outside of the makeshift wall.

Sai drew her brush swiftly across a scroll as Yugao shivered her sword against flying steel fists.

Kaguya held herself to Naruto. Their bodies slapped wetly, noisily together in the silence of reality, Mother of Chakra fucking the last man alive in the core of the Shinju.

Naruto's balls clenched, the blond enthroned at the heart of the Divine Tree. He let out a gasp, a strangled grunt, feeling himself about to—

He came. His semen filled her womb.

Kaguya smiled. "I love you," she breathed, panting heavily above him.

Those words burned in his ears.

"Wha...?!" Zoujou Uzumaki stuck fast to the branch she had just landed upon, eyes wide. A few dozen meters away, Mari Uchiha was locked in battle with the pinkette's wood golem.

Tsunade of the Senju smirked, landed on the girl's left. The Shikamari who had been chasing her vanished in a puff of smoke, revealing Zoujou's mother, Sakura.

Shikamari stepped out of the shadows, and Zoujou found herself mimicking the ponytailed Nara's movements, walking against her will up to the woman who had given her life.

"Kagemane complete," said Shikamari lazily, barely suppressing a yawn. "That was too easy, honestly."

Sakura smiled sweetly.

"Hello, daughter!" she said, wrapping the girl in a hug. "I love you very much, but... it's time to wake up."

Sakura's body flared with Naruto's chakra, a portion of which she thrust into her daughter's core. Zoujou let out a gasp, and fell to her knees in shock.

"M...mother...?" she whispered, looking up at Sakura.

Sakura smiled, and planted a kiss on Zoujou's forehead.

"I'm right here, sweetie," she said reassuringly.
Fingers danced over sweaty, dusky flesh. Hard, rippling muscles quivered beneath her touch. Rinne
egan eyes gazed ruefully into the valley of Kaguya's cleavage, dry and chapped lips sealing themselves around one of the woman's nipples.

He could not stop himself from drinking, could not keep his body from greedily guzzling down the goddess's lactation.

She moaned lewdly as he nursed at her teat.

Slim, pale azure hands flicked gracefully through a sequence of eighteen seals.

"Suiton: Daibakufu no Jutsu!"

Kouma Hoshigaki expectorated an absolutely massive quantity of water, spewing it out over the lava. Steam rose in great, billowing drifts, molten rock hissing and popping, fizzing and bubbling as it slowly cooled.

Saiken, the Six-Tailed Slug, crashed onto the now solid ground. Its great, blubbery bulk shifted over the steaming rocks, ponderously surveying its surroundings. Isobu, the Three-Tailed Giant Turtle, landed violently between Mei and Koumoku, spinning and kicking up sparks as a huge spiked shell gouged newly igneous rock.

A lithe and slender hand batted Koumoku's palm aside, and two fingers jabbed into the girl's solar plexus. Byakugan eyes widened, scarlet tresses stirring in a sudden breeze.

A cough.

Hinata Uzumaki gently laid the heel of her palm atop her daughter's brow.

"Release," she whispered.

Koumoku swooned.

Naruto's shaft plunged up into Kaguya's juicy cunt. She drove her slot down on his rod, impaling her meaty, aching hole on his cock. Silky, soaking folds kneaded his throbbing length.

His lips smacked on her nipple. Fat, doughy tits slapped his face, warm milk gushing down his throat. Her face had the lewdest expression imaginable. She was moaning and gasping, bucking her hips and hugging him tight.

"Naruto... Naruto...!" she cried, coming explosively on his pole. "Naruto-sama! Naruto-sama!"

His dick twitched, getting that much harder.

His teeth grazed the puffy nub of Kaguya's nipple.

"Ku...ku...ku..."

A soft, velvety laughter echoed through the Hell-king's mouth. Kushina was in the darkness, crouching on the back of its tongue. Her face was expressionless, even as tears streaked down her face.

Her summon's mouth was forced open. A large and phallic mass of soaking, pulsing flesh was
thrust at Kushina.

A tongue wrapped around her naked body, sliding over full breasts, rubbing between twerkable buttocks, and probing at the entrance of her womanhood. Kushina tensed up, feelings of pleasure shooting again up her spine.

She was yanked out of the hell-king’s mouth, and two bijuu fell upon the Naraku Path's summon with a terrible force.

Kushina stared into twin, serpentine eyes.

Occhin smiled at Kushina, an impossibly long tongue suspending the beautiful Uzumaki matron in mid-air. Kimiko Kaguya stood to Occhin's left, and Shinobu of the Sound Four to her right.

"It would seem Naruto-sama is otherwise indisposed," mused Kimiko, glancing sidelong at her cute lolita mistress.

"So it would," concurred the cutely chubby Shinobu, blushing as she eyed Kushina's form.

"I suppose it's our duty, in that case..." Occhin said in a kawaiisa tone, somehow forming words around the girth of her extruding tongue. "...to snap dear, young Kushina out of her trance."

Kaguya's buttocks wobbled and jigged as she slammed her pussy down repeatedly on Naruto's manhood. Her tongue was lolling out, her face red, sweat pouring down her frame. Her gigantic breasts squashed into Naruto's face, the blond hungrily switching nipples.

Naruto was bucking his hips. He fucked Kaguya from his throne in the Shinju, his cock swelling and quaking within the woman. Calloused, skillful hands danced teasingly over her body, groping and exploring every inch of the goddess's form.

He was in control. The illusion was his. The world was his.

Everything Kaguya owned was his.

Her body most of all.

Hanko and Bulma flew through the air, thrown back by Mina's attacks. A rasengan flashed in either of her hands, chakra swirling and swelling as she teleported to and fro across the battlefield.

Obi and Kagome slammed into Mina from behind, throwing her to the ground. Mina used hiraishin before she could crash, appearing behind Miraiya. She thrust at her former sensei with a rasengan.

Miraiya caught the offending arm with one hand, her features strange and toadlike. Her pupils were horizontal bars, with irises of gold.

"Now's our chance!" the Toad Sage Priestess shouted, ramming a rasengan of her own into Mina's chest before her pupil could react.

Blood flew from Mina's mouth, her eyes going wide.

Obi and Kagome kamui'd behind her, and a susanoo formed around all four of them.

"Space-time barrier... is in place!" said Kagome, her left-eye closed.
"It is time to wake up, Sensei...!" Obi shouted, her right eye closed.

Their bodies lit up with sage chakra shrouds, and their hands clapped down onto Mina's form.

"**KAI!**"

Mina gasped, and met the matching mangekyo sharingan of her two surviving students.

Kaguya fell back, moaning and gasping. Writhing in orgasmic bliss, she collapsed on the floor. Roots rose up around her body, binding it in place.

"You've lost, Kaguya," Naruto growled, standing up from his throne. "I rule this world. I will bring peace for everyone."

Kaguya cooed, gushing and smiling worshipfully at her new god.

"Oh, but you already have... Naruto-sama❤️" she told him, wriggling her hips and gleefully spreading the lips of a sperm-stuffed cunt. "This world is a utopia for everyone... with you as the one ruling it❤️"

Naruto narrowed his eyes. The roots moved, rolling Kaguya over and onto her belly. Woody limbs lifted the woman's massive, flawless booty up into the air with much bouncing and jiggling, spreading fat and meaty buttocks to expose a tight, spotless anus.

His cock twitched eagerly.

"Wake up, Jikoku," Sasuki whispered to her daughter. "It's time to wake up."

Jikoku stared at her mother. Her sharingan deactivated, crimson eyes turning black as coal. Her cheeks reddened, and she reached a hand hesitantly forward.

"M...mom...?" she murmured, blushing cutely. "Is that really you? I... I thought..."

Sasuki smiled, and reached forward. She pulled her daughter into the confines of her perfect susanoo, wrapping her arms around the woman in a loving embrace.

"You're free, dear," she whispered. "Kaguya can't control you any more."

Jikoku sniffled, and returned the hug with a choked sob.

"Mom...!" she cried. "I'm so sorry...!"

"Ssh," Sasuki hushed her daughter. "Don't worry. Mom and Dad will make everything better. We'll put everything back the way it should be."

Jikoku smiled.

"You... and dad will?" she said softly.

"We will," Sasuki reassured her.

Jikoku buried her face in her mother's bosom.
Naruto raised a hand, and struck Kaguya's doughy buttocks with a hard strike. He spanked her, his palms leaving bright, violent red marks on her ass. Kaguya arched her back with every impact, screaming and moaning in agonizing bliss, her cunt dripping and weeping tears of sweet, horny joy.

Kaguya's bountiful booty rippled and quivered with every stroke. Naruto smote her ass with deafening blows, spanking the woman raw. She bit her lip, gasping and groaning, moaning and squealing.

Roots wrapped around Kaguya's tits, squeezing and massaging her generous bosom. Her rack jiggled and wobbled, soft and supple breasts red and goose-pimpled in excitement, nipples stiff and puffy.

"Mm! Ohhh... ah! Ahh! Ahhhhh...! Naruto-sama! Yes, yes, yes! Oh, spank me hard, Naruto-sama! Punish this filthy, naughty bitch! Hurt me more and more and more! Make me cry and scream your name! Naruto-sama! Naruto-sama! I love you more than life itself, Naruto-sama! I am your whore! Yours and yours alone!"

Naruto smirked.

One of his fingers twitched, and a thick, fat root drove up into Kaguya's puffy, sopping cunt.

Byakugan eyes went wide as dinner plates. A goddess's plump and kissable ruby lips parted in shock, forming a perfect O. Tears streaked down her pale, blushing cheeks.

Kaguya's screams echoed throughout the Shinju, from its highest leaves to its deepest roots.

Naruto spanked Kaguya even harder.

Gaara kissed her daughter's brow. Sand fell to the ground below, and Tamon blushed, eyes going wide.

Sai and Yugao, Nadeshiko and Deidara, Sasori, Kanakuro, and Temari all watched as the Godaime Kazekage embraced Tamon Uzumaki, hugging the woman tightly.

"Let's go home, sweetie," Gaara said, meeting her daughter's piercing gold eyes. "It's over. We've won."

Tamon smiled.

"Did... did I do good, mother?"

Gaara smiled. It was a touch bittersweet, but she kissed her daughter once more on the forehead.

"You did great, Tamon-tan. You've done your father proud."

She took the blonde's hand.

"Now," the redhead whispered. "Let's go and clean up the mess you and your sisters have made. Hmm?"

Tamon smiled.

"Yeah... that sounds good," she said.
Naruto's cock throbbed between Kaguya's buttocks. He was grunting and slapping her hips, violently and forcefully fondling her thighs. He reamed a tightly clenched anus, pounding the goddess's ass with as much power and dominance as his earlier spanking.

"You shouldn't have done that. Any of it," Naruto grunted, ramming his pelvis up against Kaguya's round, rippling booty. "After everything everyone did to fight Infinite Tsukayomi..."

"They're happier like this, Naruto-sama," she moaned. "They love being fucked by you. They live to serve your cock!"

"That's not what I wanted...!" Naruto hissed, pumping himself harder and more angrily into the woman.

"But you've done so well with it, Naruto-sama..." Kaguya cooed. "Your manhood has brought peace to the world. No one would dare defy you!"

Naruto narrowed his eyes, roots roughly fondling and abusing Kaguya's massive, brobdignagian tits.

"Even you?" he muttered lowly.

Kaguya's eyes rolled back in her head, tongue lolling out of her mouth. She was panting and gasping, her face the very epitome of ahegao. Naruto was fucking her silly, and she loved every second of it.

"Especially me, Naruto-sama❤" she gushed, arching her back. Shudders wracked her frame, and her asshole clenched down on his cock.

Juices gushed over the root. Kaguya came violently, screaming her ecstatic, undying devotion to Naruto.

"Release."

Kushina slumped boneless onto the ground. She was panting and sweating, staring up at the female, loli-version of Orochimaru.

"You... broke Kaguya's control over me...?" she murmured, looking at the woman.

"Kukuku..." Occhin cutely chuckled. She gave Kushina a cat smile, and shook her head. "No, I simply gave you the final jolt."

"Naruto-sama has defeated her..." Kimiko murmured. "Kaguya has submitted to his will."

"Everything will be fixed soon enough," said Shinobu, smiling weakly.

Occhin chortled.

"Mm... but I hope he leaves some of the changes intact," she said with a wink, wiggling slim and youthful hips. "I feel quite happy with this new body. And it was most enjoyable to play with his penis❤"

Shinobu and Kimiko both blushed and nodded.

Kushina grinned.
"It is a hell of a dick, isn't it?" she mused. "He's everything his dad was in the sack, and then some."

The Uzumaki matron purred, wiggling juicy, motherly hips.

Occhin and her entourage nodded eagerly in agreement.

"When the tree leaves dance, one shall find flames. The fire's shadow will illuminate the village, and once again, tree leaves shall bud anew."

The battle was over.

Naruto had bested Kaguya and forced her to submit.

...albeit in a way he had not originally planned. But his daughters and mothers had been freed from the lecherous goddess's control, freed from the illusion's grasp.

Everyone was free.

In the end, his and Sasuki's rinne tensei had not even been necessary. Those who had seemingly perished in the chaos were not actually dead at all: a most pleasant surprise. Certainly, they had posited in hope that this might wind up being the case, but Naruto had not truly expected it to turn out that well.

His daughters were free from Kaguya's control. The only punishment imposed on them by the Kunoichi Alliance – by a suspiciously unanimous vote – had been a public, hour-long spanking for each of them.

Everyone involved seemed very pleased with that outcome.

Kushina and Mina's penalties had been less severe (somewhat counterintuitively), and the only disciplinary action demanded by the public in their case had been a week of community service as free prostitutes.

Again, an outcome where the ones being punished were as happy with it as the ones doling out the punishment.

Since everyone who had been seemingly killed in the battle against Kaguya and his family had actually turned up perfectly fine, no particular restitution apart from the above "punishments" had been demanded by the allied nations. The various not-so-slain (including Nagato-chan and a few others who had apparently suffered completely accidental demises over the course of Infinite Tsukuyomi) had quite harmlessly popped up in the Hokage Tower's basement after the battle, chained to the walls and looking distinctly satisfied.

Masochism was apparently a very common kink among shinobi.

And as for Kaguya, the one responsible for the illusion had gotten off with what many considered to be practically a slap on the wrist (though they were not complaining). By a one hundred percent vote, Kaguya Otsutsuki had been sentenced to spending the rest of her natural life as Naruto's unconditional sex slave.

Considering that she was demonstrably immortal, and Naruto was apparently now the human incarnation of the Juubi or something (absolutely no idea how that worked), this basically meant an eternity of catering to his every sexual whim.
And, considering that Naruto had spent approximately three years training under one of the biggest perverts in the Elemental Nations, and an additional indeterminate length of time most thoroughly enjoying the fruits of Infinite Tsukuyomi, this was seriously saying something.

Of course, Kaguya had been elated at the news, and had slipped into calling Naruto "Otsutsuki-kun" when she wasn't calling him "Naruto-sama" or "OH MY FUCKING GOD!"

Furthermore, the Playful Fox had become the unofficial meeting point for all future Five Kage summits, and most of the people who had worked there during the illusion seemed suspiciously eager to resume their duties at the strip club.

And this is where Naruto was now, a month after the crusade against Kaguya, and the battle to determine the fate of the kunoichi world.

Mei Terumi and Choujuuuko were there in representation of the Slutty Mist, seeming oddly eager to uphold the excessively skimpy dress code that village had adopted. With nothing on but see-through fishnet tops and obscenely formfitting thongs, Naruto was trying very hard not to get hard as he looked at the Mizukage and her future successor.

Ay and Darui-chan were the Hidden Cloud's representatives. The former wore her robes of office loosely over her shoulders, skintight black spandex trousers, a golden ogre-faced belt, and nothing else. The latter was dressed much more conservatively, although she seemed to lick her lips every time she looked in Naruto's direction.

Kurotsuchi was the sole person there on behalf of Iwagakure, and her tight maroon dress had a very suggestive slit up its thigh. She appeared to be somewhat uncomfortable in her seat, judging by the way she kept crossing and uncrossing her legs. Naruto had a hell of a time convincing himself not to stare, seeing as how the young woman had apparently taken to going commando.

Matsuri, the blushing, scantily-clad founder and president of Gaara's fanclub, was there for Suna, the Fifth Kazekage having elected to appoint the girl as her successor, claiming that she wanted to devote herself fully to her new family. (Although Naruto suspected she was just using this as an excuse to get out of doing paperwork.)

And sitting in as the Seventh Hokage, jointly, were Obi Uchiha and Kagome Hatake. Naruto had abdicated his title following the end of the battle against Kaguya, claiming that he felt unfit to serve as the leader of his village since this whole Infinite Tsukuyomi deal was kinda partially his fault.

The other kage had all apparently disagreed, and unanimously voted to appoint him to the brand new, somewhat cheesily-named position of Kamikage.

Yeah.

Even Mina had sweatdropped a little at that name, although she did concede that it was somewhat appropriate. Naruto had weakly disagreed, but the others had all insisted that he was perfect for the job.

Nominally, he was the supreme ruler of all shinobi villages. In practice, though, the Shodai Kamikage was basically just eye candy for the Gokage summits.

... ... ... not that it particularly bothered him, mind you. Honestly, even if more than half of the people there had originally been men, they all made for VERY attractive women. And they were all very appreciative of the duty he performed as Kamikage.
It probably had something to do with the fact that his uniform consisted of a pure white kage hat with the kanji 神 on the front.

...and nothing else.

Again, not that he minded.

It was very pleasing to have so many appreciative eyes on him, actually. The fact that his wives also greatly enjoyed his new uniform, to the extent that they insisted on him wearing it everywhere, may have also had something to do with it.

And, speaking of his wives, they were seated on either side of him, along with his daughters. Kaguya was sitting naked at his feet, as well, her back to the Gokage, and her lips wrapped securely around Naruto's pulsing erection.

Much to the ill-suppressed envy of all others present.

"Sooo..." Naruto said, somehow managing to form words in spite of the frankly GODLY head Kaguya was giving him. "...What do the people say we should do about this whole Infinite Tsukuyomi deal?"

Mei smiled wanly, her visible eye flicking up from Kaguya's generously jiggling ass.

"The women of the Mist seem content with the current state of affairs," she said pleasantly. "But the majority say they would also not be displeased if you chose to dispel the illusion."

The woman leaned forward, not-so-subtly pressing her ample bosom down on the table at which the Gokage were seated.

"Indeed," Choujuuko chimed in, blushing as she ogled Naruto's chest. "Our kunoichi say that they are eager to follow you no matter what you decide."

Naruto hummed, and glanced at Kumo's representatives.

Ay crossed her arms under her chest, the round and brown areolae of which were fully visible, to say nothing of those large, puffy nipples.

"It's the same in the Cloud," she said tersely, conspicuously side-eyeing Mei's rack.

"Our people are exceedingly reverent towards you, Kamikage-sama," Darui added, smiling hungrily as she caught a glimpse of Naruto's balls. "They will do anything for you."

She and Ay winked, making it VERY clear just what kind of anything they hoped to do for the Shodai Kamikage.

"The kunoichi of Iwa will gladly bear your children," Kurotsuchi butted in. "And even those who were originally men would not be averse to continuing such relations if you lifted Infinite Tsukuyomi, considering what your rinnegan has learned for us..."

Naruto blushed.

Ironically, it seemed Kaguya had had the last laugh after all, in a way even apart from getting to spend the rest of eternity doing all sorts of naughty, degrading things for his penis. Naruto's wives were not the only ones whose bodies had been changed to reflect the things which had happened in Infinite Tsukuyomi – Naruto was quite literally the last man alive, and betting seemed to place
pretty good odds on no more men ever being born.

He felt far more okay with this than was even remotely appropriate, all things considered.

In addition to that, it seemed Kaguya had basically made causality her bitch, because everyone in Infinite Tsuchuyomi who had been dead at the time of the illusion's casting turned out to have brand new female bodies sitting in the Shinju's branches. Naruto had even tried willing a handful of people back to life, just to see what would happen.

Obi and Kagome were both very, VERY happy to have Rin back, and the girl herself seemed completely okay with the new state of reality. Hiruzen Sarutobi, Danzo Shimura, Nawaki Senju, and Dan Kato, when brought back, had all incarnated as attractive females in their physical prime.

And they also seemed entirely okay with this new state of affairs.

Tsunade had been exceedingly happy to show Naruto her appreciation for the latter two. Which would have been a lot weirder if not for the fact that she herself seemed to have been reset to a biological age somewhere in her twenties or thirties.

Basically, everyone who had been old, male, or conventionally unattractive in reality, was now young, female, and at least a six or seven on the sexiness scale.

Naruto knew that he could probably revert these changes if he wanted to, but everyone he'd asked (even those who had been initially dismayed at the loss of their manhoods) had politely yet vehemently refused his offer.

And now Kurotsuchi was winking at him and raising her feet up on the table, spreading her legs in a manner that was the exact opposite of subtle. Naruto came generously in Kaguya's mouth at the view this afforded him, much to the sensually degraded goddess's delight.

Matsuri pouted at the Tsuchikage's action, glowering cutely at the slender Iwa native.

"My Suna sisters and I would happily serve as cum dumpsters for you, Kamikage-sama," the Gaara-slash-Naruto fangirl said shamelessly. "Regardless of whether it's in this world or any other, we would gladly give ourselves up to you as living cock sleeves for your sexual amusement."

Naruto sweatdropped, feeling a combination of arousal and mild exasperation at the direction this discussion was headed. Silently wondering whether he should just take the girls up on their various offers, he glanced at Kagome-sensei and Obi.

"Well?" he said. "What about Konoha?"

"I think you already know what they would be willing to do for you, Kamikage-sama," Kagome remarked with a wink.

"I know what I would do for him, alright," Obi added, leering appreciatively at Naruto's temporarily exposed boner as Kaguya leaned back to moan and swallow her latest salty treat.

Naruto shook his head, smiling indulgently as he glanced sidelong at his wives and daughters.

"Well?" he said. "What about everyone else?"

Gaara and Tamon smiled serenely at Naruto. Sakura and Zoujou drooled, ogling his cock. Hinata and Koumoku blushed, demurely observing his naked body. Sasuki and Jikoku smirked, suggestively posing for him.
"They would be happy with whatever you chose to do," the women told him. "There's nothing to really lose, one or the other."

Naruto chuckled and shook his head.

"I shoulda expected as much," he mused. Then he laughed. "Well, what do you girls personally think?"

His wives, daughters, and the Gokage all shared a variety of looks. As one, they turned to him and answered.

"We don't care whether or not you dispel the illusion, so long as you keep on fucking us."

Naruto laughed. Honestly, that was exactly the answer he'd expected.

"I will," he promised. "I love it as much as you do," he told the girls.

He meant every word.

That was his nindo.

Believe it.

End Notes

This fic was the biggest, most successful thing I ever wrote on FFN, done over the course of a year and some change. It was my most ambitious project to date, and only one other recent work of mine can rival its popularity. It is the longest thing I've ever written (so far), and also one of the most shamelessly perverted.

Also, something something, fantasy must remain fantasy, something, don't do this shit at home, etc.

TTFN!

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