Everlasting Impressions

by Castalyne

Summary

He was once a kid, now he's a jonin, this should be easy.

Konohamaru had his dignity to save, even if it was to save face in front of three pre teens he'd have to come to see as his students. He couldn't have been given more of an unlikely bunch, the son of his own mentor, Uzamaki Kuno who despite looking much like his father, wielded the bakyugan and his mothers timid personality. Konohamaru secretly hoped the other male in his squadron would show more fierceness, Akamichi Inochi. Though he never really knew either Ino or Chouji but the kid was, from what little he did gather, equal parts of both of them. The third kid he was assigned too, the lone female, Haruno Ame, a very quiet bookish one that shot him very perplexed and confused glances whenever she could, caused a very sick feeling in his stomach that reminded him of how he felt about Sakura hitting him for the many sexy no jutsu incidents. For the life of him, Konohamaru couldn't remember the kids damned father as much as he searched his memory, but it could have been the celebratory drinks form the night before, he finally became a jonin... or maybe it was the hangover head ache now.

"You're the first Sarutobi I've seen who doesn't chain smoke." AMe said wistfully, closing a text book she held as Konohamaru called for their attention.

"Is that a problem?"

Ame shook her head and that strange vacant stare crossed her features, "The book clearly depicts all Sarotobi men as hairy chain smoking individuals... even the women."

Konohamaru suppressed a whole body tick and pointed to the mountain off in the distance. "I'd have you know I come from a long line of excellent men... my grandfather was the third Hokage after all and I'll be the future Hokage."

Ame jerked a thumb at her team mate. "His father's the current Hokage. From what Kuno has gathered, you seem to have a total hard on for the man. It's kind of creepy."
Konohamaru, while noticing a very startled Kuno trying to not have a coniption, stammered a startled quirked reply of, "Well, well um, what was your name again?"

The girl smiled. "Haruno Ame, sir."

Kuno raised his hand timidly. "S...ssir?"

Konohamaru composed himself and nodded.

"My father is happily married." Kuno pointed out. "Ju... just so you know."

Konohamaru slapped his forehead and groaned. "Yes, Kuno. I know that."

Kuno smiled and elbowed Ame hard in the ribs, receiving a hard, open palmed slap to the back.

"Inochi, you wouldn't have anything to add to this, would you?" Konohamaru said with flustered flapping of his hands.

"No sir." He spoke quietly, watching with a vacant fascination as a butterfly flew past him. "Homo or not, you're our sensei."

Konohamaru glared at the three. "How about I just show you some bitchin moves? I do a pretty awesome Ragensen."

Inochi let the butterfly perch on his finger, Ame narrowed her eyes on Konohamaru's hopeful face as Kuno stuck out his hand, summoning a very small Ragensen of his own.

"I'm trying to incorporate it into the gentle fist..." He stated meekly as Konohamaru's jaw dropped.

Visibly hurt from the sudden realization that he was pleasing a very tough crowd, Konohamaru thought for a moment before snapping his fingers and summoned a shadow clone.

"Impressive..." Ame said. "Sort of."

"It's not the shadow clone I'm showing off." Konohamaru stated, his clone mimicking him. "It's what I can do with it, this is something your father taught me, Kuno, so pay attention."

A very blank stare was carried across three faces when two scantily clad women appeared before them, the sound of the butterfly fluttering off of Inochi's hand seemed to roar between the silence.

If anything, it sparked very little interest amongst the two boys, Kuno blushing furiously, Inochi absently scratching at his neck nervously, a very tentative eyebrow lift from Ame. The jutsu was released back to it's two original very male shadow clones as a smug grin of satisfaction crossed their sensei's face.

"Not bad, huh?"

"Lame." Ame spat out. "Horribly and utterly LAME."

"Oh don't worry, Ame." Konohamaru nodded, his grin widening. "There's more."

Konohamaru already has the images of his two 'victims' lodged into his memory, having used them many a time on girls in the village. If only he'd bother to read the damned paper work, if only he'd bother to see any sort of resemblance or the error in his ways from past experiences.

Konohamaru manged to see her mouth drop when the smoke cleared, her fist clench and when that
vacant gaze was replaced with one of fury, it may have been then that he saw it. When her fists flew, Konohamaru saw her mother but that gaze, that hallow emotionless gaze and when he was sent flying backwards, leaving a very noticeable crater, that look of emotionless was overwhelmed with a noticeable angry flinch in her eyebrows.

"I do not understand, Sensei." She spoke, dropping to her knees beside her broken teacher. "Why you must use my father's image with that traitorous homo... needless to say, in front of his daughter."

It would take both Kuno and Inochi to restrain her from damaging her eyes with her kunai.

"So, enlighten me, Konohamaru," Sakura secured the bandaged around her daughters eyes with a tight knot behind her head. "Why did my daughter scratch her cornea's with a kunai again? She seems... well.. more than a little traumatized to speak on the subject."

"What makes you think I know something, Sakura san..." Konohamaru was waving his arms defensively with a smile, sweating slightly as Sakura gritted her teeth.

"You're her sensai..." Sakura seethed. "You aren't suppose to make them want to gouge their eyes out on first introductions."

"Oh, don't tell me you didn't want to!" Konohamaru argued back with an accusing pointer finger to the nose.

"My sensei may have been a pervert, but at least I held off until I knew the medical jutsu to correct the damage I did."

"Yeah, if you wanted too..."

"This is aside the point." Sakura gripped Konohamaru's flak jacket in a clenched fist, free hand glowing with a not so medicinal chakra that flowed so easily before to her daughter. "My daughter is temporarily blind, not speaking and she came here with her team mates and yourself... what... did... you do?"

Konohamaru let out a squeak. "You don't understand, Sakura San."

"Konohamaru, do I have to repeat myself, my daughter is temporarily blind..."

"Okay, okay, I'll... explain." Konohamaru pried the fingers from his jacket sighing when Sakura sat on the bed beside her daughter. "It started with the sexy no jutsu."

"You didn't..." Sakura was rubbing her temples, wincing when she did.

"If I knew HE was HER father and that she shared the same views for the 'traitorous homo' I would have..."

While Konohamaru may have broken through three walls, he only broke two ribs that day. A fact he held with high regard in later years.

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