

Commission 9
Open Secrets
Fandom: Naruto

Tags: Promiscuity, Jealousy, Unrequited Love, Voyeurism

The hospital director's office sat in near darkness, lit only by the fading orange glow bleeding through the tall windows behind the desk. Most of those in the administrative wing had already gone home for the evening, the distant sounds of hurried footsteps and rolling carts long since faded into silence.

Not that Sakura had noticed.

A mountain of paperwork covered nearly every inch of her desk in uneven stacks and loose pages, mission reports and patient referrals blending together in barely controlled chaos. Another tower threatened to collapse beside her elbow, partially obscuring the framed anatomical chart pinned crookedly to the wall behind her.

The room itself was oddly split between office and training hall.

Medical scrolls overflowed from crowded shelves while a set of free weights rested abandoned in one corner beside resistance bands and a rolled exercise mat. A half-drained water bottle sat on the floor nearby, forgotten hours ago. Her white medic-nin coat hung limply over the back of her chair, stained in several places with old blood that stubborn washing hadn't fully removed. Beneath it, the sleeveless beige uniform clung slightly to her skin after a fourteen hour shift.

Sakura grimaced quietly as another dull ache flared across her lower back.

Straightening slightly only made the pressure shift upward between her shoulders instead. With an irritated sigh, she hooked two fingers beneath one bra strap where it'd dug painfully into her skin all day, rolling her shoulder before reaching behind herself with her opposite hand. A faint pulse of chakra flowed from her fingertips into the knotted muscle near her shoulder blade.

A relieving warmth flooded her muscles instantly, a soothing sensation that briefly let her forget the pain she'd always wished for as a child.

Followed swiftly by a sharp stab of pain behind her eyes.

'...Tch.'

Sakura winced hard, immediately regretting the small expenditure of chakra as the beginnings of another exhaustion headache pulsed through her temples. Even that tiny amount was enough to remind her how drained she really was.

Get over yourself, idiot. You spent all of your childhood wishing for bigger tits, and now that you have them, you're complaining about back pain?

She leaned back in her chair, stretching her arms above her head and groaning with pleasure as the bones in her spine popped one after another in a euphoric wave.

Her pink hair was a mess.

What had started as a short, neat ponytail that morning now hung half-loosened around her face in uneven strands, several locks sticking to her cheek while the rest brushed against tired green eyes shadowed by noticeable bags beneath them. At some point during surgery she'd apparently gotten blood near her collar too. She only noticed now because the faint coppery smell still lingered whenever she moved.

Not that she'd had time to care.

Her eyes skimmed the next report automatically.

Male. Thirty-two. Civilian construction worker. Severe spinal degradation following improperly healed lumbar fractures. Partial loss of sensation in the right leg. Symptoms worsening over the past year.

Recommended treatment... Specialized regenerative reconstruction under advanced chakra-assisted neurological therapy.

Sakura's expression tightened faintly.

She flipped through the attached scans, jaw clenching as she noted the sloppy work done at a smaller regional clinic. Poor chakra stitching. Incomplete nerve alignment. Rushed treatment from an overworked medic.

Fixable.

Difficult... but fixable.

Her gaze drifted briefly toward the already much larger stack sitting on the left side of her desk.

Then toward the thinner pile on the right.

Denial and approval, respectively. The awesome power to grant either continued suffering or salvation resting squarely on her overburdened shoulders.

Her fingers lingered against the paper for another moment before she quietly placed the file atop the *denial* stack.

A faint pulse of guilt twisted in her chest immediately afterward.

Sakura leaned back in her chair again with a slow exhale, rubbing hard at her tired eyes before pinching the bridge of her nose. The chakra headache she'd aggravated moments earlier throbbed steadily behind her forehead now.

'...Dammit.'

The muttered curse barely disturbed the silence.

She hated this part of the job.

Not surgery. Not trauma care. Not even losing patients sometimes. Those things hurt, but they made sense. Death was an accepted part of a shinobi's life she'd made peace with long ago.

This though?

This was different.

Choosing who received treatment and who didn't. Who got one of the hospital's limited specialist beds and who got pushed onto a waiting list that stretched months into the future.

Every approval meant a hundred others got denied.

And no matter how many times she reminded herself she was doing the best she could with the resources she had available, it never stopped feeling like shit.

The village needed more qualified medic-nin.

Desperately.

Not field medics with basic healing techniques. Not glorified support staff pushed through accelerated wartime programs. *Actual* professionals. People capable of advanced diagnostics, surgery, chakra pathology, long-term rehabilitation.

People she could *trust*.

Unfortunately, there weren't enough hours in the day to train them.

Sakura already spent most of her remaining free time overseeing apprentices personally when she could. Shizune handled another portion while Tsunade assisted between advisory work and occasional hospital consultations, but even that wasn't enough to meet demand anymore.

Not even close.

Which made absolutely no sense.

The wars were over.

The villages weren't tearing each other apart every other year anymore. Border conflicts had all but disappeared compared to when they'd been kids. Logically, there should've been *less* need for shinobi hospitals now.

Instead, the system was massively overburdened, the few experienced medic-nin she had at her disposal drowning under the endless demand.

Chronic injuries. Civilian infrastructure accidents. Long-term chakra damage surfaced years after the war. Retired shinobi whose bodies were finally giving out after decades of abuse.

Peace, Sakura had discovered bitterly, didn't actually make people stop getting hurt.

Leaning back in her chair, Sakura rubbed hard at her tired eyes while mentally sorting through the endless list of responsibilities still waiting for her.

Patient reviews.

Training schedules.

Budget allocations.

Apprentice evaluations.

Three surgeries scheduled for the following morning.

A diplomatic consultation with Suna next week regarding civilian-medical cooperation.

And somewhere in between all of that, she still needed to find time to *sleep*.

This weekend can't come soon enough...

For the first time in years, Sakura actually had time off scheduled.

A full weekend away from the village. No hospital. No emergency consultations. No being dragged out of bed at three in the morning because someone had recklessly fried half their nervous system during training...

Ino had organized the whole thing months ago, painstakingly bullying everyone's schedules into alignment one by one until even the few of their friendship group from other villages had been able to secure leave.

Tsunade, naturally, had all but forced Sakura to agree to attend.

'You look like shit,' her mentor had informed her in her usual blunt manner. 'Go get drunk, get laid, sleep for twelve hours straight or whatever it is you idiots do to relax these days. The hospital will survive without you for two damn nights.'

To say Sakura was looking forward to the break was an understatement.

She needed it.

Honestly, she probably needed it more than her body needed chakra at this point.

The office window slid open with practiced ease before a dark figure slipped silently into the room.

Think of the devil and she will appear...

Sakura barely twitched at the intrusion.

She'd sensed Ino the second she'd landed on the hospital roof several floors above her office.

'I don't have time for this right now, Pig,' Sakura groaned without opening her eyes. 'I need to finish as much work as possible before—'

'There might not even *be* a holiday anymore, Forehead! Oh, this is a disaster!'

Sakura paused.

That... actually sounded serious. Sakura wasn't sure she'd be able to recover from the devastation of the holiday she'd been looking forward to for *months* somehow being cancelled.

Groaning softly, silently pleading with Kami for just *one* evening where everything in her life didn't somehow catch fire, she slowly lowered her hands from her face and opened her eyes.

Ino was pacing.

Not dramatically pacing either. *Genuine* pacing.

The blonde looked like she'd come straight from the training grounds, still dressed in a dark purple halter top and black cut-offs that showed off toned legs and, if you squinted, barely-defined abs. Her long platinum hair was tied up high behind her head, though several loose strands had escaped and now framed an expression bordering dangerously close to panic.

This... definitely wasn't one of Ino's *frequent* melodramatic meltdowns...

Sakura sighed internally.

Whatever this was, it wasn't going to be quick.

'...What happened?'

Ino stopped pacing instantly and turned toward her.

The look in her pale blue eyes would've been funny if Sakura weren't already exhausted enough to resent the interruption.

'The resort cancelled our reservation!' Ino exploded, throwing both hands into the air. 'Some relative of the *Daimyo* decided he wanted the entire place for the weekend, so they just kicked us out! Just like that!'

Sakura blinked once at the absurdity of the claim, then frowned.

'...You're kidding.'

'Do I *sound* like I'm fucking kidding?!' Ino snapped. 'Do you know how long it took me to organize this trip? Temari and Karui are literally travelling from other countries for this! We booked *months* in advance!'

Unfortunately... the more Sakura thought about it, the more legitimate Ino's panic became.

Rebooking a normal vacation wouldn't have been a huge issue.

Rebooking *this* vacation? With nearly a dozen high-ranking shinobi from multiple villages all somehow managing to align their schedules for the same weekend?

That was bordering on impossible, especially on such short notice and in the peak of the holiday season...

And unless Kakashi intended to authorize an assassination request against the Fire Daimyo's extended family, there wasn't much they could do about it either.

What the Daimyo wanted, the Daimyo usually got.

Sakura pinched the bridge of her nose tiredly.

This was the absolute *last* thing she needed right now.

She'd been burning the candle at both ends for *weeks* specifically because she'd been looking forward to *this* trip. If it got cancelled now...

Her thoughts halted abruptly, the anger shifting to something more constructive as a valid alternative presented itself.

Sakura's eyes widened slightly.

'...Go see Naruto.'

Ino stopped pacing.

'...What? Why?'

Sakura straightened in her chair, exhaustion momentarily forgotten as the idea developed further in her mind.

Actually... the more she thought about it, the better it sounded. It might even be *preferable* than their original plans anyway!

'Naruto has a place out at Lake Kagami,' she explained. 'It's not a resort, but honestly? The lake's nicer than the coast anyway, and we wouldn't have to deal with as many tourists.'

To be fair, Lake Kagami was *huge*, a mini-ocean in the middle of Fire Country. There were plenty of touristy areas along its shoreline... but not where Naruto's place was. His property was squarely in the *rich-people* area.

Gorgeous and, more importantly, *private*.

Ino stared at her, blinking in shock as what Sakura said fully registered.

'First of all, what if I was looking forward to *fucking* the hot tourists, Forehead?' she demanded indignantly. 'Second of all... when the *hell* did Naruto get a place at *Lake Kagami*?'

Sakura snorted softly despite herself.

She's not wrong...

For weeks now, her dreams had been filled with fantasies of hot, muscled, tanned bodies.

'It was left to him by Jiraiya.'

Ino immediately deflated.

'...Oh.'

The irritation drained out of her expression almost instantly at the mention of the late Sannin, replaced briefly with something softer.

Then, predictably, the excitement returned.

Actually, it returned even stronger.

‘Oh my god,’ Ino breathed, eyes lighting up. ‘Wait... this might actually work.’

‘It’ll work,’ Sakura assured her. ‘And before you ask, no, it’s not some isolated cabin in the middle of nowhere. There are towns along the coast nearby. Restaurants, bars, hot springs... one of them basically turned into a resort town years ago.’

Ino’s grin turned sharp, her eyes glittering with excitement and hunger.

‘You think Naruto’ll let us use it?’

Sakura leaned back again, one corner of her mouth twitching faintly upward.

‘I’m sure if you ask nicely, maybe show some cleavage, flutter those lashes at him... he could probably be persuaded. Even by someone as hideous as you.’

The words lacked any of the bite they might have had in their youths.

Ino’s grin widened further at the obvious challenge.

‘Oh, *please*. I’ll have him eating out of the palm of my hand, Forehead.’

Ino and Naruto weren’t *that* close. Her friend would be in for a surprise when she didn’t find the same bumbling idiot she was probably expecting when she dropped on the lovable goofball.

If only she could be a fly on the wall when *that* happened...

Sakura rolled her eyes.

'The place is huge anyway. Jiraiya had expensive tastes. There'll be more than enough room for everyone.'

'I haven't been to the lake since I was little,' Ino said excitedly, practically vibrating now. 'Oh, this is *way* better than some over-crowded resort.'

Sakura huffed out an amused breath.

'Go be excited somewhere else then.'

Ino laughed before disappearing back through the open window in a blur of movement and blonde hair, already halfway across the rooftops by the time the window slid shut behind her.

Silence settled over the office once more.

Sakura stared at the mountain of paperwork waiting for her.

And for the first time all evening, the sight of it made her feel genuinely ill.

Her gaze drifted slowly toward the clock mounted on the wall.

Eighteen hours.

She'd been here for eighteen *fucking* hours.

Closing her eyes, Sakura let out a long, controlled breath before pulling open one of her desk drawers.

Several bottles of sake rested inside, tucked toward the back for Tsunade's increasingly frequent "casual visits."

Sakura ignored those.

Instead, she reached deeper into the drawer until she found a half-empty box of condoms, hiding innocently behind the expensive bottles of alcohol, XXXL printed on the packaging.

Her lips twitched faintly.

She was exhausted. Irritable. Running almost entirely on caffeine, stubbornness, and muscle memory.

At this point, she was probably more of a hazard than help to the hospital anyway.

Maybe Tsunade had a point.

Maybe she really *did* need to unwind more often before she worked herself into an early grave.

And honestly?

Right now, a deep, thorough, toe-curling *reset* sounded infinitely more productive for her mental health than another six hours of paperwork.

Biting her lip sensually, Sakura slipped several condoms into her purse as her lips curled into an indulgent grin. Pushing herself up from her desk, she paused, considered, then bent down to fetch a couple more for good luck.

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The rear deck wrapped around the lakeside of the estate in a wide crescent of dark polished timber, elevated several metres above the shoreline below. Warm lanternlight spilled across the wood in soft amber pools while music and conversation drifted lazily through the cool night air.

Beyond the railing, Lake Kagami stretched endlessly into darkness.

At night, it barely even looked like a lake.

The opposite shoreline had vanished completely beneath the night sky, leaving only black water rolling beneath fractured silver moonlight as waves hissed softly against the sand below. Dense forest surrounded the estate from almost every angle, towering pines and ancient hardwoods swallowing the property whole only a short distance inland. The trees muffled the outside world so completely that, aside from the occasional distant burst of laughter echoing faintly across the water, the manor almost felt isolated from the rest of Fire Country.

Naruto rested his forearms against the railing with a beer dangling loosely from one hand, blue eyes gazing out across the inky water.

The deck behind him was alive with noise.

A couple of the girls had already claimed the enormous sunken jacuzzi built into the western side of the terrace while others crowded around the outdoor bar and open cooking area nearby. The scent of grilled meat drifted through the air alongside alcohol, smoke, and the crisp lake breeze.

Down on the beach below, a massive bonfire roared against the darkness.

Not natural fire either.

The flames burned brighter and steadier than any ordinary wood fire had a right to, fed periodically by casual bursts of wind and fire natured chakra from whichever idiot happened to be closest whenever it started dying down. Figures lounged around it with drinks in hand while others wandered barefoot along the shoreline, their silhouettes flickering orange beneath the towering wall of flame.

Broad wooden stairs descended from the deck toward the private stretch of beach below, disappearing into pale sand before curving around the shoreline further down the coast.

It was beautiful.

Quiet.

Or... It *used* to be.

Naruto exhaled slowly through his nose before taking another sip from his beer.

He'd never really thought of his home away from home as a vacation house.

Not like his friends seemed to.

This place was different.

Private.

One of the few places in the Elemental Nations he could escape to when he needed privacy, or to recharge his mental batteries.

There were no pushy advisors. No endless meetings.

No civilians watching him every second of the day like he was already wearing the Hokage hat.

Just water, wind through the trees, and the weird feeling that *Ero-sennin* still somehow haunted the place despite being gone for years now.

Whenever his responsibilities in Konoha became a bit... *much*, Naruto came here.

Sometimes for a night.

Sometimes longer.

To train, to relax, sometimes to do nothing at all.

His own slice of paradise.

And now there were nearly twenty idiots spread across his deck, beach, kitchens, hot springs, and probably half the damn guest rooms already.

Naruto grimaced faintly into his beer.

He was happy everyone was enjoying themselves.

Genuinely.

But he couldn't quite shake the uncomfortable feeling that he'd given something up by opening this place to everyone else.

Something *personal*.

'...Seeing your broody face makes me wanna put my fist through it,' Kiba growled from beside him. 'How many people can say a fucking *sannin* left them a *sex mansion* in his will, you miserable bitch?'

Naruto snorted despite himself.

'It's not a sex mansion.'

Kiba stared at him flatly.

The enormous jacuzzi bubbling behind them.

The sprawling private beach.

The outdoor bar.

The hidden hot springs further up the forest trail.

'...Right,' Kiba drawled. 'Our future Hokage is a genuine idiot. No wonder Hinata dumped your sorry ass.'

Naruto's jaw tightened faintly.

Not enough for anyone else other than the sharp-eyed Shikamaru to notice probably, but enough that he immediately took another drink instead of responding to mask his annoyance.

There was no point correcting the mutt anyway.

Kiba heard whatever the hell he wanted to hear half the time.

Choji nearly choked on his drink beside them while Shikamaru went back to staring out across the lake with him, his body once more relaxing bonelessly beside him.

'...Damn,' Choji muttered. 'That one was kinda harsh.'

Kiba just grinned unapologetically.

Naruto flipped him off by using the middle finger of the hand holding the bottle to scratch an eyebrow.

'Eat shit, Dog Breath.'

Honestly... he should've seen this entire mess coming ever since Ino had shown up at his apartment dressed like she'd been sent to honey-trap his ass.

The woman had leaned halfway across his kitchen counter blinking those beautiful pale eyes at him, while enough cleavage spilled out the top of her shirt to make him fold like a fucking virgin.

A thirty second conversation. Some—admittedly world-class—tits shoved in his face. A flirty, pretty smile.

That was all it'd taken.

Future Hokage of the Hidden Leaf, everybody.

He could *feel* his mentor rolling in his grave.

Pathetic.

Naruto grimaced harder into his beer.

Shikamaru, ever in his corner, apparently couldn't let Kiba's snipe go unchallenged.

'Pretty rich, coming from the guy who got caught sniffing his sister's panties...' he muttered lazily, his lips curved in a smirk around the butt of the unlit cigarette he was chewing.

Kiba's grin vanished instantly.

'That was *one* time, bastard!' he defended himself with all the energy of a man who'd had to do so countless times before. 'And I was just checking to see if she was still fucking that loser ex of hers!'

Realising his loud outburst had drawn the stares of their friends, Kiba's face flushed a brilliant red and he turned away, taking a long pull of his beer.

'And was she?' Choji asked, his gentle, precious soul disarming Kiba enough that he actually answered.

'No,' he grumbled, cheeks still red. 'But she was fucking some other loser.'

The fact that Naruto's face didn't even twitch at the words was a result of countless hours of training with Kakashi-sensei.

One of a Hokage's most important skills was a world-class poker face.

Clearly.

A burst of shrieking laughter from the jacuzzi pulled Naruto's attention away from the awkward moment.

Apparently Tenten and Temari were no longer content keeping the oversized tub to themselves.

More girls had started filtering into the steaming water over the past few minutes, the growing commotion around the jacuzzi steadily drawing the attention of basically every straight man on the deck.

Naruto's gaze drifted toward the gathering automatically, hunching awkwardly as his dick hardened at the sight of the girls' nearly-naked bodies..

Honestly...? Maybe inviting everyone hadn't been a complete mistake...

Especially when, apparently, several of the girls had silently agreed beforehand that this trip's true purpose was seeing who could get away with the sluttiest swimsuits imaginable.

Ero-sennin would be so pissed to be missing this...

Naruto's eyes landed on Tenten first.

The weapons specialist lounged comfortably against one side of the jacuzzi looking completely at ease with the attention around her. Her long-sleeved, zip-up swim shirt covered more skin than the rest of the others' suits combined, but she made up for that by pairing it with the smallest thong Naruto had ever seen, the fabric almost completely disappearing in between the cheeks of that muscled ass of hers.

Honestly, he kept thinking he was seeing bare-ass out of the corner of his eyes every time she resurfaced. He needed to look *real* hard to clarify that Tenten was still, in fact, wearing her thong.

And he looked. *Hard*.

As hard as every other guy did anyway, without making it *too* obvious.

Beside her, Temari reclined lazily with her arms resting along the edge of the jacuzzi with all the shameless confidence of a woman fully aware people were staring at her tits.

Which... To be fair, they absolutely *were*.

Naruto honestly wasn't sure how Shikamaru hadn't suffered a stress-induced aneurysm when he saw what his wife would be wearing out in public... but if you were to look at the man, he looked to not have a care in the world.

The white fabric of her bikini top barely contained anything, soft, jiggly, tan flesh spilling out around the sides of the little triangular cups whenever she shifted in the bubbling water. Not as sharply athletic as Tenten, but still toned enough that it was pretty obvious Temari could still absolutely lug that oversized fan around like it weighed nothing...

While her thong wasn't as daring as Tenten's, it still showed off plenty of that toned ass of hers. Naruto had nearly choked on his beer when he saw her lowering herself into the steaming water.

Honestly, these girls are trying to kill us...

And speaking of... then there was Ino.

Naruto slowly turned to the platinum blonde and swallowed. Because *what the fuck even was that swimsuit?*

Dark purple fabric wrapped around her body in narrow strips connected by crisscrossing strings running all the way down to her pussy, showing off smooth, pale skin, deep cleavage, and her mouth-watering hourglass figure every time she moved. The thing somehow covered everything important while still looking a tiny slip away from a glorious *accident*.

Which was probably intentional.

Ino caught him looking and offered him a flirty smile from across the deck, flinging her hair over her shoulder and posing in a way that had his shorts tightening even more...

Naruto immediately decided the lake looked fascinating again as he tried to calm down his beating heart.

God-damnit Ino...! Not while I'm wearing these tiny shorts...

Unfortunately, he could only look away for so long before his gaze was invariably drawn back again.

Not by Ino though...

Unlike the others, the last girl of the jacuzzi group wasn't actually sitting in the water.

Probably because the loose crocheted bikini she wore would've become borderline transparent and ruined when wet....

Instead, Sakura sat perched along the outer edge with her feet dangling into the steaming water while she talked with the others, moonlight catching softly against pale pink hair kept out of her beautiful face with a headband.

Honestly?

Compared to the others, her swimsuit was *almost* conservative.

And then... she'd move.

The loosely woven material hugged her chest without nearly enough support, every shift of her body sending her big, soft tits jiggling beneath the crocheted fabric enough that Naruto had to physically stop himself from staring like a complete fucking animal.

Which...

Judging by the absolute silence around him...

He might not be the only one...

Naruto slowly glanced sideways.

Kiba... Choji... Even Shikamaru now.

All three of them staring toward the jacuzzi with thunderstruck expressions on their faces.

Karui was standing only a few metres away working the grill in a swimsuit salacious enough in its own right, showing off plenty of dark skin and rippling muscles...

That didn't stop Chouji from staring at the girls in the jacuzzi either though.

'...Dude,' Kiba breathed reverently. 'How the fuck do you let your wife leave the house looking like *that*?'

Shikamaru side-eyed him without even remotely looking concerned. He took a sip of the beer he was cradling before answering in his typical deadpan.

'Tell me you're single without telling me you're single.'

'What was that, smart-ass?!' Kiba barked instantly. 'I'm single by *choice*!'

Kiba looked back toward the jacuzzi after Shikamaru's jab, his eyes dragging slowly across the women packed into the steaming water before he bit his lower lip with all the restraint of a starving wolf spotting fresh meat.

'...God *damn*,' he groaned appreciatively. 'They all look hot as hell tonight, but *Sakura*?'

The Inuzuka let out a low whistle.

'Pinkie's looking *real* fuckable tonight.'

Naruto's grip tightened imperceptibly around his beer bottle.

Kiba either didn't notice or didn't care.

Probably the latter.

'It's actually been a bit since I've hit that...' Kiba mused aloud, gaze lingering shamelessly on Sakura's jiggling chest as she laughed at something Ino had said. 'Wonder if she'd be down for another round while we're here.'

Then the bastard glanced sideways toward Naruto with a goading grin that instantly made his intentions obvious.

Choji frowned immediately.

'Dude... what's wrong with you tonight?' he asked seriously. 'We're all here trying to have a good time. Stop trying to start shit.'

Kiba barked out a laugh.

'What? I'm complimenting a friend. Don't be gay.'

'You're being an asshole,' Choji corrected.

Naruto tuned the rest of it out.

He was good at that. Always had been.

His expression barely shifted as he took another sip from his beer, years of practice forcing his face to remain relaxed despite the uncomfortable twisting sensation low in his stomach.

Because the shitty thing was... Kiba wasn't actually wrong.

Sakura *did* sleep around.

Everyone knew she did.

How couldn't they? She wasn't exactly subtle or shy about it. That was part of what Naruto found so irresistibly sexy about his gorgeous... *friend*.

She was beautiful, confident, and too busy for a real relationship, so when she was horny, she handled it in the most practical way imaginable.

By dragging anyone within reach into bed with her and fucking their brains out. Men, women, sometimes both, it didn't matter.

Everyone *but* him.

And Naruto... he'd spent years pretending it didn't bother him.

She was his dear friend before she was the girl he loved.

That mattered.

It mattered enough that he'd swallowed every ugly feeling that came with watching her leave parties with other people over the years. Enough that he'd learned to smile through the sting of hearing mutuals casually mentioning who Sakura had hooked up with lately... like it was the most normal thing in the world.

Because it *was* normal.

He'd be lying if he said it didn't still trigger old insecurities sometimes though.

That stupid childish part of him that still occasionally wondered why Sakura seemed willing to fuck damn near everyone *except* him.

Maybe she just genuinely wasn't attracted to him that way.

Maybe she *liked* making him feel this way.

Maybe she just enjoyed the power she had over him?

Naruto honestly didn't know anymore.

And if he was being really honest with himself?

He was kinda scared to find out.

Like always, Naruto shoved the unpleasant feeling down where all the others went.

He'd been doing it since he was a kid.

A sharp voice cut through his thoughts before they could spiral any further.

'Oi! Boys!'

Naruto blinked and looked up.

Tenten was leaning against the edge of the jacuzzi spinning a kunai lazily around one finger, grinning toward them.

'Get over here already!' she called. 'Play some Trickshot with us!'

Kiba vanished instantly.

One moment he was beside them, the next he crossed half the deck in a chakra-enhanced blur before dropping into the bubbling water beside the girls with a loud splash.

Naruto snorted quietly into his beer.

'Only an idiot would play Trickshot against you,' Shikamaru drawled as he pushed himself out of his chair.

Then Temari narrowed her eyes at him.

Shikamaru sighed heavily, and with a quietly muttered 'Troublesome,' obediently started making his way toward the jacuzzi anyway.

Tenten laughed triumphantly.

'Oh, come on! I'll go easy on you losers. Where's your pride as shinobi, huh?!'

Choji glanced toward the grill nearby where Karui was still cooking.

'You need help with anything, love?'

Karui looked over her shoulder at him before rolling her eyes fondly.

'Boy, if you don't get your ass in that water and enjoy yourself already...'

Choji grinned excitedly, gave his wife an appreciative hug and kiss, before shuffling over to join the others in the jacuzzi.

'Right.'

Naruto followed behind them more slowly, draining the last of his beer before setting the empty bottle aside.

His stomach tightened unpleasantly when he saw Kiba immediately settle himself directly beneath Sakura where she sat perched along the jacuzzi's edge, the horndog already flashing her that cocky grin of his while openly laying the flirting on thick.

Sakura just smiled down at him in amusement.

Naruto looked away before the sight could bother him more than it already did.

Shikamaru slipped into the water beside Temari while Choji settled himself nearby with a grateful sigh.

Naruto climbed in last.

The heat hit him almost instantly.

'...Fuck,' he breathed quietly as the steaming water soaked into sore muscles he honestly hadn't even realized were aching until now.

The tension bled out of his shoulders immediately.

He had about three seconds to bask in the warm, healing waters Jiraiya had engineered and Naruto had perfected through sealcraft before Ino snapped him out of his reverie by grabbing his wrist.

'There he is...'

Before Naruto could react properly, the platinum-blonde bombshell tugged him sideways through the bubbling water until he wound up seated squarely between her and Tenten instead.

Warm skin pressed against both sides of him, crowding him in the best possible way.

Ino wrapped an arm loosely around his shoulders while Tenten leaned comfortably against his other side, her chest pressing into his arm as she grinned at him over the rim of her drink.

‘Thanks again for letting us use this place,’ Tenten said warmly. ‘Seriously, Naruto, this place is insane. I know it must mean a lot to you—you didn’t have to share.’

He barely had time to feel flustered at the genuine, heartfelt thanks before Ino took over.

‘You’ve officially won best vacation host ever,’ Ino added while casually snuggling closer against his side. ‘I might have to come back some day—just the two of us though.’

Naruto laughed awkwardly at Ino’s flirtatious wink, painfully aware of the amount of soft, nearly-naked woman currently pressed against him from both directions.

‘...Yeah, well, just don’t break anything.’

Across the jacuzzi, Kiba stared at him like Naruto had personally insulted his bloodline.

And then, apparently deciding this was now some kind of competition, the Inuzuka heir ramped his flirting with Sakura up even further.

Naruto’s stomach sank slightly when Kiba’s hand settled comfortably against Sakura’s bare thigh, his fingers fiddling with the tie of her bikini bottoms.

And Sakura... well... she didn’t protest.

She didn’t even seem bothered by the open flirting in front of all their closest friends. She just kept smiling lazily down at him while pretending to listen to whatever boastful shit he said next.

Naruto forced himself not to react.

But he couldn’t stop the ugly little thought that immediately surfaced anyway.

If *he'd* tried putting the moves on her like that?

Sakura probably would've launched him straight into Lake Kagami, no questions asked...

Tenten pulled herself away from Naruto's side just long enough to somehow produce the kunai she'd been twirling earlier from seemingly nowhere. He didn't even sense a storage seal anywhere on her person...

Naruto had long since accepted that weapons specialists simply existed under different laws of reality than normal people.

'Alright!' she declared enthusiastically. 'Let's start with something easy.'

Everyone watched as she scanned their surroundings for a target.

Her eyes lingered briefly on one of the timber support pillars holding up the softly glowing amber lanterns scattered around the deck.

Naruto pointed at her immediately.

'*Don't* put holes in my home.'

Tenten pouted.

'Oh come *ooooon*, it'll add some character—'

'Wanna sleep on the sand tonight?'

The brunette huffed dramatically but relented, her gaze eventually drifting past the railing toward one of the thick tree branches hanging over the opposite end of the deck, grinning when she found her target.

‘There!’

With practiced ease, Tenten flipped a second kunai into her free hand before suddenly launching the first.

The blade shot through the air like an arrow before it embedded itself into the branch with a heavy *THUNK*.

A split second later, the second kunai left her hand.

CLANG.

It collided against the exposed hilt of the first, ricocheting violently sideways before burying itself deep into the trunk of a neighboring tree almost ninety degrees off its original trajectory.

The jacuzzi erupted.

‘What kind of bullshit is that?!’ Kiba barked immediately. ‘How the hell is that *easy*?!’

Tenten turned toward him with an unbearably smug grin.

‘Not *my* fault if you losers haven’t been keeping up with your—’

Before she could even finish the sentence, Naruto lazily flicked his wrist.

A kunai plopped free from the invisible storage seal tattooed on the inside of his forearm before, in the same motion, he launched it in the direction Tenten had, without even looking at his target.

The blade flew through the air just as Tenten's had, striking the butt of her embedded kunai with another sharp metallic *CLANG*, ricocheting sideways almost identically before burying itself into the trunk right beside hers.

Silence.

Everyone slowly turned toward Naruto.

Naruto just shrugged one shoulder and smirked toward Kiba.

'Your turn, Dogbreath.'

His grin widened.

'Or is this too *hard* for you?'

Naturally, Kiba puffed up instantly.

'The fuck did you just say to me?'

The Inuzuka snatched up a kunai and launched it with enough force to probably kill a small bear.

His ricochet wasn't nearly as clean as Naruto's or Tenten's, the angle sloppy and uneven, but after clipping the original blade, his kunai still managed to barely wedge itself into the bark beside the others.

Technically a success.

Barely.

‘...Still counts,’ Kiba declared, defensively.

Tenten snorted loudly.

Naruto only half paid attention after that.

People kept taking turns.

Shikamaru somehow landed his attempt while looking half asleep.

Temari nailed hers first try while openly talking shit to everyone else at the same time.

Ino somehow turned throwing a knife into something flirtatious.

But Naruto’s attention kept drifting back toward Sakura and Kiba no matter how hard he tried focusing elsewhere.

Even with Tenten pressed warmly against one side of him and Ino the other once she’d finished her throw.

And honestly?

The two women felt *really* fucking good against him.

Despite his feelings, it wasn’t as if he could ignore the effect they were having on him.

They were both utterly gorgeous and sexy in their own way. And both were very obviously either flirting or fucking with him.

But somehow it still wasn't enough to fully distract him from the ugly twisting feeling in his gut every time Sakura laughed at one of Kiba's dumbass jokes.

Choji finally became the first person to fail.

Technically.

The throw itself had actually been perfect.

Unfortunately, after ricocheting off the original kunai, his blade clipped one of the others mid-flight instead of embedding itself cleanly into the tree.

The knife spun uselessly off into the darkness.

Tenten immediately shot both fists into the air triumphantly.

'YES!'

Choji groaned, taking Tenten's enthusiasm as a *bad* sign.

'Oh no...'

'Alright!' Tenten announced gleefully. 'Punishment time!'

Her grin turned downright evil.

'Choji...'

She pointed dramatically toward Temari.

‘Go stick your face in her cleavage.’

‘...EEEEEEH?!’

The entire jacuzzi exploded at once.

Choji looked like he'd been sentenced to the gallows while Kiba nearly drowned laughing.

Tenten giggled mercilessly at the reaction.

‘What?’ she defended innocently. ‘We're not kids anymore. If we're playing Trickshot, we're playing for *real* stakes. *Fun* stakes.’

She turned her challenging gaze towards Temari.

‘You don't mind, right?’

Temari didn't even hesitate.

The blonde simply arched her back slightly and pushed her chest forward with a teasing grin on her lips.

‘Nope,’ she said casually. ‘I'm cool with it.’

She didn't even glance toward Shikamaru for his opinion on the matter, as if it was remotely relevant.

Not that Shikamaru seemed bothered in the slightest anyway.

Apparently watching their game from across the deck and noticing her husband's hesitation, Karui looked up from the grill and barked, 'Oh my god, stop being a bitch honey and stick your face in those big titties already!'

The entire jacuzzi broke down laughing.

Even Temari snorted into her drink.

Face completely crimson, Choji slowly inched forward, his eyes looking everywhere *but* where he'd been challenged to stick his face.

Even now, given an opportunity all of his friends would have eagerly leapt at, he was still gentlemanly about it. As if trying not to make this more awkward than it already was.

Which lasted all of half a second before Temari rolled her eyes, grabbed the back of his head and shoved his face directly into her chest.

Hard.

The force of the motion caused her tits to pop free out of her too-small bikini, the sight of them blocked for the others by Chouji's large head and flowing mane of hair.

Naruto's eyes widened slightly. To his eye, that hadn't looked like an *accident* at all. Especially when Temari arched her back and repositioned *just* right so that her nipple also slipped into the big guy's mouth.

Choji made a muffled sound somewhere inside her cleavage that was part alarm, part apology, while everyone else laughed and cheered him on.

The whole thing happened so quickly Naruto doubted most people caught what Temari had done.

Tenten slammed both palms excitedly against the water.

'Hell yeah! *That's* what I'm talking about!'

She pointed dramatically toward Choji again.

'Alright big guy, your turn!'

Choji slowly made his way back towards his seat in a daze, looking as if his soul had temporarily left his body.

His face was still burning bright red when he glanced weakly toward Shikamaru for support.

Shikamaru had both arms stretched lazily along the edge of the jacuzzi now, cigarette finally lit as he stared peacefully up into the perfect night sky. As if none of this chaos had anything to do with him.

'How were her tits, honey?!' Karui asked, still refusing to leave the grill she was dutifully manning.

Rather than answer, Choji melted and submerged himself under the bubbling water, eliciting more laughs while Temari readjusted her tiny bikini. Noticing Naruto's wide-eyed stare, the sandy-blond allowed a soft smirk to grace her beautiful, tanned features before offering him a cheeky wink.

When the hell did everyone get so damn horny?

Had he really missed that much, in his time training to become the next Hokage...?

Or had someone spiked their beer?

Feeling Tenten's hand settle on his thigh under the water—perilously close to his aching cock—while they watched Chouji issue the next challenge... he figured his guess wasn't *entirely* stupid...

Based on the rules of the game, the next challenge fell to Choji. Compared to Tenten's complex ricochet throw, Naruto thought the big guy's challenge looked almost disappointingly straightforward.

Which immediately made him suspicious when Shikamaru fumbled the throw so badly.

The kunai slipped completely wide of the target in a way that made absolutely no sense for someone with Shikamaru's skill.

Naruto's eyes narrowed slightly.

Across the jacuzzi, Temari suddenly looked way too innocent while Shikamaru side-eyed her with a flat stare that practically screamed '*Seriously?!*'

Naruto frowned while the others focused on the upcoming punishment.

...Did she mess with him somehow?

He could've sworn he'd seen Shikamaru flinch right before releasing the throw...

Before Naruto could think about it further though, the sandy-blond simply smirked lazily into her drink while Shikamaru sighed like a man silently accepting his fate.

Since it had been Choji's challenge, that meant the punishment fell to him too.

Which resulted in possibly the most Choji punishment imaginable.

‘Um...’ the giant began awkwardly. ‘Go to the BBQ and eat twenty pieces of yakiniku in twenty—’

‘BORING!’

The protest exploded from several places, followed by more laughter.

Shikamaru looked annoyed at having his easy get-out be so ruthlessly quashed.

Loudest of all of the protesters however, somehow, was Karui from across the deck. She seemed to be paying more attention to the game than the food at this point.

‘Oh, come *on*, baby!’ she shouted while blindly flipping meat on the grill. ‘At least *pretend* that you can read the room!’

Choji turned bright red instantly.

‘I-I was trying to keep it reasonable!’

‘Reasonable is *lame!*’ Tenten declared.

As if summoned by the collective disappointment radiating from the jacuzzi, Karui finally abandoned the grill and sauntered across the deck toward them with a slow sway of her hips and an amused grin curling across dark lips.

Naruto hadn't been paying *that* much attention to Choji's wife that evening. Not because she wasn't attractive enough to deserve it... but because she wasn't hanging out near the woman he was *actually* interested in.

But seeing her properly *now*?

Naruto swallowed hard.

At some point she'd ditched the loose cover-up she'd been wearing earlier, leaving her in a bikini somehow even *smaller* than Temari's.

Which honestly shouldn't have been physically possible.

Tiny scraps of teal fabric clung desperately to her dark skin, barely covering her modesty in a way that had Choji blushing like a schoolboy every time he looked at his wife. Not only was the top a pair of itty-bitty triangles that barely covered her nipples held together with string, but the bottoms were equally tiny, only *just* covering her pussy lips while the waist straps rode high on her hips.

What made it somehow even hotter though was her complete nonchalance, despite being so completely and indecently exposed amongst friends.

The Kumo kunoichi stopped beside the jacuzzi and planted one hand on her hip while surveying the group like a disappointed teacher.

'Y'all suck at this, stop pussy-footing around,' she informed them bluntly.

Kiba immediately pointed at her.

'THANK YOU.'

Karui ignored him.

Then her crimson eyes slowly drifted toward the grumbling Shikamaru, a dangerous grin spreading across her face.

'Troublesome...'

Rather than pay his protestations any heed, Karui pointed to Tenten.

'Go and suck on Bun's nips for five minutes, or until she cums.'

'Hell yeah!' Kiba cheered while Ino, Sakura and Temari laughed at the dismayed expression on Shika's face. Tenten, rather than letting them know she was totally fine with the challenge with her words, unzipped and shrugged out of her top, shaking her shoulders enticingly when her perky tits were exposed.

Before Shika could offer a weak protestation, he was launched across the jacuzzi by his wife's powerful leg.

'Make me proud,' Temari teased with a wicked grin.

Tenten had one arm resting out along the rim of the jacuzzi and the other wrapped around Naruto's shoulder, her cheeks flushed and her breath coming in excited pants.

'Come on Shika, show me what you got!'

'Ugh... whatever...'

Realising it would be easier to just get it over with rather than bitch and moan, Shika showed a surprising amount of enthusiasm as he lent forward and took one of Tenten's pebbled nipples into his mouth, amidst the cheers and whoops of his onlooker friends.

'Nnh, yeah, that's good,' Tenten moaned, uncomfortably close to Naruto's ear as Shika went to town, like a lazy bum who knew the quickest way to get out of this obligation was to do as good a job as possible.

A sexually charged silence settled over the jacuzzi, only the gently burbling of the water and Tenten's soft moans breaking the quiet.

Everyone was so focused on the way Tenten writhed against Shika's mouth, their eyes glued to her form as she moaned, that they didn't notice Kiba standing up and whispering something into

Sakura's ear. The pinkette didn't respond to whatever he said other than to bite her lip as the loudmouth slipped away into the house, unnoticed by everyone but Naruto and Sakura herself.

Seeing he'd caught the byplay, Sakura offered him a helpless shrug before, after a short delay and an apologetic smile, she quietly got up and followed after Kiba inside.

Naruto's guts churned with angst as the girl he loved followed after the loudmouthed douchebag into his *own* house.

And he very much doubted they both had the sudden, simultaneous need to go to the bathroom.

'Yes, yes, *nnnnh*, almost there...'

Without anyone noticing, Naruto made a hand sign under the bubbling water and summoned a shadow-clone over on the other side of the deck, one disguised as an innocuous toad.

It had one instruction. To find and silently observe Sakura.

His guts churned harder, knowing what his shadow clone would find. Paradoxically, he was both excited and dreading what the memories would reveal...

He was snapped out of his brooding thoughts as Tenten moaned directly into his ear, a shuddering orgasm causing her body to tremble in its release.

Her nipples must be really sensitive...

Shikamaru backed away as if he'd been burnt, doing the absolute minimum and no further as the others cheered on Tenten's pleasure.

If anyone else noticed Sakura and Kiba's absence, they certainly didn't mention it. Everyone was still focused on the game and eager to get to the next round.

A round Ino lost. Handily. A more blatant act of self-sabotage he'd yet to see, her pebbled nipples poking through her daring swimsuit perhaps hinting that the blonde bombshell was starting to feel left out... and *excited*,

Shika was about to half-ass a challenge, but seeing the glare his wife was shooting at him, he let out a sigh and motioned to his better-half instead.

Nodding in satisfaction, Temari turned to Ino and Naruto and gave them both a wicked smile.

'I agree with Karui. This is all still a little too *tame* for my liking—'

Tame?! Tenten just orgasmed in front of all of us, what the fuck is she—

'Ino. Give Naruto a blowjob.'

Oh...

More cheers erupted, mostly from Tenten and Karui while Naruto gaped at Temari. 'Why *me*?'

Temari shrugged, her wicked grin still firmly in place. 'Maybe I wanted to make sure you were thanked *properly* for letting us use your place? Maybe I just want to see if blondie's skills are as legendary as she claims.'

'Hah!' Ino barked out a laugh, not looking the slightest bit bothered by the outrageous challenge, despite what Naruto had been expecting. 'Watch and learn.'

Naruto kind of froze as Tenten pulled him out of the water to sit on the ledge and Ino tied her long hair back into a high ponytail.

Again, there was a silent, eager anticipation in the air as Ino settled between his legs. A part of Naruto's mind—the overwhelmingly miniscule part still functioning—wondered what the rest of his friends down on the beach thought was happening up here on the deck.

'Well, these need to go,' Ino teased in a sing-song, grabbing the waistband of his trunks in both hands like it was the most normal thing in the world, before yanking them down. Naruto flinched as his hard cock sprang free, earning cheers and whistles from the girls while Choji and Shika watched on with wide eyes.

Naruto only had eyes for Ino though as she kneeled on the bench in the jacuzzi, her pale eyes sparkling with mischief and desire as she took in his throbbing hardness.

When her gaze flicked back up to meet his, he almost melted on the spot from the intensity alone.

'That's a gorgeous dick, *Hokage-sama*,' she purred, her voice like honey. 'I can't wait to worship it like it deserves...'

That... was the sexiest thing any woman had ever said to him. Doubly so given Naruto could tell the bombshell meant it with every fibre of her being

When she nuzzled his thick shaft against her face like a kitten, Naruto's entire body shuddered as if every pleasurable nerve ending had ignited at once.

When she kissed his crown, her hands gently fondling his swollen balls, it was all Naruto could do to not cum on the spot.

It had been... an embarrassingly long time since he'd felt the touch of a woman. He'd just been too busy studying under Kakashi-sensei, with what little free time he *did* have after that being dedicated to training.

Seeing the effect she was having, Ino grinned sultrily up at him and blew gently against his tip, before slowly and sensuously running her long tongue from the base of his shaft, all the way up to his glans.

Whatever remained of Naruto's higher brain functions in that moment quickly evaporated. He'd have collapsed back down against the deck in a boneless heap had Tenten not already leapt out of the water and cradled his quivering body from behind.

'That's so hot...' she whispered directly into his ear, her fingers toying with his nipples absentmindedly while Ino licked him like a popsicle.

When she finally took him in her mouth, swallowing his seven inches down to the base with little effort, Naruto had to bite down on his fist—*hard*—to stop himself from letting out a pleasurable, embarrassing groan of pleasure.

Then... the reflex was taken out of his hands entirely as his mind was assaulted by a sudden influx of foreign memories...

He hopped around the side of the manor, following the sounds of feminine moaning until he stopped below a window where the sounds were strongest.

Leaping up onto the ledge of the opened window, he peered into the darkness and froze at what he saw.

Naruto had had a crush on Sakura for as long as he could remember, and while it waxed and waned with time and circumstances, it was always there, in the background.

He'd always found her beautiful. Her eyes, her face, her hair. It wasn't until they grew older and she matured that that had shifted to a raw lust over her body too. Especially with how she'd matured into adulthood.

And it was that body the clone was greeted with right then, completely exposed as she knelt on the bed, facing the window. His eyes zeroed in on her heavy tits, hanging low and unsupported—not as big as Tsunade or Hinata's, but still big enough that they hung in that teardrop shape he found so hot.

He was transfixed by the sight of them, his mouth watering at how her gentle, rocking motions caused them to sway from left-to-right.

It was as if the boobs had hypnotized him, the effect holding strong until Sakura herself spoke and broke the spell.

'Yesss, yess, good boy, who's a good boy?'

The words were so absurd they couldn't help but break his immersion. Zooming back out of itself, the clone couldn't help but marvel how the sight of Sakura's tits had him missing some very key details...

Namely, the body she was kneeling over, and the ridiculously big cock surging up from it. A cock that very obviously belonged to Kiba.

And the source of his arrogance suddenly made itself painfully obvious in a way that had the clone feeling queasy.

Was that why Sakura had never even wanted to touch him? Because he wasn't hung like a horse? Was it really something so simple and stupid?

He'd bedded his fair share of women, and none of them had ever complained—the opposite, actually. But so many rejections, both implicitly and explicitly, had taken their toll on his psyche.

And seeing how quickly she'd given in when Kiba had put the moves on her didn't help either.

Kiba pulled back his tongue and stopped eating Sakura out, a warning growl escaping his lips at her condescending dirty talk.

Sakura, in turn, couldn't help the breathless laugh that escaped from her lips.

'Oh shut-up, idiot. Who told you to stop?'

Then, as if to emphasise her point and her dominance, she flicked the head of Kiba's huge cock.

Naruto had been on the receiving end of said flicks plenty of times before.

Sakura had learnt well from her mentor. While he doubted she'd used the same force that would normally send him flying in their spars, it was still enough to earn a yelp from Kiba and, rightfully chastised, he went back to eating out the beautiful, grinning woman.

The clone watched with jealousy and arousal as Sakura gasped, cradled her heavy breasts, and gyrated on Kiba's lips. He was mesmerized by the way her body moved, and wanted nothing more than to hop into the room and suckle on one of those big, pink nipples.

Among other things.

This continued until Sakura came with a shuddering gasp, her pale skin flush with desire and glistening with a sheen of sweat—a combination of the humid heat and her passion.

While she trembled from her release, Kiba tried to get up from the bed, but Sakura, even while still trembling from orgasm, forced him back down with a brutal, chakra-enhanced shove. Kiba tried to put up a fight, his canine instincts likely warring with his sense of self-preservation in his desire to mount his temporary mate.

'Stop moving, or I'll flick you again. Idiot.'

That did the trick, and the clone couldn't describe how sexy it was to see Sakura so casually dominate the supposedly "alpha" shinobi so easily.

Kiba would get what he wanted however, even if it wasn't in the way he wanted.

When her body had stopped quivering in pleasure, Sakura shuffled forward along her lover's beefy body until her glistening womanhood was pressed against Kiba's oversized head.

'Is this what you want...?'

Rather than impale herself immediately, she held the head of Kiba's dick against her soaked lips. Lips that spread obscenely around his hardness but never fully swallowed him whole—despite the increasingly desperate dog-nin's best efforts.

'Stop teasing me!' Kiba gasped, and the clone took a little satisfaction in how pathetic he sounded. 'Put it in! I know you love my big dick! I remember! Stop playing!'

The clone froze then. Not at the words, even if they had felt like a kunai to the guts.

No, he froze because, before she answered, Sakura's gaze wandered and those gorgeous green eyes locked unerringly on the toad sitting conspicuously on the window sill, staring directly at the rutting shinobi.

'You're not wrong...'

Pinning the clone with her molten gaze, Sakura bit her lip to muffle an amused smirk before impaling herself on Kiba's oversized cock. A deep, guttural groan slipped from her lips as she sank as deep as she could go, all in one, smooth movement.

'Yessssss—!' Kiba groaned as Sakura's warm tightness enveloped him.

Sakura gyrated her hips when she'd taken Kiba as deep as he could go, held him there for several moments—no doubt butting up against her cervix—before slowly rising, her body shuddering in bliss as he made the reverse trip.

After getting used to his size, Sakura leaned back and balanced herself on Kiba's chest and spread her planted legs wide, allowing the clone an unobstructed view to her fucking, and how her body jiggled with her movements. It was both insanely hot and cruelly devastating at the same time—especially since he'd somehow been caught red handed and, rather than stop, Sakura had decided to let him watch.

To let him see how much she loved to fuck.

How much she apparently loved huge cocks.

And to realise how he'd just never compare.

Despite how much the knowledge hurt, he couldn't look away. He sat there on the sill, watching as Sakura's bouncing grew more urgent, her cries increasing in intensity as her second orgasm drew near.

Kiba came before she did, his dick visibly pulsing as it disgorged cum directly into Sakura's womb. She ignored it though, her pussy becoming a sloppy mess as she raced towards her own pleasure.

'Oh fuck, oh fuck, yes, yes, so big, so good! Nearly there, nnh, nearly there!'

Kiba was out of it at this point, with Sakura basically using him as a flesh dildo as she chased her own high.

When she finally came, her body froze, locked up, then she screamed as her climax hit her like a tsunami.

The clone watched her body seize, then start to tremble uncontrollably with her release.

When Kiba finally slipped out of her, a river of cum followed soon after, soiling both her lover and the sheets below. The clone couldn't take his eyes off the mess her pretty, perfect pussy had become.

How soiled and ruined his Sakura now looked.

But he was pulled out of his voyeuristic fugue state when unexpected movement out of the corner of the clone's eyes snapped him out of it.

Sakura's hand, a delicate, manicured finger pointing up and wagging side-to-side in admonishment.

Looking up, Sakura was smirking at the clone again, pinning it with her electric gaze.

Mouthing the words “naughty boy,” she slowly pulled a senbon out of her hair and, with a blur of movement, the clone’s short life came to an abrupt end.

The clone’s memories flashed through Naruto’s mind in an instant, the entire, debauched, devastating scene slamming into him all at once.

Rather than killing his buzz however, it had the opposite, more embarrassing effect.

With a strangled cry, Naruto instantly came in Ino’s eager and willing mouth, ending his incredible blowjob prematurely and mistakenly cementing her mythos as a legendary cock-sucker.

Very much to her delight.

Naruto excused himself after that with a lie about needing to use the bathroom, partly out of embarrassment, and partly to sort out his turbulent thoughts.

He’d watched Sakura before—as much as it shamed him to admit it. He’d never been caught though.

At least, that’s what he’d always thought.

Did she always know...? Is that why she thinks I’m such a pathetic loser...?

The thoughts made him sick with feelings of guilt and shame.

Laying in his bed as the party outside continued on into the night, Naruto wondered how he’d ever face Sakura again. How could he ever face her again with the knowledge that she’d apparently always known he was a disgusting pervert?

He was brought out of his brooding thoughts by a gentle knock at his door.

A weird feeling passed over him at the sound. Trepidation mixed with hope.

He was terrified it was Sakura coming to beat his ass, but hopeful at the same time because it meant she'd no longer be fucking Kiba, the loudmouth proving that while he might have some absurd equipment to be proud of, his stamina... less so.

'Come in...'

It wasn't Sakura.

It wasn't even one person. His head was so messed up, he'd somehow failed to even sense that.

Ino let herself into his room, still dressed in her outrageous swimsuit, looking around and whistling appreciatively at the decor.

'So *this* is where you disappeared off to? Can't really blame you...'

Before Naruto could reply, they were joined in the room by Tenten, who slipped in and shut the door behind her.

His mouth went dry at the sight of her.

At some point, she'd apparently lost her swim shirt and was just casually walking around in nothing but the tiny thong she'd been wearing, her gorgeous, athletic body and perky tits completely exposed.

'Woah, nice digs Naruto!'

'W-what are you two doing here?'

Ino, who'd been casually circling the room and taking in some of the art on the wall, spun on her heel and grinned sexily at him.

'Well, I wanted to make sure you were okay. Obviously! You're not the first guy to be embarrassed by my *legendary* technique!'

'I wasn't—' he started, but thought better of it. The truth was somehow even *worse* for his ego and self-esteem.

'Shhh,' Ino cut him off regardless, with a finger on his lips. She was suddenly so close, kneeling on his bed with her finger pressed to his lips. 'It doesn't matter...'

Tenten, with a tipsy giggle, knelt on his other side and offered him a similar smirk.

'You can't just run off when two hotties are flirting with you, dum dum! Consider our feelings too!'

'Exactly,' Ino purred and Naruto was getting whiplash bouncing his head from left to right. 'That was *very* rude of you...'

Wait... is this... are they serious?

All doubt was wiped from his mind when Ino pulled back, stood at the side of his bed and, with a shimmy and a sexy nibble of her bottom lip, slipped completely out of that eyecatching one-piece.

As good as she'd looked in it... she looked *much* better out of it. She was softer than Tenten, her boobs bigger with the perfect amount of sag, capped with nipples so pale they almost blended into her skin tone.

'Oioi, my boobs might not be as big as hers, but I'm proud of my body too, you know! Don't ignore me!'

Naruto had to wrestle his gaze away from Ino's curvy body at Tenten's pouty reply, but he was glad he did. She'd stood on his other side and turned her back to him. Naruto watched, his mouth feeling like it was full of cotton wool, as she bent at the waist and slid that tiny thong down those powerful, muscular thighs.

She... that's the best ass I've ever seen. Even better than Hana's...

'I think he approves,' Ino giggled from his other side and Naruto yelped when the springs compressed on his bed and he felt two heavy, soft boobs press into his back. 'Think you can handle two horny sluts tonight, *Hokage-sama*?'

Naruto was dizzy with desire, but before his brain could shut down from overstimulation, he managed to speak and, miraculously, not make a complete fool of himself.

'On my own? Probably not...'

Despite the situation, Naruto managed a devious smirk as both women visibly deflated at his words.

'Good thing I'm never alone, eh?'

For half a second, both Ino and Tenten blinked at him in confusion.

Then Naruto's hands settled into a familiar seal and their eyes widened in surprise as the room was enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

Sheets rustled. Bedsprings compressed. The girls yelped. The air filled with laughter and startled curses as shadow clones appeared all around the bed.

Each one wore the exact same cocky grin.

Each one was equally naked and as hard as steel.

When the smoke finally began to clear, Ino was staring wide-eyed at the small army of naked and eager Narutos surrounding the mattress.

Then, very slowly, her expression shifted into something heated.

‘...Okay,’ she breathed, her excitement bleeding into her tone and turning it husky with desire, her pale eyes cloudy with lust. She scanned each clone—biting her lip as she beheld each of their leaking, ready manhoods—before turning back to Naruto with a heavily lidded gaze. ‘This... this *definitely* works for me...’

Tenten, meanwhile, looked absolutely delighted.

The weapons mistress muffled a delighted squeal as a clone settled in behind her, dropped to its knees and cupped her muscular ass in his hands, spreading her cheeks so he had a clear view of her delicate rosebud. Another sidled up to her and started giggling perversely and plucking at her dark, pebbled nipples—clearly remembering her sensitivity from the earlier display with Shikamaru.

‘Oh, I’ve *definitely* fantasized about *this* before...’

Naruto grinned as chaos and delighted squeals immediately erupted around him.

Maybe tonight wouldn’t be so bad after all.

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The following morning, Sakura strolled barefoot across the shoreline with an iced coffee in hand and sunglasses perched atop her head, pleasantly sore in all the right places and already feeling more relaxed than she had in *months*.

The lake stretched endlessly before her beneath the soft glow of the morning sun, gentle waves rolling against the pale sand while a cool breeze carried the scent of fresh water and pine through the air.

Most of the others were still asleep after the previous night's fun.

Sakura envied their ability to do so. Years of training her body to wake up at the crack of dawn didn't go away just because she was on holiday.

Even if she'd spent most of the previous night getting her insides rearranged by Kiba's huge cock.

Though, even with only a couple hours of sleep under her belt, Sakura still felt more rested and at ease than she had in *ages*.

And as for sleep, well, she intended to do plenty of that on one of the many loungers she'd spotted the previous day.

Speaking of, her eyes drifted further down the shoreline to where she remembered them being until she spotted Ino and Tenten already sprawled out on a couple of said loungers, right near the water's edge.

Sakura snorted softly and quietly approached the giggling duo.

Ino had apparently swapped out her scandalous one-piece for a tiny orange bikini that covered the absolute minimum possible while technically remaining "decent." The little scraps of fabric did almost nothing to protect her modesty and her pale skin glistened with a mixture of tanning oils and sweat.

Beside her, Tenten had apparently decided modesty was for cowards and was simply sunbathing topless in nothing but a black thong, utterly shameless as she stretched out beneath the warm rays of the morning sun.

Honestly, Sakura didn't even know why Ino bothered tanning in the first place.

Neither of them had ever really bronzed properly.

They typically just boiled like a couple of lobsters after a few hours in the sun. If it weren't for healing chakra repairing the damage to their skin, a beach—or lakeside, as it were—holiday was anything *but* ideal for them.

Tenten though?

Tenten somehow managed to come back every summer looking even hotter than before.

The brunette looked up first as Sakura approached and grinned lazily over the rim of her sunglasses.

'Morning, slut.'

Ino turned next, a slow smirk spreading across her face.

'Well, well, well... look who finally decided to crawl out from Dogboy's kennel.'

Sakura rolled her eyes in exasperation, but she couldn't quite hide the proud smirk that crept onto her beautiful features.

'Oh *please*,' she scoffed while dropping her bag on the sand and plopping down on one of the empty loungers beside them. 'If *anyone*'s gonna be crawling out of *that* room after what happened last night, it's gonna be *him*.'

The two sunbathers burst into peals of laughter at the mental image her words conjured.

'Kiba not live up to his reputation then?' Tenten asked with a lazy grin after getting control of her mirth.

This time it was Sakura's turn to chuckle. 'If by *reputation* you mean the size of his *you-know-what*? Then yes. He's huge. *And* he knows how to use it. Been a while since I've been that stretched... or cum that hard...'

Ino looked downright delighted.

'You sound smitten,' she teased in a sing-song.

'Hardly,' Sakura replied with a derisive snort as she made herself comfortable. 'He's a good fuck, nothing more. I don't think I could ever date someone that made me want to cave their face in every time they opened their mouth...'

Tenten snapped her fingers and pointed to Sakura with waggling eyebrows. 'And *that*, babe, is what *fuck-buddies* are for.'

'You're not wrong,' Sakura agreed with a sigh before reaching down for her coffee.

The girls looked at each other and giggled before Sakura took another sip of her refreshing drink, enjoying the easy, peaceful atmosphere and the lingering warmth still buzzing pleasantly through her body from the night before.

Then her eyes slowly drifted between the two women again.

The smug smiles.

The lingering, knowing looks.

The suspicious marks on their previously unblemished skin.

The thoroughly satisfied energy radiating off both of them.

Sakura narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

‘...Why do I get the feeling I'm not the *only* one that got lucky last night?’

Ino and Tenten looked at each other... then both immediately dissolved into hysterical giggling like a pair of giddy teenagers.

Sakura blinked, not having expected such a reaction to her question.

Is that why they're so giggly this morning...?

Tenten covered her mouth while trying and failing to stop laughing.

‘Oh babe, you've got *no idea* how right you are...’

Ino groaned dramatically into her forearm, her other hand slipping into her tiny bikini bottoms to cup her pussy directly.

‘Lucky is right...’ she sighed dreamily. ‘Seriously... who knew that knucklehead had *that* in him?’

Sakura froze.

‘...Knucklehead...?’ she repeated slowly, her eyes widening when realisation struck her like a bolt of lightning. ‘*Naruto?!*’

Her gaze snapped back and forth between the two women in disbelief as the mere mention of the blonde's name brought on twin sighs of content.

‘Wait... *both* of you?!’

Ino smirked while Tenten merely stretched languidly on her lounge without the slightest hint of shame.

'Yeah,' the brunette admitted casually. 'And honestly? We probably still could've used an extra hand.' She let out a low appreciative whistle as she gazed off blanky into the distance—no doubt reliving a pleasant memory. '*Phwoar...* been a while since I've been fucked *that* good.'

'I've *never* been fucked that good,' Ino corrected with complete certainty, sounding genuinely proud to admit the fact while smiling dreamily at a memory of her own.

Then the blonde slowly lowered her sunglasses and stared thoughtfully out across the lake.

'...Seriously though. How the hell is Naruto still single?'

Something strange twisted low in Sakura's stomach at both the question, and the look in her best friend's eyes when she asked it.

Tenten snorted beside them.

'You can have him,' she said lazily. 'I'm way too horny to settle down anytime soon.' Tilting her head sideways, she lowered her sunglasses and regarded Ino with a teasing grin. 'Though if you *do* land him and ever need an extra hole to help distract that beast, give me a call. Seriously.'

Ino barked out a laugh loud enough that it startled nearby birds into flight.

'Oh god, don't tempt me.'

Sakura stared at them both, her mouth agape, still trying to mentally process the image of *Naruto* with either of them, let alone *both*.

Her Naruto? *Really?*

It felt... odd. Especially when she tried to match the image she had of the knucklehead in her mind—that of a dirty, peeping, somewhat hopeless pervert who'd been up to his usual antics the night before—with the image of this *lothario* that the girls were now painting.

This is so... unexpected...

And for some reason she couldn't properly explain, the thought of Ino seriously considering Naruto as *boyfriend-material* made something unpleasant churn faintly in her gut.

Weirdly, in a way that *years* of dating Hinata *never* had.

She couldn't explain why either.

Nor did she particularly feel like going through the introspection necessary in that moment to puzzle it out.

Sakura took another slow sip of her coffee while trying to casually push the odd feeling aside.

'...Honestly,' Ino continued while biting her lip and absently tracing a delicate finger over the nipple trying to poke a hole through her bikini, 'he's sweet too. Genuine. Funny. Kind... and do you know rare it is to find a guy that'll go down *after* fucking you?!

'Does it count when it's one of his clones?'

'Of course it does. He gets all their memories, remember? How else did you think he mastered our bodies so quickly?'

'Mmmn... what a broken *jutsu*...'

'Tell me about it!'

The twisting sensation in Sakura's stomach deepened.

She really didn't like hearing them talk about Naruto like that.

Which was ridiculous.

Obviously.

She just... couldn't say *why*.

Sakura wanted to let out a pained groan.

This trip was *supposed* to be relaxing... an excuse to unwind with friends and stop thinking about work or any other stress inducing thing for five *goddamn* minutes.

And now she was forced to deal with some kind of weird, uncomfortable anxiety that was suddenly curling around in her chest the longer Ino and Tenten gushed about Naruto.

Her Naruto.

She still couldn't believe it.

Sakura forced herself to relax back into the lounge and shoved the feeling down firmly where it belonged.

I'm overthinking things...

That had to be it.

And yet...

No matter how much she tried ignoring the uncomfortable sensation that hung around like a bad stench, it stubbornly refused to go away.

And Ino's dreamy little smiles every time Naruto got brought up certainly weren't helping.