

lemonzsaUCE

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called lemonzsaUCE.com where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies – like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance costs, please feel free to visit lemonzsaUCE.com/donate to make a small offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.

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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

**DRINKING DOCTOR
WOODEN DRAGON**

(A Naruto Fanfic)



Synopsis

Following the Menma incident, a stressed-out and overworked Shizune is tasked with preventing another scandal from ruining Konoha's standing with the other Great Shinobi Nations.

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Drinking Doctor, Wooden Dragon

A Naruto fanfic by j.j. scriptease

A loud rap rattled the door.

Shizune woke up with a start, pulling her face out of a sea of paperwork. She grumbled, both at the stiffness in her neck and the inconsiderate sod who'd dared interrupt her sleep. It was bad enough she only got four hours on a good day.

Between managing the Hokage's finances, babysitting her pet pig, heading Konoha's Medical and Mental Health Departments, and co-captaining international negotiations, Shizune barely had a minute to take a breath. What more could the village demand of her?

Another rambunctious knock grated her nerves. Someone really wanted to go flying off the Hokage Rock this morning.

"I heard you the first time!" Shizune rose with a shriek of her chair. Massaging the back of her neck, she jerked the door open. "What do you want?"

"Sh-Shizune-sama..." The Leaf shinobi on her doorstep stammered into a bow. "Apologies for my intrusion but the Hokage has requested your audience with the utmost urgency."

"Now?" She scratched her side whilst fighting a yawn. What could be so important? "Tsunade better not have lost Tonton again."

The messenger stifled a chuckle. "Not this time. I'm afraid the matter at hand is much more pertinent. The future of the Hidden Leaf Village is in question."

"What?" That did sound serious.

"The Hokage hasn't been generous with details. She and Yamato await your presence in -"

"Yamato is here?" The sound of his name sprung her wide awake.

Ever since he'd been designated ANBU, he endured long, quiet stretches away from the village, away from her. Lately his missions demanded the utmost secrecy, not a peep was to touch anyone's ears outside of a select few high-ranking officials and of course the Hokage herself. So married to his duties, Yamato avoided sharing details with Shizune despite being happy to share her bed on many occasions. As the Hokage's right-hand woman, she understood the importance of protocol better than anyone, but still...

Would it have killed him to give her a heads-up before his return? Her first time seeing him in over six weeks and she looked a right mess!

"Uh, yes. Captain Yamato is here," the messenger said, ignoring her tidying her bob of dark hair. "He returned in the early hours after receiving a distress call from Lady Hokage at midnight."

Distress call? Shizune was starting to feel as though she'd slept through the start of the Fifth Shinobi War. "Well, we better not keep them waiting then." She adjusted her kimono and bustled right through the messenger.

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Indeed, Yamato had returned, Shizune was happy to report. They stood across Tsunade's desk after acknowledging one another with courtly nods. All business, at least in front of the Hokage.

A stoic expression camped on Yamato's rigid face, ever the natural at concealing his true self and projecting consummate professionalism, the picture-perfect poster boy for the ANBU. Trained by Hiruzen and adopted by Tsunade, he'd been moulded into an exceptional talent and built quite a reputation for himself.

The Hokage had always been wary about mixing business and pleasure, concerned it could blow up in everybody's faces spectacularly, but she trusted Shizune enough to bless her assistant dating her adopted relative, provided they'd conducted themselves accordingly and never brought her office into disrepute. And in turn, Shizune respected the Hokage enough not to jump Yamato's bones on top of her desk – not right in front of her anyway. She took a leaf from her stoic partner's book and played it cool.

“As of last night, the Hidden Leaf Village has been expelled from the Allied Shinobi Forces,” Tsunade announced.

“What?!” Yamato and Shizune exclaimed together.

“Kumogakure is not in the least bit pleased with the ‘Menma incident,’” Tsunade continued, “which saw devastating destruction, threatened to plunge the entire world into the dark ages and claimed the life of their coveted jinchūriki. Once it was uncovered the Masked Man behind the chaos was Menma – one of our own – the Raikage’s been adamant Konoha should bear full responsibility for all the trouble that ensued.”

“He can’t do that!” Shizune slammed her fist on the table, nearly dropping a frightened Tonton from her arms. “Someone needs to tell that pompous megalomaniac to get off his high horse. Konoha suffered the brunt of the damage and Menma acted on his own. The Raikage can –”

“Shizune.” Tsunade silenced her with a calm wave of her hand. “It can’t be helped. The other great shinobi nations sympathise with Kumogakure. The treaty’s been ripped to shreds.”

Yamato furrowed his brow. “What does this mean? Surely they can’t all be planning to declare war on Konoha?”

“Honestly, I don’t know.” The air became still and solemn. Shizune trembled with rage as she struggled to contain herself. Treacherous bastards. All of them! Before she could air her grievances in a not-so-polite way, the Hokage offered some respite. “The situation is dire, but not beyond repair.”

Shizune and Yamato waited with bated breath.

“I reached out to the Mizukage,” Tsunade explained. “After much back and forth, we concluded negotiations on fair ground – as fair as we could possibly hope for under the circumstances. The Hidden Leaf Village will be reinstated to the Allied Shinobi Forces *if* we can demonstrate our capacity to prevent a homegrown threat like Menma from breaking out again. In addition to that, we’re to pay a hefty fine to the coalition.”

“No way.” Shizune shook her head. “With all the reconstruction expenses we’ve reserved for the village, we’re way below the red-line as it is. No nation is going to lend us money once word travels that Konoha’s been ousted from the Allies. We simply haven’t got the budget to settle their demands.”

“We’ll find a way,” the Hokage insisted. “If we look into the books closely enough, I’m sure there are opportunities available to reallocate funds. I’ll help you. Hell, we’ll print our own money if we have to. We’re out of options, Shizune, do you understand?”

Did Tsunade seriously imply circumventing the national treasury? “Loud and clear,” Shizune said, aghast.

“What about their other demand?” Yamato raised the issue. “What kind of demonstration is going to convince them we can contain future threats?”

“Ah, glad you asked. That’s the reason I called you here.” Tsunade pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose. “Mokuton.”

“Mokuton?”

“It’s proven effective in trials at restraining the Tailed Beasts’ chakra –”

“But Lady Hokage, those are only trials –”

“I realise that. Which is why I’m assigning you the duty of mastering senjutsu. You’re our only candidate proficient in Wood Release, and if you can unlock the potential of senjutsu chakra, it will further bolster your abilities. You’ll be able to contain any bijuu that poses a threat. Once we demonstrate that to the four Kage, Mei has assured me they’ll sign a new accord welcoming Konoha back into the fold.”

“I see…” Yamato mused, slowly coming to terms with the entire village’s safety resting squarely on his shoulders. Although he didn’t show it, Shizune knew the torment brewing in his head. He never complained. A soldier through and through. “How long until the Kage Summit?”

“Thirty days.”

“Only a month then,” Yamato said, flatly.

“I know it’s a tall order,” Tsunade admitted. “But I also know what you’re capable of, Yamato. I have no misgivings placing my complete faith in you.”

“Thank you, Hokage-sama.” Yamato bowed. “I’ll do my best.”

“I’m certain. I suggest you begin at once. You’re dismissed.”

Yamato nodded at Tsunade, then Shizune before heading out with his orders.

Poor guy, thought Shizune. What an unfair burden to carry. She was already thinking up ways of lightening the toll.

“Shizune.”

The Hokage’s assistant jumped, only realising she’d been staring at the door long after Yamato had departed. “Tsunade, I – I, er, I guess I’ll get started diving right into the books.” The sooner she attended to her duties, the sooner she could attend to him.

“Just a minute.” Tsunade stopped her from leaving and waved her back in. “There’s something else I’d like you to do for me.”

“Anything, Hokage-sama.”

“We’re in possession of a Senju Scroll which will help Yamato greatly in the task set before him. Currently Minato and Kushina Namikaze are working hard on unlocking the seal. Once they’re successful, I’d like you to deliver the scroll to Yamato. You’d know better than anyone else where to find him.”

Fair. Shizune nodded. “Yes, Hokage-sama.” She’d been planning on catching up with Yamato anyway; this just meant their private reunion might happen a little sooner. “Anything else?”

“Actually, yes,” Tsunade said, but stalled with the details. She took off her glasses and rubbed her tired eyes. Whatever was on her mind cost her at least a few hours of sleep.

Shizune couldn’t fathom anything more stressful than the circumstances surrounding the Hidden Leaf’s predicament. “What is it?”

Tsunade put her glasses back on, took a deep breath and then laid it to her straight.

“Rock Lee was caught wearing Hinata’s bra and panties again.”

“…”

“Hinata would’ve beat him to death if Neji hadn’t been there to pull her off. But of course, Neji was only there because he’d been spying on her himself moments before she pounced on Lee.”

A large sweat-drop trailed down Shizune’s brow.

“Sasuke then came to the rescue before Hinata could beat Neji to death,” Tsunade recounted the details that were passed on to her. “When Hinata pushed Sasuke aside, his league of fanatic schoolgirls considered it a heinous attack. They jumped into the fray targeting Hinata. Needless to say, a brawl of frivolous proportions broke out and spilt into the city, damaging public property and undermining the hard workers’ efforts striving to restore ravaged buildings across the country.”

Shizune sighed, exasperated just hearing about those darned kids. “There aren’t enough leashes in the village to chain all the troublemaking runts.”

“It’s bothersome,” Tsunade agreed. “We’re going to be under intense scrutiny when the Kage Summit takes place. Our reputation has already suffered a tragic blow. We can’t afford embarrassments of any kind in front of the other Kage. The slightest scandal could disrupt proceedings and make them change their minds.”

“Hm, so what you expect me to do? Throw all of them off the top of the Hokage Rock?” Shizune punched her palm, relishing the thought.

“Er, no.” Tsunade laughed nervously at her assistant’s penchant for mass murder. “I just need you to talk to them.”

“What?! Talk to them?”

“You’re the acting chief counsellor of the mental health division –”

“Only because Rin hasn’t returned from the Land of Fire,” Shizune reminded her. “Once she’s through aiding that old, ailing Fire Daimyo she can resume her duties here and tend to the kids.”

Tsunade shook her head sadly. “We’re short on time. The exact date of Nohara’s return cannot be confirmed at the moment. I know asking you to fill in was already a lot to begin with but you were, and remain to be, the best fit amongst everyone available.”

Shizune sighed. “Why did I have to be so great at everything?” That was a lie; she wasn’t great with kids. “What little training I’ve had in psychology is geared towards adults.”

“Which they almost are,” Tsunade pressed. “Try them. No leashes. No chucking anyone off high places,” she warned. “Just good old fashion listening. Get to the root of their issues. Counsel them. I know you’re not keen but we all have to play our parts. We need everybody on their best behaviour.”

‘Not keen’ was an understatement. Shizune could think of a thousand things she’d rather do, including smashing empty bottles of saké on her head. But when Tsunade was in one of her infamous stubborn moves, there was no changing her mind on anything.

“Okay,” she said in defeat.

“Thank you, Shizune. A quick word of advice?” Tsunade offered. “Try to get some rest before you get on with your day. You look out of it. And you’re a little more irritable than usual.”

Robbed of sleep, kept in the dark by her lover, forced to babysit a bunch of bratty and troubled youths; anybody would be more than a little irritable! Still, she forced a courteous bow before walking out –

“Shizune.”

What now?! Shizune whipped around. Tsunade jerked her head at the noir bundle in her assistant’s arms. Tonton looked up and oinked at her with befuddlement.

“Right!” Shizune chuckled sheepishly. She left the boss’s pet pig on her desk before darting out the room.

Tsunade petted the little munchkin. “Something’s off about her today. You noticed too, right?”

Tonton snorted in agreement.

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Shizune went straight from the Hokage's office to her own, stopping only to order a lower-ranked shinobi (she passed in the hallway) to round up the village's most problematic youths. She waited in her large, bean-shaped armchair.

Yamato's sudden arrival sparked a hundred and one questions, her thoughts as scattered as the paperwork littering her desk. Where had he been? What life-threatening endeavours had the Hokage impressed upon him this time? Did he get hurt? He didn't look it, but then again, he never did.

Shizune remembered one particularly gruesome and punishing mission. They hadn't spoken a word to each other at that point beyond common courtesies, but nonetheless she'd been tasked to tend to the horrors beneath his flak jacket; huge, disgusting bruises, deep cuts and abrasions etched halfway across his torso. If he had limped back to headquarters a minute later, he probably would've succumbed to his wounds.

Luckily for him, Shizune was a talented medical-nin. Her mystical palm technique healed both his external and internal injuries, though the extent of the damage required over six hours of her blood, sweat and chakra. Of course he tried to get up and leave sooner but Shizune wouldn't have any of it, forcing him to lie still and take his treatment like a man; she'd felt like his mother coercing him into eating vegetables. It was for his own good. The whole village knew he was a tough guy; he didn't need to act like it in the face of life-threatening injuries.

Once he resigned himself to the fact she wouldn't let him go anywhere until he was stitched up and in full working order again, Yamato stunned her by sharing details of his personal life. That was huge coming from a man who never even spoke about what he had for breakfast, let alone his hopes and fears. Not that she felt particularly special, merely the only soul in the vicinity when he'd recovered the strength to speak.

Shizune learned about the man behind the ANBU mask that day. Sometimes she wished she never had. Her life had been simpler with one less person to worry sick about 24/7.

An abrupt knock startled her back to reality.

It was the shinobi she'd bossed around earlier. "Shizune-sama," he shouted through the door. "I have Sasuke Uchiha here."

Oh, right. She sat up in her armchair and straightened her attire. Best get this over and done with. "Let him in."

Sasuke strode across the room in a casual gait. He didn't look concerned about being in trouble. She asked him to make himself comfortable on the sofa, kicking an empty bottle of saké she just noticed poking out under the seat.

"Okay." Shizune yawned, pulling out a pen and notepad. "Lay it on me. Let's start with what went down yesterday, shall we?"

Sasuke retold the story Tsunade recounted earlier, only he'd get side-tracked every time he remembered one of his female followers that was there, rambling on about what he liked most about the girl – then only five minutes later, he'd be rambling on about a different one. It took him thirty minutes to tell a two-minute story.

Shizune identified his affliction immediately. Chauvinism. With a side helping of narcissism. At least it would appear so on the surface. Sasuke had practically been disowned by his father, who was both ashamed and fed up of his shenanigans. Fugaku had banished his youngest son from the Uchiha Clan compound, hoping it might inspire him to correct his behaviour. It appeared to have the opposite effect. The lack of close family ties only lent to the lonesome boy seeking affection everywhere else he could to fill the chasm. She recommended a little introspection hoping he'd realise short-lived pleasures would never amount to a long-term solution, no matter how many young women he pursued.

"Hm," was all the response he mustered after minutes of silent reflection. "Thank you for your insights." He plucked a flower from the inside of his shirt and handed it to her. "For your troubles. You're as wise as you are stunning, Shizune. I wouldn't be opposed to a follow-up session. In my private apartment. You do house calls, right?"

"Er –"

"You don't have to answer now. Sleep on it." He winked.

Sasuke Uchiha walked out of her office as casually as he'd arrived, leaving Shizune stupefied, holding onto his flower with bemusement. She clenched her fist with indignation. Had he even taken her seriously? Tsunade should've listened to her when she said this wouldn't work! On the plus side, Sasuke hadn't given her the impression he'd cause a scene during the Kage Summit. The small victory was good enough for Shizune. She tossed the flower over her shoulder.

“Next!”

Hinata Hyuuga stormed in. She ignored Shizune's gesture to sit down in favour of pacing back and forth, ranting about the 'epidemic of perverts' sweeping throughout the country. The three boys at the heart of the drama hardly made for an epidemic but who was Shizune to argue with a scorned Hyuuga?

Her temper made Shizune's look like a barking chihuahua's and, with Byakugan at her whim, she could be infinitely more dangerous if anyone pushed her over the edge. Shizune weathered the teen's rant without commentary then assured her the perpetrators would get a thorough dressing down. The Hokage's assistant implored her not to do anything and let her handle the irksome boys.

“Fine!” she relented, eventually. “You better not go easy on them either or you'll regret it. If it happens again, I'm not holding back!”

Shizune nodded patiently. “Okay. By the way...” she was almost afraid to make the next suggestion. “You ever considered taking an anger management course? I sense a lot of ill-expressed frustrations stemming from Menma's lack of acknowledgement –”

“What do you know about Menma?!”

“Nothing, I was just –”

“Keep it that way!” She glared at her threateningly. “You focus on those dirty creeps and leave Menma to me.”

Shizune threw her hands up. “Okay.”

Hinata huffed and slammed the door on her way out.

Shizune nursed a growing headache. She'd need more than a single session to diagnose all the issues brewing in that one. As long as Menma and any accompanying females steered clear of the Kage Summit, Hinata wouldn't be a problem. She hoped.

"Next!"

Neji poked his head through the door and glanced around anxiously. "Is she... is she really gone?"

"Yes. Now get in here, you –" Shizune bit back the urge to call him something very unbecoming. Talk about a gross abuse of power; Byakugan was not handed down generation after generation to galvanise peeping toms. "Just come inside. Sit down. Explain yourself."

Shizune almost wished she'd never implored him to. She had to sit through a nervous and stuttering Neji admit to growing urges that increasingly fell out of his control the older he got. An explosion of raging hormones and Byakugan chakra made for a disastrous combination. Her inclination to chastise the peeping tom simmered down the more he spilt his guts. She pitied him.

Shizune advised the randy youth to adopt less intrusive ways of exploring his sexuality, perhaps channelling his pent-up energy into new techniques or offloading his wayward thoughts into a hidden journal. The latter captured his imagination.

"Writing it all down, huh?" After dwelling on the concept for a minute, a lightbulb lit up in his head. "Like in an erotic novella?!"

That wasn't exactly what Shizune had in mind but, "Yeah, sure."

"I like it. I like it." He nodded with deep thought. "Hm, maybe I could..."

'I don't care what you do,' thought Shizune, yawning over his voice as the words drifted to the back of her mind. Maybe she should've taken Tsunade's advice and eased into a power nap before tackling the kids. She found herself paying less and less attention to Neji's ramblings, nodding along in hopes it would end the consultation sooner. Whatever plans he was conjuring up didn't interest her, so long as he kept away from the women's bathhouses and the Kage Summit.

She sent him on his way after making him swear he wouldn't attempt either.

“How many more?” she asked the doorman.

“Uh, six right now,” he counted. “Rock Lee next. Are you ready for him?”

“Give me a minute.” Shizune scoured her office for a drop of saké, but all she discovered were empty bottles in hidden drawer compartments and the back of her book shelf. Sighing in defeat, she plopped back onto her chair, tired and thirsty. But determined. “Okay. Send him in.”

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Shizune studied the rolled-up scroll in her possession. The Namikazes had unlocked the seal round about the time she’d completed her counselling sessions. Hopefully, now, the scroll’s secrets would advance Yamato’s Wood Release techniques and help prove competence to the other great nations. Now all she had to do was deliver it.

Shizune stretched her arms out under the sun and welcomed the open air with a deep inhale. Those kids left *her* feeling like she needed therapy. She’d barely had half an hour to rest her eyes and take a quick shower after being done with them, cleansing herself of the weight of troubled minds. Yamato needed her now.

She executed a sequence of hand seals conjuring a compass made of chakra embedded in her palm. The glowing arrow pointed her towards the woods on the outskirts of the village.

Yamato opted to train in seclusion and a safe distance away from Konoha. So covert was his makeshift training facility, even Shizune would get lost trying to track it down despite having visited on several occasions. They’d worked together on this handy method to help her navigate the woods.

Shizune followed wherever the chakra-imbued compass spun the tip of its needle, trusting the jutsu to differentiate the thick trees as they gradually clustered together and blocked out the sun. After what felt like hours of forest bathing, Shizune happened upon a wood house camouflaged amid tall, sentry-like trees.

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Yamato looked up from his reading as the front door creaked open, one hand poised on the kunai at his hips. A long, slender leg slipped through the crack of the door, peeking out the folds of a midnight blue kimono. Above the entrant's lavender obi, a voluminous chest stretched her mesh top to its limits, cleavage peeping out to say hello. The woman wearing short, jet-black hair met his eyes with solace, as if she hadn't quite been certain she'd find him here. He eased his hand from the kunai.

"Shizune..."

She huffed. "You never told me you were coming. Never wrote. Never came over to say hi. I could've been dead and you would've never known."

He frowned. "I could say the same for me. You understood my line of work when we agreed to –"

"I know, I know. But... it wouldn't kill you just to, I don't know, show a little concern once in a while?"

Yamato considered her words quietly. "You're right. I'm sorry, Shizune. Please know my silence is not from a lack of concern for your well-being. I guess I need to work on balancing out my priorities."

Shizune sighed. Now she felt bad. He'd had enough on his plate without her piling on her own insecurities and selfish desires. She hadn't come here to berate him.

The Hokage's assistant walked towards him, her open-toed sandals creaking on the wooden floor. She placed the invaluable scroll on the table before him. He unrolled the parchment and his eyes grew with astonishment.

"How did you- ?"

"Minato and Kushina's doing," Shizune said. "We all have your back in this."

He stood up and thanked her with an overly formal bow.

“Don’t be silly,” said his lover, pulling him into a hug instead. She showed him she wasn’t as upset as she might’ve come across by clasping the sides of his face and planting a warm kiss on his lips, palms grazing the happuri framing his features.

He clung to her waist. They backed into the table, knocking down the precious scroll she’d just delivered. Their love and passion had been sealed just the same, and now their reunited lips breathed oxygen into a dormant flame. She couldn’t remember the last time she felt this alive. No words could’ve explained how much she’d missed him, longed for him. As they stirred to the rising beat of their passion, Yamato slipped on the fallen scroll, dragging her down with him.

The floor crafted a wooden cot catching them before they hit the ground. Yamato had pulled off the last-minute jutsu without breaking the kiss, demonstrating the extent to which he’d improved his Mokuton already.

He planted kisses down her jawline and along her collarbone before she grabbed a fistful of his hair and locked his lips in another stifling embrace. Only the need to breathe pulled them apart, eventually.

“Now *that’s* how you say hello,” muttered Shizune breathlessly.

He grinned. “I have something for you, too.”

She was stunned. “You do?”

Yamato used Wood Release to form a chair from the house’s timber. He seated Shizune then tucked her into the table. “Close your eyes.”

She complied, excited, bewildered, impatiently curious. His footsteps disappeared somewhere in the house then returned to her seconds later. When he gave her the go ahead to look, she greeted her favourite brand of saké with wide-eyed elation. She almost cried, but jumped up and gave him a hug and a kiss instead.

“It’s from Yukigakure,” he said, pouring them both a cool glass.

“I’m surprised they let you take some.” She gently stirred the golden contents of her glass, appreciating the weight, consistency and sweet fragrance of the brew. “It’s blended from fermented ocheo grains. Rare to find anywhere outside of the Land of Snow.”

Yamato nodded, always impressed with her knowledge of spirits. “Who said anything about them letting me take it?”

Her mouth fell open, scandalised. “You thieving, little smuggler.”

His grin only broadened. “You’re welcome.”

They touched glasses and indulged in united sips. The strong liquor went down so well for Shizune, ice-cold, bitter-sweet falls crashing down her gullet. A rigid, upstanding commander bending the rules and risking his rank to appease her was just about the most romantic gift she’d ever received. It made the saké go down even smoother.

They caught up over a couple of glasses, Shizune furnishing him with details of the Menma incident that nearly destroyed the entire village while he was away. Yamato offered a very measured, very calculated report of his covert operations, cautious not to divulge any more than she needed to know. Shizune came to accept it was probably best of her own safety. And sanity.

Yamato had always been a man of few words but she got the sense he relished in having her as an outlet. She couldn’t learn senjutsu for him, or teach him anything in the way of chakra control that would help, but she lightened the weight Tsunade had thrust upon his shoulders.

“I’m impressed,” Shizune said, surveying the house he’d constructed completely from Mokuton. “You’ve gotten really good.” She recovered the Senju Scroll they had casted aside so flippantly and rolled it up again. “I can’t wait to see what more you can do after going through this.”

“Well, let’s find out, shall we?”

Yamato spent a few minutes reading and practicing hand motions depicted in the sacred scroll. She didn’t know if it was the saké or the lightened atmosphere or something else altogether but suddenly a devious grin stretched across his face from ear to ear.

“I think I’ve got a decent handle on it,” he said. “Watch this.”

Timber-woven tendrils grew out of her chair’s arms and legs, shackling her wrists and ankles. Taken by surprise, Shizune struggled against the binds to no avail as her wooden seat

slid back from under the table and reclined until she lay in a horizontal position. Yamato placed his hand on her suspended ankle, then traced his way up her leg over the kimono, finally stopping at the purple obi tying her garbs at the waist. He undid the sash and rewrapped it around a different part her body: her mouth, using the purple cloth like a gag.

Oh my, thought Shizune. Had the Senju Scroll doubled as some sort of Kamasutra manual too? Somehow she doubted the Wood Release techniques were intended to be used the way Yamato seemed determined to.

Not that she'd complain.

She lay still and silent as his fingers morphed into vines and grew long and far-reaching. His snake-like extremities crept all over her body, tendrils sneaking into the folds of her kimono, down her cleavage and up her bare thighs, spreading tingles across the surface of her skin.

Shizune stirred restlessly as he'd found a way to touch everything under her garbs all at once, the coarse texture of his transformed digits itching at her soft skin. Looking up with quivering eyes, she noted his deadpan expression fixated on her chest.

The vine-fingers evolved from simply exploring the canvas under her clothes to slowly peeling them off, unfastening her kimono. Her dark-blue garments fell open on either side of her body, exposing her to the scrutiny of his eyes. He drank in the sight of her, but wouldn't be satisfied until she lay completely bare, stripping away the band of capsules strapped to her thigh and tearing open the mesh bodysuit constraining her breasts.

His excitement became apparent, if not by the subtle twitch in his facial expression, then by the tent bulging in her peripheral vision.

He balked, turning a shade bashful as soon as he caught her noticing his arousal. Some deep-rooted vestige of his rigorous training under Danzo left him the impression it was shameful to give into sexual desires.

That was Shizune's theory anyway without ever asking him directly about his random withdrawals. She didn't want to embarrass him. Plus, watching him get flustered every time he saw her naked was endearing, especially since nothing else had that effect on his steely persona.

Yamato found a solution in her headband. He pulled it over her eyes.

Suddenly, Shizune was bathed in darkness, her naked body suspended in cool, precarious air. She couldn't predict where the next sensation would come from. Or when. Anticipation itched her skin the longer nothing happened.

A horrible thought invaded her mind – what if a gang of powerful shinobi from Yukigakure had tracked down Yamato for the stolen booze? What if they'd been watching them all this time, waiting for the perfect opportunity to spring a surprise attack? What if that perfect opportunity was now?

Shizune couldn't shake the feeling they were being watched. Her paranoia threatened to run rampant until the familiar sound of someone performing hand seals caught her ear, reminding her Yamato was still by her side.

The jutsu generated some sort of harness that felt like two semi-circular chunks of wood squishing her breasts together, enlarging what were already large mounds of flesh. She could've sworn she heard him gawk.

Then, a drop of something cold and wet landed on her bosom. She shuddered on instinct. More drops. She hissed at the iciness. Her right nipple became the drop zone to a stream of cold liquid – saké, revealed by the strong scent wafting off her bosom.

Warm breath hovered over her right breast, subtle blows rousing titillating shivers that raced across her skin, her heart pumping in her ears. His mouth swooped down to claim her waiting nipple. She moaned against the gag as her erect nub was sucked into his orifice. He released it with a satisfied moan.

“Definitely tastes better on the rocks.”

Shizune's tickled response to the quip was muffled by her sash.

He licked her areola clean, his tongue circling her nipple, mopping up spilt saké. A pop echoed through the wooden cabin every time he unlatched his chops from her bosom. Her left nipple stood just as tall as her right, practically waving for the same attention. He doused it with saké too then lapped up the glistening liquor as it trailed down the slope of her large breast.

Being blinded must've heightened her sense of touch. Shizune found herself much more receptive to every peck, lick and nibble of her saké-coated breasts. Yamato enjoyed himself all the more, carelessly spilling profuse amounts of the rare and expensive beverage all over her tits. If she wasn't gagged, she might've complained about it.

With her breasts all but lathered to the extreme, he performed a jutsu that pushed the wooden brackets closer together, squeezing and protruding her bust some more.

Saké seeped up her cleavage, pooling in the little indent at the base of her neck, sending chills to the back of her throat. The saké also seeped in the other direction, a golden stream filling the tiny tub of her belly button. He followed the trail with his mouth sucking the liquor off her navel, tonguing the little pool at her core before climbing his way back to her breasts, still drenched, still dripping down the sides of the chair-turned-table.

Shizune wriggled, struggled to contain herself as he closed his lips around her navel, then drew the saké out with loud, slurping noises, ending with his face nuzzling into her tummy affectionately.

He must've performed another jutsu because suddenly she felt the harness around her chest loosen and begin to move up and down on its own, rubbing her fleshy tits together as they glistened with the yellow coating of pristine saké. This time he licked her from the crest of her flooded cleavage downwards, moaning in ravenous delight as he lapped up every drop his tongue could reach, relishing the hint of breast sweat mingling with the liquor.

He unmouthed her after drinking his fill. She heard him take three steps back. Her chest heaved from a rise in body temperature. She expelled hot air from her nostrils.

More hand seals –

SWOOSH. SWISH. SWOOSH. SWOOSH. SHWUUP.

The wooden board beneath her jolted. She flinched. Suddenly, it felt as though she was levitating in the darkness. She ascended a short altitude before her body inclined forward as a force tilted her into vertical orientation. The binds on her wrists moved upwards, extending the full breadth of her arms before locking them into place with a loud clunk. Her legs remained straight and slightly parted.

“Shizune...” His voice floated into her left ear. “Thank you for coming and delivering the scroll. All of this feels amazing.”

She couldn't tell if he was talking about his newly mastered techniques or the softness of her body as he ran his fingers all over her naked canvas. Either way, she was here for it.

His next set of hand seals saw the wooden contraption tilt her forward in mid-air until the front of her frame hovered parallel to the floor. The board at her back disappeared. She dropped. Then stopped with an abrupt jerk as a jungle of vines held her up in mid-air, bound around her waist, joints and ankles. The binds kept her arms behind her back, parted her thighs and raised her shins into the air.

The obi muffled her attempt to speak. Yamato pulled it out of her mouth and a huge breath tumbled out immediately. “What is all this?” She panted.

“Are you enjoying it?”

Under different circumstances, being blinded by her headband and hung several feet into the air by vines would've garnered a resounding 'hell no'. But Shizune couldn't help nod at her predicament.

“Good,” Yamato said. The sound of his voice was followed by a loud zip. Then the ruffles of trousers falling to the floor. “Open your mouth.”

Even though she couldn't see, and blood rushed to her upside-down cheeks, Shizune obeyed to the best of her ability. A strong hand lifted her chin, lining up her open mouth before she felt something strong and rigid invade her orifice.

His precum chased down the saké. He held her head up by a fistful of hair and fucked her mouth while she dangled face-down. Lewd sucking noises squelched over his grunts, spit dribbling from the corners of her mouth as he reached the entrance of her throat. Shizune took the face-fucking like a champ, enraptured by the inner beast of a man she'd never known for unpredictability. At this rate, they'd have to have another Kage Summit to prove Konoha could contain *him*.

Yamato unplugged her mouth to a huge exhale. Before she could wonder where his footsteps were going, she sensed him emerge between her parted thighs. He grabbed her waist below hoops of supportive binds then rammed into her from behind.

A carnal cry ripped through the cabin.

He'd saved his best *wood* technique for last, thought Shizune, as her pussy was hammered harder than a nail in his workshop. Her body rocked in suspended air, her swinging breasts flicking remnants of saké. Her blindfold slipped a little every time her head jerked forward until it fell loose altogether. Squinting against the sudden light in the cabin, she looked over her floating shoulder just in time to catch Yamato's face twist with immeasurable pleasure.

A hot blast of cum filled her to the brim. His dick twitched a couple more times before wilting inside her then slipping out, a thick stream of white following too.

"I can't believe that just happened," Shizune said, as she tied the obi back around her kimono.

"I guess I got a little carried away." Yamato laughed while zipping up his pants.

"No. I liked it. Who knew getting to know you better would be so much fun?"

He smiled. "Thank you, Shizune." Allowing him to practice helped build his aptitude for Wood Release. "I definitely feel more confident about the Kage Summit now."

...

The Raikage scribbled his signature beneath the other four Kage's.

Tsunade sighed. A wave of relief swept through the room, filling the Konoha shinobi with renewed hope.

"Very impressive." A squeezed Yamato's shoulder in a crushing grip that was supposedly reassuring. "But just because your little demonstration went off without a hitch earlier, don't think you can rest on your laurels."

“He’s right,” the Tsuchikage said. “While it’s a great victory to have Konoha back in the Allied Shinobi Forces, we can ill afford to have any more Earth-threatening mishaps –”

CRACK!

The tiny, old man keeled to the side in agonizing back pain.

Shizune stifled a laugh. She wasn’t one to take delight in others’ pain but this bunch had put them through the ringer in the last thirty days. The least they could do was welcome Konoha back without the backhanded commentary. At least Mei was nothing but congratulatory and Gaara’s silence was of peaceful accord.

Shizune and Yamato exchanged a brief glance in which she nodded her own gratitude. And he responded in kind.

“Well,” Tsunade said, tucking the new treaty aside. “Now that we’ve concluded business. Allow me to escort our esteemed company to the gates.”

As they walked through the market, A continued to threaten Tsunade with severe action should Konoha raise further embarrassment. Shizune, making up the rear, balled up a fist wishing she could strike the man down for being so stubborn. So distracted was she, she paid no mind to the Mizukage casually scanning publications being advertised outside the shops in the market. Mei stopped and picked up a particular novel.

“*Icha Icha - Drinking Doctor Wooden Dragon*,” she sniggered at the ridiculous title. “What is this?” She opened the book with amusement on her face.

Mei started reading it aloud. Shizune was chuckling along until she picked up one too many coincidences: the central characters had escaped to a cabin the woods, the woman had an unmistakable penchant for saké and the man was capable of performing Wood Release. The likeliness didn’t go unnoticed by Mei either, who furrowed her brow at the details.

“Hm, kind of reminds me of Yamato...”

“What? No way.” He laughed nervously.

“And, Shizune, aren’t you kind of a big fan of saké-”

“Let me see that!” She grabbed the novel and read the author’s name on the front cover. Neji Uchiha. A look of horror dawned on her face.

“Is something wrong?” The Mizukage asked the red-faced Hokage’s assistant.

Shizune threw the Icha Icha novel on the ground and stomped on it. “Trash! L-l-lies! All lies!”

The Raikage eyed her dubiously. “Why has your face turned into a tomato then?”

Shizune and Yamato ground their teeth in dismay.

Tsunade’s mouth fell agape.

Before she could chastise the pair for being at the heart of a potential scandal, they broke off into a sprint, Shizune screaming death threats towards Neji at the top of her lungs.

END

Author’s Notes: Special thanks to a faithful reader for this fic idea! And thank YOU for reading.

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As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.