

# lemonzsaUCE

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## ... 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](http://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](http://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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*This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Naruto universe, which is trademarked by Masashi Kishimoto. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.*

## WARNING

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*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**

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# **SLIPPERY SLOPE**

(A Naruto Fanfic)



## **Synopsis**

Naruto's quest to get into Sakura's pants lands him in a slippery situation involving the fearsome head of the Hyuuga clan and his unsuspecting daughter.

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# Slippery Slope

*A Naruto fanfic by j.j. scriptease*

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Naruto waited outside Konoha Hospital for an hour and he was willing to wait for another one if he had to. Every two seconds he groaned, clicked his tongue, and asked himself what was taking her so long. He and patience meshed about as well as water and oil. After cursing at no one in particular, his beloved Sakura had seemingly heard his frustrations and emerged from the front doors, gifting him the pleasure of drooling over her perfect body.

Sakura, however, didn't share his enthusiasm, not after being spooked half to death the second she escaped her stressful job. He'd be wise to know his stupid mug wasn't the first thing she longed to see. But he wasn't wise at all; he was an idiot. A horny idiot. Complete with transparent flattery and a slap-inducing grin. She'd heard enough after his first word and smothered his face with her palm. "Not today, Naruto."

"B-b-but, Sakura-chan!" He chased after her. "It's been a whole week!"

Whatever. Sakura felt no sympathy. He thought *he* had a rough week, ha. He should've tried working at the hospital for once, would barely last a day. She deserved relaxation, not a whiny brat rattling in her ear.

Sakura tried to throw him out of her head. The young medical-nin envisioned her feet slipping into a hot bath, her body cradled in a sea of playful bubbles, warmth easing her heavy muscles, foam frolicking about her skin, soapy fragrances cleansing her nasal pathways and washing out the stench of hospital. The fantasy brought a smile to her lips. And then Naruto's blabbering burst her bubble.

"Sheesh!" Sakura massaged an impending migraine. "Teenage boys and their raging hormones. You're worse than all the clichés, Naruto. You can't even last a couple of days. I wonder if that thing inside you has anything to do with it."

"It's not the Kyuubi. It's you... you're so damned sexy, Sakura-chan."

“Nice try.” She scoffed on the outside, beamed on the inside. If there was one thing she never doubted about her bed buddy, it was his readiness to worship the ground she walked on.

Even as he glided alongside her, she could feel his gaze focused on her chest, blatantly undressing her with those wily blue eyes, licking his chops at the imaginary taste of her nipples. She loved being admired, lusted after even, and she remembered the first time she let him peel her shorts down; he’d creamed his pants before his prick got anywhere near her, a disappointing night, if not for the giggles it provided in hindsight.

These days he was still just as eager to probe her; the only difference was he didn’t cream his pants prematurely any more, not often anyway.

While an oblivious Sakura mused in her own world, Naruto took a deft step closer, eyeing those scrumptious lumps at the back of her black skirt. Jeez, the way the crinkles outlined her tight ass with every step...

It had been far too long since he’d seen it bare... sweaty... bouncing off his pelvis as he rammed her senseless from the back. God, he really needed to stop staring before he did something stupid...

“Argh! Naruto!”

Too late.

She seethed as he stood there stupidly with an incriminating handful of ass cheek. Her elbow plunged into his ribs, doubling him over. “Baka! I told you not to do stupid things like that in public. Control yourself, damn it!” What if people saw? What if they thought she and him were together? She preferred to avoid the centre stage of frivolous gossip.

“I’m sorry. No one was looking, I thought if I could just get one squeeze...” She shot daggers his way, daring him to finish that sordid sentence. He swallowed his words. Better to walk away with bruised ribs than broken ones. “Dunno what came over me. How about you let me make it up to you?” He winked.

Sakura rolled her eyes. Sometimes his ‘never give up’ attitude could be a double-edged sword, and she’d end up getting the wrong end of it.

He promised to move the heavens and the earth if she agreed to come back to his apartment. Her answer was short.

No.

Naruto attempted to entice her with more over-the-top propositions. Still no, no, hell no and not in your wildest dreams.

She found sweet revenge in shooting down his offers without even listening to them. The poor boy wanted her so badly. Honestly, denying his pleasures affected her too; even though they weren't an official couple, it wasn't like she sought relief from anyone else, and judging by the way he always came back pining for her sex, she was dead certain he wasn't 'getting some' from anywhere else either.

In a weird, self-serving kind of way, his desperation stirred her loins. There was simply no fun in making things easy for him. She would reap the greatest rewards when she finally spread her legs and he pounced like a depraved tailed-beast, ravaging her through all hours of the night and morning. Mmm, yes... playing hard to get was definitely worth it, every single time.

Naruto finally came up with a simple yet sensible suggestion. He offered her dinner. Was that going to be the winner? Seemed kind of bland, but her growling stomach was very agreeable. Not to mention, after all the hospital food she forced down lately, a change was well overdue. "Hm, maybe..."

"YES!" He pumped a fist in the air.

"Hold on! Under one condition." She smiled sneakily. "You have to pay for everything."

"That's it?" He hauled her wrist and made a beeline for Ichiraku. Sakura was taken aback, although she shouldn't have been surprised by his desperation. She could already imagine all the deplorable things he'd do to her before the night was over...

Naruto thrust two fingers in Teuchi's face. Supposedly, the gesture signified a double order the owner was already familiar with, but Teuchi hadn't leapt to serve his most loyal customer, drawing a hiss from the agitated jinchuuriki. "What gives, old man?"

“What gives?” Teuchi hissed right back at him. “I’m going to have to see some proof of payment *before* you make an order.”

“What?!” he roared. Sakura thought it was unfair to change the restaurant’s customs out of nowhere, until Teuchi brandished an unflattering parchment of numbers that rolled onto the floor and out of the restaurant’s main entrance. Naruto’s current tab. The blond ninja rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. “Fine, fine.”

He opened his toad wallet; the amphibian spat out nothing but dust balls and age-old bats that took flight. Both Sakura and Teuchi face-faulted.

“You’re broke,” Sakura said, flatly. “That’s too bad, Naruto. I was really looking forward to tonight, too. Oh well...”

“No, wait!” But nothing short of a money-making jutsu would stop her from leaving. Naruto grabbed the owner’s shirt in frantic fists. “Please! Just this once! One last time! You don’t know how badly I need this! Please!”

Teuchi shook his head. No can do. “It’s that kind of attitude that got you in this mess in the first place. How am I supposed to run a business with you running my profits into the ground?”

Sakura disappeared, not bothering to look back as she waved him off. “Bye, Naruto.”

Suddenly, the world turned pitch-black, and a spotlight shined on Naruto kneeling with his arms spread out, questioning the gods he officially hated as rivers of tears gushed out of his eyes. “Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyy?”

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Hinata’s strike grazed past her opponent, again, catching nothing but a single blond lock. Not fast enough. She was better than this. But lately, she’d struggle to hit a crawling target, let alone keep up with one that could strike her back.

Frustrations marred her technique, bearing an embarrassing number of openings that would’ve got her killed at least a dozen different ways if not for her opponent’s mercy. The

adversary circled around another sluggish attempt and kicked the back of her knees, bringing her down. Her opponent's kunai glinted an inch from Hinata's face, iron reflecting a pair of trembling lavender eyes. Dead. Again.

"Maybe we should take a break," Ino said. She sounded bored at winning.

"No!" Hinata shot back up and resumed her pose. "I mean, please. Let's continue."

Concerned, the blonde gave a reluctant nod. Hinata came at her again. Full force. But she was ready. Even with the advantage of Byakugan, the Hyuuga found herself sprawled out on the earth within seconds. Again. *Please stay down*, thought Ino. As the stubborn girl tried to find her feet, a sharp pain shot through her shoulder. Ino rushed to her side. "Hinata, are you okay?"

"It's nothing." Except trying to roll her shoulder evoked a wail.

Hinata's persistence annoyed Ino. "Jeez." Wanting to prove yourself was one thing, but her body couldn't take much more of this, no matter how much she pretended otherwise. Granted, Ino didn't presume to understand the pressures of being a Hyuuga heiress. All she could do was offer her medical expertise. After feeling around the girl's back and shoulders, assessing her reactions, Ino came up with a fair diagnosis. "It's not that bad. Your muscles are just really tense. How often do you train?"

"Every day... and night," Hinata said, ashamed to admit it.

Ino sighed. "You gotta give your body time to recover. It's so obvious. Anyway, come with me." She helped her back up. "Luckily for you, I know exactly what you need."

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Hiashi couldn't shake off the feeling he was making a huge mistake. "I don't know about this..."

The boy on the other end of the desk refused to take no for an answer. "Trust me," Naruto said. "I mastered the Resangan on my own! A job like this will be a piece of cake."

Hiashi had always taken careful consideration hiring workers. There was a reason he preferred to employ Hyuugas for the *Hyuuga Massage Parlour*. The Byakugan had its uses outside battle and enemy detection, one of which was the ability to see the chakra circulation system in individuals. It was easy to pinpoint areas where chakra flow was disturbed or blocked, ensuring customers received the most effective handling possible, the reason the Hyuuga Massage Parlour outclassed its competitors. And this boy was no Hyuuga.

Naruto couldn't let the man discourage him. "C'mon, give me a chance." He really needed the money. The prospect of a second night cavorting with his pillow did not appeal to him.

Not only was he not a Hyuuga, the boy claimed no experience in this field, and if Hiashi hadn't been unexpectedly shorthanded this morning, the interview wouldn't have lasted half as long. The villagers said good things about Uzumaki Naruto these days, but when Hiashi looked into his eyes, he could still see glimmers of the little brat who terrorized Konoha with inane practical jokes. Nonetheless, he was the first to turn up and offer to fill the vacancy, and his passion and willingness to learn was undeniable; that had to account for something surely?

"Alright, listen well. You're not my ideal candidate for this position," Hiashi said. "But I'm going to give you a chance. One chance. If you prove yourself, I may consider making it permanent."

"I still get paid even though it's just a trial, right?"

"Yes."

Naruto leapt for joy. Hiashi dropped a heavy book on the desk, bringing him back down to Earth. "You are to go through all the material thoroughly, understand?" Naruto nodded furiously. "And remember, the number one rule in customer service."

"The customer's always right?"

"The *boss* is always right." His icy tone paralyzed Naruto. The only thing scarier was the stony glaze in his eyes. "If you bring shame to the Hyuuga name in any way, you won't live long enough to tell anyone about it."



Naruto gulped. “Y-y-yes, sir!”

“I’m glad we understand each other. Now, I may not always be on the premises, but remember this, boy, I’ve got eyes everywhere. Get to work.” Naruto rushed out of his seat, only to be stopped at the door. “Forgetting something?” The man hinted at his desk. Naruto realised his mistake, embarrassed.

“Right!” He went back for the training manual then scurried off.

Naruto found a quiet place to gather his wits, clutching the manual close to his racing chest. What a scary man. Before today, he had no idea the Hyuuga dabbled in the massage business. It didn’t seem like the type of thing for such a serious family. Granted, it wasn’t exactly his type of thing either.

*The things I do for pussy...*

He almost fell asleep reading the first page of the manual. How he hated books with more words than pictures! All that reading was nauseating and unnecessary. How hard could it be to rub someone’s back? He was only there for the paycheck, not to become some sort of massage therapist extraordinaire. Rather than bore himself with the details, he flipped through the pages, stopping only to glean what he could from illustrations.

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“And here we are,” Ino said, presenting the Hyuuga Massage Parlour.

“You really think a full body massage is exactly what I need?”

The blonde shrugged. “It’s a start. And not a bad one if you ask me. This place offers some of the best massage therapy in the whole country. Talking from experience here.” She winked. “They’re real professionals. I’m surprised you’ve never been here before, being a Hyuuga and all.”

Hinata laughed shyly. “I guess it is strange...”

“Anyway, you should go in.”

“But, Ino, I’m not sure about this. What if it doesn’t work?”

“Then we’ll try something else.”

“But –”

Ino grumbled. “Stop it! You’re such a worrywart. That’s half your problem right there. Worrying all the time can lead to stress you know. I want you to promise me something. When you get in there, you will relax and enjoy your massage without saying a word.”

“But what if –”

“Not a peep!”

Past experience told Hinata there was no winning a battle of the words with Ino. “I promise...”

“Wonderful!” Ino wrapped an arm around her shoulders and guided her towards the entrance. “Trust me, you’ll love it!”

Surprisingly, Hinata enjoyed the room’s ambience. The generous enclosure was sealed off by white shoji panels embellished with illustrations of peaceful trees, providing a rather homely feel. A small pool of crystal-clear water and a tall flowering plant perpetuated the cleansing atmosphere.

She ran a finger along the massage table, approving the pristine and padded surface, very inviting. The kimono they provided slipped off her body with silky ease. She folded it neatly before laying chest first on the table. The surface felt cold pressing against her naked body but the longer she occupied the position, the less of an issue it would become.

Despite the staff reassuring her the room and everything that happened in it would be completely confidential, she was uneasy about leaving herself so exposed, and quickly covered her back and posterior with the white towel available. She settled into the face cradle, so comfortable she could fall asleep. She felt better already. Maybe Ino was right.

*Alright*, thought Naruto, rubbing his hands together. The trial was on. He’d just been assigned his very first customer and was itching to show the boss what he could do. Hey, if he got a bonus, that could be *two* nights with Sakura-chan!

The recruit entered through the fusuma, bursting with enthusiasm, until he saw the *female* body awaiting his hands. What?! No one warned him girls were potential clients!

Of course, it was common knowledge, but the manual only showed pictures of men! What a stupid assumption on his part. Still, it wasn't a deal breaker, not like he'd never seen a girl's body before, even if it had only been one, excluding magazines. Apart from the initial shock, he was confident it wouldn't affect his performance. It couldn't. Not if he wanted to see the light at the end of Sakura's tunnel.

He hovered his hands over the laid-out client, taking in the challenge before him. It was probably better he couldn't see her face. Nothing worse than a good pair of eyes criticising a first-timer.

Midnight-blue tresses flowed over the towel across her back, leaving glimpses of her sides and shoulders. Moving lower, he noticed a marked hump on the southern path, and knew better than to linger in that trap for a moment longer than necessary. The towel ended where the thighs began; long, creamy legs streaming in two tantalizing columns, merged closely together as if wary of giving anything excessive away. Her skin was clear and immaculate, just a shade richer than the pure white lain on top of her.

Naruto wiped his brow. *Oh boy.*

He'd been standing there contemplating his first move for so long she was probably wondering why he hadn't done anything yet. "Uh, starting now," he mumbled incoherently. She must not have heard him considering her response was silence. No matter. It wasn't her job to entertain him, quite the opposite if anything, and besides, he didn't know if it was advisable to talk to clients without their invitation, lest his voice be deemed annoying. It wouldn't have been the first time he received such gracious compliments. No, rather than risk being marked down, he'd conduct his business in silence, a true professional.

Now only if he knew where to start...

What did that damn book say again? Great, useless when you had it, useless when you didn't. Shoulders seemed like a conventional place to start. He took a deep breath and rubbed his palms together again. *Alright, here we go.*

He lowered his hands with a tremble. *Damn it, Naruto, easy, easy!* The tip of his tongue stuck out the side as he tried to steady his anxieties. *Calm down, easy now, easy...*

He panicked.

First contact couldn't have gone any worse. In his awkwardness, he pressed down too hard, then pulled back apologetically, panicked, realised he was doing it all wrong, more panic, tried again, squeezed her shoulders too firmly, panicked again, lightened his touches, panicked when he figured she could feel how shaky his hands were, damn it, panicked, and then panicked he was panicking.

After retreating for a deep breath, Naruto reconsidered his strategy. Maybe he should do it like in the movies. So cool, and easy. He turned his hands into butcher knives and chopped up and down her back. It was one way to trump the wobbly nerves. Oh yeah, much better, for him at the very least.

He swapped his hands for elbows, grinding into the small of her back, hoping he was hitting some sort of sweet spot beneath the hair and towel. Seeing as she'd yet to utter a word, he could only postulate favourably.

Hinata's eyes were wide as though she'd been staring at a horror flick for too long; right now, she would've probably preferred that. The thumps and drumming on her poor back would leave her in worse condition than when she got there. Goodness. She'd been better off lying on her own before this clumsy assault.

Although, it would've been premature to write off the practice on account of getting an inexperienced masseuse. For every bad one like hers, there had to be three good ones, she reasoned, just a matter of bad luck – another series of karate chops struck her – *extremely* bad luck.

Nonetheless, Hinata hadn't the heart to disparage anyone for trying. She liked to think of ways she could help them improve. Ino made her promise to lie there and enjoy it, but seeing as she wasn't, did that give her adequate ground to renege on the deal? She felt bad for the amateur. It was painful how hard was he trying. Perhaps, rather than tell him what to do, she could give him an indication whenever he did something right; that way, she'd be sticking to her promise while simultaneously aiding the inept.

Naruto dabbed the sweat on his brow. Phew. He was sure he'd done an absolutely splendid job on her back. Why, she must've been so relaxed she'd fallen sound asleep like a baby. Okay, back to the shoulders.

Now that he'd been familiarised with the prospect of personal contact, he found the tremor in his hands had all but steadied. He worked his way up with more confidence, clenching higher up her arms in small doses until he reached their rounded corners, and clasped around the smooth skin. A gentle squeeze awarded him his first moan, well, more like a murmur, a sound of approval nonetheless! The cheeky boy grinned, hoping she was strapped in tight.

Even a fool like him could feel the tension in her muscles. Heavy lifting? Strenuous boss? Ninjutsu? She could do with less of whatever it was, lest she spend all her savings coming to places like this to soothe the consequences. He owed her his gratitude though, not criticism. One way or another she was dropping coins in his pockets. What better way to say thanks than alleviate a little bit of that stress, hm?

Naruto turned it up. His adventurous hands glided over her shoulders, sampling the naked skin lining her collarbones. She murmured a second green light. He was getting better at this.

The budding masseuse manoeuvred beneath her hair, and targeted her supple nape, brushing his thumbs below her hairline. His fingers were brash against her tender skin, aggressive, commanding her relief. The webbing between his thumbs and index fingers pinched on the delicate flesh at the base of her neck and shoulders, eliciting a groan, low and drawn out this time, confirming he was on the right track.

He was in cruise control, but the friction was starting to slow him down, burning at his palms. The obvious solution kicked him up the rear. He fished the bottle of massage oil from his back pocket.

Gently parting her locks aside, the pale surface of her upper back rose to prominence, barren and tense. The faint outline of her shoulder blades disappeared halfway into her towel. A little different to Sakura, he noted, who looked slightly bonier in the same area. Also different was the tiny, brown freckle on his client's right scapula. Cute, he thought. Cute enough to distract him into spilling copious amounts of massage oil between his fingers.

She drew a sharp breath as the cool liquid surprised her skin, the icy goo drooping down her spine, provoking a shudder. Naruto berated his foolishness, but quickly spread the oil, covering up the mishap as smoothly as he covered up her upper back. He dispersed the lubricant across her width and transferred some excess down her arms.

Applying massage oil directly was not the most proficient approach, thought Hinata. Was he making this up as he went along? Nonetheless, her lenience continued; unorthodox or not, her body appreciated any sort of reprieve at this point.

She warmed up to the oil as he rubbed it deep into her shoulders, hands big and strong around her nape, addressing the stiffness with just the right amount of pressure. She hummed genuine gratitude. He heard it as permission to nip the edge her towel.

She felt uneasy as he peeled down her defences, gradually exposing more of her flesh. Her instincts beckoned to seize the towel. Maybe this is what Ino meant by worrying too much. *Relax, Hinata*. She didn't want to overreact; it was supposed to be a full body massage after all, and in any case, he stopped pulling the towel at her waist, proving her concern unfounded.

Naruto tugged the inside of his collar, trying to get some fresh air in the stifling atmosphere. The room wasn't physically hot and yet he was sweating like a desert wanderer.

He set aside his top, certain it would make no difference since she couldn't see him topless in any case. Suddenly so hot in here. Had he become so depraved that the sight of a naked back was getting him all bothered?

He excused himself on account of it being a good looking back. Even from this vantage, he deciphered a fair bit of exercise went into preserving her frame. Her torso took a steep arc as it levelled southward, hips narrowing into the perfect hourglass waist, not a single inkling of excess flesh. Well, not down there anyway; glimpses of suppressed mounds poked out from beneath the sides of her chest. Just how big did they have to be for that to happen...? He gulped and looked away.

With so much skin on display, it was hard to ignore there was a real-life, semi-nude girl on the table, asking to be touched by his hands. But... he couldn't. He couldn't let himself get carried away.

Naruto squeezed the bottle upside-down, drooping long gloops of massage oil onto her spine, and then hushed her whimpers with wide circular motions, ensuring every bit of flesh he could see was daubed in the pale liquid.

His fingers raked up and down her slippery terrain, encouraged by her moans to press even deeper into her lower back. Naruto, who'd once taken delight in hearing her approving murmurs, found himself wishing she would stop. Short and sweet was okay, but he couldn't take any more of her deep, drawn out, sensual purrs. She had no idea what she was doing to him.

As he serviced her lower back, his hands had worked into a conspicuous position just above her hips, clasping either side of her curved handles. He froze at the sight of his hands on a naked waist. And then, all too abruptly, a flashback assaulted his sensibilities...

Oil no longer covered her back. It was water. Somehow, he knew it was warm. Dripping. Droplets streaming down her back and dripping onto the floor. Two sets of bare feet on the slippery tiles. She didn't have to worry though, he held her firm, tightly around the waist. And she pressed her hands on the tiled wall, steadying herself...

He pushed into her. Harder and harder as hot bullets from the shower pelted their faces. Warm, crashing water trickling off their joint bodies. He ogled at her ass as he crashed into it, fixated by his member pulling in and out from below her cheeks, coated in her juices, the juices that dripped with the torrent from above...

The pink-haired girl cried out as he brought thunder to the storm. Her hands struggled to balance on the slippery surfaces about them. The pleasure had thrown her equilibrium out of whack. Nothing but his mitts keeping her up; well, her *bottom half* up; the rest of her had keeled over. He didn't care. He had what he wanted and he enjoyed it ravenously. His fingers dug into her waist, sure to leave marks. He clenched harder. But a hand touched his wrist, and the contact zapped him back to the real world.

Naruto awoke in the same position that had triggered his memory, except he'd seemingly dragged the intensity into reality, his paws clenched around the client's waist ever so firmly. It was no wonder she'd subtly raised her hand to alert him. He was probably hurting her. His hands leapt away, petrified at the imprints.

He suspected the massage was over, predicted she'd get up and storm off, and definitely drop a callous word to his boss on the way out. But none of that happened. She just laid there, not a word, not a peep. Apparently she was in a forgiving mood. Either that or she didn't think it was all that bad. Good thing she couldn't see the other little remnant he'd brought along from the daydream, granted, fear of the potential consequences deflated him pretty quickly.

Lucky to have a job, the blond ninja sighed, and straightened himself out. A part of him would've settled for her walking away. Things would've been less complicated that way. However, Hiashi didn't seem like the kind of man who would pay a dime for only completing half the job. All of this would've been for nothing. Naruto couldn't have that, and the little episode only proved why he needed to see things through so desperately.

He was starting to think maybe the Hyuuga Massage Parlour wasn't the ideal place for a horny teenage boy looking to make a quick buck. Should've settled for mopping floors or scrubbing toilets. Oh well, he'd made his bed as it were, and now he had to lie in it.

Take 2 begged for more caution. He'd start at her feet. What could go wrong?

Naruto knelt down at the foot of the table, levelling his sights with the bottom of her feet. Her soles felt as smooth as they looked, soft as a newborn that had never stepped on dirt, which was more than he could say for his cracked heels. Still not as bad Kiba's though.

The client was of considerably better upkeep than those wild Inuzuka, a small clue in decoding her identity. His hands engulfed her little feet, toes giggling as his thumbs stroked her soles. It was easy enough to satisfy her on that front, but he still had more body to go before he was anywhere near done.

The higher he rose to a stand, the more generous his view became, until her entire legs extended below his direct line of vision. He rubbed together a good dose of massage oil and, resisting the urge to look too far north, applied the solution around her calves. The flesh was muscular yet tender, and pleasant to squeeze.

A little too pleasant, thought Hinata, as the thorough nips climbed past her knees and onto sensitive territory. It was a precarious feeling, being touched so high up her legs. She rarely gifted the sight of her bare limbs in public, and they'd never experienced physical



attention from another. It must've been why her breath hitched when his hands reached midway up her thighs.

Her body reacted in unpredictable ways. As the back of her legs were oiled and pinched, a tingle began to trouble her in the most embarrassing place, a strange discomfort marred by an unspeakable thrill for attention. She almost wanted him to stop before it got worse.

He was only doing his job so why did she feel so dirty? She didn't get the chance to come to terms with the foreign touch before his hands glided further up her legs, drawing a hushed gasp. The tingle was spreading, and her thighs huddled closer together, as if attempting to contain the embarrassment. She'd been so distracted by her own plight, she failed to register her feet had discovered solid ground, or at least, something just as rigid.

In bending over to reach the heights of her legs, Naruto had unwittingly pressed his her soles, realising his mistake when her feet began to furl against his crotch inquisitively. The way her little toes curled at the base of his pants only made things harder.

Understandable? Maybe. Unprofessional? Definitely.

The trainee removed himself from the predicament, taking a more appropriate stance at the side of the table.

He picked up where he left off, pouring more liquid onto those sinuous legs of hers. From this angle, he could better access the space between her thighs; they might've been jammed tight, but they were also drenched in lubricant, allowing his hand to slip right through.

Ever so slowly, his appendage slid towards her knees, and then, languidly, right back up again, his fingers brushing against what had to be the softest skin in the world. He repeated the slow caress several times, and noticed a quiver whenever he crept a little too close to the towel, a testament to her sensitivity, and maybe even a little paranoia that he'd neglect to stop before the apex.

She wouldn't have been wrong for assuming the thought crossed his mind. In fact, in his current condition, it was nothing short of a miracle that Naruto hadn't already traversed

the boundaries of professionalism. Gods knew the tent growing from his trousers beseeched him to glide a hand all the way up her towel and just...

How the hell did all the experts get through this without wanting to mount the table? Were they all gay or just impotent? Naruto's strategy was to imagine his boss's face whenever his hands thought of treading somewhere naughty. Crude, but it worked.

So far.

Of all the areas he'd massaged, Naruto fell head over heels for her thighs, so supple and soft, delicate, and sensitive to the touch. With the hand lodged between her upper legs, he carefully, and cunningly, began to slide the closer limb towards his side, separating it from its sister for special attention. She showed little resistance as the space between her thighs opened up, but when he bent the leg upward about her knee, the edge of the towel climbed a little over her rump, divulging an explicit portion of globular flesh before she hastily yanked the cloth down again.

It didn't matter; his mind had immortalised the glimpse, and he was pretty sure he'd leaked precum the second it blessed his eyes. Despite how much harder the task had become, he tried to focus.

He poured oil on the thigh he'd extracted, placing one palm on the top and another on the underside as his hands synchronized the rubbing motions. His mouth fell agape, amazed at how soft the flesh was, certainly the softest on her body, making *him* groan at the delight of pinching it. His head lolled back and his eyes drifted as the pleasure consumed him.

The involuntary grinding of his crotch against her knee went ignored. So much for professionalism. Fuck, was he horny!

The friction stimulated him in such ways he could probably cum from dry humping her knee while groping her naked, oily thigh. That would be a first. His hands grew more adventurous, particularly the one working her inner thigh, sneaking closer and closer to her core with each rub. Suddenly it was a good idea to test what she'd let him get away with. Brazen in his heat, he slipped a fingertip in the space where her pelvis and thigh converged.

Hinata recoiled, choking on air as the sly digit stroked the skin over her joint. Was this part of the full package or was her questionable masseuse employing his inventive side? She had already let things slide as it were, but this...*mmmmn*...this was treading a thin, highly sensitive line.

The cold, greasy finger tickled her so close to her private parts, so close to the wet itch frothing to be scratched. *Mmm, just a little to the left...* her body was in need, but the excruciating tease withstood the temptation... *uhhhhh*, the ache was killing her.

Her pelvis subtly shifted towards his fingers. Just a little brush, just one, was that too much to ask? Of course it was! What in the world was she thinking? Sweating at the brow, she was embarrassed as her senses returned seconds before she could deliver her most intimate parts into the hands of a stranger.

She sealed her legs once again, and his hands disappeared. Was he offended? Better yet, why did she care? The room turned silent and chills attacked her lonesome body. As she lay there wondering if the massage had come to an awkward end, she sensed the base of the table dip with additional weight.

Naruto planted his knees on the outsides of her calves. Looking down, his trousers pointed at the rounded towel, as if he ever needed further direction. His hands caressed the back of her thighs, but this time, they didn't stop rising at the edge of the cloth.

Exhilaration chequered his breath as his fingers crawled beneath the fabric, tiptoeing up the lush mounds, gently pressing into the soft tissue. *Oh...my...!* Clasped over her cheeks, his fingers slowly constricted, sighing at how her gluteus maximus absolutely melted in his grasp.

He was outrageously wrong about the softest skin being on her thighs. With a deft lift of his hands, the towel slid down his wrists, revealing the luscious buns she'd been so selfishly trying to keep to herself. His member poked hard against his pants, desperate, and his hands trembled violently, enduring severe withdraw symptoms from sex deprivation.

*Damn it, Sakura, look how pathetic you've made me!*

Eager hands over-embellished the client's posterior with massage oil, pouring it like honey over two scoops of heaven. The lubricant glistened on her tush, enriching her creamy complexion as he rubbed it in very, *very* thoroughly.

He grabbed her thighs and shook them lightly, savouring the way the ripples made her petite ass shake. He could gawk at this all day. Obsessed, he forced her squishy cheeks together, and then suddenly pulled away, taking pleasure watching them rebound with a cute wobble. Then he would do it again.

The groping fixation was gratifying, but guilt peeked from behind his shoulder. He tried to bat it away with murky rationale; he was only doing his job, nothing wrong with that! He didn't remember reading anywhere that it was against the rules to enjoy it, granted, he didn't exactly bother reading past the first page.

Technically, touching wasn't cheating, was it? Technically, was it even possible to cheat on someone you weren't with? It was all a slippery slope he struggled to come to grips with.

What would Kakashi Sensei say? The copy ninja's head popped up above one shoulder, *Naruto, if you wouldn't openly tell your closest friends about your actions, then you probably shouldn't be doing them*'. Girlfriend or not, Naruto failed to think of a single way to tell Sakura he'd spent the afternoon oiling up another girl's ass without it ending in considerable pain for him, and that was if she let him limp away with his life.

Even so, his hands would not easily abandon the succulent globes in their possession, not now, not this far in. He needed a better answer.

What would Ero-sennin say? Jiraiya's head materialized above the other shoulder, *Naruto, you're finally starting to act like a man, keep it up!*

Whoa! That pervert! Yet, the man had never made more sense in his life. Especially when lust was doing all Naruto's thinking for him. Even the boss's mug began to fade beyond the red haze.

Hinata was caught in two minds, never having had anyone massage her sensitive ass, so audacious, *mmm*, so good, peppered by the improper nature of it all. It wasn't an area begging for particular attention, but she'd be hard pressed to deny the wonders of his magical

hands, doing her best to swallow the shameful moans as he groped her sensationally. She shouldn't have been so willing to let him carry on.

Hinata closed her eyes and tried to be someone else, someone who could enjoy an anonymous rub down without the guilt, maybe someone like Ino, a little less inhibition, and a little more adventure. An indulgent decision that would soon come to bite her in the ass. Literally.

There was no mistaking the grit of his teeth on her tender flesh, a pinch of pain inciting thrill and indecent pleasures. His tongue swabbed over the bite marks, saliva mingling with the oil, and then his lips clamped down on her before applying a strong suction that pulled her ass into his mouth. A wet, sucking sound popped as he released the flesh.

He paid the same respect to her other cheek, much to her pleasurable dismay. She was afraid to move from her current position, lest he discover the embarrassing wet patch her crotch was sure to leave behind.

This was madness! Unprofessional, crude, dirty, and it needed to stop, but...not yet, she hummed. Hinata reddened as he parted her cheeks wide enough for a breeze to say hello. Oh God, he was looking at her hole, wasn't he? Suddenly, hot breath swooped away the cold, and before she could fathom what was going on, she felt his tongue press down on her anus.

“Ah!”

She covered her mouth, taken aback by her own abrupt cry. Letting anyone see her asshole was mortifying enough and now he was licking it too? “No... d-don't... ah... mmm... uhhhhh...”

Oh, he wouldn't stop. She squirmed but his forearm pressed down on her lower back, ensuring no escape as his tongue circled around her tight ring. A mixture of embarrassment and elation left her short for breath.

He grabbed both her slippery cheeks in tight fists and spread them even further apart before stuffing the bottom half of his face down the centre. His nose rested on her crack and she could feel his hot nostrils breathing in and out, seemingly relishing in her natural scent.

That little deft tongue of his feathered her anus to whimper-inducing effect. His mouth made chomping motions, as if he was scoffing down an extra-large burger, eating her ass out without a qualm in the world, moaning in satisfaction of the meal.

This had to stop. She felt so dirty, and yet her pelvis levitated from the table, encouraging him to get his fill as she rubbed against his sleek lips. He settled her down and doused her ass in more oil.

His finger slid the liquid down her crack, ensuring her anus was well lubricated before he attempted to push for entry. Hinata winced, frightened. It was much too tight. But he rebelled, pouring even more oil over the sphincter, and after much teasing and testing, he pushed his entire finger through the threshold.

Hinata cried out and had finally had enough. She pulled her head out of the face cradle to confront the bodily intruder.

“Na-Naruto-kun...!”

She scuttled away, scrambling to hide herself.

“Hinata...”

Naruto was equally dumbstruck. He hadn't expected a familiar face. It was a comforting development compared to most scenarios he could think of. However, Hinata didn't look any more at ease; if anything, she looked even more embarrassed, bizarre and quirkiest than usual.

He rubbed the back of his head and chuckled nervously, hoping she would follow suit and they could keep the incident between them. She looked too shell-shocked to react. If someone stuck their finger up his butt, he probably wouldn't have been quick to laugh it off either.

He tried to apologize, placing his hands on her shoulders, even though she winced at his touch. Her whole body was trembling. It wasn't that cold, thought Naruto. Slowly, his gaze descended, as if he only realised he was a hair's breadth away from a half-naked girl. One glance at her cleavage and suddenly he was the one speechless.

Hinata was commendably stacked, breasts squished together as she struggled to contain them within the skimpy towel. Naruto's head went to mush and his hand began to move mechanically.

"Naruto-kun... what are you doing?"

His hand froze in midair. "Uhhh, umm, my job, I guess?"

Out of fear of revealing herself, Hinata kept still as he sat on the table behind her. His shirtless chest pressed against her back, broad and encompassing, beating with the warmth that symbolised everything Konoha stood for.

If it were anyone else, she would've bolted for the door. Naruto had a gravitational force about him, something that influenced past foes and admirers alike, something that changed her for the better, forever, something that made her feel safe in his presence, even a little in this situation, as precarious as it were.

Her heart thrashed, threatening to burst through her sternum as he moved her long hair behind her shoulders and brandished the bottle of massage oil.

Hinata watched the gold liquid ooze onto her chest and tried not to cringe at the icy touch. It was even harder to contain herself when he started to move his hand across her upper body, spreading the slick substance from shoulder to shoulder and back again.

The chill seeped into her skin and seemed to have a revitalising effect on her lungs. Or maybe it was her nerves getting the better of her as his hand lowered its horizontal path, grazing the top of her breasts with each sway.

He wanted to go even lower; she could feel the desperation breathing on her shoulder, the craving beating against her back. More oil landed on her chest and Naruto wasted no time fingering the new offering down her cleavage.

Only one digit could fit in the tightly wrapped valley. She shivered as a nippy stream slid through the centre and down to her navel. His fingers glided over the top of her breasts, light strokes heightening her arousal, encouraging her peaks to bristle in jealousy of the attention. She wriggled a little and enjoyed the friction against the fabric.

He seemed to notice her need and summoned both hands to cup her mounds, groping them with more brusque as lust ate away at his patience. Her breath quavered, pleasurable so, excited, and panicked all the same, fearful of losing her towel in the frantic bustle. He only compounded her fret by slipping his fingers into the top, but her taut chest stopped him from pulling it over a certain point, a hindrance he overcame with a rigorous tug.

She could only gasp as her breasts sprung out of the towel, suspended in the open, plump and sturdy, full of life. If being exposed in front of Naruto wasn't bad enough, her nubs had long since stiffened, a reaction she'd be embarrassed to admit had nothing to do with the sudden cold.

Her modesty beseeched her to cover up but he beat her to it, cupping her vulnerable chest in both hands, droning as he squeezed her firmly. On one hand, she was ashamed of her lack of rebuttal, but on the other hand... Naruto-kun was relishing in the spoils of her body.

He doused her breasts in massage oil before slipping and sliding his hands all over her golden globes. She hated the way he played with her drenched nipples, pressing them in like buttons, twisting and plucking, hated how the pleasure stole her voice every time she wanted to tell him to stop. He muttered unspeakable things in her ear; awe at the size of her tits, insisting she loved having them groped and manhandled, insisting he could prove her desire despite her half-hearted resistance.

The shifty masseuse drew a long stream of lubricant on her abdomen and spread a hand over it, down her midsection and toward the private place her towel had come to reside over.

“Naruto-kun... you can't... not there...!”

“Sssshhh... what are you worried about? No one is here except us two...”

He slipped a hand under the cloth, and received a prickly greeting for his efforts. Roaming around her crotch, he mapped a picture out in his mind's eye, a broad, rectangular patch of trimmed curls, black as the hair on her head, he imagined. She asked he vacate her premises, suddenly paranoid of someone walking in, but as far as he could tell, what really frightened her was how much she ached for him to do the complete opposite.



His finger traced between her folds, saturated before he'd introduced a drop of oil, drawing stagers from her lips as he sauntered up and down slothfully. While he teased her sex, her chest provided one or two things to keep his other hand busy.

So huge and soft and slippery. He couldn't get over how big of an upgrade they were to his usual partner in crime. Sakura-chan. Her glare flashed across his conscious for a split second, but he found the more he immersed himself in sin, the further she faded away. "Hinata," he breathed. "I need to see it..."

"Naruto-kun... w-wai..."

He tossed the towel aside before she could utter anything against it. With nothing to conceal her naked form, her thighs slammed shut, granted not even that hid her trimmed hedge from view. Crimson splashed across her face. This wasn't the right place to be doing these kinds of things – not even with Naruto-kun.

And yet the oil continued to pour, rivers upon rivers, a lot more than necessary, spilling down either side of her thighs, and especially between her legs, drenching her pubes in glossy goo. She shivered in good and naughty ways as the lubricant seeped down her heat.

Why did he have to make this so hard?

Nothing could remain watertight with the amount of oil he was using; her thighs began to slip, and once he spotted her fragility, he wedged a finger between the oily flesh. She whimpered as he glazed her entrance, convincing herself the situation was beyond her control. The differing thickness in their fingers became apparent the second he breached her tightness; he filled her more graciously than her tiny digits could ever imagine.

Oddly enough she'd lived this moment before, and often, although her fantasies posed an air of romance about them. Nonetheless, for once she didn't have to pretend her fingers were his. Naruto-kun... was actually touching her inside.

She was so wet he could hardly move without her womanhood making one squishy sound or another. How embarrassing, she thought, but he wasn't complaining, and she had a hard time keeping up with her breath let alone her thoughts as he reached deeper inside her.

“Mmmm... Naruto-kun...” She basked in helplessness, blaming her corruption on him, and yet when he whispered for her to spread wider, her thighs came undone without a notion of that self-righteousness.

Naruto exploited his freedom, jostling a second digit into her wet haven, pleasantly surprised at how difficult it was to stuff in. Sexy the way her sensitive body winced at every stroke and probe. It had been so long since pussy sat in his hand. Too long. She reintroduced him to the warm pleasures sooner than he'd expected. Some things just couldn't wait.

After a leisurely start, his fingers pumped into her with increasing velocity. Her crotch was overloaded with massage oil, and adding her own juices to the mix, the squelches came thick and fast, pussy sputtering in tall spurts, an endless fountain of excitement. She cried out as volumes jetted out of her, splashing her across the face and tits.

He'd been held back from his desires for over a week, but he couldn't begin to fathom how long she'd been holding back to accumulate this much fluid. More and more, it just kept coming! His hand grew tired of trying to fingerfuck her dry.

Lying on his back, he guided her on top of him, straddling her upon his waist. She acted shy but they both knew she was having just as much as fun as he was. Why else would she nod at his request for a tit massage?

And as she bent over, he marinated those magnificent breasts with more oil before she used them to wipe up and down his torso. The supple mounds spread as they flattened against his chiselled abs, smearing the oil with a spongy touch and two little hard knobs that added contrast to the massage.

He went pink with delight. Loved her tits. He caught one in his mouth, nipping more and more as he struggled to gorge down the enormity, swathing his tongue over the erect bud, lapping up the sweet taste of oiled tit. Her whimpers mingled with his overzealous slurps. Having her nipples sucked on drove her to desperation, he noticed, when her prickly snatch jerked sporadically against his midsection, depositing blatant traces of her desire.

Unlike her persona, her body showed no shyness in divulging what it wanted, and yet she held his wrist before he could pull down his trousers.

“We can't... n-not here... if my father found out... Naruto-kun...”

Naruto wondered why she'd bring up her father out of the blue until it hit him all at once like 32 Gentle Fist attacks.

Hiashi!

He had his boss' daughter on his laps clad in nothing but buckets of massage oil. Not only that, he'd already sucked on her big tits and had two fingers dripping with her pussy juice. By all accounts, she was right to worry; forget getting fired, he'd be chucked directly into the flames of hell!

Packing it in and leaving while his head was still attached to his body might've been the wisest thing to do, but he wasn't wise at all. He was an idiot. A horny idiot. "Then we better made this quick!"

"B-but, Naruto-kun..." While she sat there stammering, panicked, Naruto relieved himself off his pants and underwear, allowing his member to spring free and whip her between the ass cheeks.

Hinata wasn't stupid; she knew what it was, but brought her hand round back to investigate anyway, studying the length and girth in strokes unintentionally arousing him. As usual, Naruto impressed her. A bit frightening too. The milestone of holding her first erect penis, Naruto-kun's at that, was cut short as he implored her to stick it in. Stick it in. As if it was that simple to fit something so large inside her, even if she wanted to. Naruto, for one, was willing to try.

He persuaded her to kneel above him as he lined himself up. He could tell she was nervous, and wanted to go slow, but a combination of lust and urgency moved against him. Grabbing the top of her thighs, he hastened her onto his prick, a stabbing sensation that his fingers did little to prepare her for judging by her squeal.

He groaned pleasurably at how her nether lips wrapped around his cock with indescribable tightness. Clearly she didn't get around much. He'd long forgotten the days when Sakura used to be this tight. Hinata made languid movements up and down his shaft, familiarising herself with the fit, leaning back and growing more comfortable, and confident, even if she'd yet to look him in the eye, rather intrigued by the sight of her pussy being filled beyond what she knew.

The sight transfixed Naruto, too; it presented a vantage he rarely ever fucked Sakura in. He spread her legs open despite her blushes, creating an uninhibited view of her pussy progressively swallowing more of his length. Her pink sex looked so neat and tidily put together, if not for the massive cock splitting it up the middle, labia stretched obscenely to accommodate his girth.

Weeping in ecstasy, she bounced her ass on his crotch, and the oil on her thighs meshed down on him, elongating strings of goo with every squishy squat. Well, this massage went downhill pretty quickly. Hiashi had warned him against doing anything to ruin the Hyuuga name; he was doing him one better in ruining the actual thing. Naruto didn't know what had gotten over him but the risk of his boss barging in on him screwing his daughter only fuelled him on.

He stood at the foot of the table before pulling her by the calves. She spread her legs, all but abandoning her shyness in hopes of being filled once more, suddenly addicted to cock, he smirked. Like him, she was too far-gone to respect reason.

He pierced the horny girl, eliciting a cry as her slick folds welcomed him again with a warm embrace. Naruto had arranged this position for better control, although it didn't make gripping any part of her body easier. Maybe all the oil was overkill, he mused.

After fumbling around her slippery waist to no avail, he found success in hooking her knees over his elbows and pulling her thighs past the edge of the table, ass hovering in mid-air. Clutching her as firmly as the oil allowed, he pounded her little cunt to more devastating effect, connecting the bridge to her elusive g-spot.

She wailed. He grunted.

The sound of flesh smacking flesh reverberated in the parlour. Wet thud after wet thud after wet thud. She was well oiled and he was a machine.

He wondered if Sakura would think twice about holding out for her own amusement if she could see him screwing the living daylights out of a ready and willing Hinata. Her glistening tits bounced and rolled about as he pummelled her tight snatch relentlessly, driving her to a toe-curling orgasm soon before sensing his own climax banging at the door.

His sack could not hold a week's worth of celibacy one second longer. She yelped as he yanked her thighs and embedded his entire length in a sharp thrust, letting his essence fill her womb in hot gushes, trickling sighs of relief. Leaving the evidence lying around would be stupid, he thought, ensuring her pussy guzzled every mini spurt that followed suit.

Still, when he stepped back, he saw the crack in his full proof plan, her overflowing slit leaking white gunk onto the table. His lungs were hot and desperate for air, and judging by her vigorous chest movements, she was under the same distress.

He never thought shy little Hinata would've been such a great fuck. If the situation hadn't demanded haste, he'd have been pleased to endow her with several more orgasms. Her tits deserved their own share of cum. Maybe next time.

Wait... next time?

He should've been thinking more clearly than that after unloading his frustrations. Noticing her shyness, he placed the towel over her private parts. Despite the fact he'd already seen and been inside her naked body, she was still embarrassed when he stood within ten feet of her.

He apologized for letting his professionalism slip away. He didn't like to be the type of guy to leave her in ruins after getting what he wanted. It couldn't be helped in this situation.

She might've been willing to spare him, but he could already think of two people who wouldn't be so forgiving.

...

Hinata walked out of the massage parlour, an uneasy step in her stride, paranoid strangers would somehow see her shame from a simple glance. She could still feel him stirring in her loins, trying to decide whether carrying Naruto's baby would be a good or bad thing. Either way, the prospect startled her, and caused her to jump when Ino seemingly sprung out of nowhere.

"Soooo... how was it?"

Blood rushed to her face. “Ino, trust me when I say...”

...

“You don’t want to know,” Naruto said.

“What do you mean I don’t want to know?” Sakura asked. Anybody would be curious how he’d managed to clear half his tab in a day, a gesture that persuaded Teuchi into serving them ramen once again.

He rubbed the back of his head. “Why does it matter, Sakura-chan? I got a job like anyone else.”

She noticed something odd dabbed behind his ear. “What’s this?” She rubbed the slippery substance between her fingers.

Naruto cringed. “I got no idea. It’s probably nothing, Sakura-chan! Please try to enjoy your ramen. And don’t forget the deal,” he added, putting a hand on her thigh under the table. The sensual contact abated her suspicions, at least for now, granting him a little more time to invent something plausible.

The next day he was expected to report to the boss, but he hadn’t expected to find Hinata standing in the corner, head down, hands together at her waist. He cringed as Hiashi rose from his chair.

“I might’ve forgotten to mention, sometimes we receive anonymous feedback from our clients, and yours was kind enough to let us know what they thought,” he said, matter-of-factly, walking around his desk. “Uzumaki Naruto...” He clutched the young boy’s shoulders, his fists strong, angry, and noticeably an inch away from his neck. Naruto gulped, already lining up excuses as the man opened his mouth. “You got the position!”

“I... did?” Overwhelmed, Naruto had to catch himself from fainting.

“You seem surprised?” Hiashi noted.

“I am,” he admitted. “It’s just... the last thing I expected was a happy ending.”

Hiashi offered a rare smile. “Well, congratulations. You deserved it.”

Hinata winked from behind her father’s back.

Naruto decided he owed her a bowl of ramen, too. And for dessert? Well, something told him Hyuuga would be on the menu.

END

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*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*