

# 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.*

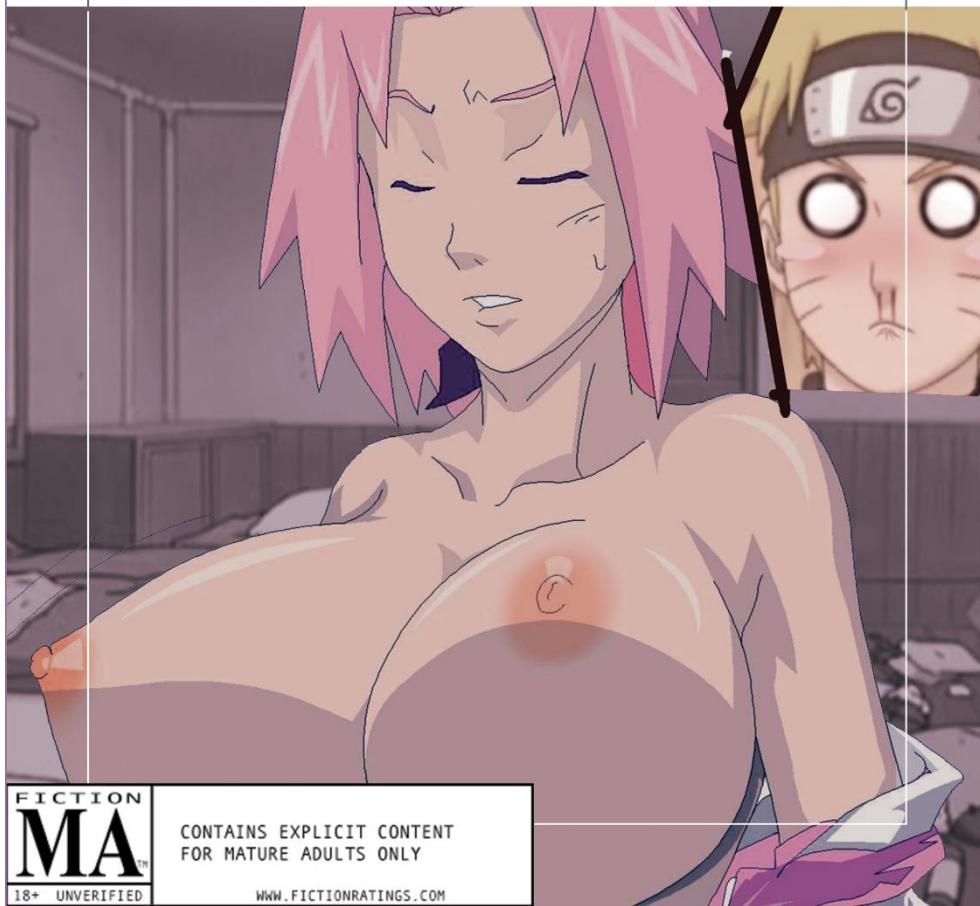
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**J. J. SCRIPTease**

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# **THE BIG DEAL**

(A Naruto FanFic)



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## **Synopsis**

Sakura has a massive problem on her hands and, in a race against time, turns to Naruto Uzumaki of all people for help.

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# The Big Deal

*A Naruto fanfic by j.j. scriptease*

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Naruto was humming merrily in his kitchen when a loud bang rattled his front door.

The racket cut his tune short and ceased his ramen preparation. Clad in pyjamas, he stood frozen in suspense wondering who'd visit him this early on a Saturday morning. It couldn't be a mission and he certainly hadn't invited anyone over. While he racked his brains, a second loud bang blasted the front door clean off its hinges, sending it flying across his apartment!

He shrieked as the door-turned-torpedo crashed into the wall. The impact shook the entire building.

*What the hell?!*

Naruto tripped over himself rushing to investigate. He gawked at his front door lodged into the living room wall. It had left a trail of sawdust and destruction after ploughing through his furniture, strewing the floor with broken chairs and table legs.

He coughed from all the dust the commotion had kicked up, trying to bat it clear with his hand. *Who the hell would do this?* Pissed off, he whipped around to confront the door-crasher in the archway, a silhouette shrouded in dust. Fury fizzed on the tip of his tongue, itching to be unleashed on the perpetrator. But as the cloud of dust dissipated and the figure grew clearer, Naruto gulped down his indignation.

“Sa-Sakura-chan...?”

She stood in his doorway as if she owned it, clad in the Leaf Village Cloak with her boot raised high and smoking from the forceful kick.

Naruto began apologising before he even knew what he'd done wrong.

She cut him off. “Where is he?”

“Huh? He?” A part of Naruto was relieved he didn’t appear to be the focal point of her rage, for once, but it still begged the question who was, and why did this infuriated kunoichi think he’d know where to find them? “What’s this about?”

Sakura grunted and marched into his apartment, evoking another shriek. “Don’t play dumb with me, Naruto!” She grabbed him by the shirt and got in his face. “Where are you hiding him? He did this on purpose, didn’t he?”

“Sakura-chan! Calm down. I have no idea what you’re talking about!”

She threw him aside like garbage then proceeded to search his apartment, checking the bathroom, the kitchen, under his bed, and even looking inside his fridge. Who the heck did she think could possibly be hiding in there?

Her rage must’ve gotten the better of her senses, as it tended to. She seized his bowl of fresh, steaming ramen.

His heart skipped a beat.

“No, don’t!” He pled with both hands raised as she held his breakfast hostage.

“I know you’re in it together. If you don’t tell me where he is, I’m throwing this out!”

Naruto’s face melted. “That took me almost 5 minutes to make!” He fretted.

“And not just this,” she continued. “I’ll empty out all your cupboards too, baka! Then I’ll move on to you, and when I’m done you’ll be lucky if you’re able to eat any ramen through a straw. Is that what you want, Naruto?” He shook his head vehemently. “Then speak up!”

“I-I don’t know what to say!”

She threatened to tip the bowl over. He flinched.

When even that didn’t get the response she wanted out of him, she began a countdown. Naruto dropped to his hands and knees, begging, tears in his eyes, but nothing slowed her down from counting three... two...

One.

He shut his eyes in defeat.

When nothing seemed to have happened, Naruto looked up at her from all fours.

“Hmph.” She put the bowl back down unharmed. “Fine. I believe you.”

He let out a huge sigh of relief. Although, looking at the destruction in his living room left him dismayed. “My apartment’s a mess.”

“When isn’t it a mess?”

He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. She had a point. The furniture she’d wrecked only added to the dirty laundry, cutlery, milk cartons and empty snack packets he left on the floor.

“Well, now that we got all that out of the way, care to explain why my door is in the wall?” He yanked it out and tried to fit it back in the doorway. Without the screws or hinges, a quick fix was impossible. The best he could do was try to balance it in the doorframe until he got a chance to crawl around for the missing pieces.

An unapologetic Sakura crossed her arms and huffed, her cheeks red with anger and a tinge of embarrassment for overreacting. “Tsunade-sama agreed to an extra training session this morning,” she said after a long delay. “I’m supposed to meet her in an hour but I can’t... I can’t go... not like this.”

Naruto glanced at her over his shoulder while holding the door up with both hands. “Huh? What do you mean? Why can’t you go?”

She looked down and sighed. “Because I can’t.”

“Okay... so why did you come here? Who were you looking for?”

She grunted again just thinking about it. “The only person who can help me. And he’s nowhere to be found.”

“Who?”

“Jiraiya-sama.”

“Ero-Sennin?!” Shocked, Naruto lost concentration and the loose door fell on top of his head, producing a small lump. He chuckled at his own clumsiness. “Why are you looking for that old pervert?” It suddenly made sense why she’d assume he knew where to find him.

“Because he ripped me off!” She raged. “I asked him to help me with something and it all went pear-shaped.”

“Something like what?” Naruto struggled to recall a single productive conversation between Sakura and his perverted Sensei. She must’ve been really desperate to seek anything from someone she’d deemed a ‘shameless degenerate’.

“*That...* doesn’t matter,” said Sakura in an uncharacteristically shy tone. “Maybe Kakashi would’ve been able to help too but he’s out on a big mission. Won’t be back for weeks, let alone in the next hour.” She sighed. “I don’t know what to do.”

“Maybe I can help?” Naruto doubted he actually could, but since when did that ever stop him from offering? It was his ninja way. Plus, he considered Sakura a great teammate and close friend; he’d be remiss not to even try.

“Uh, you?” She dismissed him with a snigger. “No.”

“You haven’t even given me a shot.”

“Because you can’t. What would you know about...” Something suddenly dawned on her and she began regarding Naruto in a curious light. “Actually... hmmm... maybe...”

He raised an eyebrow. “What? Just tell me what the problem is.”

Sakura debated with herself as she looked him over. “Okay.”

“Okay?”

“But you have to promise this never leaves these walls.”

He nodded. “Done.”

“And you have to promise to be mature about it.”

“I’m not the same brat I was ten years ago, dattebayo.” He added the last bit to be cheeky.

“Alright. So the thing is... um...” She half-chuckled and fidgeted in a very un-Sakura way.

What on Earth could be *that* hard for her to tell him? Her nervousness was starting to rub off on him. “Yeah...?” He needed answers already! “What’s the big deal?”

“Um, it would be easier just to show you,” she said. “And remember, you promised!”

Naruto hadn’t thought much about her wearing the Leaf Village Cloak until she began fidgeting with the collar. The last time he remembered her donning it was on a mission to the Land of Iron in search of him, only for their party to get jumped by Sasuke. Under the treacherous weather in those parts the cloak had served a useful purpose, but here inside his apartment, on a rather hot morning... why?

All the commotion earlier had distracted him from her odd choice of attire. But it all became clear as she zipped it down from the collar.

Her usual kunoichi gear hid underneath the cloak with one *huge* difference; or rather, two. Sakura unveiled an impossibly large bust, so full and plump it prevented her zipping up her red jacket completely. The white of his eyes expanded at the massive tits and hint of cleavage. Naruto gaped. The front door collapsed on him in his excitement. He groaned as he lay flattened with his limbs sticking out of the edges.

A sweat-drop trailed down the back of Sakura’s head.

“You said you’d be mature about it, baka!” She zipped the cloak back up.

Naruto bumbled like an idiot as he scrambled to his feet and pushed the door into place with his back. “You didn’t warn me it would be anything like that, Sakura-chan!” He cleared his throat. “Right, right. Mature. So, uh, what happened?”

“Long story,” droned Sakura. “They weren’t supposed to get this big! I can’t just waltz around in public with them bursting out like this. How am I supposed to explain this to Tsuande-sama?! Or my friends? My parents?!” She contorted her features in horror. Regarding her ballooned breasts, she said, “I thought they’d go back to normal when I woke up this morning... Your idiot of a sensei claimed it wouldn’t be permanent!”

“Now, now, Sakura-chan. Hehe, Ero-Sennin is not my sensei. Not really...”

“I don’t care! His stupid jutsu didn’t work like he promised and I’ll be a laughing stock of the village if anyone finds out. So can you help me or not?”

“Uh...”

“You’re into that whole ridiculous Sexy no Jutsu stuff, right? I don’t know how similar this is to that but I figured you might know how to reverse it. And you hang around that old pervert more than anyone else I can think of. Who knows what kind of dirty things you two get up to? If there’s anyone he told about the secrets of this technique it would’ve been you.”

“Hm...”

While he appreciated how she’d arrived at her conclusion, the truth was Ero-Sennin rarely dove into the particulars of his perverted ways. Sure, he’d utter the odd dirty comment now and then, and ramble on about his exploits as a younger man sometimes, but Naruto tended to tune out halfway into it.

This whole ordeal did remind him of one specific occasion however, months ago. His eyes sprung open with realisation. Could it be...? No way... could he have? Naruto shook his head. Ero-Sennin would never have –

“Naruto!”

He jumped out of his skin, nearly dropping the door in the process.

“Can you help or not?” She glanced at the time on his alarm clock. “I only have 55 minutes till I have to see Tsunade-sama!”

“Yeah, right, right! Uh... well, I think I can help you.”

She blinked. “Really?”

“Yup. But you’re not gonna like it.”

“I don’t care about *liking* the solution, as long as it’s the solution. I don’t have time to waste, Naruto. Just tell me what I have to do.”

“Okay then. I’ll be quick and blunt.”

“Good.”



“Take off the cloak.”

“Whaaaa!”

“Hey, I did say –”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” She gave him the eye before turning around. Naruto stared at her back as he heard the tug of a zip. The cloak loosened around her shoulders, then fell to the floor, landing in a heap behind her tall, black boots. “Okay. And then?”

“Sakura-chan... you actually have to be looking in my direction.”

She dropped her head then sighed before turning back around, her face redder than red as she stared to the side to avoid eye contact. “And then?” she grumbled out of the corner of her mouth.

“And then uh...” Naruto took a moment to drink in the sight of her ample chest once more. It was kind of cute seeing Sakura this shy. The size of them made her sleeveless jacket look a couple sizes too small. Yet she’d somehow squeezed them both into that little red top of hers; albeit, a big enough exhale was all it would take to force her zip open and have them spilling out in a wardrobe malfunction of massive proportions. He could only dream...

“And then what, Naruto?! Better not be perving on me!” She shook her fist.

“Of course not!” He fretted. “And then, um, hold on.” He steadied the door in the frame the best he could then slowly backed away, arms up in case it collapsed again. “Okay.” He turned his attention back to Sakura. “Now I just have to examine them – OOOOF!”

Sakura shoved her gloved hand in his face, stopping him at arm’s length. “What do you think you’re doing, baka! That’s close enough.”

“I need to, uh, diagnose the exact problem and I can only do that with a little prodding.”

“Why?”

“How else am I gonna know how to counter the symptoms?”

Sakura narrowed her eyes in critical thought. Prodding wasn't suspicious in of itself as far as medical procedures went; being a medical-nin herself, she'd poked, prodded and applied pressure on patients to pinpoint problematic areas. Perhaps Naruto's intentions lay in the same vein. She glanced back and forth between the alarm clock and his face smothered by her hand. If she continued to question his every move at every step, she'd run out of time.

"Fine." She pulled her hand away. "But one funny move and it'll be the end of you."

Naruto swallowed a hard lump. He could tell she wasn't joking. She looked away, leaving him free to do whatever he needed to without the weight of her scrutiny.

When the sun came up this morning, Naruto never envisioned he'd be this close to Sakura's enhanced chest; he never envisioned that... *ever*. Earlier she'd said her intentions had gone pear-shaped but Naruto thought 'melon-shaped' made for a more apt analogy. Her dilemma really was a big deal after all.

The size of her bosom was astonishingly large compared to the Sakura he was used to seeing. Naruto had always found her extremely fuckable, flat-chested and all, although he had to admit a bigger size suited her just as splendidly. How did they feel though?

He plucked up the nerve to raise his index finger and poke the right side of her chest. She didn't react to his tentative touch, leaving him wondering if she felt it. He applied more pressure the second time, the tip of his finger sinking into the suppleness of her covered breast. She still did nothing after Naruto switched to prodding her left mound. Very professional conduct on her part. He wondered how long she'd continue letting him appreciate the suppleness of her enhanced pair.

Every time he poked her, he worried he might be pushing the proverbial button that would ignite another fit of rage. And every time nothing happened he grew bolder. He went from one fingertip to two, then three, and the next thing he knew he pinched her breast with all five.

She finally recoiled. "Naruto!"

All at once she moved forward with a pumped fist and he stepped back with raised hands – their abrupt stomps shook the floor and caused the door to wobble. They both froze in position immediately.

“Sakura-chan, we can’t make any sudden movements or it’s gonna come down again!” Until he recovered the screws to fix his front door, it was going to be an inconvenience they’d have to live with, and neither of them wanted it coming down to expose this little impromptu examination.

She lowered her fist and expressed her annoyance with a grumble instead. “Well? What’s the diagnosis, *doc*? Know how to fix me yet?”

He rubbed his chin in thought. “Afraid not. I’m going to need more information.”

“What does *that* mean?” She didn’t like the sound of this.

“Well...” He feared for his life at the prospect of making the next suggestion, but it had to be put out there. “I have to get a firmer grip.”

“You already did!”

“That was just a little pinch.” He chuckled sheepishly. “Nothing’s jumped out at me yet. Maybe ‘cause I haven’t actually made any... *direct* contact.”

“What?!”

“It’s just a theory!”

She humphed. “And what are the chances this theory of yours might actually be right?” asked Sakura, too embarrassed to look him in the eye as the words left her lips.

He shrugged. “Won’t know for sure until I try, right?”

She rolled her eyes. Then glimpsed at the time. “F-fine... but not too hard!”

Naruto placed one hand on his heart and the other in the air. “Gentle it is! You might want to get a little more comfortable though.” He patted his bed. “Sorry, I couldn’t find a real examination table on such short notice.”

Sakura regarded his unmade bed with disgust. He expected her to sit on *that*? Who knew what kind of critters could be running amok in that jumble of unwashed bed sheets? An exaggeration perhaps, but not by much judging from the appalling state of his apartment. Another minute ticked off the clock whilst she dawdled in self-debate. They *did* have to

avoid sudden movements and it would've been easier from a seated position, she supposed. A reluctant sigh escaped her lips. "At least spread the damn thing, Naruto!"

"Oh, right!" He ripped the sheets off his mattress and re-laid them properly.

A little better, thought Sakura. She sat on the edge of his bed, still cautious about getting too comfortable. When Naruto perched his butt next to hers, she freaked out; grabbed the back of his shirt and hurled him clear across the room!

He crashed head-first through the bathroom wall, legs wiggling as the bottom half of his body dangled out the hole.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?!" she raged. "We're not sharing a bed under any circumstances!!! Grab a chair or sit on the floor, baka!"

Naruto pulled his head out of the wall and spun about in a daze before dropping on his ass. "I was only going to—" He shook the cobwebs out. "Oh nevermind. I'll just get on the floor then." He sat on his knees in front of her boots, bringing him eye level with her chest, his wide gaze looming over her mountainous horizon.

His proximity made her feel uneasy and she looked away again. "Just... get it over with already."

It was all the encouragement he needed. She tensed as he raised his hands to resume the 'examination'. Naruto ran his fingers from her neckline down her open top. She twitched as he descended into her cleavage. He formed a karate chop at the heart of her bosom, separating her meaty breasts down the middle. It felt hot and jam-packed inside her jacket, a light trail of sweat dotting her sternum.

His breath quivered in restrained excitement; he couldn't let on how much he was enjoying this. Up and down he jostled between her breasts, smearing her tit sweat as the fat mounds rubbed against each other over his sandwiched hand.

"A-and...?" asked Sakura, who'd been oddly quiet for what felt like hours. "Feel anything yet?"

“Oh, uh...” Naruto had lost himself in her wondrous bosom, forgot where he was and what he was doing for a second. He shook the stupid look off his face and tried to appear more professional. “Um... let’s see here...”

Sakura quivered as he moved his sandwiched hand up and down faster. She felt the inner sides of her breasts growing hot from the heightened friction. What exactly was he checking for between them? Whatever it was, Naruto was being awfully thorough about it.

She would’ve called him out on it but... it wasn’t exactly the worse sensation in the world. At the height of their natural growth, her breasts had never been large enough to touch let alone brush against each other as lusciously as they were now. Sue her for wanting to know what it felt like to be that Hyuuga for once. If it wasn’t for all the attention Hinata stole with her oversized chest, Sakura might’ve never been curious enough to trust Jiraiya.

She’d yearned to experience the kind of lustful gaze only a well-developed chest could indulge. Getting ‘examined’ by Naruto was an unexpected consequence, but a semi-pleasant one too. Once she had enough she’d put him in his place for being a pervert.

Meanwhile, Naruto couldn’t believe she hadn’t stopped him already. He upped the ante once more, thrusting his entire forearm up and down the ginormous tits. All his rough jostling threatened to force her jacket open. “Naruto, calm down!”

He snapped back to his senses. “Oops, guess I got a little carried away, hehe...”

“A little?” She narrowed her eyes at him.

“How did it feel, Sakura-chan? Er, what I mean is, er—” He stumbled on his words. “Do they feel the same as your real ones? Dope! These are real too I suppose. I mean, do they feel the same as your natural ones? Same sensitivity? Did it hurt, did you enjoy it?”

“I – er – uh – what – I – don’t ask me stupid questions, Naruto!” she shouted, flustered. “Get serious.”

Naruto saw her outburst for what it was, an attempt to overshadow her embarrassment. A small smirk tugged at the corner of his lips. “Right. Serious. I can do that, dattebayo!”

He reached inside her red jacket, titillated to discover she'd arrived bra-less. Granted, she probably didn't own a brassiere that could accommodate her sudden growth. She tried to keep a straight face while he groped her bare breast under the top. The contour of his appendage bulged on the left side of her jacket. His regular-sized hand appeared little amidst her enhanced chest; his palm just about covered the space around her areola, leaving the bulk of her breast awaiting exploration.

Inquisitive fingers pinched at the incredibly supple flesh. Naruto could confirm they felt as natural as they looked. Under different circumstances he'd be praising her jutsu execution.

"N-Naruto..." She fought really hard not to let out any suggestive noises. "What step of the examination is this?"

"Uh..."

"You do realise I'm going to strangle you if this is all just a ruse to feel me up, right?"

He screeched in terror. "Uh, Sakura-chan, this part of the examination is, um, well, you know how my Rasengan technique works?" He had to come up with *something*. "You see, I have to spin my chakra a certain way to get it to work, in circular motions to be exact. One reason you might be stuck in this jutsu is a clog in your build-up of chakra. I'm thinking if I can spin my chakra in the opposite direction to yours, I may be able to undo the knot, so to speak..."

A hopeful grin spread across his fox-like features.

She mulled over it. "I guess that kind of makes sense..."

"What'd I tell ya? You're the in the hands of a professional," he chimed. *A professional bullshitter*. "Sit back and let me work my magic."

"Your 'magic' better start working faster. You only got about..." she glanced over at the alarm clock. "38 minutes. If I'm not good to go, you're good as dead."

He chuckled nervously. "No pressure then?"

But pressure was exactly what Naruto applied on her breast, pushing down on the areola while stirring the tit in circular motions. Her body responded to his intimate touch even if her face didn't; he felt her nipple hardening against the ball of his palm. A wry smile snuck onto lips. "Sakura-chan... you're secretly enjoying this, aren't you?" he teased in a low voice.

"Sh-shut up, Naruto. Baka! Spare me the commentary. You're supposed to be focused on helping me. Not... not... whatever this is you're doing..."

"Heh, you mean this?" Suddenly he slid his palm south until her nipple popped up from under it. He then trapped the sensitive nub in the webbing between his middle and ring fingers, pinching it to exhilarating effect. A loud purr escaped her lips before she could stop it.

Sakura slapped a hand over her mouth, her face quickly turning beet red. She'd always had sensitive nipples and the amplification of her cup size had apparently amplified her sensitivity too. Well, the secret was out, and Naruto appeared all too pleased to stumble upon it. The naughty grin on his face stretched twofold as he zoned in on her poor, sensitive nipple.

Her heartrate quickened the more his fingers brushed along the sides of her nipple. The nub had grown so stiff and erect she could see its outline stretching her thin jacket, protruding between his knuckles.

She wanted to tell him to stop, more out of embarrassment than discomfort, but she feared she wouldn't be able to control what sounds come out of her mouth if she opened it. The proud and stubborn side of her didn't want to give him so much as a groan.

She continued covering her mouth while watching him fumble inside her jacket like a ruffian. He squeezed her breast insatiably. Every so often his thumb would brush over her nipple, forcing her breath to hitch. She bit her bottom lip and shut her eyes as it became increasingly difficult to swallow her moans.

*Fucking Naruto... making me feel so... fuck... this better work...*

Naruto saw signs of progress on her flushed expression. Not towards a solution but perhaps towards forgiveness. In a little over half an hour he'd be forced to admit he had no

cooking clue what he'd been doing from the start. At which point she'd wring his neck like a chicken. Unless... and it was a long shot... if he could make her feel all sorts of wonderful, then maybe she wouldn't be so hasty to end his life in the most violent way imaginable.

Or at least make it quick and painless.

He couldn't ignore the tent growing at the front of his pants much longer. Good thing her eyes were closed. Besides sparing her the sight of his boner, it gave him the courage to slowly get up off his knees. He kept his hand tucked inside her sleeveless jacket while slyly manoeuvring onto the bed behind her.

When the mattress suddenly sunk under the weight of a second body, Sakura's eyes sprung open to the sight of Naruto's legs on either side of hers. Unbelievable. Somehow she'd allowed herself to get distracted long enough for him to sneak up behind her. Her normal reaction would've been to chuck him out the window, literally, but something had softened her over the last couple of minutes, not least due to the way he'd... 'handled' her situation thus far.

Sakura wasn't sure she'd trusted him any more now than she had earlier, but he'd certainly been doing *something* right. She reserved judgement and watched with baited breath as he slowly pulled down her jacket's zip.

"Naruto..." she said, breathlessly. "You better know what you're do—"

He didn't even wait for her to complete the threat before throwing the flaps of her jacket open.

Sakura felt a sudden burst of cold as her bare chest was exposed to daylight. The massive tits sat high and firm with the vigour of youth. Her areolae had grown too, covering substantial ground while her pink, puffy nipples pointed straight in all their excitement.

She still couldn't believe they were hers; they looked alien attached to her body. It was only the second time she was seeing them in all their glory, having covered them up instantly the first time she stood in a mirror. She had feared she'd made them too big, too grotesque. Yet, Naruto didn't seem to think so. Getting a second opinion went a long way to easing her fears, even if it was from a pervert like him.



While she sat there beginning to admire her big mistakes for the first time, his greedy paws snuck up from underneath them.

She swallowed a purr as he scooped the undersides of her fat tits. He gave them a little toss but the large breasts didn't jump far before dropping onto his palms with a heavy thwack. The pervert tossed them up again. Higher this time. Thwack. The sound of them slapping down on his palms echoed in the silence. Up again. THWACK.

Sakura could only imagine what his neighbours might be thinking if they could hear any of this. Naruto moved on to groping her plump, naked breasts like an overzealous teenager grabbing his first pair. He kneaded them with a lack of respect and patience, his hot breath in her ear muttering how 'fucking big and sexy' they were.

She'd never heard a cruder compliment in her life, especially targeting her breasts. Despite being taken aback by his audacity, she started tingling downstairs... When he twisted both her nipples like little knobs, Sakura completely lost it.

"Aaahh, Naruto!" she cried out in pleasure, throwing her head back.

Naruto leaned over her shoulder and found himself inches from her lips. Without thinking, he pressed his mouth hard against hers. She recoiled in shock but, after a gentle twist of her left nipple, her lips parted to release a moan, allowing him to thrust his tongue into her orifice.

This time, she let the passion of his kiss enslave her, raising her tongue to meet his. She lifted a gloved hand onto his cheek and pulled his face further into hers. While they swapped spit over her shoulder, he never stopped fondling her enormous tits, forcing her to pour moans right down his throat.

Centuries passed before their mouths pulled apart, a long string of saliva joining their lips. It broke and landed on her right breast. Watching the saliva slide towards her nipple gave the pervert his most devilish idea yet.

Naruto swung her right arm round the back of his neck and then ducked his head down, brushing his cheek against the side of her breast. He scooped the heavy chunk high enough to meet his lips then swallowed her nipple whole.

Sakura hissed as the heat of his mouth enveloped her nub. His lips latched on at full stretch and clambered over her plumpness, shovelling in as much tit as possible. It was a cartoonish mismatch, the enhanced breast nearly the size of his head. He drooled out the corner of his stuffed mouth. Just when she thought his table manners couldn't get any worse.

She felt the suction of his hot mouth on her areola, sucking in her breast like a humid vacuum. His tongue slipped and slid and pressed on her hard nipple. She bit down on her fist to muffle her whimpers. Her thighs rubbed together desperately trying to scratch the growing itch between them. He released her breast with the sound of a loud, wet pop.

Naruto and Sakura stared into each other's eyes, panting, before they smashed their lips together in another fiery kiss.

He got up from the bed leaving her confused. Her tits hung in suspense, one cold and dry, the other warm and slopping wet. It wasn't the only thing slopping wet either.

Sakura glanced at his alarm clock and panicked. Tsuande-sama would be expecting her in a little less than 25 minutes, and it would take her ten just to get there. Sakura was no closer to resolving her issue than when she'd arrived. What the hell was she thinking? Had she really just wasted her first kiss on Naruto? She had to start using her head again, accept he wouldn't be able to help after all.

"I have to go now." She started closing her top when Naruto grabbed her shoulders and pushed her back. Her jacket fell open as she hit the bed, her tits wobbling out.

"But Sakura-chan... you're not fixed yet."

Fixed? Was he still pretending this had anything to do with a legitimate examination? Sakura propped up on her elbows to argue when Naruto dropped his pants and boxers in one fell swoop. The sight of his fully erect manhood stunned her silent. His dick looked mean and raring to go, a vein bulging along its considerable length.

Sakura had seen her fair share of penises on the examination table but never this up close and personal, never this hard. The mushroom-shaped tip stared her dead in the eye, a blob of pre-cum glistening at its peephole.

"You can't leave until I fix you."

“Naruto...”

He stepped out of his discarded trousers and planted his knees on either side of her hips. She lay transfixed by the huge cock swinging over her abdomen, wondering if Naruto hadn't used a jutsu of his own. Straddling her, he laid the pipe down in the valley of her fleshy mounds. What part of the examination was *this* supposed to be? She was so going to kill him...

Naruto scooped her breasts together, keeping them from spilling to the sides whilst also tightening the space between them, the space he intended to fuck to oblivion. It might've been a kamikaze move but hell, someone needed to make the most of these fat titties while she still had them.

Besides, Sakura could've put up much, much more of a fight if she wanted to. The fact she hadn't was very telling. With her approval implied, Naruto pumped his cock between those massive tits of hers. He clutched her breasts tightly, sinking his fingertips into them, the perfect balance of plump and firmness. His cock slid back and forth on the tit sweat that had gathered on her sternum, but he dropped huge globs of spit for extra lubricant. Naruto groaned at her softness as he thrusting with escalating passion.

Sakura ogled at the head of his erection poking in and out of her compressed tits, boasting his rather impressive length. She felt every inch of him grazing the insides of her breasts.

The prospect of getting titty-fucked had never entered her mind before she'd learnt the jutsu. While Naruto hadn't been her ideal pick for the experience, he proved more than willing and able to provide it. She came to enjoy the moment for what it was, a good old titty-fuck between teammates.

Jamming her breasts together, he rubbed his thumbs over her bullet-like nipples, making her moan alongside him. The intensity built up to a screeching halt as Naruto suddenly seized up and roared an expletive.

Sakura felt something steaming hot and sticky splash against the underside of her chin. She looked down to see endless bursts of cum spurting out his dick. The hot stream

slunk down her cleavage then around her neck. He wiggled his deflating erection over her chest, sprinkling about the final remnants of his ejaculate.

A long, awkward pause ensued as she lay there with a pearl necklace while the lustful haze in his eyes slowly evaporated.

Suddenly, Naruto jumped back to his senses. “Sa-Sakura-chan... I didn’t mean to...” He babbled with his hands on his head. “I mean, I was just gonna –”

“Don’t just stand there, baka! Get me something to clean this up.”

Naruto tripped over his feet running to the bathroom.

Sakura grumbled at his idiocy. As she stood up, all his cum cascaded down the slopes of her breasts. *Freaking Naruto, you tricked me! And can’t even control yourself on top of that.* She regarded his white goo with intrigue. *Hm, I wonder what it...* Sakura pulled off her right glove using her teeth, ready to do a little ‘examining’ of her own.

She dabbed at his cum with her index finger. Warm. Gooey. She raised her sullied finger and the powerful scent struck her even before it reached her nostrils. It spewed a damp, salty aroma, which wasn’t completely unpleasant. She rubbed the sample between her thumb and middle finger studying its texture.

Naruto walked out the bathroom and froze with a roll of tissue in his hand. Sakura had her back turned to him a few feet away, playing with his cum between her fingers. The lewdness of it, and the fact it was *her*, reawakened some carnal craving inside him. His dick twitched. Naruto dropped the roll of tissue.

Sakura was minding her own cum-sniffing business when two hands reached up from behind her and clasped both breasts again. “Naurto!” She looked back and glared at him. “You’re gonna make me late, doofus. Only have ten minutes before – ah... uh... Naruto...”

There he went caressing her nipples again. He groped her chest with renewed passion, smearing his own cum all over her big tits. She hated the fact it felt so good when he touched her like this. He raised a sticky finger to her face and painted down the side of her cheek, drawing closer and closer to the corner of her lips. The strong, animalistic musk coupled with his restless fondling stirred something inside her, something that made her

open her mouth and willingly suck the cum off his fingertip. It tasted saltier than she'd imagined, with a touch of bitterness and... ramen?

Naruto rubbed his fingers all over her nose, making her drink in his scent while his free hand snuck below her beltline. He unzipped her pink skirt down the middle then stuck his hand between the parted flaps.

Sakura gasped, eyes growing twice their size as he grabbed the front of her spandex shorts. They were already stained by a small blotch of lust. He could feel her pussy through the skin-tight fabric and made sure to wedge his biggest finger up her plump folds.

Sakura let out a breathless moan, thighs trembling as he pressed her most sensitive button yet. Her heartbeat raced, her pulse shooting through the roof. The would-be examiner made it hard to keep standing as he fondled her tits and pussy at the same time. She felt his dick riding up the small of her back. How the heck was he *that* hard again already? Evidently he hadn't had enough. He really wanted her... *all* of her.

Well, two could play that game. Sakura fondled his balls and heard excitement trickle in his exhales. She slid over to his bulgy cock and fisted his girth back and forth, matching the stride of his finger rubbing her slit up and down. They masturbated each other at a frenzied pace. Then Naruto cheated; he raised his digit to the crown of her sex.

Her knees buckled the moment he pressed on her clit. The burst of pleasure sent her crumbling to the ground and she took him down with her, his heel knocking away the forgotten roll of tissue.

The pair rolled about the dirty floor drunk on lust, lips locked, legs intertwined, hands roaming each other's bodies. Amidst the impulsive make out wrestling, she felt up his powerful biceps and he groped her shapely thighs and butt.

Sakura found herself rolled her onto her back, lying on part of the cloak she'd disrobed just minutes ago. He knelt over her body and drank in the sight of her, an eagle eyeing its prey, then lifted his shirt over his head. Her eyes lit up at the bulging slabs of abdominal muscle he'd unveiled, built as lean and athletic as she'd expect of a well-trained shinobi. Shamelessly, Sakura reached for his six-pack even before he'd completely discarded the shirt.

Naruto might've been a doofus of the highest order but there was no denying he worked hard for everything he believed in. She could feel the fruits of his labour on her fingertips, his hard determination. Although she may've never admitted it to him, she found his passion irresistibly respectable, maybe even borderline... sexy.

He tossed his shirt aside and loomed over her completely naked. She couldn't help bite her bottom lip...

*But I'm still going to kill you, Naruto... I think...*

Naruto laid his naked chest on top of her hers, flattening her enormous breasts as he swooped in for a deep kiss. She obliged, reached down and grabbed a chunk of his taut buttocks. Neither of them was pretending this had anything to do with a cure anymore. But who was she to say there couldn't be benefits in physiological relief? Gods knew her body ached for it.

Sakura already felt ashamed for the inevitably of what would happen in Naruto's apartment today. She stared up at his fan ceiling as he sucked on the nape of her neck, drawing her breath away. When she woke up this morning never could she have pictured this predicament a few hours later. He seized her left thigh and dragged it upwards across the floor, widening the angle to her crotch. Slowly, he glided his fingertips down her inner thigh. She held her breath in anticipation of his touch. Then...

*GASP!*

Naruto grabbed her by the pussy. "Sakura-chan..." he breathed in her ear. "You're already so wet." The blotch on her shorts spread as he fondled her sex over the spandex, digging his finger into the damp crevice.

Up and down he traced the inner lining of her slit. Every stroke veered closer to her clitoris without quite touching it. He could tell it was driving her crazy; the kunoichi in heat grabbed his wrist in a bid to force the contact. But all the crude fondling had thrown her focus and senses off, making it impossible to concentrate the chakra to overpower him.

Pleasure trickled from her lips in helpless whimpers as his torturous strokes sped up. He had her in the palm of his hands, literally, and all she could do was moan and tremble at his mercy. She whined, begged for more without uttering a single word. Naruto grinned.

Sakura was floating on cloud nine when he suddenly stopped kissing and sucking her neck. He lowered out of view as if some invisible force was slowly pulling him down by the ankle. His gaze remained latched to hers however, his grin widening the lower he descended.

Then, without warning, he pushed her thighs apart and grabbed the front of her shorts with both hands. Before she could react she heard the loud rip of her tights. Suddenly it felt awkwardly cold and bare between her legs. She looked embarrassed to catch Naruto holding her thighs apart while gawking at what he'd so unceremoniously divulged.

Naruto's eyeballs grew large with excitement. Her pussy stared back at him unobstructed, engorged with lust and glistening with anticipation. A tidy slit separated her labia, teasing just a hint of her pink, inner lips. He sunk close enough to smell her, practically taste her in his nostrils, the musk of sex and desperation. Perfect, better and more vivid than any of his countless wet dreams. His dick hopped.

Naruto ripped the shorts further open, exposing her entire pubic area. A perfect triangle of trimmed hair decorated her mound, a darker shade of pink than that on her head. He glanced up to gauge her train of thought and saw shyness shimmering behind her emerald eyes. 'Cute' was not a word he'd associated with Sakura-chan; fierce, sexy and fuckable all sounded much more like her, but in that moment all he saw was a cute, little girl reluctant to admit what she wanted.

But that was okay. He wasn't planning on making her wait a second longer.

Sakura stared, morbid interest in her gaze as he began lining up his cock for penetration. Did he... did he even know this was going to be her first time? Was it his? All those years she'd spent saving herself for her one true love and here she was, lying on her back, willingly spreading her legs for... Naruto.

Maybe she was just a horny, little teen after all, ruled by hormones like the others she'd judged. How had she gotten here? Although this was the furthest outcome from her mind when she'd barged into his apartment, Sakura would be lying if she said Naruto hadn't been on her list of people to impress with her new jutsu. Teasing him in a 'you'll never have this' kind of way had become sport for her; she'd even make him buy her dinner under the guise of a date, only for him to walk away with a big tab and bigger blue balls.

And yet, despite that, despite her constant berating and physical abuse, he'd dropped everything when she came running to him with this crisis. Maybe, just maybe, Naruto did deserve a little something for putting up with her over the years. Either that, or she just really wanted to get fucked and was far beyond caring who did the fucking.

In his overexcitement Naruto fumbled his dick all over her slippery folds, a comical struggle to find her entrance. All it did was make her even wetter, her juices dribbling on his floor. She might've felt bad about it if his apartment wasn't already a mess. *Fuck... hurry up, Naruto!* Sakura reached down and spread herself open.

Finally, she felt the crown of his dick prodding at her entrance. As Sakura shut her eyes, her perfect 'first time' scenario flashed across the back of her lids: the whole candle-lit, rose petal bed affair...

Then a sharp thrust cut the scene short.

Her eyes snapped open to the reality of penetration.

No candle lights. No incense. No sweet, little nothings. No rose petal bed. No, her first time happened on Naruto's messy apartment floor through the tatters of her spandex shorts. Not that he cared. She'd caught him eyeing her enough times to know he would've pounced and ripped her clothes off at the first opportunity. And she'd walked herself into it.

Naruto paid her back for barging into his apartment unannounced by having two-thirds of his cock barge through her entrance. She cried out at the abrupt thrust.

"Ah! Naruto! Calm down!" She slapped him across the cheek.

"S-sorry, Sakura-chan!"

Thankfully for him, kunoichi of her stature developed an incredible threshold for pain. Other virgins might've backed away in tears after such a harsh introduction. He probably knew she could take it. It helped that he'd gotten her pussy slopping wet from that ridiculous breast examination. So wet she could hear it every time he pumped into her, feel his stiffness sliding against her walls and probing her moist insides.

With her jacket open, he lay on her naked chest whispering all sorts of sordid things he'd never repeat out loud, like how her 'pink, little pussy' was 'steaming hot and extremely



tight', promising she would 'cum buckets' after he 'beat it up real good'. It almost sounded like bad lyrics to a Killer Bee song, and yet the filthier the utterings, the higher the temperature rose between her legs.

Sakura's lust propped her off floor, raising the pair into a face-to-face sitting position all whilst keeping his dick lodged inside her. They were almost too ashamed to look each other in the eye, drenched in sweat and lust, embarrassed at what they'd let the morning deteriorate into. Neither had planned for this to happen yet neither was in a hurry to see it end. Least of all Sakura who seized control, sitting up with her legs bent and feet planted on either side of his hips, sliding herself up and down his rock-hard erection.

Naruto's gaze slowly lowered into his lap where the unbelievable sight of their union transfixed him. His girth parted Sakura-chan's pink folds down the middle and, as she moved herself along his cock, he could feel the heat of her sex, the sleekness of her lust coating his cock. He couldn't believe it. He'd finally done it. He was fucking Sakura-chan.

Or, was she fucking him? Sakura leaned back and planted her hands on the floor behind her, giving herself better comfort and movement. She respected his size enough not to impale herself completely. At her controlled pace she could control her vocal reactions, limiting herself to soft murmurs. But that was all about to change.

The next time she raised her hips Naruto slid the bottom half of his body under her. With both arms planted behind him for support, he pushed off the ground and thrust upwards. Sakura appreciated it with a surprised yet genuine moan. Naruto knew then her pussy had been trained enough to take more. He reasserted control and upped the pace of their fucking.

Sakura went from riding him respectfully to bouncing from every thrust wildly; the room went from silent lust to loud, raucous sex as his powerful thighs smacked the bottom of her ass repeatedly. Her massive breasts jumped and flopped from the frenzied pace, nipples flailing like pink blurs inches from his face.

The more Naruto gawked at the fat, bouncing tits the more oomph he put behind his thrusts, lifting his ass off the floor and both of them into the air.

Sakura yearned to beg him not to stop but her voice was constantly interrupted by her own inexplicable cries of pleasure. Her pussy squelched louder and louder as if growing wetter from all his aggression.

Naruto, too, grunted uncontrollably as he sheathed himself through her tightness. For a brief moment Sakura lost all wits of where she was and what she was doing, floating on cloud nine, her breasts flying so high they could almost slap her in the face.

All she felt was the stiffness pounding up her core and all she heard was flesh on flesh amid her wet pussy screaming and her jacket's zip jingling. At this rate Sakura was all but certain she'd cum all over him in spectacular fashion! She felt moments away when his stamina suddenly gave out on him.

Naruto let out a puff of fatigue and fell onto his back. She almost fell right on top of him from the momentum but caught herself at the last second, her arms spread on either side of him. "You're... you're fucking kidding me," she muttered between heavy pants.

"Sakura-chan..." Naruto was panting heavily himself. "Just... a second... to... catch my..."

"Grrr, we don't have a second" Her eyes flashed at his alarm clock. "I'm already late, baka!"

"Oh... then why are you still here?"

She went pink in the face. "Because I – I mean, you – I – you were supposed to – I mean –"

Naruto snickered to himself. "I was supposed to what, Sakura-chan...? Make you cum?"

The pink in her cheeks turned red.

Lying on his back looking up, Naruto couldn't see her face without seeing her huge udders in his peripheral vision, hanging right above him. He squeezed the dangling temptations and took turns sucking on their puffy nipples. Sakura's sweet moans came spilling out almost instantly but she was still annoyed at him.

Despite herself, Sakura dismounted the blond ninja. She walked away from him with a slight wobble in her step, berating herself mentally for losing control. It was bad enough she'd fucked him; was she really going to beg him to make her cum too? What would Sasuke think? Sasuke... He could never know. A part of her wondered if he'd even care. And if *she* did, why had it taken her this long to think about him?

Sakura limped to the kitchen counter, realising just how sore she was now that she'd walked away from the lustful fog she'd been under. Naruto had really done a number on her pussy, 'beat it up' just like he'd promised he would.

God, she still couldn't believe Naruto was officially her first. This was definitely going to be one of those things that 'never happened'. She'd make sure of it, even if she had to beat him into secrecy. It would be a favour to him too; while he might've been too dumb to realise it now, Sakura was certain this was something he wouldn't want Hinata knowing about either.

"Sakura-chan!" His abrupt voice in her ear interrupted her thoughts. "Where are you going, Sakura-chan? I haven't done what I'm supposed to yet."

Sakura felt a strong hand clutch her shoulder. A sudden jerk pushed her forward, bending her over the high counter. Her face fell inches away from the bowl of hot ramen she'd almost discarded earlier – except it wasn't so hot anymore and sat dull and lifelessly on his breakfast table.

With her sights still on the would-be breakfast, she felt Naruto lift her pink skirt and tear what was left of her shorts, yanking the spandex clean off her butt and thighs. She shouldn't have been surprised by his sudden recovery, nor by the fact that all it took was fondling her breasts for the pink fog to descend upon her once again.

She was more than wet and ready.

Naruto put one hand on her hip and used the other to guide his dick up her sweaty thighs. The crown of his erection slid between her sopping folds, searching, probing, sniffing for her entrance. Found it.

He shoved that massive cock of his up and inside her, and she gasped, never quite ready despite fully expecting him. Her head bobbed back and forth over the ramen as he pounded her sweet pussy from behind.

The soreness between her thighs was quickly forgotten in the midst of frantic penetration, the relentless pleasures of being stretched and filled to her limits. Her whole body was jerking. The back of her pink skirt hung over his wrist as he tightened the grip on her waist and rammed her into the edge of the counter again and again, rocking the bowl of ramen recklessly.

“Oh my – YES! Ah, Naruto! Naruto-kun!!” she cried out in shameless ecstasy as he crashed into her bare ass harder and harder. A particularly powerful thrust jerked her forward, throwing her upper body onto the counter. Her left breast splashed into the bowl of ramen and tipped over its contents.

Naruto didn't care nor show signs of slowing down, such was his overpowering hunger for pussy. He grabbed at her hair only to inadvertently pull her headband off. The metal plate hit the floor with a clink and slid across the wooden tiles. On his second attempt he tugged the back of her hair and slammed into her with insatiable aggression, her flattened breasts swimming in the pool of broth spilt on the table.

The pinkette could not contain her moans as her pussy received the thorough pounding she'd been craving since he started fondling her tits. With one strong tug, her skirt fell around her boots, allowing him to slither a hand towards her pussy unobstructed. She felt his biggest finger trail through her trimmed curls... lower... and lower... and –

“Ahhh!”

The bastard had touched her swollen clitoris. Sakura's knees buckled and took the romping pair down to the floor once more. The sudden drop shook the ground and tipped his unsteady door off its balance. They froze and watched in horror as it slowly fell inwards and landed with a big, echoing thud.

A sudden gust of wind floated into his apartment through the huge gap exposing their activities to the outside world.

“Shit,” said Sakura.

Naruto groaned. “Fuck it.” He mounted her from behind all the same.

“Naruto – what are you – what if someone – ?”

Naruto didn't care to break their momentum to fiddle around with the front door again. Any passers-by walking past would just to have pretend they couldn't see inside his apartment, couldn't see the pink-haired kunoichi on her hands and knees, her huge fun-bags hanging free dripping ramen. Naruto eased her out of the sleeveless jacket, stripping her down to nothing but tall boots and elbow pads.

Sakura shivered at the chill of her nakedness. *How did I let this happen?* Just over an hour ago she had strutted in wrapped in her Hidden Leaf Cloak and now she was resting her hands and knees on top of it. Her red top and tattered spandex shorts had joined the mess strewn about his apartment floor, mirroring her decency's plunge to filth.

He knelt behind her clenching her waist then worked himself into a frenzied back-and-forth rhythm. She looked up at the vacant doorway, wind on her flushed face as her body got rocked doggy style, breasts swaying frantically in circular motions.

Sakura would die of humiliation if anyone walked across the passage now, granted she was fully to blame for the front door's absence. The lewd noises of their rampant session spilt out of the room, their heightened groans and moans, the loud squelching of fast, reckless sex.

She knew he was driving his entirety into her when his balls started smacking her pussy. His length and girth had seemed too much to take but he'd somehow shoved it all through her virgin-tight entrance. With one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, he slammed into her taut ass while pumping that little wet cunt of hers, forcing the shameless purrs out in rising decibels.

Between his grunts she heard him mumble how close he was and hoped she'd beat him to it. As if sensing her desire, he added extra stimulation to his thrusts by reaching down and rubbing her hardened clit.

Sakura screamed a carnal, high-pitched noise as a sudden burst of intense pleasure seized all her muscles.

Naruto didn't get a moment to savour bringing his childhood crush to ecstasy; her nether lips seemed to inherit her superhuman strength, clamping down on his cock so hard and abruptly it pulled the spunk right out of him!

He moaned while uncontrollably filling her womb to the brim. A ring of white goo formed around his embedded cock and dribbled out of her pussy as soon as he evacuated. He scooted back heaving heavily while she lay face down on her soiled cloak recovering from her own orgasm.

The room fell silent. Nothing but the sound of panting and ramen dripping off the counter. An hour seemed to go by before Sakura finally lifted her head off the floor.

"Time's up, Naruto."

Naruto screeched, throwing his hands up for mercy as she towered over him cracking her knuckles. All sorts of excuses scrambled his brain to the point he missed the best argument staring right in front of him. "W-wait, Sakura-chan! Look! Look!" He pointed at her chest urgently.

Sakura looked down and, sure enough, her breasts had returned to normal size.

"Oh..." She sounded more disappointed she wouldn't get to kick his ass than thrilled that he'd solved her problem, eventually. How?

Sakura could only speculate that something about the orgasm had freed her chakra from its bind. She doubted Naruto had intended anything of the sort. While the madness of his methods had worked, he had still ravaged her on his apartment floor through deceptive means. He still deserved some kind of clobbering for that, didn't he?

"Ugh, whatever!" said Sakura. "I'll decide what to do with you later." She picked up her cloak and wrapped it around her naked body. "Shit! Tsunade's gonna kill me! I need a shower!" She trampled over his front door on her dash out.

Naruto fell back with a sigh of relief. Then his stomach grumbled.

Half an hour later he'd put the door back up and opened the fridge. He noticed a small frog-shaped treat next to the cheese with no recollection of ever buying it or even seeing it before. "Huh? How did you get here?"

As soon as he touched the frog a huge poof of mist caught him off guard. Jiraiya emerged through the white wisps right in the middle of his kitchen.

“Ero-Sennin!” Naruto shrieked in shock-horror. “What the hell are you doing in my fridge?”

“That’s no way to talk to me, brat!” said the old pervert through chattering teeth. “Especially after what I just did for you.” He hugged himself for warmth. “You know what our big deal was. Don’t act like you forgot it.”

Actually, for a moment there, Naruto had. “That was ages ago. And I didn’t think you’d actually do it...”

“Point is it got done. And you got what you wanted. And by the sounds of it, had a lot of fun getting it too.” He chuckled through a dirty smirk.

Naruto blushed. To think his perverted sensei had been listening in on them this whole time.

“Hurry up,” said Jiraiya. “A deal’s a deal. Your turn to fulfil your end. Or would you rather I find your little friend and tell her this whole thing was a—”

“No, no, no.” Naruto waved his hands frantically. She’d kill him for sure then. He ground his teeth in defeat. “Fine.”

Jiraiya’s eyes lit up as Naruto executed the infamous hand seals.

“Sexy No Jutsu!”

**END**

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*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*