

lemonzsaauce

... 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 lemonzsaauce.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 (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaauce.com/donate to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

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

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

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

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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

VILLAGE SLUT

(A Naruto FanFic)



Synopsis

When Kizashi's teenage daughter brings her best friend – and rumoured village slut – home for dinner, he struggles to prevent her from corrupting his little girl while not getting corrupted himself.

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Village Slut

A Naruto fanfic by j.j. scriptease

Kizashi dropped his pen at the first whiff of his wife's cooking. Seduced by the titillating aromas, he abandoned his study desk and floated downstairs into the kitchen where Mebuki was stirring several steaming pots.

Impressive – he could barely manage one pot without burning the house down. It was part of the reason she banned him from using the stove, and she especially denounced his presence while she was cooking. But Kizashi couldn't help risk his life tonight.

When he struggled to hear his own thoughts over his stomach, it was impossible to argue against a break. The scent of spicy stew saturated the room, exciting his taste buds and corrupting his senses – so much so, he dipped his finger into a pot. Mebuki swatted him with a wooden spoon before he could sully her creation.

“Ow!” He sucked his finger like the baby he was.

“You're not supposed to be in here, doofus!”

Kizashi cringed at how much she sounded like his hormonal, teenage daughter. “I just wanted a little taste, hone-”

“Don't ‘honey’ me. It never ends with a little taste for you.” She rolled her eyes. “You just can't control yourself.”

He conceded a guilty laugh then tried to spin things in his favour. “Can you blame me? Your cooking is angelic!” It really was when she wanted it to be, which brought him to his next question. “What's the occasion?”

She shot him a glare over her shoulder. “Are you serious? Or is this another one of your lame jokes?”

“Uh...” He shuddered to think what more she’d do with that wooden spoon if he’d forgotten their anniversary or something equally as important. “You really think my jokes are lame?”

She saw through his diversion tactic with ease and gave a hopeless sigh. “You should really pay more attention to what goes on around here.”

The wife was right. She always was. He glanced back at the table he had sped past to pinch a bite. It was set to accommodate five diners – two more than their family of three. “We’re having visitors?” After two decades of marriage, he should’ve known she wouldn’t go out of her way to prepare him a special meal for shits and giggles.

“Well, *a* visitor,” said Mebuki. “Looks like Inoichi is not going to be back from the Land of Snow in time. Kind of sad that the Hokage would send him so far out for months then dispatch his daughter on a mission before he can even get back to see her.”

Kizashi hummed in solemn agreement. “She really is an old, miserable hag that Tsunade, isn’t she?” Although he spoke in jest, he’d overheard tales of her crankiness from many in her service, least of all his own daughter who’d always return from a long shift with something new to complain about.

After enduring hours of moaning from his wife, adding another woman to the mix nearly did his head in. If it weren’t for his sense of humour and ability to look at the light side of things, Kizashi would’ve probably leapt off Hokage Mountain by now. “Our dearest Tsunade needs to lay off the sake and lay on something else if you catch my drift.”

“It’s not that hard to catch your drift, Mr. Philosopher,” said Mebuki.

“Mr. Philosopher, huh? I like the sound of that.” He nodded his head thoughtfully. “Just goes to show how insightful my jokes can be.”

“Sure – if your idea of insightful is crude and thoughtless humour.”

He shrugged. “What can I say? I’m hip.”

“Hip?” She snorted in amusement. “I don’t think even ‘hip’ people use that word anymore. One of these days you’re going to have to wake up, look in the mirror and face reality. You’re not getting any younger, honey.”

He licked his fingers then smoothed down his sideburns. “40s are the new 20s, babe.”

“Uh huh.”

“You don’t look a day older than 18 for example.”

“Oh stop it.”

“I’m serious. In fact...” He eyed her shapely bottom, which was left uncovered by the apron, then slipped his hands around her waist. She did her best to ignore his advances, stirring the pot of stew with stubborn concentration.

Kizashi would not be deterred however. He pressed his chest against her back, squeezed her hips lightly, and breathed down her ear before finally kissing her weak spot, the point where her neck and collarbone converged.

She stopped stirring the pot for the briefest of seconds, a compliment to his distracting touch.

He grinned in her ear. “I was thinking we could go upstairs and I could –”

“No, Kizashi...” she purred in a hushed tone.

“What was that, honey? You’re going to have to speak clearer than that,” he whispered, tightening his grip around her waist.

“No.”

“But you haven’t even heard what I want to do to you yet.”

“I can guess.”

He chuckled softly in her ear. “This old dog’s got plenty of new tricks.” It had been months since their last sexual encounter and Kizashi had genuinely picked up a thing or two he was dying to try.

While she stirred the pot, he stirred her waking libido, his hand climbing into her shirt and rousing a sensitive nipple. He sucked hard on her neck and a moan escaped her lips. Her body froze mid-stir as she struggled to multi-task, her face dotted in sweat from more than just the rising steam.

“Damn you, Kizashi... preying on me like this when you know I can’t defend myself.”

He grinned, taking full advantage of his preoccupied wife. The last time she was this turned on... he couldn’t even remember. Who would’ve thought a little smooching behind a burning stove was all it would take? He reached into her pants but she recoiled.

“Whoa! Okay, fine. You win,” she said. “But really, honey, not now.” He whined like a poodle, much to her amusement. “Seriously, you’re going to make me spill this all over us.”

“Okaaay then.” He grumbled playfully as he backed away.

“When we’re finished up here though...” She winked, provoking a twitch in his pants. “Now help me set everything up. They’ll be here in 15 minutes.”

“Aye, aye, captain!” He saluted. “Wait a minute, ‘they’? I thought Inoichi couldn’t make it.”

“That doesn’t mean Ino can’t.”

Kizashi’s appetite took a dip. “Oh. Ino. Great.”

“What?” asked Mebuki, bewildered.

“Nothing.”

She shook her head after predicting his response. Kizashi had always been the type to suppress negative sentiments and apply thick layers of humour over them. His wife had always been the type to berate him for his lack of openness, claiming subduing one’s emotions for the sake of peace was not attaining true ‘peace’ at all. If anything, it only exasperated the conflict within one’s self, despite how happy and well-adjusted they appeared on the surface. But Kizashi insisted his jolliness was not a façade. He simply preferred to avoid confrontation where he could do nothing to change the circumstances.

“Well?” she pushed him for details.

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Stop acting like a teenage girl for goodness sake. What is it?”

He frowned. “Complete honesty?”

“No. Only half, please.” She shook her head at the silly notion. “What do you think?”

“Well...” Kizashi sat down with the weight of a loaded revelation. “I don’t like Sakura hanging out with that girl.”

“What? Ino?” Mebuki almost laughed. “Why not? They’ve been friends for years –”

“I know all that. But it was way before Ino became...”

“Became... what?” asked Mebuki, abandoning her cooking altogether. Her husband rarely showed his serious side.

“Became... well... a cum-guzzling, gutter slut.”

Mebuki’s eyes grew wide with shock. “A what?! Who’ve you been talking to?”

“Does it matter? Heck, ask any random person in the village. The girl’s got a reputation, I’m telling you. Some of the stories I heard...”

“Oh, come on.” Mebuki waved him off. “Taking part in senseless, teenage gossip is low, even for you. And how can you even believe any of it?”

“Well –”

“You know, when I was around her age, a bunch of jealous girls spread nasty rumours about me too. Would you have believed them then?”

“Of course not! But –”

“We’re talking about Ino here. She’s your best friend’s daughter for heaven’s sake. And your daughter’s best friend! She’s practically family. At least give her the benefit of the doubt.”

Kizashi grumbled. It was exactly the reaction he’d expected and the reason he didn’t want to get into it in the first place. “I love Inoichi. He’s like a brother to me, you know that. But let’s be frank. He hasn’t exactly been around much since Ino started developing into a young ‘lady’. I know it’s not entirely his fault, but with that lack of a respectable male figure in her life, well, let’s just say it wouldn’t be unfathomable if Ino strayed a little towards the deviant side.”

“Oh my God. I can’t even...” Mebuki turned back to her cooking in a huff. “I’m not going to waste a second entertaining silly rumours.”

“I’m just trying to look out for our daughter,” said Kizashi, indignation creeping into his voice. “She’s at an impressionable age. I don’t want everyone running around talking behind her back like the village slut!”

Mebuki clicked her tongue dismissively. “You should know our daughter better than that. Sakura’s strong-willed and would never let anyone else’s antics influence her, even if all the rumours *were* true. Besides, she’s hopelessly, head-over-heels in love with that Uchiha boy. I can’t see anything getting in the way of her saving herself for him.”

Kizashi shrugged. “Maybe. Maybe not. But it wouldn’t hurt being extra cautious.”

Mebuki decided not to say another word on the matter. An awkward silence stretched between them, and he could only hope he hadn’t talked himself out of her pants. They finished laying out the table as the doorbell rang.

“Behave yourself,” said Mebuki, a final warning before inviting the arrivals in.

Kizashi put on his happy face and welcomed his daughter with a hug and a noogie, much to her annoyance. When he laid eyes on her blonde pal, his smile lost its glimmer.

Apparently Ino liked to dress in as little as she could get away with. Her bust-hugging crop top exposed her cleavage, crammed her breasts together and thrust them in men’s faces. He wasn’t staring so much as they were reaching out for his attention, easily double the size of his daughter’s.

Her long ponytail dangled past her waistline where a tiny skirt did little to uphold her modesty. For what Ino lacked in decency, her beauty flourished in abundance; blonde, jade eyes, and long, silky legs that had been toned to perfection.

Truth to be told, she reminded him of a sluttier version of his younger wife. Kizashi strained his neck to prevent looking anywhere below Ino’s chin, determined not to fall under the spell she cast over teenage boys. That would be hypocritical, not to mention terribly embarrassing.

“Ino,” he said, nodding in greeting.

“Mr. Haruno.” She nodded back with the slightest curtsy.

The conversation ended there. Mebuki sensed a rise in tension and cut in between the two. “Nice of you to join us this evening, Ino. I’m sorry your father couldn’t make it. Please, come inside.” She gestured towards the dining room and shut the front door behind her. Kizashi took half a step before his wife grabbed him by the wrist. “And you,” she muttered out of the girls’ earshot. “Not a peep about any of that nonsense. Everything better go smoothly. That is, if you still want this evening to have a... happy ending.”

Kizashi perked up at the sound of that. Here he thought he’d screwed up his chances. He must’ve done quite a number on her in the kitchen. Old man still had it. “You have nothing to worry about, honey.” He beamed from ear to ear. “It’s no fun, but I can be mature when I have to be.”

“Yeah, I wonder about that...”

They joined the girls in the kitchen who’d already taken seats next to each other. Ino had placed a hand on his daughter’s and quickly pulled away when Kizashi entered the room. *That was... interesting,* he thought.

It appeared to go unnoticed by his wife. He bit his tongue on making a lesbian joke, lest it be interpreted the wrong way and screw up the entire night before it started. It was bad enough he had to entertain the village slut at his dinner table, he didn’t want to lose his nookie too.

“So,” said Mebuki, pouring soup in the girls’ bowls for starters. “You guys excited about your next mission?”

“Mom, no one is excited about missions. Ever,” said Sakura. “Except that dork, Naruto, maybe.”

“Sakura,” said Mebuki in a scolding tone. “That’s not very nice.”

“But it’s true.”

“Maybe it’s a good thing,” said Kizashi. “Being teased can actually help someone build character. I mean, take me for example. I used to get called an unamusing loser all the time, but you’d never guess it looking at me now.” He flexed his muscles and kissed them. “Bwahahaha!”

Sakura cringed. “Really dad?”

“I’m afraid he’s being serious,” said Mebuki with an awkward chuckle.

“To be fair, he makes a good point,” said Ino.

Sakura raised a brow. “That’s even more ludicrous.”

“I’m just saying I know what it’s liked to be talked about behind your back. It’s made me a stronger person in the long run.” Ino tried the soup. “This is really good, Mrs. Haruno.”

“Thank you so much, hun! And for the hundredth time, you can call me Mebuki.”

“Well,” said Kizashi, going back to Ino’s point. “It’s a little different when what people are saying is true. But I’m glad we agree on that point.”

Ino was taken aback by his sly implication. Before she could retort, Mebuki jumped in and suggested she try the roast salmon. “Oh, I heard your mission is in Kumogakure. Have you guys ever been there?”

“Once,” said Sakura. While she went on to describe the occasion, Kizashi felt Ino glaring at him as she cut a particularly tough piece of meat. She was probably imagining his neck on that platter. He avoided eye contact at all costs, shovelling rice into his mouth with his head down.

Sakura expanded on how the wonderful Hokage had handed her and Ino the task of retrieving special herbs from the outskirts of the Land of Lightning. It would take a few days for them to travel there, let alone find these rare plants if they existed. The girls didn’t expect to be back for a couple of weeks, which explained why Mebuki went through the trouble of preparing this farewell meal.

Kizashi sort of remembered Sakura mentioning the mission before, but the specifics had been lost in everything else she complained about, which he only pretended to listen to. Mebuki was not only his better half, but the better parent, thank God.

Kizashi concentrated on sampling everything on the table while the women ate moderately in between small talk. He cracked a joke here and there, if only to remind them of his presence. Granted, half the time he’d be the only one laughing at his attempts. Mebuki did her utmost to stuff the girls like pigs. With Inoichi absent, everyone had to chip in to

ensure his share didn't go to waste. Mebuki had clearly forgotten what it was like to be a teenage girl and all the wonderful woes of weight that accompanied it. Sakura and Ino only braved little nibbles of the cook's offers, and only out of politeness.

"Come on, Ino," said Mebuki. She raised a bowl of sausages towards their guest. "You haven't even tried these yet."

"Well, alright," said Ino. "I do love sausage."

"Of course you do," Kizashi muttered under his breath.

"What was that?" asked Mebuki.

He fretted. "Heh heh, I said '*it's great to chew.*'"

She eyeballed him suspiciously.

"Great stuff," said Ino after taking a bite. "You should try some Kizas-"

"It's Mr. Haruno," he said, coolly. In order to quell the uncomfortable silence that followed, he added, "And I've already had about six. Bwahahaha!"

Mebuki once again took on the responsibility of steering conversation in a civil direction. Neither dinner nor chatter lasted long after. Mebuki finally unveiled a strawberry cake layered with thick icing for dessert, but the girls had been so stuffed, they only wanted to roll into bed and nurse their bloated bellies. To their credit, they offered to take care of the dishes. Mebuki would have none of that. She practically pushed them up the staircase and encouraged them to get rest before their big mission the next day.

Hands on her hips, Mebuki stared at her husband as he swiped icing off the cake with a finger.

"What?" said Kizashi, sucking his digit.

She almost sighed in surrender and started gathering plates from the table. "Just help me clean up this place, would you?"

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Sakura gazed at the ceiling with half-lidded eyes and her mouth hung open. A hump beneath the covers stirred around her nether regions, making her body writhe and tremble in blissful ways. The intimate kiss suddenly robbed her of breath, her back arched off the bed and her thighs clamped the head between them.

A long, breathy sigh flowed from her lips as her legs fell listlessly on the bed.

The hump crawled up her motionless body before a blond head emerged from the sheets. Ino kissed her on the lips with the remnants of pussy still fresh on her tongue. After a brief make out session, she rolled over to Sakura's side and joined her lover in gazing at the ceiling.

"Fuck," gasped Sakura, still breathy. "You're so fucking good at that."

Ino smirked. "Or maybe you're just easy to please."

"My turn again, right? Just give me ten seconds." About a minute later, Sakura finally steadied her breath. "Okay, here I go."

"Wait," said Ino, before Sakura's pink head disappeared beneath the covers. "You don't have to."

"Don't you want to cum again?" asked Sakura, perplexed.

"Once is enough for tonight," said Ino. "Long day. I'm kind of tired right now."

"No, you're not." Sakura lay on her pillow and turned Ino's face towards hers. "Something's been bothering you all night. You haven't been yourself. What's the matter?"

Ino didn't bother trying to skirt around the topic, knowing how stubborn Sakura could get. "It's your dad."

"My dad?" Sakura creased her brow. "I know some of his dumb jokes are downright horrendous but —"

"It's not about the jokes. I get the impression he doesn't like me very much."

"What? That's crazy. My dad's so easy-going he gets along with everyone."

Ino shot her a doubtful look. “If you truly believe that, why didn’t you tell your parents about us tonight? Wasn’t that kind of the point of inviting me over?”

“Look, I’m going to tell them, alright?” She turned back to the ceiling, evading confrontation. “The opportunity just didn’t present itself tonight. Besides, I’m still trying to figure this whole thing out. I don’t know what we are. I don’t know what I am. I don’t know what will happen when Sasuke comes back.”

“It’s alright,” said Ino. “No pressure.” She’d asked herself some of the same questions. “Just as long as you’re not ashamed to be with me.”

“Of course not, Ino-pig. Who’d be ashamed to be with a farm animal?”

“Don’t get me started, Forehead Girl. Why’d you even call me that? I’m nothing like a pig!”

Sakura giggled. “Honestly, I don’t remember why I started. But now I have to continue, seeing as you’ve proved how great you are at eating things.”

Ino stifled a chuckle. “That’s worse than anything your dad came up with tonight.”

“Oh shut up and good night, you miserable hag.”

Ino laughed as Sakura turned away to sleep. The girl was out within seconds. Ino liked to think inducing her multiple orgasms had something to do with that. Pity Sakura’s slumber wasn’t contagious.

While her lover chased butterflies in dreamland, Ino lay wide-awake for at least an hour, mulling over anything and everything. There was no use pretending she was at peace with herself. Maybe she’d take up Mebuki’s offer on that strawberry cake after all. Ino slipped out of bed without disrupting Sakura’s snores.

...

Kizashi woke up in the middle of the night to find himself pressed against his wife. He groped her beneath the sheets, even kissed her nape hoping to re-ignite her arousal, but all he roused were groans of annoyance.

Mebuki rolled her shoulder to shoo his lips away. "Not now, Kizashi."

"B-but you promised."

She sighed without turning to face him. "I know I did," she mumbled. "But I'm just so swamped right now. I'm sorry, honey. Maybe tomorrow?"

Kizashi couldn't blame her. Between cooking that feast and attending to post-meal chores, it was a miracle she'd even had the energy to speak to him. "Not a problem, honey. Love you." He kissed her on the cheek as she mumbled it back.

Yawning, Kizashi scratched his crotch as he snuck out for a midnight leak. On his way back to the bedroom however, a light emanating from downstairs warmed the side of his face. Certain he'd turned everything off before heading to bed, Kizashi concluded someone had broken into their house, or at least someone was being sneaky.

Part of him was tempted to alert his wife, or even wake Sakura for back-up, but what kind of man relied on his woman and kid for protection? Kizashi steeled his nerves and treaded downstairs cautiously.

He followed the light source to the kitchen, slow, steady and vigilant. The fridge door was open and an orange glow spewed from its entrails. He could see the intruder's bare feet beneath the door and hear them rummaging through the shelves. Judging by their lack of reaction, they hadn't detected him approaching at all, the perfect opportunity to get the jump on them if need be. He raised his fists and slowly rounded the fridge door at a distance, garnering a better and better angle of his target until his jaw hit the floor.

The bare feet extended into long, bare legs, boasting strong calf muscles and shapely thighs. Her flowing locks took on a golden glow from the fridge's bursting light as they cascaded down the length of her back. She might've been completely naked if not for the glimpses of a white nightdress covering her rear. Granted, 'white' might've been generous given the fabric appeared more see-through than any solid colour, and 'dress' misleading given it was closer to the length of a t-shirt.

As her hair narrowed like the tip of a broadsword below her waist, he could make out her lace panties on either side. The undergarments were an opaquer shade of white than her nightie, but still only covered the top half of her rear, teasing the moon-like roundness of her bottom.

He slowly dissolved his fists when he realised she was no threat at all, and proceeded to ogle the young girl behind her back. As Ino bent towards a low shelf, the hem of her nightie rode up, exposing her bare ass save for the thin, white strip concealing her crack. Kizashi bit on his fist to stifle a gasp but it all seemed in vain when she whipped around seconds later.

Ino shrieked and dropped her slice of cake on the floor. Kizashi jumped back too, shocked at her shock, and threw his hands up in peace. With a hand covering her mouth, Ino calmed down as she recognised the intruder. Although she didn't appear likely to scream again, the shock lingered in her eyes when she glanced at his crotch area.

Kizashi grew bright red at the tent pitched at the front of his boxers. He threw his hands over it. His own eyes couldn't help continue ogling the girl, especially now he'd been granted a frontal view of her transparent attire.

A small triangle of fabric covered her most intimate parts, but everything from her toned abs upwards left nothing to his imagination, including the vividness of her bare nipples. She blushed after realising he could see them through her nightgown, then quickly draped her breasts with curtains of long hair.

"W-what are you doing here?" asked Ino in a hushed tone.

"What am I doing here? This is my house. I live here! What are you doing here?"

"You know what I mean! Why the hell are you stalking me?"

"Stalking you?" He huffed incredulously. "Don't flatter yourself. You shouldn't be sneaking around in the middle night like this."

"And you shouldn't be perving over a girl one-third your age."

"I wasn't pervi- a third?!" he said, insulted. "Just how old do you think I am? Whatever, just... just clean this mess up and get out of here."

“Whatever.” Ino knelt down and began picking the cake off the floor, but she couldn’t shake his towering presence above her. “And? If you’re just going to stand there and not help, you might as well go back to bed.”

“And leave you here all on your own? Ha! Fat chance. You’ve already shown you can’t be trusted. This is my house. I can stand wherever I want to. So just shut your trap and make it snappy already.”

Ino had just finished cleaning up the mess when the rude comments smacked her in the face. “You know what? Fuck this.” She dropped the cake again, this time on purpose. “Why are you so mean to me? What the fuck did I ever do to you?”

He snorted. “Don’t play innocent with me. You may be able to fool my wife, and even my daughter, but I see right through you. I know what you are. I mean, just look at how you dress. Cover yourself up for god’s sake.”

“Why’s it any of your business how I dress?”

“Because I don’t need you corrupting my daughter.”

Ino laughed. “So, you just believe everything you hear about me?”

“I trust my sources. A lot of them are close friends with no reason to make stuff up. And besides that, I’ve seen what you get up to with my own two eyes.”

Ino raised her brows. “And just what might that be?”

“I’ve seen you chatting up every other teenage boy in the village. Even your little make-out sessions in the alley behind the flower shop when you thought no one was looking.”

Ino bit the inside of her cheek, half-embarrassed, half-offended. “You and the rest of your old buddies are all sick, little perverts. I don’t even consider you men.”

“And you’re a filthy slut.”

“So, if I enjoy sex, that would make me a slut? You’re even dumber than you look. Whatever, I’m going back to bed.”

He grabbed her arm as she tried to walk past him. “No, you’re not. Not until you’ve cleaned up your mess.”

“Clean it up yourself,” she spat. “It’s your house, right?”

“That’s right. And it’s your mess. And when you’re done, I don’t want you going upstairs or anywhere else in my house for that matter. Get out and stay the hell away from Sakura.”

She shook her head and laughed, her amusement confusing him. “You really are clueless aren’t you? That ‘precious little girl’ you’re so worried I’m going to corrupt... I’m afraid it’s too late. I’ve already fucked her. Many times.”

Kizashi’s face froze in shock. He stuttered his next words, cleared his throat, and then tried again. “You’re... you’re a filthy liar.”

She smirked. “You don’t want to believe it’s true, but you know it is. And guess what? She loves it. Want to see the face she makes whenever I get her to cum? It looks something like this.”

Disgusted, Kizashi shut his eyes as Ino proceeded to make lustful expressions. She laughed at his pain. He warned her to shut up several times, but she continued to snigger, and snigger, and snigger until something in Kizashi snapped.

It came completely unexpected to both of them when he shoved his tongue down her throat. Ino resisted on instinct, but the man was a full head taller than her and thrice as wide with arms thicker than her thighs. He clutched both her wrists together in one huge hand and trapped them harmlessly behind her back. His other hand lifted her chin to beat their height difference as his lips captured hers with a bow of his head. He kissed her with rage-filled passion, and it didn’t take long for the little minx to quit fighting and reciprocate.

Ino had never been overwhelmed by such brazen lust before. The man’s wife and daughter slept a few feet above them and yet he couldn’t keep his hands off her. Or his lips for that matter, hot and abrasive on her mouth.

He spun her around and Ino dropped her palms on the table to keep from falling. She felt him creep up from behind and grope her breasts without shame, ruffling her nightdress in

rough clutches. With a feral rumbling in his throat, he pulled her hair aside and chomped on her exposed nape. She could only loll her head back and mutter feeble resistance.

“Hey... Kiza... Mr. Haruno...” She sputtered the words between shallow breaths. The red haze deafened him to her pleas. He grabbed her waist from under the dress and twisted her around once more. As he smothered her with fiery kisses, Ino felt the back of her thighs hit the edge of the table, and it only took a light push to tip her onto her back.

She spread her legs almost instinctively as he bent over to lay his chest on top of hers. The wet blotch on her nape had gone cold until he clamped his mouth around it once more, the sudden touch causing her to tremble.

He planted hot kisses across her neckline before finally recapturing her lips. She wriggled beneath his weight as the rising passion seemed to make him heavier and heavier. Ino could swear she heard the table creak and feared it would collapse from under them, a fear he neither acknowledged nor sought to ease.

She broke their lip-lock to bring the danger to his attention, but every time she whispered his name, he buried his muzzle deeper in her neck. “Mr. Haruno!” she breathed, hotly. He responded by running his hand down her outer thigh and hoisted it up by the knee. “Mr... Haruno...” She felt his hard determination prodding at her core and raised her voice in panic. “Kizashi!”

The shrill cry snapped him back to his senses. He blinked at the girl heaving beneath him as if he couldn't remember how she wound up there or why he lay on top of her. “Ino,” he said, panting. “I don't... I don't know what I'm...” She looked spent with her long hair sprawled all over the table. Was he really about to... “Oh God.”

Kizashi backed away from the table and slumped in a chair. He zoned out staring at his trembling hands, wondering what had become of him. All this animosity towards Ino had blown past protecting his daughter, an obsession turning him into something he wasn't, something carnal.

Judging by his loss of control, Kizashi had to ask himself if this was ever about protecting Sakura at all. Maybe Mebuki was right. Maybe he should've laid off.

Ino rose to a sitting position on the edge of the table. She regarded him with bewilderment as he just sat there staring into space. The drastic change in his demeanour

almost worried her. Ino didn't see the lust-filled animal of moments before or the happy-go-lucky dad with terrible jokes. She just saw a broken man slumped in a chair. It presented an interesting opportunity.

"I fucking knew it," said Ino. He raised a blank gaze at her before dropping his head again without a word. "I could tell," she continued, despite his lack of interest. "It was so obvious. The way you looked at me... I could see what you really wanted."

Stepping between his legs, she provoked no response as she unbuttoned his pyjama top. Reaching inside, she rubbed his shoulders in circular motions, barely covering them with her palms.

He was a big man built upon a strong frame, and she grew more impressed the further she caressed his upper arms. His biceps bulged with a history of hard labour, even if an inevitable potbelly stuck past his waistband. It was an acceptable physique given his age. She'd seen her fair share of topless boys and Mr. Haruno was all man.

Her hands loved the feel of his broad and muscular chest, her fingers mowing through curls of thick hair. The rugged man allowed her to feel him up without blinking an eyelid, let alone raising a hand to stop her. He might as well have been sleeping but she knew just the thing to wake him up. Grinning, she sank from his view unnoticed.

Kizashi hadn't felt the small hands fumbling at his waistband, but when a warm mouth enveloped the top of his cock, he came alive instantly.

The reality of a blond head bobbing on his dick struck him hard. "What are you..." His words petered out as she licked the underside of his cock from its base to its crest in one, drawn-out motion. If that hadn't made it abundantly clear what she was doing, nothing would.

The open fridge shined its glow from the side of the room and lit only one half of her features, an almost fitting separation and merge of the innocent girl he once knew and the corrupted slag she'd become.

It was hard to believe the same kid he used to walk to the park with his daughter, and look out for like one of his own, was now kneeling at his feet with her lips attached to his swollen dick. This... his daughter's best friend. When he bore into Ino's cerulean eyes he saw

remnants of the girl that once was, even a little bit of Inoichi in there; everything that should've turned him off only made him harder.

She seized control of his erection with the touch of someone that had done it a hundred times, unsurprisingly. The tip of her tongue flicked at his head while she twisted and pumped his shaft.

He felt an incredible warmth when she finally took him in, her tongue rolling under his cock from side to side before gliding to the crest and starting over. His heart rate picked up, groans tumbling from his lips as she worked him faster and wilder, throwing herself down his length until the blunt end knocked at the back of her throat.

In the dead of night, with their shadows cast against the kitchen wall, the sound of guzzling and hushed moans perverted the silence.

Her hair had spilt over his knees, and she'd had to shake her head whenever it got in the way. He thought to make himself useful by sweeping the locks from the sides of her face and holding them above her head. It invariably cleared the path to her eyes too, and he sensed a great intensity staring into her orbs as she engorged herself with cock, bobbing deeper and deeper, fervently, stopping only for quick breaths when the stuffing overwhelmed her.

Lust oozed from the corners of her mouth, coating his shaft with a handy lubricant for her jerking service. He reclined with a sigh as the intensity pushed him to edge of his seat, but she robbed him of the impending eruption when she abruptly pulled away.

Kizashi sat helplessly out of breath after the cruel minx abandoned him without explanation. His dick gave a lonely twitch, the coat of hot saliva suddenly cold in her absence. He couldn't resist the urge to grab it and jerk himself to a climax, but he stopped mid-stroke when she emerged from behind the fridge door with a plate of strawberry cake – not just a slice or two, the whole damn thing.

He gaped. “All that just for –”

“Ssssh.” A finger topped with icing pushed through his mouth. His tongue jumped from yapping to licking her clean. She then dipped two fingers in the cake and brought the dessert to his lips. He almost bit her digits in his craze for another taste. She penetrated him

to the knuckles and twirled her fingers on his tongue with a delicious moan. “You like the way I taste, Mr. Haruno?”

He kept her digits in his mouth long after the icing had dissolved, a resounding ‘yes’ if she’d ever heard one. Ino returned to the cake for the third time and, trumping her prior visits, dunked her entire hands in the dessert!

Before he could utter ‘what the fuck’, she started to smear the profuse amounts of icing all over her bare thighs, massaging it in nice and slow so he could see just how silky and toned her legs were. Satisfied with his awe, she sauntered towards him in a sexy strut, icing drooping off her thighs.

Kizashi needed no instruction on how to proceed. He dove into one thigh, planting gentle kisses left and right and north and south, the icing building on his upper lip. Pressing his mouth against her smooth skin, he slowly dragged his tongue up the length of her slender limb, evoking a gasp from the teen. He dragged his tongue in the opposite direction and glided over the icing he’d missed, and then back up again, and then in reverse, speeding up with each lap until her leg was dressed in more saliva than cake.

Her other thigh received a much more fervent approach. He practically mashed the bottom half of his face against the limb, French-kissing her flavoured thigh up and down like a famished lover, doing all he could not to bite into the coated flesh. She caressed the top of his head stifling the moans when he sampled her more sensitive regions.

He pulled back and appreciated his handiwork, a pair of naked thighs spit-shined to perfection. Whatever icing had decorated her now churned in his stomach, lay smeared on his tongue or sat in the mess around his lips. But he couldn’t help not appreciate those long legs of hers. Starting at her knees, he ran his palms up the back of her tender thighs, slow and sensually, pinching at the incredible softness with delight.

Her breathing rose in sync with the climbing of his hands, peaking as he neared the hem of her little nightdress. Kizashi’s own breath hitched in his throat when he rose past the see-through barrier.

His foremost digits hit the crease where thigh became buttock, and climbed over the hump in amazement of her round posterior. With his wrists raising her nightie, he groped at a combination of lace panties and pert ass cheeks.

She swallowed her gasps as his rough handling dishevelled her underwear, crazed fingers dipping in and around her panty lines. After he finally tamed himself, Kizashi gripped her panties at the hips then slid them down her glistening thighs.

Ino stepped out of the discarded underwear before pushing him back in his seat. “How long have you wanted to fuck me, Mr. Haruno?” She placed her hands on his shoulders for balance while lowering onto one of his legs.

His thigh was a complete contrast to hers; muscular and prickly against smooth velvet. She grinded on his upper leg, her wet labia tickled by the tiny hairs as she matted them with lust.

“How long?” she purred. Her nose swiped a nugget of icing off his muzzle. His hot breaths reeked of desperation and strawberry. She teased a kiss but shied away before he could commit. “How long, Mr. Haruno?” She churned her hips in slow circles wearing his patience thin. He curled an arm around her waist and doubled her pace.

“Mmm...” Her pussy *really* began to ache, the fire at her core raging with the upsurge in friction. They panted heavily on each other, the lust thick and palpable. Her eyes begged him to take her right there on his lap.

Kizashi hardened as the dirty girl smeared herself on his thigh with nothing covering the wet, little pussy under her dress. His erection throbbed. In his heightened state of being, his mind played tricks on him: the girl’s features meshed between Ino’s and Teen Mebuki’s.

It disturbed him as much as it kindled his arousal. With a desperate shake of his head, he batted the mirage away and then hoisted Ino up by the waist.

He sat her on the table before dropping to one knee. She sucked in a sharp breath as he flung one of her legs over his shoulder, leaving her other to dangle off the edge. He’d aligned his sights with the mouth of her nightdress and, although its contents lay hidden in the shadows, he could smell the thick desire pervading from its depths.

Hugging his cheek against her cold, naked thigh, he spotted traces of icing he’d missed. He licked them clean, evoking shivers as he followed the path higher and higher up her leg, then dipped his nose beneath the hem of her nightie.

He flicked her drenched folds with the tip of his tongue. The taste of teenage pussy hooked him at once, a taste he'd long forgotten. A sudden hunger overcame him. He shoved his face up her dress and she gasped.

Her sweet moans invigorated his efforts. She struggled to hush her pleasure as his tongue lashed at her pussy. His face pushed her dress further up, his mouth smudging saliva and icing all over her sex, sweetening her natural honey even further. He frothed in the musk of arousal trapped within her dress, lapping up every fold, crevice and nub in his reach.

Looking down, Ino could hardly believe it was Sakura's dad sniffing up her skirt, especially after Sakura herself had visited her nether regions earlier that evening. She didn't even want to think about how Sakura would react if she found out; the girl had always had a temper and, with superhuman strength thrown into the mix, things rarely ended well for anyone who crossed her.

Ino tried so hard not to make a sound that could wake her frenemy-turned-lover, but God... Sakura's dad was a ravenous beast when it came to devouring pussy.

Unlike his daughter's acute and delicate approach, Mr. Haruno let his tongue roam wild and free. When it wasn't sliding up and down her slit, it was flicking at her swollen clit. She also loved the prickly sensation of his moustache against her inner thighs.

When she'd snuck down for a midnight snack, never would she have imagined her pussy would wind up being dessert for her best friend's dad. Yet, here they were. Her eyes fell shut as she focused on feeling the tongue poking in and out of her entrance.

She exhaled hotly whilst running her fingers through his hair, sensing her climax frantically approaching. However, he returned the favour in pulling out before she could experience ultimate bliss.

Ino watched him emerge from her nightdress with a dangling trail of saliva. He broke the string from his bottom lip then smeared it on her vulva, keeping her well and truly lubricated for what was to come next.

She felt a sudden rush of nerves when he threw her nightie over her waist. Despite her various states of undress, she only felt truly exposed then, a strong chill drifting about her marinated folds. He just stood there and stared. She'd never been the shy type but her cheeks couldn't help flare up.

Kizashi couldn't believe it had come to this. After investing bags of energy fighting her promiscuous reputation, there he stood set to become the latest casualty of the village slut's seduction. He knew wiser and yet couldn't rip his eyes away from the whore's delicious cunt. She kept her pubes sparse and kempt which he'd already guessed from administering lip service. Desire engorged her nether lips and bade her ready for him.

He dropped his cock on her pussy with a wet thwack. Her eyes shimmered at the weight of it. He smirked and found her nervousness complimentary; her first real man, far from the little boys she was used to.

She flinched every time he dropped his slab of meat on her tender petals. When he tired of toying with her, he placed a hand on her tummy and eased her into a lying position.

Ino shot right back up with a shocked expression. She reached around her back and felt huge smudges of icing on her nightdress. Whatever was left of the cake lay flattened on the table beneath her.

"Well, that's one way to break the icing." Kizashi couldn't help himself. She half-smiled before pushing the smashed cake away. Bad jokes aside, he seized her thigh and dragged her to the edge of the table. She held her breath as he levelled his cock with her wet entrance.

Kizashi grimaced at her tightness, but refused to stop until he'd forced his fat head through her walls, inducing a sultry moan from the little slut. "Gods, you're so freaking tight!" He sighed in amazement. "If I didn't know any better I'd think you were a..." Kizashi got the shock of his life when he noticed crimson seeping around his embedded cock. "B-b-but... how could you... how – but I saw you with – how did you –"

"Just because I've made out with a few guys doesn't mean I've fucked them," she said, dryly.

Kizashi was dumfounded, his mouth hung agape for minutes on end. All this time he'd been certain she was a slut... "Why didn't you tell me?" he demanded.

"Why do you care?"

"Because I didn't want to –" He paused to take a deep breath before calming his tone. "Because I'd never dream of taking your virginity," he whispered.

“Well, you just did,” she said, glancing down at the evidence.

“No.” He massaged his temple, nursing a guilt-ridden headache. “No, no, no.”

“Oh, please. Stop with the theatrics, Mr. Haruno. You’ve wanted this for a long time.”

“No –”

“You’ve been looking at me *that* way since I was twelve.” He shook his head profusely, but she continued. “Just admit it. You’re obsessed with me.”

“I’m not. I thought you were a – I thought you wanted to –” He couldn’t stop shaking his head. “Inoichi’s going to murder me. That’s if my wife doesn’t beat him to it. I’m such a screw up!”

“And you think I’m safe with Sakura?” Ino whispered. “Keep it down,” she said, pointing upstairs in warning. “It’s already done. There’s no going back now. Stop worrying about that and focus on the moment. You’re starting to go soft.” She sat up and began caressing his balls. “Stop fighting it.”

He regarded her with a mixture of confusion and reluctant pleasure. How could she be so blasé about giving up her virginity to him of all people? This, the same girl accusing him of being a pervert. The same girl who’d been friends with his daughter since infancy. The same girl he should’ve been looking after as a godfather – not obliterating her innocence on his messy kitchen table.

‘*Stop fighting it*,’ she kept whispering. He stifled a moan as she rolled his testicles gently along her digits, restoring the rigidity in his cock. *Fuck*, he thought. She was right about one thing: he *had* been obsessed with her. *Stop fighting it*. As she sat there fondling his scrotum, her visage transformed into his teenage wife yet again. He didn’t understand why all this was happening.

Until he stopped fighting it.

The memories came flooding back. He remembered seeing Ino in that alleyway kissing that pale-skinned boy, but then she morphed into Teen Mebuki and the boy morphed into a young Inoichi. Kizashi’s heart panged just as painfully as it had back then.

Somehow he'd been able to forgive, even forget to a degree; it took a lot of running to leave his past behind him, but every time he looked at Ino it found a way of catching up.

She embodied everything he'd suppressed for decades, and now, firmly lodged in the most intimate place within her, he had little choice but to tackle his demons head-on. And even if she didn't know it, she encouraged him to do just that through stimulating his balls and whispering for him to fuck her. With his wife and best friend muddled in Ino's lustful eyes, Kizashi took the first plunge towards a resolution, a deep thrust that congratulated him with sigh-inducing pleasure.

The virgin's pussy gripped him like a ring several sizes too small. Not even Mebuki had been this tight the first time he took her to bed; granted, in the wake of his recent memories, he might not have been the first to take her to bed at all. She had explained the lack of blood as a consequence of intense training, but it could just as easily have been an intense, treacherous best friend.

The thought enraged Kizashi. He rammed his cock into the man's daughter on his kitchen table, her pussy suddenly becoming the outlet for his vengeance.

She let out a pained cry reminding him of her inexperience with penetration. He slowed his pace out of guilt and empathy. But it wasn't long until the tight-lipped blonde begged him for higher intensity.

The speed at which she'd grown accustomed to his size impressed him; perhaps kunoichi having a high threshold for pain had something to do with it. In any case, Kizashi was thrilled to comply.

With her heels hovering in his face, he hugged her thighs close to his torso and pounded her with increasing ferocity, the sound of flesh smacking flesh resounding faster and noisier. His balls swung at the bottom of her ass after every thrust, her starving pussy squelching with the thrills of being fed, salivating all over his stiff meat.

Kizashi decided if Inoichi really had stolen his wife's virginity then his daughter would be fair game, or maybe Kizashi simply needed some sort of justification for enjoying her tight, little entrance so damn much.

Ino spread her arms and gripped the sides of the table as every thrust shook the wooden surface under her sweaty back. Such power, such desperation, such perversion... She

never imagined her first time would be this intense, messy or twisted. While her closest friend lay sound asleep under her covers, daddy dearest was having his cake and eating it too.

Virgin blood had shocked him at first but he quickly proved to be anything but squeamish, stretching her young pussy wide apart in an intoxicating mix of pleasure and pain. She could tell he loved her tightness by how much he grunted, cursed and threw his head back in ecstasy. He spread her legs apart without breaking the rhythm of his thrusts, then slapped her inner thighs before thumbing her swollen clit.

Ino jerked at the sensation.

“Mr. Haruno!” she wheezed. “You’re gonna make me – mmhmm, ahhh!” He rubbed her love-button in circular motions while pumping her pussy relentlessly.

With her dress strewn on her flat abs, she propped on her elbows to get a good look at how Mr. Haruno’s cock disappeared inside her before slowly re-emerging and slamming back in. She worried someone might hear them as her wet pussy remained stubbornly noisy about all the attention being pumped into it.

Kizashi still didn’t understand why the teenager had offered herself up as his point of mid-life stress relief, but he’d veered way beyond the moral dilemma. Her waist felt tiny in his mitts as he lifted the bottom half of her body off the table then soared into a blitz of super-charged thrusts. She couldn’t moan half as quickly as the wet smacks of their groins crashing over and over again.

Somewhere in a dark corner of his mind this aggression had been born from Mebuki’s betrayal, and poor little Ino was having her pussy absolutely battered because of it. Granted, she was hardly complaining, and he wouldn’t be able to stop until all his caged emotions were let loose. Kizashi couldn’t sustain the blistering pace for longer than half a minute before tiring out, bringing them both to rest in heaps of hot breaths and heaving chests.

“She doesn’t know, does she?” breathed Ino, casting confusion on his features. “Your wife. She doesn’t know that *you* know. You’ve never told her, have you?”

Kizashi was dumbfounded. How could Ino possibly know any of that? He didn’t have the greatest understanding of all-things-ninjutsu, but he did recall the Yamanaka clan had an aptitude for mind tricks. Telepathy lay within their capabilities. Reading minds though? He

doubted it. It *would* explain how she'd garnered that titbit on his past though, perhaps even suggest she might've instigated this sordid deed from the start.

"It doesn't matter," said Kizashi. It really didn't. All he knew was that he needed the release only his daughter's friend could facilitate.

Kizashi brought their rest period to an end by spinning her around and bending her over the table. Her eyes screwed shut and a silent gasp escaped her lips as he re-inserted himself from the rear.

Evidently the angle allowed him deeper reach, sheathing his entire cock in her hot sex. He hoisted one of her knees onto the table and started pounding her fast and hard. The icing smudged on the back of her dress didn't slow him down. He gathered messy quantities on his hands before lifting her nightie and slapping a taut cheek, leaving a creamy handprint in his wake.

Icing stuck to the front of his thighs every time he bounced off her ass, morsels of cake and strawberry dropping to the floor beneath the vicinity of penetration. In one rough motion, he rolled a dress strap off her shoulder and sprung an ample breast out into the open.

She purred when he smeared his cakey fingertips all over her puffy nipple. He twisted her long hair in a fistful knot and tugged her head back, forcing her body to arc as he fucked her senseless, throwing her exposed breast up and down in mid-air. Never had sex tasted so sweet, he thought, swiping icing off her ass before sliding it on his tongue.

Ino moaned and purred as she was rocked back and forth. Her ass echoed like a slap whenever he threw himself into her, only envied by the ricochets of his ball-sack banging on her pussy. When he released her hair, her head suddenly snapped forward, bangs spilling down the sides of her face. She then felt his hand re-manoeuvre to the front of her dress.

Despite the dangers of being caught, she couldn't keep down a pleasurable cry when his fingers rediscovered her clit. Her arms wobbled at the elbows, her breath quickened, and her quivering thighs shut around his hand. His battering ram of a cock and his slick, slippery fingers brought her to an orgasm within seconds of their combination.

She released a drawn-out, heavenly sigh while convulsing like a seizure patient. He'd stopped pumping her during the intense high but resumed after she rode it out.

Sakura's dad didn't last ten more thrusts before she felt him slide out of her body in a hurry. She was taken aback by the unusual sensation of a gaping hole where tightness had once been. He left her little time to dwell on it however, as he soon let out a high-pitched groan.

Spurts of hot goo landed on the small of her back, mixing and mingling with icing as it slid towards her crack.

Spent, Kizashi would've fallen on his ass if the chair hadn't been there to catch him. Ino remained bent over, her body sprawled across the table for ages before either of them started to stir and realise the mess they'd created in the throes of passion.

"This won't happen again," said Kizashi. "In fact, it never happened this time."

"I know," said Ino, catching his drift straight away.

Together, with a silent guilt hung over their heads, they wiped the kitchen clean of evidence before tiptoeing back upstairs.

As Kizashi snuck into bed, a groggy Mebuki rolled over and slung her arm over his chest. He regarded the sleeping woman with conflicting emotions. But he experienced something he hadn't felt in over 20 years of marriage. Peace.

...

A week later Kizashi was working on the Konoha Times' crossword puzzle when Mebuki stormed in.

"Honey, you were totally right," she said, hanging her coat.

In all his years of marriage, he could count on one hand the number of times his wife started a sentence with those five words. He glanced up from the paper, intrigued. "I was?"

"That Ino is a total village slut!"

He felt a pang of nervousness. "She is?"

“Apparently she’s gone and screwed someone’s husband!”

“...she did?”

Mebuki sighed. “I’m sorry. I should’ve heard you out. You know what, I don’t want Sakura hanging out with her anymore either. From this point on, that slut is banned from this household.”

“Wow,” said Kizashi, astonished. “What ever happened to ignoring silly teenage gossip?”

“It’s not silly teenage gossip when someone’s husband gets involved. Besides, I have a reliable source.”

What reliable source? It was a question that would plague him for the rest of the day.

“Anyway, how was your day?” She pecked him on the cheek before disappearing into the kitchen.

Kizashi gazed at the crossword puzzle with a vague expression and could only think of one word. “Complicated.”

END

Author's Notes: Thanks for reading! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at lemonzsauce.com or hit me up at reviews@lemonzsauce.com. I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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...

Special credit goes to *Tony Guisado* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

https://danbooru.donmai.us/posts?tags=tony_guisado

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.