

lemonzsaUCE

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

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

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaUCE.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

* * *

DISCLAIMER

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

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.

* * *

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

WATCHFUL EYES

(A Naruto Fanfic)



FICTION
MA
18+ UNVERIFIED

CONTAINS EXPLICIT CONTENT
FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY

WWW.FICTIONRATINGS.COM

Synopsis

When a deadly plot casts his newlywed spouse in danger, Naruto appoints Hinata her own personal bodyguard in Uchiha Sasuke, one of few men he can fully trust after sharing a long, complex history... or can he?

...

Watchful Eyes

A Naruto fanfic by j.j. scriptease

A heaviness pervading the night air burdened Naruto while he watched Konoha from the roof of the Hokage's Residence, the high winds whispering murmurs of subversion as they blew past his cloak. The Hidden Leaf Village lay sprawled out in slumber before him, only a handful of lit windows and alleyways carved out of the blackness, a silence too silent to brew comfort. It was little more than an inkling – some might've said paranoia – but an inkling loud enough to keep him awake nonetheless.

Hinata, the love of his life, and his newly wed bride, followed him out of bed and onto the rooftop, offering comfort and support in any which way she could, including scanning the night with her Byakugan for any anomalies. She reported nothing of concern, nor did either of the two ANBU bodyguards guarding him by order of Kakashi.

If there was really nothing to worry about, why did the Hokage designate extra protection for him? Granted, Naruto had been a focal point of the Fourth Shinobi World War, and it wasn't beyond reason to imagine some downtrodden shinobi out there might be seeking to get one over on him in some way.

When Naruto had arrived at the Hokage's Residence, he found Kakashi wasn't present to consider his suspicions or answer any of his questions. The new role kept his former sensei busy, rebuilding bridges amongst villages, negotiating with one Kage or another. Naruto wondered how long he'd be able to keep that up.

In Kakashi's absence, Naruto should've trusted in his men, in his own wife, despite the inklings niggling under his skin. In the wake of concluding the war, times of peace were upon them, times of starting a family with his new wife. That was what he should've been focused on. He and Hinata were already trying for their first child.

Ready to return home and have another go at sleep, Naruto was on the brink of dismissing the ANBU bodyguards when a flying kunai swooshed past his throat, missing his Adam's apple by a whisker.

The masked ninja beside him screamed in horror. Not so lucky. Blood spurted out of his neck, hot crimson spraying the side of Naruto's face and clothes. Hinata cried out in shock.

The stricken man dropped clutching his gushing wound. His body hit the ground with a resounding thump. He gargled his final breath.

Naruto leapt in front of Hinata and batted away another kunai with one of his own.

The lone ANBU guard assumed a protective stance ahead of the pair as a dozen masked shinobi sprung onto rooftop out of nowhere.

Naruto wouldn't play damsel-in-distress however and let another soldier bear the brunt of this surprise attack. He charged head-on at the assassins surrounding them, Hinata one step behind him, prepared to give her life for him as he would for her.

Aided by the ANBU shinobi and countless shadow clones, they turned the assassination attempt on its head, dispatching the rogue ninja one by one, bruised and slain bodies hurtling over the rooftop.

Once the smoke settled, Naruto treaded over mutilated bodies, puddles of blood and raw death to reach his wife. He pulled her into an embrace, glad to confirm no serious harm. But his compassion quickly turned to indignation.

He insisted she should've found cover. Asking a capable shinobi or kunoichi to stand down from a life-and-death battle was tantamount to asking a doctor to sit back and watch a patient die; Naruto understood that, but she wasn't just any kunoichi anymore. She would be the future mother of his children. How could that happen if she was dead?

The ANBU guard pointed out a familiar insignia on one of the corpses – it belonged to the Cloud Village. Damn them!

They'd had it out for the Hyuuga Clan since day one. It dawned on Naruto that Hinata may've been the primary target all along.

But why now?

That hatchet should've been buried aeons ago. The mere formation of the Allied Shinobi Forces should've smoothed inter-village conflicts for good.

At first light, Naruto would march down to Kumogakure and confront that bastard of a Raikage face-to-face.

...

"You did what?" Hinata followed her husband around the bedroom as he stuffed his belongings in a travel bag.

"Look, I don't want to take any chances," said Naruto.

"But a personal bodyguard? Naruto-kun... That's a bit much." Yielding the power of the Byakugan, she wasn't exactly a helpless little girl. Granted, Byakugan hadn't exactly helped her last night either.

Now she had swarms of ANBU personnel stalking her every move. The privacy she'd once upheld and cherished dwindled with Naruto's paranoia. Soon she wouldn't be able to blink without someone barging in to check if everything was alright.

"It's only for a couple of days, a week tops." He threw his arms into the sleeves of his white cloak. "I need to know you'll be safe while I'm out there investigating what happened last night."

But he was the right-hand of the Hokage. He could have subordinates gather intel instead of doing everything on his own. His responsibilities lied in Konoha, staying here to protect the village, the people, her.

He wouldn't even let her come with him, undermining her talents as a kunoichi, her Will of Fire that burned just as strongly as his. When Hinata tried to air her grievances, he re-affirmed his stance without a quiver of consideration. She gave up on the losing battle. There was only one question left to ask.

"Who is it?"

“Someone very capable. Someone I trust with my own life. But most importantly, someone I trust with yours.” He kissed her forehead. “I love you, Hinata.”

“I love you too.” She clung to him in a tight embrace, already missing the warmth of his body.

“I have to go now.” He detached himself reluctantly and then sealed his exit.

Hinata shut and locked the door, honouring the instructions he’d drilled into her head. A knock arrived the instant she turned her back. Her heart swelled with the hopes of her husband changing his mind. She swung the door open, ready to throw herself in his arms.

But it wasn’t him. It was –

“Sasuke...”

The dark shinobi regarded her without expression. She almost lost her balance, caught between hugging him inadvertently and retreating as far as possible. Her cheeks flared up in embarrassment. Most people would chuckle, or ask if she was okay, do something, but not Uchiha Sasuke. Not even a blink.

“You know why I’m here?”

Hinata nodded. Her husband’s life-long frenemy turned loyal right-hand. Like many people in the village, she couldn’t fathom what Naruto saw in him after he turned rogue, granted her husband had a knack for spotting the tiniest speckle of light in darkness.

Naruto had enough influence to have Sasuke banished him from Konoha. Instead, he’d backed Kakashi appointing him a senior officer in the shinobi armed forces, despite several advisers against it.

For all the ruckus the decision kicked up, Sasuke had yet to do anything to undermine Kakashi or Naruto’s trust. Hinata felt obliged to lay her faith alongside her husband’s.

“Um, would you like to come in?” she asked with a timid gesture.

“I’m not here for tea and rice balls.”

Hinata laughed nervously – she actually *was* going to offer him rice balls. “Of course.” So... What now? Was he just going to stand out there? Awkward.

“I just wanted to confirm arrival at my post,” said Sasuke. “The Hokage’s right-hand has requested 24/7 surveillance and protection. Don’t do anything careless and everything should go smoothly. Now get inside and lock the door – and don’t open for anyone on a whim again. Even genin have more sense than that.” He leapt out of sight, undoubtedly watching from some strategic position.

“Okay...” she murmured to the wind.

And so began her babysitting ordeal. In some ways it was more frightening than being on her own. Hinata survived a dozen near-heart attacks walking into a room only to discover him lurking behind the door, or stationed next to the curtains, or glued to the ceiling, or stashed in the cupboard between the mop and broom.

He never thought it necessary to pre-warn her or explain some of his more radical positions. Ironically, she found herself overusing Byakugan to feel comfortable in her own home. The worst came one morning when she woke up to him at the foot of her bed.

Cold, dark eyes staring. It made her shriek and try to jump back into her nightmares.

Hinata managed to put up with the intrusion by constantly reminding herself it would be over soon. But ‘soon’ stretched from two days to three, to four, to a week, to double that. She resented whatever it was holding Naruto back.

Sasuke wasn’t any more pleased with the overtime. He became increasingly agitated and weary during his shifts.

Hinata walked in on him, snoozing on the couch, sword resting on the floor. It was kind of a big deal sleeping on the job when it involved protecting someone’s life. But she felt he deserved it. Besides, she wasn’t so incapable of defending herself for a few hours.

Hinata was still a Hyuuga despite her husband’s reservations. She never thought she’d use ‘cute’ to describe Sasuke, but then she never thought she’d watch him sleep either.

When you took away the harsh judgement of his eyes, he had the face of a prince, one many-a-girl sought throughout their time at the academy. Hinata had been too infatuated with her future husband to pay him any mind.

But now she could see what all the girls must've seen back then. She was oblivious to her own staring until she reached the crotch of his pants. Her face turned bright red.

She looked away and mumbled an apology, one he'd never hear. The fact of the matter was she got away with it. Tempted, she risked another peek, then turned away, then reoffended a second later.

It would've been simpler to be decent if the tent hadn't stood that tall. What was Sasuke-kun dreaming about? Or rather, who?

She couldn't blame him. The time spent watching over her kept him away from some woman out there. Some lucky woman, thought Hinata, ogling at how tight the trousers stretched. She'd only ever seen one man in such a state and this could quite possibly surpass the greatest lengths he'd achieved. She couldn't be sure.

The more-than-curious housewife knew she shouldn't be ogling but when else would she get the opportunity for a little harmless glance? Hinata activated Byakugan. She gasped, backed into a coffee table and tumbled onto the floor.

Perhaps most surprising, he slept on without a hiccup. Hinata escaped the room while fortune was in her favour.

She never saw Sasuke's right eye pry open.

...

Hinata indulged in a much-needed cold shower. She let the water patter her face and cleanse her thoughts. The manor had never felt so empty. Every droplet echoed in the bathroom and ricocheted down the halls. Coated with soapsuds, she scrubbed her body absent-mindedly, going over the same areas again and again. Then, she washed between her thighs. Although her intentions were innocent, the scrubber felt remarkably soothing.

There was nothing to rush for, no one to get back to, nobody looking; why not make the most of it? This was the only time and place privacy hadn't been stolen from her. As she began to console herself, a thump from upstairs interrupted her fantasising. She turned the tap silent and listened.

Sasuke?

The only sound was the water trickling off her body.

Her heart pounded. The room temperature plummeted. Hinata grabbed her towel and tiptoed out of the bathroom.

With the shower muted, the silence of night crept through the dim-lit corridors, chills clawing out of corners, strange noises and delusions keeping her on edge.

“Byakugan,” she whispered.

A 360-degree sweep revealed nothing but x-ray blueprints. Rounding a corner, she got the shock of her life, steps away from bumping into an ANBU guard.

“Mrs. Uzumaki, I thought I'd picked up on something strange and decided to investigate,” said the female kunoichi hidden behind a cat mask. “It turned out to be nothing. Sorry to alert you, Mrs. Uzumaki. The house is clear.”

Hand on her heart, Hinata exhaled in relief. For once she condoned Naruto's measures. “Thank you.”

She turned around, thoughts back on the shower.

But something didn't feel right.

Kunoichi's intuition?

A swoosh in her peripheral vision.

Hinata whipped around just in time to parry the imposter's attack. The kunai clattered out of their grasp.

As she exchanged blows with the masked assassin, the last of her concerns should've been the towel slipping free, but Hinata couldn't help her shyness. The distraction put her on the back foot, and then down on her bum, looking up at a sinister dagger.

The ANBU imposter thrust the sharp tip towards Hinata's heart when a blade suddenly jutted out of her sternum. She looked down, shocked, crimson spreading from the wound. Her knife dropped with a clatter.

The sword impaling her disappeared into her chest and her body crumpled to the floor. Standing in her place was a certain cold-faced shinobi.

She looked up at him and gasped with her dying breath, "You...?! It can't be..." she sputtered. "I thought –"

Sasuke jabbed his sword through her throat. She died instantly.

"You should get this cleaned up," he told Hinata, sheathing his murderous blade. He appeared nonchalant about saving her life.

Hinata hadn't moved, her chest heaving up and down, her body trembling with lingering fear, adrenaline and relief. She wanted to thank him and simply spewing the words would fall short of her emotions.

He looked paralysed with fear as she moved in for the hug. And a hug was all it was meant to be. But her intoxicating adrenaline brought out the unexpected. Hinata kissed her saviour.

Sasuke, ever so cool and composed, lost his wits the moment their lips touched. She was certain a handsome man like him had been propositioned on more than a few occasions, although never this boldly, never by a woman of her stature.

Hinata didn't know what was happening any more than he did. Deep-seated compulsions possessed her body and adrenaline was all the fuel they needed. For someone who'd just demonstrated their merciless nature, Sasuke was oddly incapable of pushing away her advances, hands surrendered in the air.

With nothing to reignite her senses, Hinata pressed harder on his lips.

He backpedalled under the pressure and shock of her passion, stumbling onto a couch he hadn't seen. She straddled him all the same, unwilling to relinquish the liplock.

He tasted different to Naruto, not bad, just... different. She didn't know what she liked about it but she did. Maybe it was the thrill of being with a man for the first time all over again. Maybe it was her questionable thirst. Maybe he was just a pleasant person to kiss. Whatever the excuse, she wanted to experience it to the fullest, needed to, desperately.

She plunged her tongue deeper into his mouth, letting her wet hair curtain his face and spill about his shoulders. It had to be the most enthusiastic 'thank you' he'd ever received.

Despite his cold disposition, he was a man like any other. Hinata knew it when he started kissing back. All these weeks shackled up on duty... it was only a matter of time until he cracked, and if that fate could befall her, what more a man accustomed to wielding his sword.

His hands, lying limp on the couch, slowly awakened, fingertips skirting past her ankles and onto her calves. Although he'd yet to touch her anywhere impolite, she quivered from head to toe, growing conscious of her lack of clothes.

The towel wrapped around her body only covered the peaks of her legs, and in her straddling position, climbed even further up. He explored her outer thighs with subtle caresses, pinching at their smoothness the same way he pinched her bottom lip.

His kisses ensnared her, passionate yet laidback, inviting her onto him. He posed softer lips than she was used to; her intrigue showed through pecking and pinching back. Her saviour pursued curiosities of his own, his gropes foraging past the hem of her towel, kindling the thighs beneath.

Breath fluttered in her chest.

Sasuke reminded her how it felt to be touched, but in doing so, reminded her of Naruto, the man who'd trusted him in this position, the man who'd trusted her without reserve, his boss, her husband, most likely their future Hokage.

She understood Naruto's sacrifice in not being there, but she also resented it. Ever since he elevated in ranking, he no longer belonged to her – he belonged to everybody.

He could be too generous at the worst of times. Still, she put up with divided attention, put up with long hours at the office, put up with life-threatening missions, but when she'd wanted follow by his side, he shunned her like a puppy that needed looking after, abandoned her for weeks and left her in the care of another man.

In the arms of someone he once considered a mortal enemy. They'd competed over many things, and as Sasuke kissed and caressed her, Hinata couldn't help feel they were about to compete over another.

Suddenly, the cold, lonely night turned into a hot, stifling affair. Her skin was still dotted from the shower and droplets seeped between his fingers as he squeezed her thighs.

"Sasuke-kun..." She was too short on breath or composure to finish that sentence. The scary thing was she didn't know how it would've ended.

Sasuke didn't care for waiting to find out. His forearms bulged under the towel, rummaging with adventure.

"Sa-Sasuke-kun..."

"Hm?" He grunted his response while kissing her neck, irked by her sudden reluctance. "You really think you can change your mind now?"

Hinata didn't know if she'd made up her mind to begin with. It suggested a conscious decision to cheat. Despite the glaring dilemma, she didn't think herself capable of that.

Rather, she'd been swept by a wave of fleeting passion pulling her farther and farther from the shore. A tingle spread through her body, turning her skin hypersensitive, alive to the fabric grazing her nipples, the gruff trousers on her thighs as she rocked.

Hinata felt the lump growing where she sat. Crimson spread to her cheeks. She feared emerging from the position, lest her excitement reveal a rather crude blotch. Her lips continued to murmur his name, pleas to let her gather her thoughts, but the unsteadiness of her voice was open to misinterpretation.

"I know what you did," said Sasuke, puzzling her. "I wasn't dreaming about anything. I was wide awake, *thinking*." He smirked at her astonishment. "I was thinking about this."

She burst red in embarrassment. Had Sasuke-kun really been fantasising... about her?

Hinata rose from his lap to let him pull down his pants. She couldn't bear to glance south as she lowered onto his lap with a quiver. The bottom of her nether lips kissed his erection, flirting with the unforgivable.

He seized her waist beneath the towel and guided her into a rhythm, grinding her sex along his own. It was smooth, steady, yet underlay an erotic surge, imploring her to cast aside all loyalties.

His patience astounded her. Teasing never lasted this long with her husband; he'd be halfway towards his orgasm by now, not unlike his rash approach on the battlefield, while Sasuke clearly adopted his cool demeanour into making love. It drove her crazy; perhaps Naruto's impatience had rubbed off on her.

She wanted it, felt her excitement wetting the shaft as she rode with more flagrancy. It was no longer his grip leading her motions, but her hips towing him along. Their eyes locked, and a silent pact was made in that moment, their souls conjoined in betrayal.

Hinata felt her heartbeat in her throat as Sasuke's patience all but disappeared. He grabbed the underside of her thighs where her ass and legs converged and lifted her off his hips.

His erection sprung from its horizontal position, hitting the crevice between her butt cheeks. She felt him reach down and position his dick. The bulbous cap trailed towards her entrance, tingling its path along the way. The moment everything felt aligned, Hinata sank on his proposition, the piercing sensation stronger than anticipated, but ultimately rewarded with a blaze of relief.

The difference in size caught her immediately, forcing her to stretch beyond her husband's girth, an achievement in itself. Although a little pain came with the territory, she learned to appreciate the embellishments within a couple of grinding motions.

He was wonderfully large inside her, filling all sorts of holes in her life, and then some. She held her breath without knowing it as she braved his entire length. His expression remained composed, except for a slight parting of his lips where incoherent murmurs escaped every now and again.

Hinata fell in love with the idea of giving him pleasure, the intrigue of evoking a response out of this hardened mercenary. He liked to pretend nothing got to him but she knew beneath the emotionless façade was a fiery man enjoying this tryst as much as she was.

Claiming the future Hokage's wife was beyond treason, but she was certain many-a-pervert had thought about it. Only he could be so lucky. She needed him to enjoy it because maybe then the burden of guilt would fall on both their shoulders.

Hinata stretched both arms past his head to grab the sofa's backrest, her nails digging into the furniture as she grinded into him with rising momentum, bouncing her ass on his lap to the tune of wet smacks and breathless moans.

Sasuke grew into it, his murmurs of passion more frequent and forthcoming. Greedy hands groped her with vigour. He hiked the towel over the curve of her ass, exposing her cheeks to the cold. The cushion in the seat sank from the impact of her weight dropping onto his cock.

He couldn't hide the disbelief on his features, the perception of her being the sweet, docile housewife dissolving in his lap.

Hinata shied away from eye contact, sensing his judgement. This kind of behaviour was unbecoming for a lady, especially being another man's wife, but tonight, her body stirred philosophies of its own. She was as desperate and horny as the next unfulfilled woman.

Hinata gave herself to her husband's comrade and he received her passionately. He clasped her wet, bouncing ass and reeled her in till her nether lips touched his balls with every swing of her hips. Impaling her pussy to its depths still wasn't enough for the Uchiha.

Sasuke wrapped an arm around her waist and spun her onto the couch, reversing their bearings. The minute he extracted his dick, it felt as if a part of her body had gone missing. She lay empty, confused, wanting. He leaned down and flicked stray bangs from her eyes. "Who knew Naruto's pet could be such a little whore?" He sneered.

"Sasuke-kun! I- I'm not- I'm n-n-not a..."

No amount of stammering could buy her the time to think up a rebuttal.

Satisfaction tugged at the corner of his lips. He ran a finger down her cleavage evoking a light sensation over her body. His digit hooked the towel covering her ample chest. She flinched, squishing her breasts together, in a bid to retain her modesty.

He raised his eyebrows ever so slightly. “A little late to be shy, wouldn’t you say, Mrs Uzumaki?” His tone was mockful of her newly acquired name. “I caught you looking at me. So, it’s only fair, I had a look of my own. Wouldn’t you say... Mrs Uzumaki?”

He didn’t wait for a response before throwing her towel open.

She cried in surprise as her breasts sprung free of their haven.

Between the nippy air and his sweeping eyes, her naked body shivered. She’d never been comfortable naked in front of men, even Naruto, but at least he’d smile or call her coyness cute. Sasuke did neither.

He read her body with unnerving silence before his sights settled on her chest.

Her cheeks heated up. Butterflies fluttered. She felt like hiding under a throw pillow and yet, on other hand, she was tempted to ask outright what he thought of her, what he thought of seeing his employer’s wife stripped of all dignity, bare and in need of his touch. Did she measure up to Sasuke’s expectations?

She hoped so.

Hours seemed to drag on before he touched her again.

It was almost unexpected, causing her to start. He mouthed one breast. Through the hot fog, little wet touches lashed at her nipple, flickers of delight stealing her breath. If he was hungry, he showed great restraint. The pleasures of tormenting her were sweeter than taking the bite.

He painted around her bud with a wet brush, asserting his dominance, the power to exact bliss when and how he wanted – and *only* when and how he wanted. The more her tender nipple swelled, pleaded for respite, the more he ignored it, skating around her plight.

He treated her like she was undeserving of his tongue. Even as she shifted about, desperate to rub against his lips, teeth, anything, his movements kept her at bay.

A calculated man, a devilish lover.

He pushed her to the brink of chaos and insanity, to the edge of her seat, to the point she'd leap off a building before enduring another second of pent-up pleasure, and then, he pushed her some more.

When the tip of his tongue finally grazed her aching nipple, the deft flick almost induced an orgasm on its own, floodgates bursting open as heat and ecstasy surged through her veins. She felt lightheaded coming down from the high. And then he put her through it all over again.

His hands and lips nursed her breasts in turns. Hinata had never been driven so far by so little. His experience shined in titillating ways she hated one second then loved the next. She could only sit back and try to breathe as her tits became the subjects of his dexterity.

A haze hung over head. The ceiling looked a little cloudy, the chandelier like a bundle of blurry crystals. Down the hallway, the dead body had become a prop in their storm of illicit passion. So much for respecting the fallen.

He pulled the breath from her lungs with every suck, vivified her skin with every nibble, made her squeal with every squeeze. As he unclamped his mouth from each breast, a small pop emanated, and a string of saliva trailed from her peak to his lips.

He was in no hurry to get to the 'good part', no fret of ANBU guards walking in to investigate. Maybe he'd called them off or maybe he just didn't care. For all his composure, she felt his erection twitch, brushing against her shin, jutting higher and higher.

As his dick prodded at her entrance, Hinata broke a sweat, bombarded by hot flashbacks of the moment she'd first taken him on this very couch, a century ago in her mind, mere minutes in real time. She braced herself, eagerly anticipating fulfilment.

It didn't come. At least, not yet.

Her tormentor rubbed his shaft between her labia, gliding over her hooded pearl, up, down, up, and agonisingly down again.

"You want this dick, Mrs Uzumaki?"

Hinata opened her mouth, but choked on the words, timidly nodding instead.

Sasuke made a sound of displeasure. “You’re going to have to do better than that.” He continued to tease her. “Do you want me to fuck you on this couch, Mrs Uzumaki?”

Her body trembled. Her head nodded, slowly but surely.

“Then say it,” Sasuke purred into her ear. “Tell me you’re a no-good, filthy whore...”

“S-Sasuke-kun...”

He jabbed at her throbbing clit again. Her breath hitched, thighs quivering.

“Say it.”

“I-I’m a-a-”

“No-good, filthy whore.”

“A-a no-good, filthy whore.” She covered her mouth but it was too late to barricade the words.

His dark eyes glinted.

One, strong thrust and Hinata bawled. His reintroduction filled her all at once. He pulled her hips to the edge of the seat, her back slumping onto the cushion below, head against the backrest, legs hung over his elbows.

She watched with crude fascination as his tantalising cock delved inside her, disappearing inch by inch, by inch... by inch, and re-emerged slick with her love cream.

Beyond its proportions, Hinata was impressed by how utterly smooth his erection looked and felt, the glisten of a white-hot sceptre and the thrills of deep satisfaction. What a beautiful dick, she thought.

Watching her pussy get pounded was almost as erotic as the feeling itself. He didn’t fuck her like a jinchūriki unleashed, although she suspected he could if he wanted to. Instead, he alternated between rhythms; fast and shallow, then slow and deep; affectionate and tender, then passionate and rough; kissed her like a princess, then rammed her like a whore.

It was so different to the one-gear, pumpathon she endured for hours on the trot. The anticipation kept her on edge, guessing, gagging for more, never bored or disappointed. His superiority didn't end at the tip of his dick.

Sasuke rolled onto the couch beside her. They made use of the limited space by meshing their bodies together, kissing and groping, tongues and limbs entangled. As they found themselves lying face to face on the armrest, Sasuke scooped her thigh and swung it over his hip, inventing a nifty angle to penetrate her. And she gaped when he did.

With a handful of her ass cheek, he wedged his dick into her tight snatch repeatedly, kicking off the rest of his pants in the process. The sword clanged on the ground unheeded.

Leather squeaked as their bodies romped against the couch, more concerned about wearing each other out than wearing the furniture. Hinata felt her ass hanging over the edge between his thrusts and he'd haul it back on board and impale her again.

He fucked her sideways, inside and out. Squelch after squelch. He shifted her onto her back, propped his knees between hers, and then pulled off his shirt, joining her in nudity.

He groped her breasts and kissed her again before reinserting himself. The back of her neck scraped up and down the headrest as he banged her on the spot she'd first spied on his cock. Somehow, she doubted either of them expected it to turn out quite like this. If not for the towel beneath her ass, her sputtering sex would be staining the furniture. But all she could think was *don't stop*.

Hinata realised she might've thought that out loud when he chuckled between breaths.

"Heh, you little whore." He grunted as he delivered a strong thrust. "You're no future Hokage's wife. And he's no future Hokage." At that point, the last thing she cared about was what his lips were doing. She took her pounding in silence. Like the no-good, filthy whore he declared her. "After everything I did for Konoha in the war... after all my brother's sacrifices... the title of Hokage belongs to me." He kept thrusting. "That little, selfish-shit isn't half the man I am... is he, Mrs Uzumaki?"

Of all the times to voice his bitterness, why now? She wanted to be fucked, not listen to this. She shook her head wherever he wanted her to, nodded as he pleased, called herself a

slut on his whim. Anything to prevent him from pulling away her biggest, baddest toy. Not when she was this close. Suddenly, he lifted her off the couch, suspending her in mid-air with his cock still lodged inside her.

“Sa-Sasuke-kun... what are you... ?”

He carried her upstairs.

Hinata understood his intentions as soon as he dropped her onto the bed she shared with Naruto every night. Her body bounced, tits swayed.

Sasuke scanned the master bedroom from corner to corner. “He got to enjoy all this while they kept me in a cell, like some sort of criminal.” Sasuke shook his head at the memory. “He might’ve won the battle, maybe even the war, but...” His eyes swooped upon her naked form. Her arms might’ve been covering her tits and her left thigh might’ve been crossed over the other to hide her womanhood, but he leered as if he could see through her defences, and finally declared, “...that pussy is mine.”

As he crawled onto the bed, Hinata watched him approach, suspended in disbelief. If she hadn’t spent her adolescence shying away from boys and sexual experiences, maybe she would’ve made a different decision. Maybe, if she hadn’t burdened herself for years with curiosities of being with other men. Maybe, if she’d humped it out of her system before marriage. But as it were, watching the shaft between his legs drag along the sheets as he crawled, feeling his weight sink the bed around her, the heat radiating off his body, Hinata could not fight the urge to indulge in her closeted perversions.

“Sasuke-kun, it’s all yours.”

Not a heartbeat later, the man tasked to protect her breached the most sacred of walls again. As they consummated their depravity in the same place she’d consummated her marriage, Hinata couldn’t help ask herself if she was any different than all those loose women subjected to rumours. Had she really caved in over a man’s anatomy and some flimsy indignation towards her husband?

The answer resounded in the bedroom walls.

“Yes... ah, mmmmmm... YES... Sasuke-kun!”

Her legs were parted, bent at the knees, granting him access without reservation. He buried every last inch inside her again and again, her bodyguard-turned-love-assailant.

No longer did he trouble himself with alternating paces – that articulate lover was replaced by a rabid wildling, programmed with a single instruction: fuck. He pounded her senseless, ruffling the sheets, quaking the bed, rocking her body and soul, torrents of lust and thunder.

Her pussy gushed as he plunged to the bottom of her well and reached her deepest, darkest desires. Propped on his arms, he watched her meaty breasts sway with the motions, his swinging hips compelling the ripples.

She looked to the side, beet red, embarrassed to meet his lustful gaze. He grunted as he took his Naruto's wife, righting all the wrongs that had been done to him and his clan.

Hinata's moans escalated. He pumped faster.

The air was coloured with the ricochets of wet smacks and pervaded by the musk of hot sex. His grunts became low and throaty. Her muscles convulsed. His cock twitched inside her. Just as she soared over the edge, he let out a loud, drawn-out groan.

They froze in position, bodies tensed through climax; her walls clamped his cock, milking her first ounce of Uchiha seed. It splashed against her cervix like bursts of molten lava, a fire jutsu in its own right.

She doused his shaft with her own climatic outpours.

Cum flowed and flowed.

As soon as he unplugged her adulterous pussy, white streams oozed onto the sheets she now considered burning. With the fog of their passion dissipating, an awkward silence thickened between their heaving bodies.

Hinata contemplated what their mutual-orgasm implied, a first in her brief history of sex. Did it even mean anything at all? For all she knew it could be a regular occurrence for him and his partners. And oh God, what if he just got her pregnant?! After all her frantic attempts with Naruto had yet to bear fruit, it would be the ultimate slap in the face.

Sasuke got up without uttering a word, back to his cold, silent self, contemplating nothing apparently. He stopped in the doorway.

“Hinata,” he said, without looking back.

She perked up, suddenly excited and nervous for some reason. “Sasuke-kun?”

A long, heavy silence toyed with her nerves. And then he turned his head, eyes full of depth.

“Do you still have those rice balls?”

Hinata tumbled off the bed in pure shock.

...

Funny how she'd pined for Naruto's return, but days after he had, Hinata was left rather underwhelmed. He treated her to an outdoors meal – ramen again, she groaned – feeling safer out in the open now that he'd had his discussion with the Raikage.

The leader of Kumogakure swore no knowledge of the men who attacked them and suggested they'd worn headbands from his clan to obscure their identities. Naruto believed him. Whoever they were, the rogue shinobi must've been acting on their own. Either that, or they'd been hired by someone keen to stir chaos.

Although she was thankful, Hinata was a little disillusioned now that the most exciting arc in her life had reached a conclusion. Ironically, she'd felt most alive when her life was in danger. While he stuffed his face, she prodded at the soggy noodles, her mind far away.

There was a sudden whoosh. Then an arrow embedded itself between their plates. Naruto tore off the message attached and read it out loud. “Compliments of Otogakure.”

The exploding tag went off before they could blink.

Thankfully, Naruto could do a lot of things faster than he could blink, including creating dozens of shadow clones to stifle the explosion. He pulled Hinata from the clouds of disintegrated replicas.

Both unharmed. It was a feeble attempt at their lives, but a message of intent all the same, and the message was received loud and clear.

...

“Hinata, I’m sorry I have to put you through this again. I –”

“It’s okay, Naruto-kun. I understand.”

He seemed taken aback by her unchallenged acceptance, but smiled nonetheless. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” she said. The hesitation in her voice went unnoticed.

Like before, moments after he departed, there was a knock at the door.

Hinata’s heart skipped a beat when she saw it was Sasuke. The first thing she noticed was the Bow and Arrow strapped to his torso.

“You know what I’m here for, Mrs Uzumaki?”

She nodded.

As soon as he walked inside, she smiled and shut the door behind them.

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.

If you enjoyed this fic and would like to read more like it, please consider [subscribing](#) to my mailing list for free (lemonzsauce.com/subscribe) and get email notifications whenever a new story is posted on the website.

If you'd like to show your appreciation in the form of a donation, please free to do so here: lemonzsauce.com/donate

...

Special credit goes to *xxnikichenxx* 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://www.deviantart.com/xxnikichenxx>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.