

36

A/N: I wanted to include more content in this chapter. However, the Google Docs file began to lag by about 7k words, and I managed to extend it to 7.7k. For that very reason, there won't be any alternate titles in this chapter. Although, I might include this chap's alternate titles in the next one. There's also some heavy stuff ahead in this chap, and I hope you enjoy Kai's expectations, which are only being teased but not met.

Title: Medically Empowered Massacre

Hentai Shinobi Rule 36: A cupcake a day does not keep the doctor away. (Sorry, I couldn't help myself. XD)

Since it was a common piece of information that Hashirama Senju created the forest around Konoha, the majority of Team 9 wasn't surprised by the disparity in the greenery around Chikara Town compared to Konohagakure. Tsunade, Kushina, and Mikoto wandered the cold ground, observing their surroundings, the dry trees, and the annoying carpet of dry leaves, increasing their difficulty in noticing any tracks. With a team full of budding sensors, Tsunade would use this moment as an exercise to train them further if everything about this mission and their circumstances didn't smell like a pile of shit. Not to mention, she had a better option.

"Let's exhibit a summon's benefit," Tsunade begins, biting her thumb's skin before forming several hand seals and planting her open palm on the ground— "Summoning Jutsu."

Poof

Rustle

A mountainous plume of smoke dispersed the broken leaves as Kushina and Mikoto gawked at the titan of a white, blue-stripped slug with two pairs of small tentacles around its mouth. Kushina's eyes widened further with disbelief and realization as the smoke dispersed, "Wait! You're the tiny slug Kai feeds every now and then." She distinctly recalled how Kai would go a step beyond and respectfully bow to the slug before entering the residence, and they would always encounter—

The redhead snappily glanced at the curious Tsunade.

"You two already met?" The Blonde inquired.

"A few times, Tsunade-sama," a sweet and soft voice echoed from the slug despite the lack of movement from its mouth. "Kai-Kun offers me fresh grass whenever we meet."

"Ah," Tsunade nodded before instructing, "I need you to search the forest for any trail or

clues that stick out like sore thumbs. We're searching for a team of bandits with possible support from another Shinobi or a team. You know how to handle the rest."

"Yes, Tsunade-Sama," the slug accepted as her body shuffled before dispersing into hundreds of smaller slugs like a tiny wave of creatures as they burrowed through the carpet of leaves. The chorus of rustling leaves soon faded into a calm silence as one fist-sized slug crawled up Tsunade's leg and rested on her shoulder. With that, Team 9's leader addressed the squad. "We'll use this time for introductions. This slug—" she gently rubs the top of the slug's head, "—right here is my summon, Katsuyu. Kai already knows about her. She is an example of a unique summon known to few, in this case, only me."

The Senju continued with a smile. "One of her unique properties is to divide herself like clones and maintain a live connection with everyone." As she said this, Mikoto and Kushina felt Katsuyu's extensions crawl up their legs. However, unlike Tsunade, the two girls felt uncomfortable with Katsuyu's slimy underbelly on their skin.

"You'll get used to it," Tsunade chuckled at the sight as Katsuyu's optic nerves twitched. A shy voice buzzed from the slugs who entered the girls' thigh pouches.

"I apologize, but I forgot others aside from Hashirama-sama and Tsunade-sama aren't fond of my body's structure."

"I- It's fine, em, Katsuyu-san," Mikoto squeezed out a smile. Meanwhile, Kushina shrugged. "I'll get used to it. At least you're already a better friend than Kai! Geez! And he promised to—" The redhead swiftly cut off her rant as she glanced at the back of her left hand. Even now, she hadn't revealed Kai's role as her guardian to Mikoto. Kai's sudden disregard for the team shook Kushina. Yet, she knew he didn't do anything out of malice. After all, the seal hidden on the back of her left hand constantly warned Kushina by slight stinging pain about the need for trust in her best friend since she'd fostered a few less-than-stellar thoughts about disciplining her guardian should she manage to meet his skills.

"And he promised to?" Mikoto questioned with a curious look on her face as Kushina puffed her cheeks. "Nothing, dattebane! Let's find those bandits and kick their asses!"

"I located a sealed hideout, Tsunade-Sama. However, I'm unable to infiltrate the seal without alerting its weaver." Katsuyu interjected before Team 9 had time to chat further.

They flickered to the location but kept some distance between themselves and the spot. The leaves rustled, slowly disappearing into the slimy bodies of Katsuyu's clones as Kushina focused on a spot with a confused expression.

"What's that?" She whispered with wrinkled brows. "I don't see a seal... but I think there is one."

"Sensing seals already? Kushina-san is amazing," Katsuyu's soft praise earned the slug a cheeky grin from the redhead. "Someone must be actively controlling the seal to hide it from the surface. Anyone with a few days of training can do that."

"Yeah..." Mikoto revealed a weird expression. "Just a few days checks out. It's not like

we need hand seals to do things Sealing Masters can instinctively perform.

“What are you talking about?” Kushina inquired. “It did take me a few days.”

“So,” Tsunade interrupted, “How do we deal with the seal? I know a few tricks, but—”

“It’s an Uzumaki’s Seal, Tsunade-sama,” Katsuyu informed. I noticed a few fuin characters I briefly observed in Uzushio when we visited the Land of Whirlpools with Hashirama-sama and Mito-sama.”

“No way!” Kushina barked. “You’re seeing things wrong. Why would anyone from Uzu help these bandits?”

“Stop whining,” Tsunade furrowed her brows. “We don’t know if Uzu has anything to do with this. All you need to worry about is your surroundings and any enemy that wants to take your life! Got it?”

“Yes,” Kushina lowered her head. Meanwhile, Mikoto couldn’t help but mutter, “So? Sneaking inside is impossible?”

“Not to my knowledge,” Katsuyu answered.

Tsunade narrowed her eyes before forming a familiar hand seal.

Poof

Another clone stood beside Tsunade as the blonde ordered, “Stay here with the clone, and let’s locate the exit if there’s any. We’ll breach from both sides.” The heavy, dark look on Tsunade’s face left little for the two girls to do except follow the instructions and leave the area.

“I could have tried disabling the seal, Tsunade-Sensei,” Kushina began as they traversed the branches. “Granny taught me most about Uzumaki-specific fuin characters.”

“No,” Tsunade appeared hesitant before addressing Katsuyu. “Search for booby traps around the entrance. There shouldn’t be any, but let’s be careful.”

Aware of Nawaki’s fate, Kushina and Mikoto grew quiet.

“I didn’t find any booby traps or an exit, Tsunade-Sama,” Katsuyu informed after some time.

“Hmm, I didn’t sense any either,” The blonde huffed. “Only one entrance makes it tricky.” She glanced at the two girls before nodding. “Let’s return.”

“Wait,” Kushina blinked. “You two didn’t sense the seal when we passed that tree?” She pointed at the distant tree.

“Confirm it, Katsuyu,” Tsunade didn’t doubt Kushina and instructed another search until the slug informed her inability to sense anything.

Swish

Swish

Swish

The trio surrounded the tree as Kushina tilted her head. "There's a hidden fuinjutsu. I'm sure of it."

Mikoto quietly awakened her Sharingan and inspected the spot to no avail. Yet, her eyes widened when she glanced at Kushina with her dojutsu active. Even Tsunade cupped her chin before glancing at Kushina.

"Come here," Tsunade narrowed her eyes as Kushina jumped and approached the former.

Surprising Mikoto, Tsunade's hand latched at Kushina's wrist before the Uchiha sensed a sudden chakra fluctuation enter Kushina's system.

"What?" The redhead blinked.

"Where's the Fuinjutsu?" Tsunade's expression grew tense.

"What fuinjutsu?" Kushina tilted her head. "I don't sense any."

"Katsuyu, why didn't you sense that Genjutsu on Kushina?" Tsunade rebuked with a frustrated look as the slug dipped her optic tentacles in apology.

"I'm sorry, Tsunade-sama. The genjutsu must have ensnared her before I entered her pouch."

"I was in a Genjutsu?" Kushina's eyes widened.

"A simple illusion," Tsunade shook her head. "Sometimes the simplest of illusions disguise the best. Katusuyu, perform a Genjutsu disruption on everyone every minute, understood?"

"Yes, Tsunade-Sama."

"When did Kushina fall under a Genjutsu?" Mikoto questioned as she grew wary of her surroundings.

"Must have been a discreet setup near the forest's entrance," Tsunade puckered her lips. "The Shinobi behind the trap wanted to stall for time by leading someone to a fake exit or any other fuinjutsu for that matter."

Mikoto grew hesitant. Yet, Kushina pushed through. "A fuin trap that you and I couldn't sense?" The redhead paused as her shoulders tensed. "There can't really be someone from Uzu helping the bandits, right?"

"Let's find out," Tsunade scoffed.

"Kai should be here, dattebane!" Kushina groaned.

"You know... you're right," Mikoto pouted.

<<<>>>

"What do you mean? I'm right where I'm needed," Kai ate a mouthful of cake with a pleased expression as he licked the corner of his lips to clean the smudged cream. "Besides, you wouldn't have readily agreed to help me, and we know the seal won't allow me to leave Kushina in trouble as I relax. That would be quite malicious." The boy grinned while showing the back of his left hand.

"And me," Tsunade's clone rolled her eyes. "Remember? You're the Guardian of two Clan Princesses."

"Hah? It's the opposite for you." Kai shot back. "You forcing me into danger when being capable of kicking the enemy's ass would have been malicious."

"So?" Tsunade's clone, bored enough as is, circled her spoon on the cake's surface as she rested her head on her anchored hand. "Why did you want to stay behind?"

"I told you I have an instinct for Transformation Jutsu," Kai giggled. "I noticed something at the Mayor's house. So, being the distraction for whatever secret the Mayor hid was better than leaving the town with our backs exposed." He finished his share with another spoon. "Although it could be a wrong bet, and I made a mistake doubting the Mayor's sincerity."

"Knowing my luck, you're probably doomed," Tsunade smirked before standing. "Come on. We already stick out like sore thumbs with our forehead protectors. Let's make the best use of our time and smoke out the insects."

Kai followed Tsunade as they exited the bakery. They continued discussing as they strolled. "Do you think Mayor's in the cahoots with the enemy? We know from our sources that the bandits robbed his wife."

"Consent isn't necessary for a Shinobi to acquire someone's allegiance, Tsunade-Sensei. I could force anyone in this town to do my bidding if I knew Genjutsu."

"He wasn't in any Genjutsu. Any experienced sensor would have noticed something off in our time with the man. Assuming the enemy to be an expert in Genjutsu should come with the assumption of the enemy taking measures against an accomplished sensor. Like you, when it comes to transformation jutsu," Tsunade hummed before stopping. She turned on her heels and looked at Kai with a knowing smirk.

"What enemy is the most defenseless?"

"A careless one," Kai smiled. "So? Should I start disciplining this town's population of orphans? It would pain me careless enough in any enemy's eyes."

Tsunade's smile fizzled, and her gaze turned flat. "Do you expect me to do the same? No. Let's hit a bar and see if we can make some gambling buddies."

Kai's shoulders sagged as he followed Tsunade to the nearest establishment, where she began ordering flasks upon flasks of sake, having Kai pour every drop for the *'irresponsible'* team leader.

A sardonic glint flicked her amber hues as Tsunade continued drinking. Whatever she would do wasn't her problem but her main body's issue to tackle. So, she leaned forward while tucking a lock of her hair behind her ear. "Now that we're enjoying ourselves, how about you help me understand your ambitions? The last time you and my main body spoke, you had no *targets* for your harem. Is that still the situation?"

Momentarily stumped, Kai rolled his eyes. "None. I'm a Genin, remember? Most chicks your age already have lovers or husbands, sometimes both."

"Really?" Tsunade teased with a drunken slur. "Then you should start looking at people your age."

'I am!'

Kai scoffed, pouring more sake into her saucer. "I'll do whatever I want." The corner of his left eye twitched as he glanced at the passing waitress. "Maybe her."

Tsunade glanced at the waitress before smirking. "Is that so? What's so good about her? Pssh. You can't even handle some paid *actresses* at Minato's birthday." Something Tsunade would never reveal how grateful she felt for.

"Well, I won't pay her." Kai mused as he watched her leave. He narrowed his gaze, observing the waitress slightly bent for a table nearby occupied by two quiet workers.

Tsunade's clone had a cheshire smile as she let out a hot coo. "Oh, I'm feeling the sake mess with my balance. We had enough fun, Kai-chan~! Let's head for the mayor's residence."

Kai wrinkled his nose as he got up. He watched the waitress return from the same direction as their gaze met. The dark-haired woman couldn't help but smile at the boy as he returned the gesture by ducking his head shyly.

"Are you two leaving? We don't often entertain Konoha's shinobi. I hope you enjoyed your stay."

"Oh?" Tsunade arched her brow. "What other Shinobi should you be entertaining in the first place? Last I checked, only Konoha trains Shinobi within the Land of Fire."

The waitress's smile visibly cramped as her face paled. Kai's head snapped up in her direction as pressure oozed from the duo. The silence was tense and heavy, noticeable by other patrons in the izakaya as other patrons took notice of the confrontation.

"I- I don't understand, Kunoichi-sama," the waitress' lower lip wobbled as her shoulders tensed. "I didn't mean any offense."

Tsunade kept quiet. Her silence felt more damning as the waitress began to tremble. She pleaded with a tearful look. "Please, Kunoichi-sama! I did nothing wrong. You don't have to pay for the drinks either. Our establishment is pleased to serve the honored guests!"

"I see," Tsunade exhaled. "No worries." The blonde grinned. "I never doubted you, girl. Chin up."

As shameless as ever, the last Senju leaned onto the girl, loosely coiling her arms around the almost sobbing waitress. "I was just being a tease, dear. My little friend here thinks you're cute and wants to do you."

Kai's lips hung open.

What. DA. FACK!

"W-what?" The woman squirmed as Tsunade continued to whisper into her ear. "And we don't take no for an answer."

With that, Tsunade leaned back and kept one arm around the waitress' neck. "Come on, Kai-chan. Bring that flask of sake, too. We'll have some fun while others complete that stupid mission."

"Fine!" Kai huffed with blushing cheeks. "You're outrageous. Even if we don't care about this town's population, you didn't need to be so open about it."

His words stoked a quiet flame in every patron's heart. Even the waitress looked desperate as they neared the exit.

"Oh—" Kai paused. "I almost forgot something. Say, waitress-san, do you know the rain goggles position?"

This time, both Tsunade and the waitress looked at Kai with a questioning look.

"Come on! You don't know **the** rain goggles! Kids still in the academy know that shit!" Kai shouted with a frustrated look as he glanced at the two workers on the table beside him. "You two know what I'm talking about, right?"

The two workers glanced at each other before one of them sneered. "Why should we care even if we do know? It ain't like you two assholes aren't being a tyrant in our town."

Kai raised an eyebrow before his hand suddenly flashed sideways, smashing the ceramic flask on the worker's head. The sudden attack didn't register until Kai gripped the half-shattered flask and aimed to stab it against the man's face, only for the worker to flicker away with surprising speed.

"See?" Kai grinned as he tossed the flask, uncaring of the sake dripping from the table until it neared his feet as he stepped back. "Your bad luck with bets has nothing to do with my skills."

“Keep it in your pants,” Tsunade rolled her eyes as she taped the waitress’s forehead. “Kai.” She formed a seal as the waitress’ expression grew dazed.

“Yeah?” Kai blinked.

“Not you,” She barked. “I was breaking the genjutsu on the girl.”

With that, both of them flickered away, leaving everyone inside the bar numb by all the shocking twists and turns they experienced these few seconds.

Swish

Swish

Clang

Kunais drawn, four figures stood apart on the nearby roof as Tsunade and Kai observed their opponents. Dark-skinned, the two men wore singular-strapped grey flak jackets above their shinobi attire and forehead protectors with imprints of a cloud. Their wary gazes didn’t ignore the apparent difference between their ages, which made the experienced opponents more observant of Kai since the boy revealed a sudden ruthlessness incongruent with his age. However, a kid, Kai, remained in their gazes as they watched the boy point at one of them with a playful giggle.

“You got the forehead protector for Kumo wrong, Shinobi-san. The clouds on your band are floating in the opposite direction.”

It was something so simple that it made the enemy frown and touch his forehead protector. The distance between them and their caution allowed the unnamed individual to do such a thing. They were confident in preserving their life should Kai and Tsunade attack at this moment. The duo knew Tsunade through the Bingo Book but were unaware of her companion—undoubtedly a genin. A skilled one, nonetheless.

‘It’s not different—’ the opponent’s gaze widened as he stared hard at Kai.

“So, you two aren’t from Kumo,” Tsunade tilted her head. Her posture was relaxed, yet the grip on her kunai revealed another deceptive tale. She didn’t speak further, leaving her musings and theory for her team once they dealt with the enemy. Also, the clone remained impressed by Kai’s quick thinking of baiting the enemy’s reaction. ‘Besides, the boy hid the fact he can sense more than he let on.’

She refrained from showering Kai with an intense, observant gaze. Experts could notice Genjutsu quickly. Those with Dojutsu share this ability to an obscenely unfair margin, yet Kai snuck into such a realm. Orochimaru’s praises for Kai’s talent in the Chakra Control and Sensory department weren’t baseless.

“Tsunade, the Senju Princess,” Goaded the taller shinobi. “It should be the Last Senju now, in the Bingo Books, I mean. Your brother deserved a more honorable death. Still, it was more honorable than whatever the rest of your family suffered.”

The shorter one leveled a glare onto a grinning Kai. The latter wasn’t affected by the

mockery even if Tsunade was, as seen by the cold glint cutting through her gaze.

'Enemy informants don't work in teams. So, they must be new here—presumably, after Nawaki's death. And they're stalling against Tsunade. It means they are waiting for someone else to take her out or preparing a Jutsu.' All this flashed in Kai's mind faster than the blink of an eye. His smile never faded, yet he refused to chat with the dead unless it screwed with their minds.

Oh, they were dead.

'They just don't know it.'

Kai sniped at his untalkative target with a kunai before flickering in the Chunin's direction. His opponent's current capabilities boasted a Chunin's rank or a Special Jonin at best. The boy never stood a chance in a fair fight.

Fortunately, only spars tend to be fair.

Tsunade moved as Kai did, targeting the talkative shinobi.

'They are either a master in transformation jutsu like me and can maintain it instinctively,' Kai dodged the series of kenjutsu, noticing a discreet lag in his opponent's timing. 'Or they're wasting mental health bar on maintaining their transformation to keep their covers from being blown.'

Kai bent his body, dodging another fatal swipe of the enemy's tanto before grabbing his kunai lodged into the hard concrete as he equipped his free hand with another kunai. Kai took to the offensive by crossing his arms near his face, with kunais pointed at the enemy like fangs. The enemy didn't hit harder than Kushina, or Kai would have been trying to absorb every impact by bouncing back. The unnamed Shinobi was also less technical with his weapon than Mikoto and her Kunai and Shuriken. Truly, those with Sharingan fucked too much with ranged options.

However, Kai was the *last* individual who should have any complaints as he viewed his opponent from a sense far beyond human capabilities. The boy watched the enemy's beating heart, his squeezing lungs, and the sweat rolling down his temples. Kai noticed the alcohol on the enemy's breath and something more—a disgusting mix of piss and blood off his clothes.

Kicking forward, Kai dashed and caught the enemy's strike between his crossed Kunai. He twisted his body, dragging his blades through the sword, and instantly *bit* away the enemy's sword hand!

Poo!

All happened instantly as the enemy's concentration flickered away under Kai's painful ministrations, revealing a young visage in red and brown through dispersed smoke. The bandana clipped with a metal band revealed the enemy's affiliations—*Iwagakure*.

Wide-eyed, the terrified man watched a wicked grin decorate Kai's boyish, blood-splattered features.

“Wait—”

He began as Kai flicked his kunai, only for the man to dodge hurriedly—

KKKHCCHH

—and fall into the way of the other kunai past his head.

“Did you doubt me?”

Kai only spoke now, tilting slightly to gaze at another figure standing over a corpse. His fingers jerked back, pulling the tied kunai back to his hand. Kai had string fastened on one kunai to catch his enemy by surprise. As he did so, the blade dislodged from the enemy’s head, gushing with blood and some filtered brain gore. Blood swiftly pooled under the enemy, masking his piss and shit.

Thank Rikudo! Kai absorbed everything he ate. At least his colon would be clean when he hits the bucket.

Tsunade’s clone hesitated, watching the blood reach Kai’s open-toed sandals as he didn’t flinch at the sight. He stood there, waiting for a response.

The woman expected discomfort, disgust, sorrow, and even sick joy. The blonde knew some people enjoyed blood. Such individuals were made for this profession. Yet, the boy was curious about the response of a spectator instead.

“It’s only natural to harbor doubts,” Tsunade informed.

“I thought you would have been... mad?” Kai picked the other kunai before cleaning and holstering them into his thigh pouch. Tsunade’s eyes twitched as she snuck out a cloth from the bag on her hips before grabbing Kai’s head and wiping the blood off his cheek.

“Learn to clean yourself before your weapons next time,” she noted meaningfully. “And why would I be mad? Just don’t forget to aim your blade at Konoha’s enemy.”

“I see,” Kai rubbed the back of his head. “I’m kind of annoyed now.”

“What do you mean?” Tsunade paused and turned to look at Kai.

“That chunin was somewhat skilled,” Kai frowned. “It wasn’t a spar either. So, any mistake would spell my end. Still, I had fun.”

“Some enjoy battles, and some don’t,” Tsunade smiled. “It’s not unheard of.”

“Yeah,” Kai never knew about that rush until today. After all, he hadn’t confronted an enemy Shinobi before. “So, I’m annoyed I chose the smart way out of that bear we encountered yesterday. We should have tried beating the shit out of him, too!”

Tsunade worked her jaw before chuckling, “Well, sucks to be you, Team 9’s Medic.”

Kai scoffed as they flickered from the roof. Dealing with the corpse wasn't his call, and since Tsunade hadn't moved to check them, he didn't bother reminding her of the obvious. Instead, they rushed to the mayor's residence.

They halted near the front door before Tsunade quietly closed her eyes to sense her surroundings. Then, she glanced at Kai with a questioning raise of her brow, only for the boy to shrug and nod.

With that, Tsunade led the charge—

***BOO—**

—OOOM*

Tsunade ignored the rubble and glanced at the barely lit tunnel with flickering torches on either side. A gesture from her hand made the remaining squad flicker inside as the damp stench hit their senses, causing them to falter. It wasn't just mud's stale humidity that caused Kushina and Mikoto to wrinkle their noses and brows. An air of disgust brewed in the tunnel, churning their stomachs even if it forced their expressions to remain calm.

"What do you think, Katsuyu?" Tsunade inquired as the slug summon hummed.

"I can sense many distasteful things, Tsunade-sama. Maybe we should spare the girls—"

"You heard Katsuyu," Tsunade narrowed her eyes. "Lead the charge. Do whatever you feel is right with the bandits, and I'll deal with that hiding Shinobi. Got it?"

Kushina and Mikoto glanced at each other, finally noticing the embers of nervousness hounding their expressions. Yet, the girls nodded and slowly stepped forward. Only after they were out of earshot did Tsunade instruct Katsuyu with a whisper.

"Channel my healing chakra for their mental stability if things get rough for them, got it?"

"Yes, Tsunade-sama."

"And surround Chikara Town with the rest of your bodies. Notify me when they arrive."

"Of course, Tsunade-sama."

Tsunade exhaled and walked out of the tunnel. She flickered through the trees before standing across a lone, exhausted figure. The Kumo's attire on the man's pale features appeared prominent in the dull and cold forest.

"We didn't expect to bait the last Senju herself," the man smirked, running his fingers through his blonde locks. "Kumogakure would benefit from the Senju lineage incorporated into our ranks."

The woman calmly looked around before the trees and the enemy shinobi melted like wax. Her vision changed, and she registered the nearby cliff.

“How troublesome!”

She heard the man’s voice to her right and glanced at the enemy standing on the tree.

“That must be Katsuyu, your special summon. Not much is known about her. To think she would be an effective counter against my genjutsu—”

“Pro tip,” the man heard a haunting whisper. “Katsuyu’s also a bad bitch when it comes to suppressing chakra.”

He quickly turned only to have his vision fade into darkness as Tsunade’s clone snapped the man’s neck, rotating his head a complete 360° in a grotesque fashion. The clone disappeared with a poof of smoke while Katsuyu berated her summoner with a *fierce pout*.

“You can’t call me s-such words, Tsunade-sama! What would others think of me?”

“A bad bitch?” Tsunade smirked and tilted her head. “Besides, I like hyping you, dear. It also gives me a good reason to kill the enemies instead of feeding them to torturous experimentation.” The blonde sighed with her hands akimbo. “Truly! I’m too good for this world!”

“Oh, what about the girls?” Tsunade walked with a relaxed pace.

“They are... shaken. But they did well, Tsunade-sama.”

“Any survivors?”

“None of the enemies, but some victims remained. I’m healing them after knocking them unconscious.”

“Oh, good thinking,” Tsunade huffed. “The victims’ hysteria would have further traumatized those two.”

After a moment’s thought, the woman grunted.

“That haughty bitch was barely a Chunin. The remaining squad must still be in Chikara Town. Have the girls meet me at the hideout’s entrance.”

<<<>>>

Despite not being an Inuzuka or as good as them, Kushina boasted an excellent sense of smell. She could smell a lemon being squeezed on a ramen broth from miles away. That might be an exaggeration, but it spoke to her preferred scents—friends and ramen. Sometimes, a good soap or shampoo tickled her fancy or the ripe smell of fresh chakra paper and ink. Wet soil after a pleasant rain was also on her list.

However, Kushina experienced the opposite.

'Remember! Your enemy might not be above using cruel tactics to break your will.' One of those lectures from Tsunade during her days in the academy rung inside Kushina's head—the case studies.

'They might torture your friends and families to demoralize you. One of the classic methods is the sexual exploitation of your beloved, mostly females, to crack down on your mind. This tactic primarily persists with civilians, even in low-level skirmishes. Meanwhile, it's mostly obsolete in the Shinobi world due to its low efficiency when things like Genjutsu exist to expedite the effect.'

'Basically, we see most men curbing under the pressure of any supposed assaults on their partners or children. Usually, the women in the community tend to be fiercer still. However, seeing the men losing their wills for such reasons also hits their will. These are mostly existing threats. Seeing it in real life is rare but not impossible.'

Kushina could smell the disturbing scent of piss and blood. However, there was more to it, something she was unwilling to focus on. Her stomach churned with each step. Her grip on the kunai tightened until her knuckles turned white.

'It is crucial to maintain a cool head in such situations even if you're a spectator instead of a victim. I understand it's easier said than done. However, it's the truth. Being a hothead won't help you. Remember, being a Kunoichi is more than flaunting your sexuality. I mean, when you grow into it.'

The redhead's breathing quickened. Her heartbeat skyrocketed inside her breast as she heaved for more air, no matter how disgusting it was in the tunnel. Kushina wasn't alone since she heard Mikoto's rough pants.

They were near the tunnel's end, deep in the stench zone. There was no avoiding the truth.

'At the end of the day, it's a tactic employed by one party onto another. The best way to deal with this is to plan another tactic. Most Kunoichi in Konoha can apply for some form of protective and counteractive seals in the Hospital to—'

Kushina's mind buzzed as she heard a sharp ringing noise the second they turned around the corner. While they should have been focused on the enemy, Kushina couldn't help but glance behind the small band of grown, mostly burly men wielding hatchets, swords, and pickaxes. Cowering and in the dark laid women and men, garbing soiled clothes, shuddering under the wet soil of their urine and other bodily fluids. Their whimpers and sobs fell on Kushina's deaf ears. All she heard was the sharp ringing noise.

All she saw was the victims' derogatory state. A couple of women hugged their legs and met the redhead's gaze. Perhaps they didn't even know about the redhead's excellent vision or Mikoto's furiously glowing eyes through the tunnel's darkness. However, desperate plea overwhelmed their gazes. Tears pooled in their eyes, and snot gathered above their lips as they cried.

It must have been a loud noise since some bandits had the audacity to look back and

threaten the captives with raised weapons.

It was a **bold** move indeed—to turn one’s back against a kunoichi as pissed as Kushina and—

Kushina moved alongside the sudden kunai cutting through the air. As Mikoto’s kunai lodged into the back of one of the bandit’s skulls, Kushina went all out with a clenched fist against the nearest enemy. Her fist broke past the pickaxe’s wooden handle, flying splinters all around as her fist lodged into the man’s abdomen.

What should have sent Kai flying instead kept the man rooted in shock. His flesh paled against Kushina’s fury. The splatter of his fresh blood was anything but soothing for Kushina’s anger once she pulled her fist out. It was disgusting. Even the tang of the corpse’s blood in her mouth was disgusting, so she spat it out. There was no way Kushina would lick or swallow a disgusting pig’s blood and accept his diseases! She would undergo hundreds of tests after this...

Massacre.

One of them was already running through the different side of the tunnel, as Kushina noticed. Her body flickered past the men and the victims, but not before realizing there had been a few women in the team of bandits, too! They were standing behind the burliest men, sporting vicious expressions that soon morphed into shock and terror once they realized Kushina was behind them.

Her ears still rang.

Mikoto could take them out.

Kushina was just glad Kai wasn’t here to witness all of it—the victims and her blood-lusted state.

The redhead never wanted Kai to witness something so horrifying, even if she understood it was a fool’s hope.

He would, *eventually*.

Would Kai appreciate how she currently acted?—

“P-please! Please, I beg you! Just let me go! I will be your servant. Promise! I will stop being a bandit!”

Kushina registered the disgusting trash’s pleading, realizing her ears no longer rang like an overclocked pressure cooker. Her violet hues met the terrified man’s brown eyes.

“I didn’t want to do any of this! The plan was to leave after taking some money. B-but that mayor fucked us up! He had those Shinobi with him! They made us do all of it!”

Kushina’s fist trembled as her voice seemed to have lost its way to her lips since she didn’t let out even a whimper.

So, the redhead moved and struck with her fist. Kunai would have been painless, but she wanted to feel her hand squeeze the man's heart till it burst!

Khacchkkk

Mikoto moved once her kunai stabbed the man's heart. Her rotating sharingan left trails of red as her figure was nothing short of a devilish shadow to these men and women. Her raven locks flicked until they slicked with her enemy's blood, forcing them to stick to her painted skin. The Uchiha's skin crawled with disgust. The number of medical tests she would undergo after the mission would break records in Konoha.

Yet, she was surprisingly calm after her first kill.

Since she'd awakened her Sharingan, Mikoto threw herself into learning ways to curb her dojutsu-enhanced impulses. Perhaps her father was right. Anger and hate was never the opposite of love. For her to hate something meant she loved another. So, she hated what she witnessed as opposed to the constant reminder of her Sharingan about one of her most pleasant sights.

What would he think?

Mikoto pondered as she cut down the last man. They were weak in mind and body. Kushina's act of butchering them in such a brutal fashion left their wills in shamble, making them effortless targets for Mikoto.

So, Mikoto didn't hesitate, as opposed to the previous time.

Would Kai be proud of her?

Her kunai lodged into the skull of the woman begging for her life on her knees. Blood gushed like a fountain, a moment Mikoto didn't avoid as her *accomplishments* showered her with its sickly stench and liquid. The Uchiha calmly stepped forward, looking at the remaining four women.

Kai may have sought to pick out the orphans from the bunch for himself.

She calmly ended another life with an accurate shuriken throw—only three left.

The taint of her glowing sharingan felt more intense than ever. However, as opposed to the scrolls Tsunade offered, she didn't feel as much hate as Tobirama Senju concluded. Every Uchiha was different, but the same world molded them most. So, most ended up being the same.

'So? What makes me different?' Mikoto pondered, another dodge to avoid the reckless sword throw before her kunai smoothly slid through the strumpet's neck. It was like a knife through a block of silken tofu.

'Is it Kai?' Mikoto furrowed her brows, the sight of which, coupled with the devilish red of the sharingan, made the remaining two women piss their trousers. It irked her existing pride that Kai was the sole reason she was different.

'Or maybe it was *my* interactions with him? After all, I chose to spend time with that menace.'

Kai was indeed a menace. Somehow, he appeared in her thoughts at the most pleasant and horrifying moments. Yet, conflictingly so, he messed with her head during the former and calmed her in the latter.

"Please—"

'Let's do something special,' Mikoto thought, indifferent to their pleadings but wholly enraged by the victims' conditions.

She let go of the kunai, much to Uchiha's would-be victims' relief. However, her hand moved accurately, weaving the hand seals all too common to most Uchiha households that nurtured budding shinobi.

'Fire Release: Fire Ball Jutsu!'

She inhaled, as her torso seemed to expand before Mikoto exhaled a breath of a fiery ball that lit the dark and damp tunnel with a fire so hot that the remaining two women didn't have a chance to scream before the heat alone ended their lives, leaving their flesh to burn. The fire crackled on their corpses, devouring them with every new layer.

It was at this time the ground around the captives revealed small mounds before a white slug accurately landed on each of them and knocked them out cold.

"I will heal them, Mikoto-san. You should stand guard."

"Oh, it's Katsu-chan," the bland tone filled the empty cavern as Kushina slowly walked back, dragging a corpse with her.

"Hey," Kushina glanced at Mikoto, who nodded back.

"Hey."

They grew silent, calmly watching Katsuyu heal everyone until she instructed them to meet Tsunade outside the tunnel.

After casting silent but concerned glances at the captives, the duo accepted the order without a single word.

They finally realized why Tsunade wasn't thrilled to take Team 9 for this mission. It was anything but fun.

<<<>>>

'Oh, *fun!*'

The second Kai realized he might be into battling it out with actual enemies, he *thought* of backstabbing Tsunade's clone and enjoying the enemy shinobi all for himself. The boy wanted to test so many things. Yet, enemy shinobi filled this world in numbers! However,

there was only one Tsunade—The Last Senju. No matter how he ended the clone, one mistake would lead to an eternal breach of trust between him and the inspiration for his *Cow Onahole*. Why would Kai want that?

Yet, in an unexpected turn of events, the uneventful trap set at the door simply fucked the clone. Was it Kai's luck? Or Tsunade's bad luck?

Kai cared little for the technicalities. Perhaps the enemy knew the accompanying Tsunade was a clone. However, Kai felt it was most likely Tsunade's own fault. While he couldn't perform shadow clones, Kai knew a few things about it. Since the clones take after the casting Shinobi, the clone did what Tsunade would—being appropriately fearless. Yet, where Tsunade could tank such a weak explosion that barely fucked up the door, the clone poofed away.

'And since the clone is gone, Sensei must be here any minute.'

Kai licked his lips. He could wait it out and take on another Jonin at a more appropriate time.

Yet, Kai wouldn't even be in this world if he understood what the term *appropriate* entailed. Besides, the enemy won't let Kai escape, right? The boy could feel his blood pumping again, right?—Not in trepidation but lust. The boy cared little about carnage and death. Death meant the end of things, and Kai didn't want that for the enemies until he'd had enough of them.

"She was a clone?!"

Kai ignored the pleasantly surprised voice as he sensed his surroundings. The boy noticed nothing besides the amused man walking out of the mayor's house. "What a waste of good genjutsu seal." Like the two shinobi from before, the dark-skinned blonde sported Kumo's fit. His gaze instantly focused on Kai, allowing a teasing smirk to form over the unknown shinobi—*hopefully*, a Jonin.

Despite noticing the senbons between Kai's coiled knuckles, the man shrugged. "I'll make it painless, lad. That's the best bargain 'round here."

The man flickered, intent on killing Kai at once. Ah, the authentic Shinobi way. No bullshit—nothing. It was significantly different from spars that allowed a bootload of trash talk and horsing around.

Yep, Kai *loved* it.

The silver senbons flew the second Kai located the man reappearing behind him in an exhibition of monstrous speed. Whatever thoughts Kai had of taking the Jonin out went out the window that second itself. One of his best strengths was the understanding of his limits. Only by identifying one's limit could they hope to extend it, and Kai was such an individual. So, the *fresh* genin instantly changed the objective of this encounter from killing his first Jonin to surviving the enemy's fatal attacks.

That's where the silver senbons fit in.

Catching the enemy by surprise was an effortless task on Kai's end since the man unconsciously looked down on the boy, unable to imagine a genin keeping up with his speed. The accurate throw of several senbons shocked the Jonin, but not enough to let the attack hit true to the target as the man's left arm darkened in a fraction of a second before it flickered to grab the deadly-aimed senbons.

It was a mistake, of course. Kai didn't pull an all-nighter for 'simple' senbons when he could have used that slut to train his ero-skills.

[Novice Smith (E) (1/10): Across the continent echoes one voice—let's get smithing. This information-granting skill enables the host to learn and practice the basics of smithcraft, including but not limited to blacksmithing and carving.

Next Level: Craft/Mold/Modify 25/30 items or 1 SP.

Skill Tree Evolution: Noble Smith (D) (0/25)]

[Noble Smith (D) (0/25) (Locked)

Unlocking Conditions: 2 SP; 100 Physique; Mastered Skill: Novice Smith (E)]

Earning another support skill wasn't a surprise since Kai expected something similar, which paid off!

Boom

Boom

Boom

Boom

Boom

The silver shattered into a massive explosion fueled by the fuin seals carefully carved onto their surface. The thought process, though physically taxing, was simple and elegant. Kai spent the entire night carving the senbons with seals before filling the grooves with chakra ink hosting his chakra, needing a momentary trigger to explode.

Yet, Kai's hand continuously flickered despite the explosion.

Boom

Boom

Boom

Boom

After consuming all fifteen silver senbons, his barrage ended, painting his surroundings with dust, debris, and one sizeable crater. The explosions took less than a second to

strike the enemy, and Kai wasn't the forgiving sort to not capitalize on such moments of the enemy's fault. However, what should have weakened Genin's knees brought a smile to Kai's face instead.

'Awesome.' He prepared, entering an offensive stance after seeing the enemy shinobi stand tall without any scratch. Instead, all Kai noticed was the man's skin further darkened until it looked unnatural and mineral-like. 'That must be a chakra flow jutsu, right?' The boy mused, charging ahead with two Kunai equipped. His relatively tiny body sunk low as he charged—

'*An Earth Release Jutsu,*' Kai noticed the second his foot sank in. However, his smile widened to the point of an eerie split of his face.

Poof

A plume of smoke covered Kai before the enemy found nothing. Yet, the enemy shinobi suddenly slapped his hands together, erecting an earthen wall to the right.

'A sensor?'

Kai's claw shattered the earth with surprising strength. His figure momentarily became visible, surprising the enemy even more. After all, brown and green scales covered Kai's body, including the inflated, bear-like limbs and a massive pair of wings protruding from his back.

"What the heck?" The enemy shinobi broke the silence before glowering. "Just kick the bucket, freak!"

And then came the massive point-blank explosion not even dozens of silver senbons could contain. Fire and shockwave barrelled ahead, shredding everything in its path to dust. The enemy grunted as he saw the explosion consuming Kai before reaching ahead, causing massive destruction.

'Tch,' the man clicked his tongue. 'We'll have to—'

His eyes widened as he grunted, hurriedly slamming his palms on the ground as the soul-numbing pain from his left eye woke him to the truth. Rocky walls instantly surrounded him as the man shakily touched his left eye. The man felt his warm blood staining his hand and spilling on the ground.

'The cut is deep but didn't go any further. I can survive it. But when did the brat put me in a Genjutsu?'

The man ignored the pain, a testament to his will and experience, before forming a few more seals and slamming his hands onto the ground.

With the man as the jutsu's center, the ground rose like a tidal wave before slamming into everything around the shinobi!

Boom

The earthen falls crumbled as the man observed his surroundings. The explosion that should have killed the genin had instead destroyed the mayor's house and the streets beyond. However, what piqued the Shinobi's intrigue was a few bent steel senbons visible through the ruined, overturned ground.

'Genjutsu Fuin Items?' The man blinked. He had been using something similar, too.

It was a failure.

Despite the massive repercussions, the battle lasted for a brief period, and the unnamed Shinobi understood he couldn't stay—not as his injured self. However, being forced back by a genin admittedly stung the man's core.

"Hmm?"

The man frowned when he felt something. His head snapped up, and his gaze focused on the grinning youth *'flying'* with wings for arms. Their gazes clashed before Kai dove through the air. The next second, he curled like a ball before thick, yellow scales sprouted over his body!

'What a beast,' the man groaned, hurriedly moving from the attack before flickering away.

Thud

Kai uncurled himself before gazing at the distant enemy with his **[Dynamic Vision.]**

'Wait. What?'

He blinked.

'What about our fight?' Kai stood in a daze. 'I was having fun... didn't he?'

Though covered in dust, nothing could hide Kai's momentary heartache as the unnamed shinobi retreated from the settlement.

'Oh, well.' Kai shrugged. 'I got another skill. And here I was, expecting the man to go all out. Tch, it was Tsunade, wasn't it? He must have been planning a retreat since the clone dispersed.'

The boy looked around, noticing the demolition.

'And I thought the mayor was cool. It takes balls to fuck around with Shinobi, and the man did it for his wife.'

Kai paid his respects to the man. Not only did the mayor allow such a fun trip—though inefficient—he also allowed Kai to clash with some of the best in the game and advance with the inclusion of *another* unique skill!

Hats off to the treacherous fucker!