Chapter Forty Two: So many summits. So many bad puns

I don't own Naruto, any of its characters, or any references in this story. If I did, horrible things would happen. Neither do I own any other anime that I reference. I do own all OC's and new Jutsu in the story as well as every ounce of pure awesome spawned by this.

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It was a beautiful day outside.

“SEEEEEEEXXXXX!!!!”

So of course one of the Oogakari had to ruin it.

It was Ghost’s turn this time.

“Such a lovely day, isn’t it Hana?” Anko drawled sensually as she laid herself out on a beach chair wearing nothing but sling bikini that didn’t even qualify as barely covering her body from the world.

“It is indeed Anko.” Hana sighed in content, wearing nothing but a thong as she laid face down on the ground and tanned her body without any shame.

Both women pretended to not notice their boyfriend, who was desperately crawling towards them with his hands like a man dying of thirst while his feet were tied together with an unidentifiable red material that seemed to be stretching and pulling him back.

But Ghost was a determined madman. Insane. Focused. And extremely blueballed.

“Must. Sex. NOWWWW.” Even with his glasses on, anyone could tell that his pupils were dilated to pinpricks with a thousand yard stare as his blood pumped and mouth frothed in an insanity driven attempt to get his hands on his girlfriends and get laid.

“He’s so cute when he’s desperate.” Anko purred sensually, not at all trying to hide the fact that she was enjoying his misery.

A short distance away, Kiba appeared with Akamaru. “Hey sis I…” He paused and looked at the show in front of him and groaned as if he had seen something like this countless times before. “This some new kink you three are trying out?”

“New?” Anko blinked in confusion.

“Coitus!!!”

“Just a moment.” Hana sighed before molding a little bit of earth chakra into the ground and dislodging the dirt that Ghost had been latching onto. An instant later, the man’s grip on the ground had been rendered useless and the tether stretched on his legs literally ripped him back to his house screaming bloody murder.

“That never gets old.” Anko giggled.

“I didn’t know you knew Earth style.” Kiba noted.

“Just started when I got back. Can’t do much more than that right now. Anyways, dear brother. If you haven’t noticed, that,” Hana lazily pointed to an easily ignorable line just a few meters or so in front of her, “is the borderline of the Oogakari property, and said Oogakari are still under house arrest. And thanks to a bit of haggling with Crypt, we made sure that rules apply more strictly for Ghost.”

“You haggled with Crypt? How the hell did you do that?” Kiba blinked in confusion.

“We gave him a potato and said we stole it from the floor.” Anko shrugged. “Jerk thought he could scam us and make us pay with ginseng and a turnip. At this time of year? I think not.”

“I… am more disturbed that I can easily accept that explanation than I am of the explanation itself.”

“Give it time Kiba. You’ll fall apart like everyone else eventually.” Hana grinned.

“For mom’s sake, eventually better be after I turn old and senile.” Kiba shook his head.

“Not until mom passes away?”

“You know damn well she’ll outlive us all just to spite us sis.”

“Fair enough.”

***“HAMEGNBHEMABHERMAHAAAAAA!!!!”***

It was at that moment that Ghost seemingly teleported right in front of everyone with the grace and dignity of a rabid honey badger in mid strike, his body in midair and his arms flailing about wildly in an attempt to get a hold of Anko and Hana. Unfortunately, Crypt’s tethers held strong and prevented him from making the last stretch.

A normal person would have screamed and jumped away as if they were in a horror movie.

The three shinobi on the other hand just glanced at him for a moment before returning to their conversation.

“I thought that Ghost was tripping balls with the others out at the front of the property.” Kiba asked in a completely calm and conversational tone.

“Do you really think that they’re beyond bending time and space to exist in multiple places at once for the sole purpose of getting blitzed while doing mountain loads of important work that they don’t want to do?”

… No, no he did not.

“So, why exactly are you doing this again?” Kiba asked skeptically, pointedly changing the topic of conversation.

“Other than the fact that Hana and I finally got the okay to start working out in earnest again and we wanted some time to tan our already flawless skin?” Anko purred as she arced her body in a way that revealed more of her figure and underscored the fact that she had slathered tanning oil all over herself. “We’re torturing Ghost. Obviously.”

***“ASDF!”***

“More specifically, we’re torturing him in a way that won’t cause any collateral, financial, or societal damage to the village in the aftermath.” Hana chuckled as said torture victim held himself in place this time by literally grabbing at the air itself. Being the guy that had taught Naruto the Seventh Sense in the first place, it actually made sense that he could do such a ridiculous thing.

Well, that explains why the ANBU and security told him to go to the screaming when he asked where his sister was.

“When you put it like that…” Kiba looked around curiously. “You upwind of him so he can smell the fact that you’re aroused?” Superpowers plus being blind plus overactive sex drive plus unofficial mates feeling randy equals…

***“GHAAAAAAA!!! MUST!! SNUU SNUU!!!”***

That.

“How do you think he found us?”

“Just checking.” Overpowered super-god his ass.

“So what brings you over to this twisted neck of the woods kid?” Anko lounged as if nothing was wrong. “Get a whiff of us and decided to let your instincts run wild finally?”

“Even if I was that deranged, I’d still not be fucked up enough to be willingly in the crosshairs of that.” Kiba turned to see Ghost wildly gnawing at his legs to free himself like some wild animal.

“Hmmm. True. I guess that’s why you’re still the pup of the family.” Hana grinned, pushing her ass up in the air to make it stick out more.

“Sis, I actually do care enough about mom to not do that to her.” Kiba rolled his eyes and not falling for her provocation. Not that it would have worked in the first place.

One of the lesser known facts about the Inuzuka clan was that they took annual trips off into the forests in the buff to get closer to their companions and nature. The clan weren’t sages, and only a couple had access to the clan summon contract, but suffice to say that they all had vastly closer and more comfortable ties to their primal instincts than most.

That said, Kiba would be lying if he said that smelling any of his family members in heat, much less his sister, wouldn’t affect him if he was caught off guard or exposed long enough.

“Anyways, Ibiki and the hospital are looking for you two.” He got back on track.

The two women’s smiles dropped instantly and were accompanied by a stereo of annoyed groans.

“Again?” Anko facepalmed. “I thought Tsunade set up the staff to be competent while she was gone.”

“She did, but outside of sis and Waltz, all the top medics are out of the country much less the village, and *you* are still the top toxicologist here by that logic as well.” Kiba shrugged.

“Please don’t tell me some idiot stabbed himself in the scrotum with a poisoned kunai during training again.” Hana groaned, dropping her head on the ground, her body language lacking any sense of sensuality and arousal that had been there just moments earlier.

Ever since the disaster in Iwa, all the villages had been on lockdown to some extent. Only high priority missions, political envoys, essentials, and border security allowed shinobi outside of the village. Everyone else were to stay inside Konoha territory and wait until further notice.

This of course, led to many shinobi to be on edge for one reason or another. Ninja were a paranoid lot on average after all. So, as expected, the training grounds around the village had been in high use over the past month and a half.

And, well, murder machines or not, people tended to screw up every now and then learning new tricks.

“No. We found a spy. He tried to kill himself when we caught him hovering around the Uzumaki estate with some sort of poison we still can’t pin down, but ironically Naruto’s supposed cousin Karin managed to jump in and keep him alive with that odd jutsu of hers. Enough to keep the guy around long enough to purge most of the poison, but he’s still in rough shape and unresponsive.”

“Of course. Well, at least it’s something different.” Hana huffed and began to get up, not at all bothering to hide her chest from the world. “Two to one odds its Kusa. They did say that Karin came from there, and the poison fits their style. There aren’t many specialists that can waste something that our usual medics can’t accurately identify on some generic spy.”

“Who knows? Might be some idiot that got lucky and found one of Orochimaru’s hidden labs again.” Anko sighed as she also stood up.

***“NO! NO LEAVE! SEXY STAY! SEXY STAY AND SEX! MUST SEX! SEX NOW!!”*** Ghost, predictably, objected to their departure.

“Is there something I’m missing, because he seems more desperate to get laid than normal.” Kiba asked the two women as they gathered their things and got dressed.

“That? Nah. He just misses us.” Anko waved off Kiba’s concern.

“That and he’s been working nonstop on one thing or another since Iwa. He’s actually on his lunch break, which should be…”

A bell like chime was heard in the distance.

“Over now.” Hana smiled like a devil as Ghost’s face turned a transparent pale.

***“NO!! NOT YET!! NO MORE WORK!! STILL NEED SEX!! MUST SEX!!”***

*“Big broooooother.”* Coming from a slit of darkness right under the madman, a chorus of voices and shadows reached up and slowly embraced him, tying him down to his fate. *“Come back brother. We still have much work to doooo.”*

***“NO! BUT THE SEX!! THE SEEEEEEEEEX!!!”*** Ghost’s wailing and thrashing amounted to nothing as he was slowly dragged down into the void between worlds and vanished from reality altogether.

“…”

“…”

“…”

Anko clapped her hands together. “Well. Now that we’re done giving Ghost false hope for the day, let’s get onto making some poor idiot better so we can make him worse, shall we?”

“Might as well.” Hana put on her top with a sigh before shifting her shoulders a bit. She really needed to get to Shadow about those pocket dimension bras one of these days. It was a pain getting clothes that weren’t recently stretched or re-stretched to fit right.

“… How often have you to been doing this to him?” Kiba deadpanned.

“Twice a week at first, but that was mostly because we were still recovering.” Anko gave him a cheesy thumbs up with far too much enthusiasm. “Now we torture him every day!”

“It’s done wonders for our skin and complexion.” Hana absently inspected her tan skin while recalling how pale they were when they were rescued a couple months back. “On a side note, did the spy manage to hurt anyone before getting caught?”

“No. He was pinned down and drained dry pretty quickly by Shino before he had a chance to do anything other than try to kill himself.” Kiba shrugged.

***“SOMEBODY KILL ME!!!”***

“Well that does seem to be the trend today.” Anko clipped on her skirt before shouldering her coat while ignoring Ghost’s shouting for sweet release in the background. “Screaming for the sweet release of death. Then silence. Then more screaming.”

“Think the guys at the Summit will have any better luck than us?” Hana asked, getting the last of her things together.

“Is blonde mini-Ghost still likely stuck with his stalker?” Anko asked back.

“Most likely.” Kiba shrugged, not at all offended or confused by her description of Naruto and Hinata.

“There’s your answer.”

“We really should have put more effort into keeping her away from you.” Hana almost lamented. Almost.

“Yeah. You should.” Anko grinned. “Well then. Shall we?”

“Make someone else suffer instead of me for a short amount of time? Lets.” Kiba metaphorically threw in the towel. Things always tended to get crazier the closer they got to the Oogakari household, and only those that thrived on it seemed to not get exhausted by it. Fortunately he was not among that crowd.

“Hana, you set?” Anko glanced at her comrade in arms.

The elder Inuzuka took the time to adjust a new ring on her left hand for a moment before walking forward. “All set.”

Anko absently brushed a ring on her own left hand with her thumb before turning around. “All right. I’ve pre-gamed enough with Ghost, but it seems I’m going to have to settle with a different victim of the day. Lucky him.”

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