

Title: The Kai Approach

Hentai Shinobi Rule 40: Early to bed, early to rise, makes your sex life quirky, kinky, and nice~!

Cough

Cough

Cough

Clatter

Orochimaru hastily planted his hands on the table, accidentally knocking off a few stationary as his chest heaved in and out with ragged pants. His forearms visibly trembled, somehow pressured by his feeble weight—a far cry from what Orochimaru’s performance was at his peak. No, he should still be at his peak. In fact, he had yet to master his potential. However, life had a wondrous way to fuck even the most unwilling virgins in existence right up their asses.

The ol’ spread and pound.

Orochi’s mouth felt numb, and he felt a constant ‘static’ from his tastebuds. His skin seemed to struggle against the continuous growth of dark purple and green veins that constantly mapped his skin before submerging it into his body at the pace of his heartbeat. His heart was no better, itching to climb out of his throat and implode on the table.

His body perspired as Orochimaru, alongside his constantly zooming and swimming vision, felt sweat drop down his chalky, sickly skin, unceasingly dropping on the table and dampening one of the cluttered scrolls beneath.

After a few minutes, Orochimaru exhaled deeply, weakly sagging against the table before adjusting his posture and resting on the floor. He leaned his back on the table’s leg, calmly staring at his office’s ceiling. His chest continued to rise and fall with each exhausted exhalation. As usual, he fished the vial of pills before chugging them like bit-sized peanuts.

‘The more you fight it, the stronger it will become. You sought it. Now it’s your destruction or the ladder to achieve your dreams.’

A haunting, aged voice from years ago resurfaced in his thoughts, promising the world as that *promise* demanded everything.

After the medicine, Orochimaru’s breathing calmed down. The sliver of unceasingly

berserk chakra grew numb and hid in any of his tenketsu again.

'Hiruzen truly hid many things from you. What will he do as the Third Hokage after you discover the truth?' Orochimaru recalled the tempting mystery that started it all despite the subtle threat of Sensei deciding to kill him. *'Would Hiruzen still trust you? Would he believe you still love Konohagakure?'*

"I don't care, regardless of the truth," Orochimaru muttered. The world couldn't hope to understand him. Hiruzen sought a successor, Jiraiya needed a brother, Tsunade searched for a pillar, and that man... heh, the condescending devil, lusted after light. It was easy to see all that. Yet, Orochimaru couldn't be that.

He might have the stuff of the Kage, but Orochimaru knew he wasn't Hiruzen's successor.

For all his jests, Jiraiya harbored a deep resentment for the Shinobi and what it stood for. Orochimaru could never harbor the same hatred or bitterness for anything or anyone—at least, not the Shinobi way.

Tsunade tried asking him out when they were young. However, Orochimaru felt no such desires. Of course, he liked Tsunade. No, like Jiraiya, Orochimaru loved how brilliant that drunk gambler was. What would take dedicated research for Orochimaru to conceptualize was the stuff Tsunade could come up with after a few shots of sake **only** if she possessed such ambitions.

And speaking of ambitions, **that** bandaged man sought the stupidest thing in existence—recognition and validation. Orochimaru couldn't care less about that.

The momentary ponder allowed Orochimaru to catch his breath as he slowly stood up. It took a few moments and a transformed mirror to adjust his bearings and clothes before Orochimaru picked an inconspicuous scroll before leaving the office and approaching one of his neighbors.

A voice stopped Orochimaru in the tracks as he raised a hand to knock on the door.

"You may enter."

Orochi hid a smirk, aware that it was just his former teammate getting back at him for how he loved doing the same.

So, he entered the significantly more welcoming office by virtue of its cleanliness and organization. As usual, Tsunade was seen languidly perched on her chair with crossed feet on the table and a magazine to pass the time.

"Did you know we have free wills and don't need to raise our hands to knock on the door?" Tsunade hummed, not moving her gaze from the issue in her hands. "We could just knock on the door by keeping our hands down."

"Efficient but unnecessarily crude remark on our mindsets and growth environment. So, it must have been Kai-kun who shared this obvious fact," Orochimaru smiled as he approached Tsunade's desk. "How were your team's results? Was the exam I set too

hard?" He questioned while sitting and pushing Tsunade's feet to the side with an index finger.

The woman huffed as she lowered her legs.

"What?" Orochimaru shrugged. "I don't enjoy talking with the soles of your sandals. I'm sure there is a market in the capital filled with nobles who would. It always surprises me how Shinobi and Civilians show their true colors after gaining power or money—different paths, same journey."

"Oh, look~!" Tsunade teased with a sarcastic tone. "Mister Wise Ass decided to share the obvious. I'll have you know I'm powerful and rich, but I never had weird fetishes."

Orochimaru tilted his head. "You're comparing harmless kinks to self-destructive tendencies like gambling and alcohol addiction."

"It's not an addiction!" Tsunade sharply argued with an annoyed huff.

"Well, I'm inclined to agree since it's time to assess my share of this year's budget," the man hummed. "Before that, how did your team fare against my papers?"

Tsunade rolled her eyes and retrieved three stapled stacks of sheets from her desk's topmost drawer, laying them before the sassy snake.

"Oh," Orochimaru chose Kushina's answer sheet, making a mildly surprised noise. "I didn't think she would score 52%. If I recall correctly, 50% was the cutoff for their start learning practical skills and jutsu, right?"

"Yeah," Tsunade said, storing her magazine before closing the drawer. A proud smile appeared on her face. "Kushina has dedicated herself to studies ever since the first C-ranked mission. Besides, expecting every medic to keep every piece of information at the tips of their tongues would be impossible. Now, I just need to help them learn the essential stuff for the world beyond Konoha. I'm also thinking of teaching the girls some of my specialties."

"So, Sensei told you, too," Orochimaru noted the hidden implications as Tsunade made a 'so-so' gesture.

"It's partially that," She confirmed. "The other part is more about keeping them busy."

Orochi picked Mikoto's answer sheet before frowning.

"Just... 57%?" His furrowed brows soon smoothed, and he glanced at Tsunade for an explanation.

"It's probably her Clan Training," Tsunade sighed. "Cons of being born in her position."

"The advantages still outweigh the issues," Orochimaru set Mikoto's answer sheet aside before glancing at Kai's result with a smile.

"Oh? 91%?" He flipped through the answers before nodding. "As I suspected, Kai-kun

doesn't enjoy being patient regarding his growth. To think he had memorized so many topics."

"It also helps he has such a kind and motivating Sensei," Orochimaru's slitted yellow eyes observed Tsunade, who scoffed in response.

"Fuck off!"

"Oh, did you not help him learn further in your private classes? Nothing is more motivating than education."

Tsunade rolled her eyes before snatching the papers and stuffing them in the topmost drawer.

A brief moment of silence emerged between the duo as they calmly gazed at each other. Orochimaru enjoyed sufficient shares of the hospital's annual funding for his research. However, dark clouds now cast doubt over the snake's future with Konoha's Hospital for reasons only known to the two.

Matching Tsunade's quiet gaze for a few moments, Orochimaru fished out a scroll and performed an unsealing jutsu to reveal a stack of documents within the storage scroll.

"This is the rest of the proposition," Orochimaru began, only to have Tsunade shake her head.

"I can't." Her refusal was sharp and clear, leaving no room for additional persuasion as another wave of silence ensued. However, this time, Tsunade visibly trembled, unable to keep her shoulders from shuddering as she leaned forward. The blonde Senju sharply inhaled. "You need to tell Sensei what is happening because I *know* where this proposition will lead us."

Visibly distressed, Tsunade asked, "Why haven't you revealed this to Sensei?"

Orochimaru exhaled softly before shaking his head. "Had it been anyone else, I would have killed them the second they realized what was going on."

"You refrained because killing me would be difficult," Tsunade narrowed her eyes.

"I refrained because you're one of the few I respect who doesn't believe in blind faith and patriotism," Orochimaru replied with a smile. "Not to mention the personal and political shitstorm I would have to endure after your death. After all, seeing your drunk self always makes me feel good about myself."

Usually, this was where Tsunade would inject a few sarcastic remarks. However, she couldn't help but look down.

"You would have been forthcoming with Sensei if you respected me. We would have more resources—"

"Sensei must never know," Orochimaru reminded with a cool look.

Tsunade bit her bottom lip. She demanded, "Why? You haven't said a word about how *it* got inside you! It must be from an external source, given the fucking fact you're dying! What happened, Orochimaru?!"

Hesitations flickered in Orochimaru's gaze before he exhaled.

"You're right to fear where my research will lead us. Eventually, I will need prisoners."

Tsunade sank into her seat, scoffing, "You respect me enough to trust me with one secret but not another?"

"I also realize that human experimentation is a touchy subject for you and Sensei," Orochimaru continued. "I could take charge on that front, and you won't feel any guilt—"

"Stop ignoring my questions!" Tsunade slammed her hand on the table.

"What good comes from those inquiries?" Orochimaru retorted. "Will your sated curiosity heal me?"

Tsunade snapped, too.

"It would provide valuable information for me to conduct research. I could help heal you *without* any torture!"

"I am being tortured right now!" Orochimaru raised his voice. His chalky skin receded into something else under Tsunade's horrified eyes. Purple and green swollen veins covered most of his body. Red, almost bleeding eyes matched Tsunade's gaze before regret rushed into Orochimaru's orbs, and he reverted to his former self.

"Apologies," he whispered. "I didn't intend to play at your emotions by revealing my current condition."

"That can't be possible," Tsunade whispered. "My medicine should be working. How did your condition worsen? Unless—"

"It evolves, Tsunade," Orochi confirmed with a tired sigh. "However, I can solve my issues eventually."

"Just let me help you," Tsunade softly pleaded. "Please." She extended her hand to place it atop Orochimaru's hand, only for the latter to retract it.

"The only help I need is more resources, Tsunade," Orochimaru retorted.

"Why the fuck are you being so difficult?" The blonde hissed. "You know everything about me, but Rikudo forbid you reveal something crucial. Is that it?"

"What's your dream?" Orochimaru suddenly questioned.

"What?" Tsunade floundered, taken aback by the sudden inquiry.

"You heard me," Orochimaru smiled. I remember the day Sensei sat us down for

introductions and asked us about our dreams. Do you remember it?"

Tsunade's mood momentarily eased as she allowed a small smile.

"I remember knocking Jiraiya out for annoying me."

"He dreamt of traveling the world and meeting different women," Orochimaru sighed with a surprisingly fond look. "It's regrettable that the political situation of our world makes it a challenging task."

"What about you?" Tsunade smiled. "Your dream is still the same?"

"To master every Jutsu in existence," the man nodded before he met Tsunade's gaze. "However, you never revealed your goals that day. You played it off. So, will you reveal your dream to me?"

Tsunade grew quiet before shaking her head.

"So, there is something I don't know about you," Orochimaru smiled. "But did it matter? I don't question your expertise. The mystery never reduced my admiration for your capabilities. Why does it matter now?"

"Because my dream will never come true," Tsunade revealed with a bitter sigh. "It was shattered long ago. Not to mention, I'm not going to reveal embarrassing bits around someone who dreams of traveling the world or mastering all jutsu."

"I see," Orochimaru sighed as he sealed the documents into the scroll before standing up. "I'll have my clones retrieve my belongings from the office by tomorrow morning."

Tsunade's lips briefly parted as she watched Orochimaru turn around. Conflict brewed in her gaze as she clenched her fists before standing up.

"Wait!" Tsunade huffed before approaching Orochimaru past her desk with a tired smile. "You're a cheap bastard! Still, let's do it. I'll help you with anything. Besides, I shouldn't care about the enemy. It's not like they are kinder on Konoha's captive—"

"Another word, and I might lose all respect for you, Tsunade," Orochimaru interrupted with a smile.

Tsunade paused before she angrily snarled. "What do you want?!" She latched at the man's collar, slamming him against the wall before pushing him up in the air as if he were weightless. "You don't reveal anything! Fine. You try and fuck over all my standards! Fine." Her voice trembled as she snapped. "Now you play coy! I want you to be healthy. But, no! It's all about you! Just what do you want?!"

Orochimaru didn't speak. However, noticing Tsunade's grip not loosening and the desperation in her eyes made him sigh.

"I want to live," he whispered. "I want to remain alive in a world with people I respect, whom I consider my friends or rivals. Why would I ever respect a Tsunade who will regret her decision to help me?"

Tsunade's expression twisted with anger and sadness as she let go of the man before stumbling back.

They looked at each other before Orochimaru turned for the exit. Yet, he briefly paused.

"Say," he turned around with a mischievous smile. A lighthearted humor licked his tone. "Would I have had any chance to make you see my way if I had accepted your proposal?"

Tsunade lowered her head before exhaling.

"Maybe? I don't know."

"Well, another missed opportunity," Orochimaru chuckled as he opened the door. "Don't worry too much, Tsunade. I'll see you around during drinking nights with Jiraiya."

Click

The door closed as Tsunade fell to her knees. She hugged her arms and lowered her head, unable to repress the choked sobs as tears streamed down her eyes. Sure, they might meet during drinking nights. However, she knew she lost a good friend.

Another step away from her dream.

She felt pathetic tonight.

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She felt scared.

Kai had been her—no, *their* nightmare since Team 9 returned from its first C-rank mission to conduct blood tests and ensure they didn't get any diseases after the bloodbath. It was a standard practice that many aspiring nurses training to master the Mystic Palms would apply for a bonus. So, it wasn't unusual for Shira, alongside her coworkers, to conduct tests on Team 9's blood for confirmation's sake.

The women at the time were enticed by how Mikoto and Kushina played with Kai—especially the sight of the boy comically sitting between them with his arms crossed as the two girls pinched his cheek from each end and stretched it. The additional sight of Kai's feet swaying midair instead of touching the ground encouraged the nurses to pinch the adorable boy's cheeks, too.

That's what they did.

Shira was the last one to pinch Kai's slightly red cheeks.

She remembered.

He looked cute. However, Shira should have focused on the boy's deadpanned expression, which was adorable, too.

Shira could have never expected things to take a terrible turn once she let go. For one, Shira's friends included a Hyuga from the branch family, who had some reputation and the necessary talent to land a higher position in the hospital.

None of them expected Kai to grab one of the dying fish they practiced their Mystic Palms on with such grip that his fist mashed the fish's head before he stuffed the meat into her Hyuga friend's mouth.

All Shira remembered were the swift shadows and flickers from that time. Regarding practical skills and reflexes, she wasn't more than a Genin. Years of studies and employment in the hospital dulled most of her—and her friend's—once-honed skills. So, she soon felt meat of a strange texture in her mouth.

Rikudo! There must have been mashed eyes and more inside the meat paste!

There was a saying in their community that nurses and doctors should be treated with respect because they could one day save their lives. However, Kai did the opposite for reasons Shira never understood. All they did was pinch the boy's cheeks, which his teammates did without repercussions.

Things got worse when Shira's Hyuga Friend tried attacking Kai. Until now, Mikoto and Kushina had stayed on the sidelines with disapproving scowls. Now, the nurse often wondered if that scowl was directed at Kai for his actions or the nurses. Still, they jumped into the fray once the Hyuga took an offensive posture.

Sensing the disturbance, Tsunade swiftly entered the room and separated both sides.

Nevertheless, Kai built a reputation since then. Husbands, boyfriends, or fiances of the *'victims'* tried addressing the boy's *'disrespectful'* actions. Shira's boyfriend was one of them. At the time, the nurse felt vindicated. She felt Kai had overstepped his boundaries by turning his attention from the orphans to one of Konoha's most productive sectors.

All of that came crashing down when Shira, like the rest of her friends, hurriedly entered her boyfriend's medical unit, alarmed at the sight of his injured body.

It was Kai.

Shira's anger soon turned into frustration once the complaints to the Uchiha Police Force turned up nothing.

The boy had some cheek to say he felt emotionally and sexually violated by Shira's and her friend's actions of pinching his cheeks.

The galls!

Shira knew better. Kai just wanted excuses to fight and hurt, or he wouldn't have waited till everyone was done.

And Shira's frustrations soon morphed into fears once Kai upped his antics. The boy would transform into their training fish on the table before reverting the transformation,

revealing how the nurses would have their hands on his crotch. And in the guise of sexual injustice, Kai would beat their lovers again! Oh, that happened **after** he stuffed their faces with the disgusting meat paste of crushed fish.

The boy was terror incarnate!

Why didn't Tsunade stop him?

Why didn't anyone else speak up?

For one, Shira realized others didn't want to be on Kai's shit list. And those who could endure Kai's brunt didn't care enough to antagonize the boy.

Secondly, Shira now genuinely believed they overstepped their boundaries by touching Kai. For all Kai did, he never once tried to touch anyone inappropriately, even the orphans he once terrorized.

Shira was also regretful about her actions. She would have felt scared if a group of men had decided to corner her when she was young just to pinch her cheeks. Of course, this enlightenment came after severe collateral damage and ruined her appetite for seafood.

Yet, the young nurse, who was about to be married in a year, shook like a leaf as an *innocent-looking* dark-haired youth sat across her with a curious expression.

"So, Nono doesn't spend time in her training," Kai nodded. "Does she flash others often?"

"S-She's just clumsy," Shira weakly defended the innocent, bespectacled girl. She liked Nono's eagerness to learn even if she had some priors for not attending theoretical classes in the hospital.

"Clumsy, huh," Kai closed his eyes before smiling. "How many times does she fall around you?"

"A few," Shira gulped.

"Does her skirt flip every time?" Kai raised an eyebrow.

"I- I never noticed," she answered.

"I understand," Kai jumped down the unreasonable high stool, allowing him to look down at her. He stopped after nearing the door.

"Keep this conversation to yourself," the boy looked back with a sunny grin. "Or else."

Shira paled. Now she understood why there were so few complaints against Kai in the police department.

The Uchiha and the Inuzuka in the police department may have accrued a bad rep over the years. However, Kai made his victims a personal project. Even the physical violence against Shira's lover was swift to treat since the injuries were minimal. However, the

points Kai struck promised pain.

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Kai walked down the hospital stairs with a curious expression. It was already late, leaving the staircase brightened by many lightbulbs.

'It's the fifth time we met Nono,' Kai cupped his chin. 'Should I try following her to see what she's upto?'

He couldn't understand the girl's motivation despite Kushina and Mikoto trying to confront the former.

His footsteps stalled as he ran into a familiar figure who turned to meet his gaze, undoubtedly a work of sensory technique.

"Orochimaru-san!" Kai greeted the pale man with a bright smile as Cinnamon peeked her head from his sleeves to glance at her creator.

The renowned Jonin smiled, reaching out to pet Cinnamon's head with his index finger. "Kai-kun," Orochimaru addressed. "I saw the exam results. Very well done."

"Oh, that was nothing," Kai shrugged as Cinnamon slithered inside. "I'm just glad we started training for Mystic Palms."

They began walking beside each other as Orochimaru questioned, "Why are you up so late? Usually, you're nowhere to be seen in the hospital after 4 p.m."

"I was checking a few things with Shira-san."

"You should stop terrorizing those poor girls," The man sighed.

"As if you care," Kai muttered. "I wouldn't have done anything if they didn't keep pushing my buttons. First, they send their lovers to me. Next, they were stupid enough to involve the police. Did they forget I beat Mikoto's relatives for sport?"

The youth sighed.

As Kai revealed, Orochimaru was indifferent to Kai's eccentricities. Instead, his slitted pupils brightened. "Yes, your performance against a few Uchiha chunins with their activated dojutsu didn't go unnoticed. The police patrol teams even have a title for you—Menace Child."

"That's no title," Kai huffed. If it were so, he would have another title in his trait. "Besides! A menace? Me?! I spend hours daily teaching discipline."

"You terrorize them."

"That's what discipline looks to the undisciplined!"

Orochimaru chuckled.

Their presence attracted some attention from their surroundings as Orochimaru mused, "I've come to learn from Tsunade that you stopped... announcing your ambitions. What's wrong? Did you give up on your goal?"

That would be disheartening for Orochimaru. The man didn't judge anyone's goal. However, the thought of someone with Kai's potential unwilling to put in the work for their ambitions would be a thorough disappointment.

'Maybe his goals changed. It won't be the first time.'

"Eh? Who gave up?"

Kai paused before grinning.

"That was just the first step."

These words paused Orochimaru's steps as the man disinclined his head to meet the boy's proud gaze.

"Now, everyone in Konoha knows I'm the Harem Guy."

"Harem Kid," Orochimaru corrected, revealing another title bestowed on the boy by Konoha's generous population.

"Shove it!" Kai clicked his tongue before clearing his throat. "As I was saying, everyone knows what I'm about. Now, I just need time to grow, and when I look for others, I can save time by using this reputation. Anyone interested can give me a chance, and those who aren't can be open about it."

Orochimaru let out an amused hum.

"Does this have anything to do with Tsunade's height and physical development requirement?"

"She told you?"

"She tells me many things," The man chuckled as Kai's shoulders sagged.

"Well, there was that, too. But I think it's for the good. Anything accomplished in a single step would never be a dream in the first place." Kai ran his fingers through his hair. "So, growing is just the first step of the many. I don't need to look for anyone right away."

It was a practice Kai applied in his life. For instance, he noticed Kushina's and Mikoto's increasing interest in him since the first C-rank mission. However, Kai didn't want anything awkward in his life and was definitely not attracted to young girls. So, instead of bluntly rejecting their advances, Kai chose to evade it subtly.

Just because he wasn't attracted to them at the moment didn't mean he could never like them. Kai had seen Tsunade's portrait in her younger years and knew he would terrorize the girl had she been an orphan despite her growth being the stuff of the dream!

Besides, he enjoyed spending time with them. It was better to be the center of their attraction instead of watching them redirect their emotions to the mediocre ones.

Well, everyone except Minato. Minato was never mediocre.

“First step of the many,” Orochimaru repeated before admitting, “You would grow into an incredible teacher.”

“I already am a teacher to the unwanted loitering on Konoha’s street,” Kai grinned.

“Orphans aren’t unwanted,” Orochimaru sighed. “You should tone that down.”

“I meant the Genins who keep trying to fuck with me ever since the D-rank mission incident,” Kai blinked. “No way those freaks have anything good going in their lives.”

Orochimaru thinned his lips as he bade farewell.

However, he couldn’t help repeating Kai’s words. It wasn’t the first time the boy spoke of deconstructing an ambition into steps. It was a logical approach. However, Orochimaru denied such thinking due to the vastness of his dream.

‘How would I go about achieving my ideal dream?’

Moonlight reflected on Orochimaru’s pale face as he moved from one roof to another.

‘What is my ideal goal? Is it to master every jutsu?’ The man furrowed his brows.

‘No. What about new jutsu invented in the future or the ones lost to time?’ the man stopped. ‘And does only my dream matter? What about after I accomplish my dream?’

The sudden thought grew into a massive storm as Orochimaru tried calming his alarming heartbeat. He recalled his conversation with Tsunade.

‘To be in the world shared by respected friends and rivals? Why would I think so if not for the hope of inventions? I desire growth and intrigue. I don’t want to master every jutsu. I desire the **option** to master every jutsu—a way to understand and mimic every invention.’

‘So, what should my first step be? I should deal with my issues in a way that doesn’t alarm Sensei and keeps my life stable.’

Orochimaru allowed a smirk on his face.

‘Not that Tsunade approves of my methods. But who cares? It’s all well and good if I can live with myself.’

The man inclined his head to gaze at the crescent moon.

‘It’s almost a new moon,’ Orochimaru rested under the light. ‘The fucker will approach me in a few days. I should plan my second step—’ His eyes widened.

'Did I call Danzo a fucker?' He blinked. 'Was it Tsunade or Kai that influenced me in such a manner?'

Orochimaru knew the answer. He'd been with Tsunade for more than a decade but displayed a change within two years of knowing Kai.

Alternate Title: The Spreading Sickness; The Voices In The Head; Misunderstood; The Funding Request; Needs; The Unknown Dream; One Step Forward; One Step Backward; Rejected; Kai About To Knock The Doors With His D; Jackal: Knocking? What's That? Just Break The Damn Door; The Exam Results; Mikoto's Distracted; Desperate; Pleading; Divergence; Different Paths; The Terror; Everybody Catches These Hands; Tuna Pound; Life: Nobody Leaves Me Virgin (*Intense Lube Sloshing Noise*); Kai Pushes Meat In Mouth; Fisting Lovers; Pounding The Uchiha (*Embarrassed Mikoto Noises*); Kai: You're a Kid (*Them: We'll Grow*) Kai:... Okay; The First of Many; Influence; Kai Learns From The DuPont Approach; Harem Kid; The Discipline Incarnate; Running In; Cinnamon's Creator Is Weird; Kai Literally Saving Everyone From The Edgy Path; Kai (*As He Demolishes An Edgelord Jonin*): Don't Be Edgy. Just Edge; Canon Orochimaru: You Are But a Cheap Imitation (*Bimborochi Influenced By Kai: Kenjaku Says Backshots Are Allowed If It's For Your Goals*); Danzo: *Ding! New Title Unlocked: Fucker*