Hey Lads.

Hope you all love this story, it's a new attempt at a Naruto x Highschool DxD story, being more adventurous like Purpose and Conviction, but being original all on its own.

Enjoy to your heart's content!

Start:

The boundless azure skies watched over the journey of the Hero of the Hidden Leaf back to Konoha, a gentle breeze accompanying him as he walked through the forested terrain back to his village, or what was left of it.

Naruto Uzumaki dragged his weakening legs along the trail, pressing forward as his mind returned to everything that had happened only moments ago.

"I did it…" he whispered to himself, pride and relief swelling his heart.

From Konoha being forcefully invaded and brutally assaulted by Pain to Nagato sacrificing himself to use his formidable ocular jutsu and revive the victims of his own attack, Naruto couldn't help but wonder how his attempt at peaceful talk had persevered and ultimately succeeded.

Nagato had finally let go of his harbored hate, entrusting Naruto with the answer to breaking the cycle of hatred that plagued the shinobi world. A way to change it and bring about peace.

Now, Naruto carried with him not only his own dream, but also the dream of his master and fellow disciple.

As Naruto moved forward, his thoughts gradually faded into the quiet of the forest. Only his shallow breaths and the scraping of his feet against the ground filled his ears. His knees wobbled with every step, forcing him to steady himself against the rough trunks of the towering trees lining the trail.

With beads of sweat forming at his temples and vision already blurring, Naruto grabbed on the last tree he had passed, balancing his weight as rays of sun filtered through the canopy of leaves that nearly blinded him.

He was just partway through his journey, but no matter how strong his mental fortitude was, his body was already crying out for a break.

His eyes closing and legs giving out, he stopped and prepared himself to fall face-first, only to collapse onto a rather surprisingly sturdy yet smooth surface.

It surely wasn't the ground.

Curious, his heavy lids fluttered open.

"Good job, Naruto," a familiar laid-back voice told him, instantly making him realize who it was.

Slightly taller than him, with spiky white hair and a black mask covering the lower half of his face, Naruto already knew who he was. He didn't even need to see whether the band covered his left eye to confirm it.

Even from behind, those features were unmistakable.

The man lifted him off the ground and carried him on his back, letting Naruto's arms hang loosely while his chin rested on his shoulder.

A faint smile formed on his dry lips. "Kakashi-sensei…" he murmured in his strained voice, more relief washing over him.

"Just lean on me," Kakashi said gently, adjusting Naruto's weight on his back.

Naruto let out a soft, breathy chuckle as he shut his eyes again, feeling Kakashi begin to walk.

Reassured, he allowed himself to drift into a deep slumber, something he deserved after depleting most of his own chakra and the Nine-Tails' while relentlessly defending his village.

"It seems like my work ends here, Naruto…"

As he fell fast asleep, a dream visited Naruto's mind, taking him back to a recent event, a stern voice echoing across an endless void.

It was Nagato, bidding his farewell as his ninja art slowly drained the life from him.

“I believe you can bring true peace.” Those were the last words Nagato had given him.

“I will…” Naruto drawled, catching Kakashi off guard and causing his pace to slow.

Shortly after, Naruto snorted. His breathing remained heavy and labored, but it was more stable than it had been minutes ago.

Realizing that Naruto was merely dreaming, Kakashi chuckled softly and continued on their way.

“My dream is to surpass the Hokage! And I want everyone in the village to acknowledge me!”

A vivid memory from his childhood flashed through Naruto’s hazy dream, recalling the ultimate goal he had once declared for himself.

Standing face-to-face with his younger self, Naruto gazed down at the beaming child before him, a grin spread across the boy’s face.

Times had changed, but not his dream.

As he stared at him longer, the more the child faded into the wind.

And then it happened.

Pain, so much of it, assaulted him all at once as he felt a sharp pang striking his abdomen.

The excruciating pain snapped his eyes wide open, jolting him awake all at once. He frantically tapped Kakashi's shoulder to get his attention, feeling the pain worsen with every passing second.

Kakashi halted mid-stride and glanced over his shoulder to check on Naruto, slowly loosening his grip on him. "What's the matter, Naruto?" he asked, concern slowly seeping into his voice.

Unable to speak, Naruto abruptly pushed himself off Kakashi's shoulders and dropped onto all fours, clutching his stomach as agony coursed through him.

"Naruto!" He heard Kakashi's panicking voice again, snapping him back to reality.

He had been dreaming, but the pain in his stomach was real.

Kakashi gripped his shoulder, lightly shaking it as he continued to talk to him.

But he could no longer concentrate, his teacher's voice getting drowned out by the overwhelming pain.

Groaning, his vision blurred again. But this time, it was accompanied by a scorching heat that enveloped his entire body.

A strange sensation—one he had never felt before… even during the times he had used Nine-Tails' overwhelming chakra.

Clenching his eyes shut, he yelled to ease the pain, only to feel a swirl of wind around him, relentlessly sweeping him into the unknown.

One unpredictable thing after another, his mind could no longer comprehend what was happening.

Then, the wind stopped abruptly, but it was soon followed by a lifeful force that pushed him away.

He fell onto the hard ground, his palms landing flat to support his weight as his butt took most of the impact.

The surroundings were utterly silent. His head was haywired with thoughts, he stayed still until he felt a presence approaching his way.

Alarmed and curious, he slowly opened his eyes, confused as to what he was looking at before he suddenly gained insight, his lips parting in awe as he continued gazing at those massive curves.

Boobs.

Fat pale enormous breasts. Naruto wasn't sure his hands could even cover them. Not only that, he could almost see their peaks peeking through the see-through fabric.

His nose almost bled at the sight of it. Then, he blinked.

Wait…

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A faint glow of the evening sunset seeped through the windows of the extensive, elegant room of Occult Research Club. Furnished with old-fashioned, ornate pieces, the atmosphere screamed overwhelming opulence that almost looked out-of-place at the old building inside the bigger Kuoh University.

But unbeknownst to the normal, mortal students, their difference among the rest of the students stretched beyond their regal, aristocratic clubroom. Naturally, their members were far from ordinary as well.

Modeled after the arrangement of chess pieces, the club members belonged to a devil peerage, each occupying a position according to the hierarchy of their power.

And just like any other peerage, the Occult Research Club was led by its King.

Seated on her ornate high armchair behind a single, wide desk was the ever-gorgeous president of the Occult Research Club, Rias Gremory. She possessed the unmistakable regal

poise of someone who naturally came from a distinguished, wealthy, and feared devil clan in the Underworld, her refined movements leaving no doubt that she was its heiress.

Gathered in front of her were her troubled members, along with the organization and peerage of another devil, occupying the seats of the Student Council, who unfortunately demanded her attention.

And perhaps, were even waging a war.

“A bit greedy, aren’t you?” Sona Sitri taunted in her formal, strict voice, crossing her arms as her team stood in the background.

Tension remained and settled over the two peerages who only wanted the same thing and none was willing to take a step back.

A deceptive, sweet smile curved onto Rias’ lips, unfazed by whatever her rival shot at her. “How greedy am I for wanting the new members of my peerage to have their own familiars as soon as possible?” she paused as her smile widened. “Don’t you think it’s only right for us to go to the Familiar Forest first since we have two… new, interesting members?” she reasoned, unyielding.

Instinctively, multiple gazes turned toward the pair… Issei Hyoudou and Asia Argento, the neophytes, and the new pawn and bishop in the chessboard, who were supposed to be interesting enough to be prioritized.

Issei attempted to mask his confusion and fright by simply chinning up, while Asia bit her lower lip, worried about how the passive-aggressive argument might turn.

“And that makes mine uninteresting and less of a priority merely because he’s alone…” It wasn’t a question, but a conclusion derived from Rias’ words, coated in sarcasm that escaped Sona’s cold tone.

Rias snorted lightly. “I never said he’s uninteresting,” she denied, glancing at the tall, new member of Sitri’s peerage. Just like Issei, he was a pawn as well.

The man maintained his smug smile, but the beads of sweat trickling down his forehead betrayed his fabricated demeanor.

“Very well…” Sona Sitri adjusted the thin-rimmed glasses resting on the bridge of her nose. “If you’re unwilling to yield, then we shall settle it over a competition.”

The members of both peerages, except their kings, quickly exchanged glances within their respective teams. Each knew it was such a sudden, nearly careless suggestion from the usually rational student council president.

Despite how spacious the clubroom was, the heavy atmosphere nearly suffocated them all.

“Before we concede, would you care to elaborate?” Akeno Himejima, the Vice President of the ORC, interrupted the silence and took the opportunity to speak up before their King could make up her mind.

As the Queen of Rias Gremory’s peerage, she couldn’t simply allow Rias to be caught up in unnecessary fights.

The Vice President of the Student Council took a step forward, bearing the responsibility of answering her fellow queen's query. "Let's not overcomplicate it. A sports match will suffice," Tsubaki replied in her monotonous tone, as if she had already read what was in their president's mind. Glancing at Sona beside her, she continued, "What do you think of a tennis match, Sona-sama?" she politely asked, her voice as still as her long, jet-black hair.

Rias' aquamarine eyes met Akeno's pair of amethyst. It was a wordless communication. A brief eye contact was all it took for them to make a decision.

Sona breathed in a controlled manner, untangling her crossed arms. "I'm good at any sport," she answered with undeniable confidence. "I'm fine with a tennis match."

Rias shifted her weight. "To make it more decisive, a dodgeball game must be added, and in the case of a tie, we could decide on a final game that settles the score." Rias agreed on her own terms, earning a ghost of a smirk from Sona.

"It's settled, then. There'll be a tennis match between us, the Presidents and our Vice Presidents. The dodgeball will be a battle between the remaining members. And a third game if necessary. "

Rias' smile remained composed despite Sona taking over the mechanics. Before she could suggest another important detail, her rival got the first word in.

"Since your new members… are simply new, I can wait for one more week." She turned her back as soon as she finished her words.

The Student Council simply gave way and followed her, only to collectively halt in their tracks when Sona stopped again. “I hope that will be ample time for your new members to train.”

Just like that, the Sitri peerage vanished behind the closed, arched double doors, leaving the ORC frozen in their places.

Seconds later, a soft chuckle escaped Akeno’s plump lips, breaking the profound silence as her high, tightly tied raven hair swayed gracefully while she approached Rias.

Akeno Himejima was undoubtedly stunning, perhaps just as hypnotizing as Rias herself.

With a soft, gently curved face shape that was framed by lustrous black hair pulled into a ponytail, and with amethyst eyes and plump pink lips that contrasted well against her pale skintone, Akeno looked enchanting, angelic even.

But for as angelic as her face was, she was far from being considered one, considering her lewd proportions, with fat breasts that surpassed even Rias’s pair in size, along with a narrow waist that blossomed into fertile wide hips that then gave way to thick meaty thighs and slender shaped calves. Her body was, in a word, arousing.

The way her curves moved along with her dainty movements emphasized her striking figure, her thick thighs leaving no gap as she walked in delicate steps.

A sweet yet dangerously mysterious smile hovered across her face. “I don’t think there’s anything we should worry about.” Her voice was like a silken murmur as she stood beside Rias’ desk.

Rias' brows drew a bit closer, slightly puzzled by what Akeno implied. Soon enough, she theorized that Akeno had read the subtle worry that had settled over her face.

Letting out a light laugh, Rias glanced at Akeno, then at her members, especially the two perplexed ones. "Well, I might have put you under sudden pressure. But it's not something I can use as an excuse to refuse Sona Sitri's challenge…" She kept her small, alluring smile. "But don't worry. We'll practice and win."

Backing down against her longstanding rival, Sona Sitri, who came from another prominent devil clan, was never in Rias' vocabulary.

"Of course, Buchou! We'll do our best! I'll defeat Sanji and the other hot girls!" Issei responded enthusiastically, his spiky brown hair making him seem more cheerful and somewhat childish.

'As long as he's positive about it…' Rias grinned as she played with the tips of her long, crimson hair.

"I… I'll do my best as well, Buchou! I understand how crucial this is for you… and for us, new d-devils, to get familiars of our own," Asia, the blonde human nun now turned devil, seconded, her gentle voice carrying warmth as her green eyes sparked with determination.

Rias stifled her laugh, finding it funny how Asia still found it quite hard to say the word even after being resurrected as a devil.

"I'm counting on you." She flashed a relaxed smile. "Having Sacred Gears isn't enough. Possessing a familiar of your own is like owning a magical pet, and it can make your life way

easier and more convenient," she continued, thinking of the range of small tasks any familiar being could do.

After a brief small talk, the other members filed out of the clubroom one by one. Asia and Issei went ahead first, while her knight and rook followed shortly after, bidding their usual farewells.

"Buchou, we're leaving. Rest assured, I'll keep my eyes on the two," Kiba, the knight in Rias' peerage, said, a friendly smile plastered across his handsome features, reaching his gentle blue eyes.

Koneko, the only rook in the group, nodded beside Kiba. Her solemn amber eyes glimmered beneath the dim, basking lights of the clubroom.

Rias nodded in return, though her eyes playfully remained on the corner of Koneko's lips. Without needing to say a word, Akeno stepped in front of her and gracefully wiped away the chocolate stains Koneko had missed with a piece of tissue, as though she were a cute little kitten that needed coddling.

Koneko was taken aback, but her face barely showed it. "Thank you, Akeno-san…" she murmured in her monotone voice before turning back to Rias. "Bye, Buchou."

With her hands behind her back, a playful smile sat across Akeno's lips. "I'll take my leave now, too~ You should get going as well, Buchou."

Rias wanted to say that she wanted that for herself as well, but she held her tongue, keeping her plan, just this once, from her most-trusted confidant. “I’ll go home soon, too. I just need to unwind a bit.”

Akeno nodded, her smile never faltering. “After such an expected challenge from Kuchou, I understand if you need some time for yourself.”

Their soft laughter over the matter mingled between them before Akeno finally exited the room.

Left on her own, Rias stood up from her seat, tapping her foot against the marbled floor, impatience slowly cracking her composed demeanor.

Shortly after, the news she had been waiting for arrived, carried by a black-and-red-feathered bat that slipped through the gaps between the grilles of the glass window.

“I’m positive, Rias-sama. The magic-bound shop I informed you about has been changing locations since yesterday, and it has moved three times today,” her familiar stated in a language only she could understand as it settled upon her shoulder, weighing nothing at all.

Considering the competition she had agreed upon with the Student Council President, it should have immediately taken the top of her concerns. Instead, her desire to visit that intriguing shop remained her number-one priority. If anything, the news only ignited it even brighter.

But still, she had a good reason for that.

“Seriously…” she sighed, peeking through the window as she contemplated executing her almost-sneaky plan.

The sun had already set, leaving only a few students wandering below.

Finally making up her mind, a red, circular magic sigil appeared on the floor beneath her feet, teleporting her to a nearby location she had rarely visited before.

Rias maintained her regal poise as she appeared and blended into the middle of a sea of students coming her way.

Outside Kuoh University stood a series of towering, incandescent buildings housing various shops, all built for the convenience of the students.

The end of classes usually never meant going straight home. Instead, students spent their time within these various shops.

Rias was never one to do this. She was hardly attracted to the simple things humans enjoyed, yet some days could always be unpredictable.

“Are you sure it’s still here?” she asked her familiar, worried that the uncanny shop she had taken an interest in might already be gone.

Her familiar nodded as it flew toward the corner of the street where it had supposedly last seen the shop.

She followed her familiar, effortlessly keeping its movement within her impeccable line of vision. As she continued on her way, the students naturally stepped aside to let her through the bustling throng.

A simple smile of gratitude was all it took for the students to freeze in their places and gape at her striking beauty and alluring figure.

‘It'd have been so much easier if it had been here before.’ She thought to herself, finding the inevitable attention harder to divert, as she couldn’t exactly teleport to places she hadn’t been to.

Noticing her familiar turn left at the far end of the lively street, she hastened her pace until her feet carried her into an alleyway that looked dead, reeking of an uncomfortable energy she couldn’t quite put into words.

It was nearly pitch-dark, except for the blinking lamppost standing at the entrance and her clear vision, which remained sharp even at night.

Still, undeterred by her confidence and curiosity, she pushed forward as she trailed behind her flying pet.

They walked and walked past the closed, empty, shabby shops until her strides eventually came to a halt before a tiny, one-storey, house-like establishment.

Her lips parted in awe as she stared at the light pouring through the glass windows and the unmistakable power residing within.

It had a gable roof, with a blue rectangular door encased between two large windows on either side. Through the glass, countless objects could be seen stacked within dividers, while others lay scattered across the floors, varying in colors, sizes, and styles.

Her eyes traveled toward the top of the door, where a small sign she had barely noticed hung. “Welcome to… *Constantly Moving Shop*…” she read in her low voice, growing increasingly captivated by the place.

Unable to wait any longer, she knocked once before opening the door. To her surprise, she found an old woman standing behind a small counter, her white-gray hair tied into a low bun, smiling eyes framed by laced glasses.

Contrary to her frail demeanor, the old woman’s energy didn’t feel weak at all. There was something in her aura that was hard to explain, though it was undeniably chilling and unsettling.

“What place is this?” Rias wasted no time, her words carrying the quiet authority expected of a devil heiress.

The old woman softly chuckled. “I’m certain you’ve read what’s written outside, young lady…” Her voice was thin and croaky.

Rias paid no heed to the old woman’s remark, roaming her eyes around the tiny shop with no customers around but her.

What she had seen through the window was nothing compared to the alluring appearances of the objects on display up close.

“Are you the owner of this place?” she asked, her tone carrying both a hint of threat and genuine curiosity.

“You can only buy one.”

Rias’ head snapped toward the old lady.

“What do you mean?” Her straight brows furrowed. “What if… I want everything?” she asked, as though challenging the old woman’s instructions.

The old woman sighed, amusement settling over her face. “Aren’t you a greedy one?”

Taken aback, Rias stared at the old woman as she remembered similar remarks made by Sona Sitri.

She sighed, knowing the accusation might have been becoming truer than she realized.

Licking her lips, she stepped closer to the nearest stall and pointed toward it. “What if… I don’t buy anything at all?”

The custodian stared at her as though she had asked the most absurd question in the world.

“That’s not encouraged, either…” She slowly scanned Rias from head to toe. “You look rich. You can afford any single item here.”

Her issue wasn’t the money, but the odd rule itself.

‘What happens if I just disappear without purchasing anything, huh?’ Rias held her tongue as she thought of teleporting, knowing she might not get a proper answer from the woman.

Rias straightened her back and moved forward, her aquamarine eyes sparkling as she stared at the collection of items.

Books, pens, lamps, mugs, bottles, pots, and even crystal balls. There were more things than Rias could possibly absorb at once. And the energy radiating from each of the objects… it was bound by incomprehensible energy she still needed to investigate carefully.

She had to find out why, all of a sudden, a tiny shop had appeared within Kuoh. Within her territory.

‘I can only buy one… but I cannot leave without buying anything…’ The rules were as explicitly strange as that.

Perplexed, she turned on her heel and walked back to the counter. “I heard you’ve been constantly moving,” she casually probed.

“Heard from whom?”

Rias blinked, finding the response odd.

She could have replied, *It said so on the signage,* but that hardly answered the woman's question.

Still, she was certain that the old woman was definitely not normal and possessed mystical energy. Yet she didn't exactly feel like she belonged to any of the factions of devils, angels, fallen angels, vampires, youkai, gods, or even dragons.

And just like her, the custodian had been simultaneously dodging direct questions and sizing her up.

"Have you found anything to your liking?" the woman asked after a few seconds, her stare growing more unsettling.

Finally deciding that it was too early to reveal who and what she was, and that Akeno had to know about it first before she could fully confront the woman, Rias skillfully managed to remain calm as her eyes skimmed over the brown books and scrolls arranged behind the old woman, none of them alike.

'I just have to buy one, huh…' She kept looking until her eyes caught a thick, black scroll with maroon borders at its top and bottom, an eye drawn across its surface.

It looked majestic, far more striking than the other scrolls lined up beside it. *It's just pretty.*

“I like that scroll, please. Topmost shelf, second to the last item from the right,” she politely said as she waited for the keeper to take it down.

The old woman turned around, tiptoeing to reach the requested item. “A rather fine choice you’ve made.” The woman faced her again, a subtle smile danced across her lips. “Scrolls carry unreadable, powerful messages, defying time and space.”

As soon as it was handed to her, Rias noticed that it was not only heavier than it appeared but also emanated an immense aura.

She looked up and stared back at the strange owner of the peculiar shop. “If that’s the case, then I’m willing to decipher the meaning behind it,” she replied, her words colored with unmatched confidence as she tried to mirror the old woman’s vague words.

“It’s only 180 yen, young lady.” The old woman smiled again, gazing at the scroll in her hand with almost loving eyes.

Hiding her shock at how suspiciously cheap the item was, Rias nodded and reached into her pockets. When she found no coins, she willingly handed over a one-thousand-yen bill.

“Here… Keep the change. Thank you,” she said in her smooth voice, leaving the shop right away without looking back.

‘I can always go back, no matter where you go…’ She swore as she quickly teleported home.

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Rias' footsteps echoed through her room as she incessantly circled the scroll on her auburn mat.

She had been doing so for several minutes after cleaning herself and slipping into her purplish, translucent nightgown.

Her forefinger and thumb played with her lower lip, her thoughts the only thing she could hear.

"There should be something… special about this scroll…" she convinced herself, the overwhelming aura still pouring from it.

Tired from her relentless pacing, she stopped and knelt before the supposed special item, feeling her skin perspire and mingle with the light dampness left from her bath.

"Am I digging my own grave?" she muttered as she caressed the illustration on the rough paper. "This doesn't look like an eye…" she mused as realization slowly dawned on her.

Seeing it up close now, she realized the image was nothing like what she had originally thought. "Regardless, it's still really, really pretty," she whispered in a dreamy tone, still clueless as to what the drawing represented.

Unable to resist her massive curiosity, her slender fingers slowly danced across the scroll, unravelling it with care.

As she finally pulled it open, a hand-brushed word, painted in a larger size, sat within a circular ring surrounded by columns of smaller text, came into sight. The beige paper's scent was similar to the pages of an old book.

Realizing that she could understand the words, contrary to what the old woman had told her, she spoke the largest word, reading it in a low voice. "Leaf…" She paused, tilting her head. "Toad… fox… hero…"

The other three words repeated across the lines surrounding the word *leaf*.

"It doesn't make sense." She scoffed, only to realize that she indeed couldn't understand it. "I don't think it's something I need to worry about. It's just an energy-bound item. That woman and her shop's existence should be my top priority." Rias nodded to her own conclusion, reaching for the word *leaf* again with her finger.

But as soon as her fingertip touched the word, she felt a jolt like electricity shoot through her. It emitted a brilliant light, soon followed by a whirlwind erupting from the scroll and reaching toward her high ceiling.

Caught off guard, she crawled backward as she watched it continuously swirl. Sharp winds raged within an invisible boundary, neither blowing anything away nor breaking a single object in the room… except the scroll itself.

The highly localized vortex soon disappeared. Rias' eyes silently watched as the torn pieces of the scroll slowly fell to the ground.

Still speechless, Rias' vision shifted and adjusted to something beyond the falling scraps of paper.

Her mouth parted, her brows furrowing as she saw an unfamiliar man lying on the floor, barely a meter away from her.

She rubbed her eyes, thinking she must be going insane.

As she fixed her gaze back on him, the blonde man remained seated in a position similar to hers. His eyes were closed, his breathing held.

But what caught her attention the most were the clothes he wore. He was dressed in a high-collared jacket with a bright orange torso and black shoulders, sleeves, and collar, a zipper running down the middle. Matching the top were his bright orange trousers, covering his long legs, while a white bandage wrapped around his right upper thigh, with a black holster strapped over it.

His shoes looked like open-toed boots, noticeably worn and dirty, as if he had just come from a grueling hike or battle.

Her eyes climbed upward again, eventually settling on the band wrapped around his forehead. At its center was the same symbol she had seen on the now-shredded scroll.

“Who…” Her voice caught in her throat.

Rias was utterly astonished, wondering what she had done. But one thing was certain to her, the scroll had something to do with it.

Soon, her senses caught onto something she had already felt before. It was the same sensation she had felt from the scroll she bought… only now, it came from the man in front of her, who seemed to have been brought by the wind.

A shiver ran down her spine. She didn't want to admit it, but his presence sent a faint chill through her.

Her eyes narrowed as she stared at him, his eyes still shut. Her gaze then wandered downward toward his stomach.

“What power… is that…” she murmured, detecting a potent energy residing within the man’s abdomen.

As though drawn toward him by a magnetic force, Rias crawled closer and closer until she finally stopped in the space between his legs, near his knees.

Suddenly, the foreign man parted his lids, revealing his blue eyes. However, they didn’t pay attention to her and immediately darted toward her chest.

“S-See-through?” a horrified and bewildered whisper escaped the man’s dry lips, ogling at her breasts as if he just found a long-lost treasure.

Rias blinked, a bit taken aback by his first words and raspy voice.

A soft chuckle soon slipped her lips, eyes lighting up at the intriguing being before her. All of a sudden, he didn’t feel that threatening anymore. “Hey… eyes up here.”

As if on command, Naruto's head quickly lifted. A pair of aquamarine eyes stared back at him.

They were close. The face was just approximately half a meter apart from his.

His gaze traveled instinctively downward the sharp nose and soft, pinkish lips before following the length of the crimson hair, its tips spilling across the floor. Then, inevitably, his eyes drifted back down. To the full chests.

A woman. There was a foreign woman.

A woman he had never seen before was on her hands and knees in front of him, an amused smile playing across her beautiful face as she patiently watched him process what he was seeing.

Naruto's mouth opened, but only a few words came out. “W-Who are you?”

Her fair complexion and smooth skin were unlike anyone he could remember seeing in Konoha. Even her mature appearance was completely unfamiliar to him.

Slowly, Naruto looked past her as his eyes roamed around the surroundings. The room around them came into focus.

It was a spacious one, with high ceilings adorned with bright chandeliers, tall windows and white walls. Its floors were pristine and tiled, a red mat stretched across part of the floor, leading toward the grand black-red four-poster bed just a few feet behind the woman.

It wasn’t, in any way, typical at all.

Everything about the room radiated elegance and wealth.

“W-Where am I?!” Naruto finally asked, voice stammering as his questioning eyes darted around the unfamiliar luxurious room.

Slowly, his hand reached for his stomach. “It’s not painful anymore…” he uttered, as the realization sank deeper.

His breathing quickened. This wasn't Konoha. This wasn't anywhere he recognized. And this wasn't a dream.

A soft, cold hand suddenly touched his cheek.

“Tell me…” The woman moved closer, slipping through the space between his legs further before gently turning his face toward hers.

Naruto's eyes widened. Her face was suddenly all he could see. “What… in the world are you?”

Like a ticking bomb, Naruto exploded into fright as he pushed the woman away from him, the realization finally dawning on him of just how strange his situation was.

“Who are you?!” he yelled at her as he abruptly stood up, raising his fists defensively.

But before he could fully assume his defensive stance, the woman rose to her feet as though nothing had happened, flashing him a composed smile.

Her entire figure came into view, catching him off guard once again. Her nightgown covered almost nothing, shamelessly displaying her massive breasts that rose and fell with each calm breath. Heat rushed to his neck when his gaze met her protruding nipples as though they were eyes staring back at him.

Instinctively, his eyes slid down her impossibly thin waist, wide hips, thick thighs concealing what little the nightgown left covered, and finally her slender legs.

“N-Naked…”

Rias chortled at his observation, showing not an ounce of shame. Oddly, the man oozed an overwhelming aura yet still gave off a harmless impression.

“I might have summoned a pervert.”

Naruto's ears perked up at the remark, his eyes widening at the offense. "Hey! You naked woman! I'm just stating a fact!" he argued, briefly glancing down at her body before dragging his eyes back up to her face. "And what do you mean, summon?! Did you summon me?!"

Rias crossed her arms, unfazed by the man's agitated reaction. "I'm Rias Gremory…" Her eyes now held a newfound seriousness. "What are you?"

Black and red smoke surrounded her, flickering every time Naruto blinked. The dark aura kept glitching before his eyes for a moment, until it vanished like it wasn't there in the first place.

Swallowing, Naruto kept his chin up. "I'm Naruto Uzumaki," he answered, never minding that Rias hadn't asked for his name. "I'm a ninja."

Hearing his last words, Rias broke into a soft laugh. "A ninja… from exactly where?" Though she knew he might have been telling the truth, she still couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"Hey! Why are you laughing?! I'm a ninja! A really strong one! I know a lot about ninja arts!" Naruto aggressively tapped his abdomen, nearly bragging about the Nine-Tailed Fox sealed within him. "And from where?! From Konoha! And if you really summoned me, how did you do it?!"

Naruto knew that the only plausible explanation behind his sudden appearance in this unfamiliar place was a summoning ritual or, if he was lucky, a crazy dream.

But the more he looked at the woman, the more he understood that she was no ordinary girl either. A summoning ritual was undeniably possible.

He couldn't calm down.

Rias clicked her tongue as her eyes slowly dropped toward the shreds of the scroll. Naruto soon followed her gaze.

“I bought the scroll just tonight, and you magically appeared inside my bedroom,” Rias revealed, trying to oversimplify the situation.

“And Konoha? I don’t know where that is, but one thing I can assure you is that there are no ninjas in this place…” She lifted her eyes intently toward him. “You’re in Japan. Specifically, in Kuoh.”

“K-Kuoh?” Naruto repeated the name of the place as he stepped forward to the torn pieces of black, red, and mostly beige-colored paper. “A summoning scroll…” he muttered as she slowly knelt before the shreds, gathering most of the pieces within his calloused hands.

“A summoning scroll…” Now, Rias intoned his words as she realized that it might really be the specific purpose of the scroll.

Naruto looked up and searched for Rias’ confused face. “Where did you buy it? What did you exactly do with the scroll when you opened it? What are the words written on it?”

Rias licked her lips, watching Naruto shift his eyes from the shreds in his hands and to her. “Well, words such as Leaf… Toad… Fox… Hero…” She could only answer his last question.

Heart pounding, Naruto's eyes widened as the words rang a bell.

"Y-You must be kidding me…" He shook his head slowly, vision blurring again. Reaching for his chest, he panted as though he was nearly out of breath.

A second later, he felt his sanity slip away like a candle snuffed out by a strong wind, causing him to collapse onto the floor.

Pupils dilating at the sight, Rias rushed toward Naruto and tapped his cheek three times. Her two fingers searched for his neck, pressing against it. Finding his pulse was still beating, relief immediately washed over her.

Sighing, she stared at the now-calm man lying unconscious before her. "I don't think that's very ninja-like…"

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Amidst the boundless void, Naruto's head snapped in different directions as he searched for the source of the light and growling.

No matter where he stepped, he could only feel water seeping into his boots. The constant dripping of water filled his ears, yet he still couldn't pinpoint where it was coming from.

“Where are you, Nine-Tails?” he asked, still searching for its position as the growling grew louder.

But as the sound intensified, he slowly realized that it had been his stomach all along.

Reaching down to it, a blinding light suddenly welcomed him, snapping his eyes wide open.

“Hey…” A soft voice greeted him as a dazzling beauty came into view.

The unfamiliarity of her face robbed him of speech until memories of what had happened recently gradually came to him.

Red hair… Green Eyes… Pale skin…

“Your stomach has been growling all night,” a teasing smile curved her moist, plump lips, “Tell me, what kind of monster is inside it?”

Naruto, noticing only now that he was covered in a thick blanket, abruptly rose from the huge, soft bed, only to realize that he was sharing it with Rias Gremory. Her hand supported her left cheek as she lay on her side, facing him.

She looked nothing but comfortable with a complete stranger like him.

Unlike the last time he saw her, she was now more decently clothed, though the curves of her body seductively pulled the fabric taut of her mid-leg length of her white, sleeveless dress. The valley of her two massive breasts was impossible to ignore, practically greeting him the moment he looked her way.

Realizing how close and questionable their position was, he quickly backed away, only to realize that he no longer had his jacket.

Flustered, he cast an accusing glance to Rias, who still wore an amused smile. “You’re a pervert!”

“I took care of you…” she replied sweetly, feigning innocence.

Questions resurfacing in his head, he finally returned to reality. “Where was the store where you bought the scroll? What did you do about it?”

Rias’ smile slowly melted away as she recalled what her familiar had informed her about the moving shop just a few hours ago.

Convinced that the woman had no intention of answering, Naruto shook his head repeatedly. “You know what? Never mind…” He quickly crawled out of the bed. “Just bring me there, and I can negotiate on my own!”

Rias swiftly moved from her position to follow Naruto, who had already rushed outside through the gap of her slightly opened door.

She let out a sigh and shook her head.

Running, Naruto left the room, surprised by the grandeur of the hallway that came into view.

Even unsure of where he was going, he maintained his pace, looking left and right until his feet came to a halt when a group suddenly appeared directly in front of him.

His surprised eyes swept across them briefly. There were five of them. Three women, two men. They stared at him like he was a peculiar specimen they needed to study.

Startled and had no plans of explaining his existence, Naruto hastily turned on his heel, only to bump into a rather soft surface right away. His searching eyes wandered upward until he met Rias' pair of aquamarine eyes.

A playful smile danced across the redhead's lips. "I guess my visitors are here."

End.

Poor guy, he just can't catch a break.

Now I did briefly debate having him arrive hre after he gets acknowledged by the hidden leaf, but I decided against it.

That said, in the future, though it would be a very, very, very long time from now, I might have Naruto go to the elemental nation or have characters from the elemental nation be present here (Still deciding on that, but it's a possibility)

Anyway, I hope the story was to your liking!

Assuming you all did, you all will love what I have planned for this story.

Take care lads.

Peace.