‘Shikamaru knows,’ Sasuke thought. *‘But how much is he privy to?’*

As he and Naruto left the after-onsen lunch party, it was with both of them in reasonably good spirits. It helped that they were considerably drunk, with shots of sake and mixed cocktails swirling in their guts.

Sasuke hesitated to tell Naruto about his and Shikamaru's confrontation.

The Uchiha hadn't handled it as well as he would have hoped. His inner alpha came out—instead of defusing the situation, he'd antagonized it. Rather than going with their pre-made excuse of a open relationship and some light hearted ribbing, Sasuke had made it clear his true intentions to Shikamaru.

Now, this whole thing was a powder keg that could blow at any moment.

For right this second, it seemed the last Uchiha had other things to worry about, though.

As soon as they got back inside the house, Naruto morphed into Naruko.

Now a buxom blonde bounced in front of Sasuke, broad-eyed and grinning, and still clearly very drunk. Sasuke chuckled as she rested her head against his firm chest—perhaps it hadn’t occurred to her that halving her body weight while still having the same amount of alcohol in her system wasn’t the best idea.

“*Guh*…can we sixty-nine…?” Naruko mewled.

She pulled her shirt over her head, with not even a scrap of fabric on underneath. Then off came her pants and her non-binary underwear to leave her bare before him, all sexy and flushed, with nothing short of absolute lust in her blue eyes.

“You want to sixty-nine right this second?” Sasuke said with a laugh.

“Mhm…”

“Alright, alright. Let’s get to the bedroom, then—”

“No!” Naruko slurred. “Right *here*!”

She pointed to the ground of the foyer. Which was nice, mind you, and Sasuke knew it was clean because Hinata scoured the whole house at least thrice a week, but he wasn’t so sure about sixty-nining on it.

He did have another idea, though.

Which was to reach down and scoop the blonde up as if she weighed like nothing. Naruko yelped as she hoisted into the air—and giggled as he flipped her around as easily as he might rotate a book to check the back. She was upside down now, her pussy inches away from his mouth and her own face dangling in front of his crotch.

“Mmm…”

She rubbed a hand against his package, and within seconds, he was already achingly hard.

It took her a moment to undo his pants considering the change in perspective, but eventually, she managed to slide them down.

His colossal cock was just begging to be sucked. Naruko wasted no time in taking it into her mouth, fastening a hand around the base as she did so. Her other hand clutched against his thigh.

She was in approximately zero danger of being dropped. Sasuke didn’t even seem phased at having to hold her body weight aloft—then again, she was a dainty thing even considering her generous curves.

Slurp, slurp. Glug, glug.

Sasuke couldn't do much more than tease her slit and finger her a little—what with the tremendous work she was doing down below, that left him groaning and moaning right into her thighs.

"God, you're amazing," he moaned.

Naruko mewled against him. Even the rush of blood to her head couldn't stop her from bobbing herself back and forth, eager to deepthroat him despite the unusual angle.

There was a squeak from above—Sasuke twisted both he and Naruko around to see Hinata coming down the stairs with a smile on her face.

"*Oh*," Hinata said. "That's a new one."

"It's kind of fun," Sasuke admitted.

Glug, glug. Naruko made her own opinions known, too.

Hinata strode up to them, and after nudging Naruko's leg out of the way, planted the Uchiha stud with a big kiss.

"I had a great time earlier," the former Hyūga purred.

"Did you now?" Sasuke teased. "Between all the muffled moans and you cumming on my cock over and over again, I wasn't sure."

She pinched his arm playfully.

Then she left them to it, probably already planning on what to make for dinner that night. As she padded into the another room, Sasuke grunted with the buxom blonde still held aloft in his arms.

“I’m close,” he groaned.

“*Mmm~*” she moaned around his cock.

He even started to thrust his hips lightly, just for that little bit of extra pleasure.

Naruko gagged a little. Yet like the little slut that she was, the blonde didn’t dare do anything other than continue to deepthroat him.

He managed to hold out for another minute or so. Then nature called, and all Sasuke could do was warn her.

“Cumming,” he growled.

Naruko deepthroated him as far as she could manage.

The first blast splurted right down the column of her throat. Then the second. Naruko was no stranger to swallowing tremendous amounts of cum, but this was the first time she’d ever done it upside down—much to her embarrassment she choked and had to pull back. The third blast made her cheeks bulge.

Then his cock fell free from her mouth, and Sasuke proceeded to jizz all over her pretty face while he was at it.

Naruko swallowed down what she could, then moaned as she was given the facial of a lifetime. His seed dripped upwards, across her nose, her brow, and dribbling down onto the floor below.

She coughed and spluttered for a moment longer.

Then went back in to start cleaning him off dutifully, accompanied by the occasional cough.

Sasuke heard footsteps and turned them around to find Hinata with her phone out. He posed, holding Naruko aloft with one muscle and flexing with the other. Between her jizz-coated face and his enormous cock still in her mouth, it must have made quite the scene.

The *click* of a camera reached his ears.

“Now that’s a cute photo,” Hinata said with a giggle.

After a few seconds of cleaning him off, Naruko detached herself. He spun her around and set the blonde down—she stumbled somewhat, her face red beneath the spunk that was still shining on it. She grinned.

“Damn, th—” She hiccuped. “That was fun…”

“It was,” Sasuke said, grinning. That warm buzz was still in his chest, too.

Naruko stumbled over to Hinata, nearly toppling her wife over in her haste to hug the everliving hell out of her. The two women embraced—their lips gleaming with his seed. Hinata groaned into Naruko’s mouth.

“It-it was your idea for that onsen stunt, wasn’t it?” Naruko said with that cheshire grin of hers, after they’d parted.

“You got me,” Hinata said, throwing her hands up as if she were surrendering.

“That was so risky. That was so dangerous. That was so-” Naruko hiccuped. “So fucking *hot*.”

“I know. I was there.” Hinata beamed. “I came my brains out after just a minute or so~”

“I can confirm,” said Sasuke, as he tucked his cock back into his pants and zipped them back up.

Naruko grinned.

“I’m gonna go hop in the shower,” she proclaimed, wiping a bit of cum out of her eye. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do~” she said in a sing-song voice as she skipped away and up the stairs.

As the blonde tiptoed away, Hinata ducked into the kitchen to grab a towel to clean the spilled cum off the ground with. When she was done, she looked Sasuke in the eye.

“You know, that position *did* look like a lot of fun…”

Sasuke chuckled.

About five, ten minutes later, Himawari stepped through the front door to find her mother upside and slobbering on the father of her child’s cock.

“Ooh,” Himawari cooed. “That looks fun~”

“I wonder…” Sasuke murmured.

Which found them a minute later, with Sasuke holding *both* Himawari and Hinata aloft. It took a little finagling and some nudging here and there, but before long, Sasuke had both mother and daughter slurping and lapping at his cock. Upside down, too, which shouldn’t have made it feel better, but for whatever reason, Sasuke was in literal heaven. Maybe it was the knowledge that they’d entrusted him entirely in holding them up. Maybe it was the excitement. Or maybe, it was because it plain awesome.

Not long after, Naruko came running down the stairs.

“Aww, come on..!” she whined. “I get to do one fun thing with Sasuke and you guys have to steal it~”

“Sorry, Mom~”
“Sorry, honey~”

The two women didn’t seem very sorry as they went back to worshiping that tremendous Uchiha cock.

“Hmm..”

Naruko tapped a finger against her chin as she watched the ongoing affair.

“Sasuke,” she started. “I wonder if—”

“No, I’m not going to try and hold all three of you up like this,” Sasuke interjected swiftly.

“*Damn*!” Naruko swore. “Welp, I’ll have to help out the old fashioned way, I guess..”

Which led to her sinking down to her knees and giving him fellatio the good old fashioned way, accompanied by her wife and daughter.

It was possibly the most interesting, convoluted way he’d ever gotten a triad blowjob from the Uzumaki family. Worse yet, it felt fucking amazing, and Sasuke was hanging on by a thread before even Naruko got down there.

“Sorry, girls,” he announced after a minute or so. “I *need* to start fucking one of you before long..”

None of them, not the blonde on her knees ‘nor the two held upside and in the air said anything in response. Not when they were so busy slurping and lapping on his cock from every conceivable angle, leaving not even a single inch of his thick shaft untouched.

“Alright,” Sasuke grunted. “Let’s fucking do this.”

Hinata and Himawari expected him to set them down—what they didn’t expect was for him to swoop down and scoop Naruko up as well, leaving all three members of the Uzumaki family locked together in his absurdly powerful arms. There wasn’t enough room for all three of them to go down on him, no, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t carry all three of them easily.

He brought them over to the couch.

Then proceeded to lay them down like stories of a building right on top of each other. First there was Hinata, then Naruko, and of course, Himawari right on top. They were all on top of each other, a vertical row of wet and fertile pussies just begging to be demolished.

He started with Himawari on the top, which necessitated him quite literally climbing on top of the sturdy coffee table in order to fuck her at an appropriate angle. It was all for the visual, though—and what a visual it was. With one hand he grasped Himawari's firm ass as he thrusted into her. With the other, he held his phone steady, recording the sight of the Uzumaki family all splayed on top of each other like bricks laid down for a building.

He sent the video to the group chat—which consisted of the four of them, Sakura, Sarada, Ino, and Hanabi—then got back to work.

Sasuke gave Himawari the business for a minute or so, then climbed down and moved straight onto her biological mother. Hinata squeaked as he entered her—then she mewled as he began to thrust.

“Don't keep me waiting~” Naruko squealed from underneath.

“I'll try my best,” he murmured. Hyūga pussy simply was sublime, and at times, it was hard to tear himself away from it.

He thrust hard and fast into Hinata's cunt, relishing in every little moan and mewl she made. It was impossible to keep his hands off of her—he'd quite literally had his fill of her earlier, and yet, he was still wanted more. That didn't mean he didn't want Himawari or Naruko, though…in fact, he wanted all three of them.

Sasuke was sorely tempted to use a pair of *shadow clones* to make his fantasy come to life, but decided against it. Shadow clones were something he ought to break out for a special occasion—not on some random Tuesday.

So he made the heartbreaking choice to pull out of Hinata and sink himself balls deep into Naruko instead.

His eyes nearly rolled back into his head. The way Naruko tightened around his shaft…the way she mewled and bucked her hips…either she'd finally come into her own, or she'd been taking lessons from Hinata. Either way, he was on his last legs even as he began to thrust into the blonde.

"Fuck, I'm so goddamn close," he groaned.

Considering he'd already bred two of the three cunts in this room, it seemed only fitting that he'd unload into the one snatch that hadn't been given such an honor.

"Let us finish you off, Sasuke~" Himawari mewled from up top.

"Mhm, let us have the honor~" Hinata said.

"Oh, come on y'all, he was just about to creampie me—" Naruko moaned. "What-what did you two have in mind?"

There was some whispering.

"Mmm…okay," Naruko said. "Let us finish you off, Sasuke~"

Sasuke was on the verge of imploding.

But he was a man of the people.

“Alright,” he said, teeth gritted and his body straining to hold back his tremendous orgasm. He pulled out of Naruko with a *squelch*, his colossal cock slick with all three girls’ juices.

They’re all up and on their feet in a matter of seconds. Then they’ve pushed him down onto the couch, where the true finale began. Hinata was to the left, Himawari to his right, and Naruko took point straight ahead.

As a unit, they began to smother and worship his cock—using three pairs of lovely tits while they were at it no less. Not a single centimeter of the bottom half of his shaft was left uncovered by their tits, and the top half was being slurped and sucked on by three pairs of tongues.

It was any man’s wildest fantasy. And despite his innumerable orgasms today giving him some stamina, he was at the end of his rope.

“Here we go,” he moaned.

The Uzumaki family didn’t stop, not even for a second. They kept at it, driving him closer, and closer, and closer—

‘Till he couldn’t hold back anymore.

He *exploded*, and three gorgeous babes were showered with his cum. They took turns getting mouthfuls and facials, passing his cock back and forth while giggling and moaning all the while.

Sasuke was left a shuddering mess by the time he was spent. Having left three absolute beauties smothered in his seed, he was riding on top of the world and then some.

They spent a moment cleaning him off, as any good sluts ought to. Then they winked up at him.

“You should definitely get a picture of this, too~” Himawari cooed, as cum dripped down her nose.

He chuckled, still trying to catch his breath.

“Sure.”

With one of his *Rinnegan* powers, he summoned his phone to his hand with relative ease. The three of them posed, his mammoth cock forming as the centerpiece. They looked unreasonably beautiful, with his cum oozing down their faces, their lips smeared and their eyes bright and happy.

Snap. The artificial camera sound played as he took the picture.

The Uzumakis all giggled.

He sent it to the group chat, dimly noted that Hinata had sent that picture of him and Naruko earlier, then set his phone down.

The next thing he knew, Naruko was climbing on top of him.

“*Now*, it’s time for my creampie~” the blonde mewled.

She turned her back to him, squatted and angled herself so that she was dangling over his cock, then sunk herself down onto it.

They let out a moan in unison.

Himawari and Hinata didn’t dawdle, and the two of them dipped down below to worship Sasuke’s balls and the base of his shaft even as Naruko bounced up and down on top of him.

Needless to say, thoughts of Shikamaru were *far* away from Sasuke's mind for now.

Hanabi woke up on the wrong side of the bed.

It didn't help that when she checked her phone, quite possibly the most irritating thing imaginable graced her cellular screen. She'd been hopefully for a flirty text from Sasuke or maybe even a picture of his 'equipment' — even an offer to go out to lunch with Hinata would have been nice.

Instead, she saw four missed calls and at least a dozen missed text messages from Konohamaru, starting from three A.M. and ending a measly twelve minutes ago.

She grit her teeth.

'What the hell does he want?' she thought, scrolling to the top of the messages.

Hanabi didn't have the patience to actually read through it, especially considering half of the text messages were walls of text that contained an average of ten misspellings per sentence, and not to mention were so jumbled that she couldn't have made sense of it if she tried.

The moral of it all was this: he missed her and wanted to have sex with her. Big whoop.

She groaned as she rolled back over onto her bed, a hand over her eyes and a despondent expression on her face.

Hanabi wanted to be mad at Sasuke for that little stunt the other day. Sure, getting fucked by him whilst Konohamaru was blissfully unaware on the other end of the phone had been so, so, *so* goddamn hot..

But now, a can of worms had been opened.

Konohamaru thought they were on track for some sort of reconciliation when the truth couldn't be more of the opposite. Even *if* Hanabi wasn't having her insides rearranged on the regular by a giant Uchiha cock, she would have been put off by the desperation that came from Naruto's potential successor.

'How can I handle this?' Hanabi thought.

There were a few options.

First and foremost was what she internally deemed the *wuss* option—which was to ghost Konohamaru and hope the problem went away. It was the easiest option, but also could lead to headaches later on.

Then there was the *come clean* option. Which meant telling Konohamaru in no uncertain terms that she'd moved on, and that no, she was too busy slobbering on over a foot of Uchiha dick to worry about his mindless wants and needs anymore. Of course she'd pretty it up and not go into details, but that would be that.

Then there was the third, and final option.

It was a prospect that excited her, and that scared her in equal spades.

The cuckold option.

Which meant following in her sister's footsteps and turning Konohamaru into a shell of a man. Would he descend as far as Naruko had..? Perhaps not.

Yet the thought of having Konohamaru see who her *true* self was had her heart racing.

‘Maybe I could just do a little of column B and a little of column C. I can see where things go…’

She sent two separate texts, already orchestrating things to go her way.

The first text was to Sasuke.

‘Would you care to join me for a picnic? The twenty-eighth training grounds in an hour and a half.’

The second was to Konohamaru. His last text had been, *‘Hey, sorry about all those texts from last night. It was a crazy time! How’s your morning going?’*

Thank God for that. She’d already planned on ignoring all his incoherent, probably drunk rambling, anyway.

Hanabi Hyūga spent a few minutes crafting what—in her mind—was the perfect text message.

‘You’re okay. My morning’s been alright—nothing too crazy on this end, haha. I’ll probably go for a walk and enjoy the fresh air, it is really nice out today. How’s your day going?’

By the time it was sent, Sasuke had already responded.

‘I’ll be there,’ was the Uchiha’s short and to the point text.

Hanabi grinned.

‘There’s a small chance Konohamaru might try to stop by,’ she sent to Sasuke. *‘So we can’t be up to anything too naughty.’*

‘Consider the plans cancelled.’

‘Ha ha. See you there, :p’

Her grin only widened as she hopped up. An hour and a half left her plenty of time to get ready and be there with plenty of time to spare. She knew Konohamaru pretty damn well—she knew how he thinked, too. It was unfortunate, really, but at the very least she could put that knowledge from their relationship to good use.

Sasuke found Hanabi in the shade of a nice oak tree, with a blanket spread out across the ground and a small picnic arranged in front of her.

“Hi,” she chirped. “Good morning~”

“Good morning to you, too.”

He took a seat next to her.

Hanabi activated her *Byakugan* for a split second—after making sure the coast was clear, she climbed into his lap.

“How has my stud been doing..?” she purred. “From those pictures you and Hinata sent yesterday, I have to imagine it’s been pretty well.”

“Let’s see,” Sasuke murmured. “Hinata and I took a trip to the onsen yesterday—Naruto and the other guys just so happened to be in the room next door, and let’s just say—”

“You *didn’t*,” Hanabi said.

“Don’t worry. They had no idea it was us—” Sasuke paused. “Most of them, at least.”

“Most of them?”

“Naruto knew, of course,” Sasuke lied through his teeth.

He still hadn't decided how to handle the Shikamaru situation—only he knew about it still. Hanabi was a sweet girl, but if he was going to tell anyone, it'd probably be Himawari.

Himawari was his crown princess. He trusted her implicitly, more so than even Hinata or Naruko. Quite frankly, she was even starting to outstripe Sakura in that regard.

For now, he would keep his lips sealed.

"It was a fun time," Sasuke continued. "You and I should certainly make a trip to the onsen soon."

"And what would we do in there?~"

Hanabi ground against him gently. Her lithe, perfect little body fit so neatly on top of him.

"I've a few ideas," said Sasuke. "Maybe you'd like to hear them?"

"I bet I could guess what most of your ideas consist of," Hanabi purred. "Let's see—I assume it ends with me cleaning you off while a big load oozes out of me…?"

"Goodness, you've got a filthy mind," Sasuke said with mock scandal. "What if I wanted a simple onsen visit?"

She leaned close, so that her arms were wrapped loosely around his neck and their lips nigh connected.

"The only sort of onsen visit I want is the kind that ends with you fucking me again and again 'till I can't move a muscle."

Needless to say, his erection was tremendous enough to almost lift her up an inch. She was sitting right on top of it, after all.

He took a breath, trying to rein himself in.

“We’re getting sidetracked,” he murmured. “What was that about Konohamaru trying to stop by?

“Oh, right.” Her white eyes twinkled as if Konohamaru had vacated her mind entirely. Which he probably had. “I may have hinted at him that I was going on a walk…”

“Let me guess: he knows you well enough that he’ll assume you’ve gone for a walk somewhere around here. And you’re thinking that he’s going to do something mildly weird like trying to orchestrate a ‘chance’ meeting between the two of you.”

Hanabi giggled.

“Nothing gets past you, huh?” she said, playing with a strand of his hair.

“Do you really want to clue him in this early to the two of us?” Sasuke murmured.

“We’re not clueing him in to anything,” said Hanabi. “We’re just two friends having a wholly platonic picnic together. After all, you’re *married*, remember?”

Sasuke raised an eyebrow. “You think he’ll buy that?”

“No…but I guarantee you the first person he’s going to ask about our supposed friendship is Naruto or Hinata, or maybe even both of them, and chances are they’re going to have our back.” She grinned.

“And from there?”

Another giggle escaped her lips.

“I hadn’t gotten that far yet,” she admitted. “I still don’t know what I want to do with him.”

“From the sounds of it, you’re trying to cuckold him,” said Sasuke in a shrewd tone.

Hanabi stared at him long and hard.

“The thought has crossed my mind,” Hanabi confessed.

Sasuke held her close, and relished in that feeling of her supple body pressed against him. Her body reminded him of Sakura at times—she wasn’t a curvy babe like Hinata or Naruko, but Hanabi was unfathomably gorgeous in her own way. Right now, he wanted nothing more than to gorge himself on the contours of her body.

“If that’s a road you want to go down, then I’d be happy to help,” Sasuke murmured.

“Really?”

“I cuckolded my best friend. Why *wouldn’t* I be okay with doing the same to Konohamaru?” Sasuke ran his hands over her ass as he spoke. “I’ve never hated him, but I certainly don’t like him enough not to want to show him how thoroughly I’ve stolen you.”

Hanabi grinned from ear-to-ear.

“Okay…okay.” She stroked his cheek gingerly. “Do you want to come up with a plan? Or—?”

“Generally,” Sasuke said, rather gently at that. “The more of a plan you come up with for this sort of thing, the less fun it is.”

“Right. I guess I should listen to the expert, huh?”

That brought a chuckle out of him.

“I suppose I am the cuckoldry expert in this town, aren’t I?” he said with a glint in his mismatched eyes. “Now, tell me—how long do we have?”

Hanabi leaned back, then formed a handseal to activate her *Byakugan*. She studied their surroundings for a moment.

“I was right, he just entered the forest now. He ought to ‘conveniently drop by here’ in about ten minutes or so.”

“So, that gives us about eight minutes to fool around, hm?” Sasuke noted.

Hanabi’s broad grin was unmatched.

“I suppose so. Won’t the food get cold, though?” she purred.

“Are you actually worried about that?” Sasuke lifted an eyebrow.

“No.”

Konohamaru whistled as he walked through the forest, his hands in his pockets.

“She has to be around here, right?” he murmured to himself, as he cast a glance around, trying to peer past the thick tree trunks and the canopy of greenery that seemed to stretch from the ground to the sky.

…

Glug, glug, glug. Hanabi's throat constricted around the mammoth shaft that was plugging it up. Tears pricked at her eyes as she forced herself to take him even deeper. Sasuke simply laid there and enjoyed himself, basking in the lovely view that was a Hyūga slut demeaning herself for his pleasure.

…

'This is her spot,' Konohamaru thought. Back when they'd been dating they would come out here all the time—moonlit walks in the dead of night, their hands intertwined, and every so often she would let him steal a kiss.

He missed the feel of her lips against his. That sweet sensation, and her coconut-scented shampoo, and her lips that tasted like sweet wine…

…

"Sasuke," she mewled, as he hiked her dress up. "We-we can't…he's—"

"A minute or so won't hurt," Sasuke said with a smirk.

Her distinct absence of panties didn't phase him in the least; he pressed his cock against her entrance and relished in the tiny little squeak she gave out. Forcing a cock inside of her that was simply *too* big for her tiny snatch to accommodate. She made it happen though, through sheer arousal and willpower at that.

She mewled as he slipped inside of her. Sasuke held her close and peppered her neck with kisses.

…

He would do one lap of the training grounds. That was it. One lap, and if she wasn't here, then she wasn't here. It was already queer enough for him

to be out here—he knew it would be somewhat strange for him to ‘pop up’ when she’d mentioned going for a walk.

But maybe she’d done it on purpose? Why else would she hint at going for a walk, especially when she knew that he knew what her favorite spot was? Maybe this was just some roundabout way of inviting him out without having to invite him out.

Konohamaru could hope.

…

With a hand over her mouth to muffle all those cute little noises she wanted to make, Sasuke thrust hard and fast into one of the tightest cunts he’d ever graced with his cock.

Her *Byakugan* was activated. Her eyes were focused on Konohamaru, and her fingers were gripping his wrist gently, ready to give him the signal to pull out when necessary.

Smack. Smack. Deep, controlled thrusts left the Hyūga heaving against his palm. The picnic blanket scrunched beneath them.

After another twenty seconds or so, she started to squeeze his wrist.

Sasuke smirked and kept thrusting.

…

Usually she opted to stop for a break right around here. Konohamaru kept his senses sharp and his eyes peeled. Any moment now, he would see that shock of brown hair, those enchanting snow-white eyes.

Any second now.

…

“*S-Sasuke*—!” Hanabi said, her voice muffled around his finger.

Smack. Smack.

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it?” the Uchiha growled. “To cuckold him? What better way to do that then to have him stubble upon me balls deep inside of you?” Sasuke smirked, and that mammoth cock of his stiffened inside of her. “Don’t you fucking lie to me. I can feel how wet you are.”

“*S-Sasuke…”* She purred as he thrust even harder into her.

…

Konohamaru rounded a bend in the path and saw something strange. There was a glimpse of movement—a brightly coloured picnic blanket.

And two people on top of it.

He wasn’t quite sure what he was seeing until he got closer, and truly, it flummoxed him.

“Sasuke..?” Konohamaru murmured.

The two looked up from where they sat; Hanabi had a mouthful of fish while Sasuke had already finished his meal. They sat atop a picnic blanket that was a little *too* perfect, as if it’d been just readjusted.

“Konohamaru…?” Hanabi said, after a brief pause. “What are you doing here?’

“I-uh—” The grandson of the Third Hokage tugged at the collar of his shirt. “What-what’s this?” he squeaked out. “Why are you and Sasuke having a *picnic*?”

Sasuke smirked up at him, looking none too intimidated by the jōnin.

“Hanabi and I are good friends,” he said in a casual tone. “Is there something wrong with the two of us having a little outing?”

In a perfect world, obviously not. Yet something about Sasuke set Konohamaru’s teeth on edge. No man in all of Konoha would want *Sasuke Uchiha* to be seated next to their ex atop a picnic blanket. Especially not when Hanabi looked all giggly and flushed.

“What's going on here?” Konohamaru said in an undertone.

“It’s like Sasuke said. We’re just having a little outing,” Hanabi murmured, though the giggle she added at the end didn’t comfort him in the least.

“Right. Right. How would your *wife* feel about you having an outing with another woman?” Konohamaru spat at Sasuke.

Somehow, Sasuke looked even more unimpressed at the jōnin’s accusation. The Uchiha reached into his pocket, withdrew his phone, and within seconds, the three of them heard the distinct dialing tone. He put it on speaker phone.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Sakura,” Sasuke said. “You’re on speaker phone with Hanabi and Konohamaru. We’re not interrupting anything, are we?”

“Oh no, I’m just sifting through some paperwork. Honestly, I appreciate the distraction. Hi, Konohamaru. Hi, Hanabi!”

“Hi, Sakura..!” Hanabi chirped.

“Hello, Miss Sakura,” Konohamaru murmured.

“Hanabi and I were having a picnic were having a picnic when Konohamaru happened upon us,” Sasuke said in a gentle tone. “Your name came up and I figured I’d give you a call to check in on you.”

“Aw, well, that’s sweet of you. I hope you and Hanabi are having a lovely time. A picnic, huh? What’re you eating?”

“Hanabi had the Hyūga kitchen throw something together for us.”

“I’m sure it’s delicious then. I should get back to it—I love you~”

“Love you too.”

There was a click and Sasuke put his phone away. Konohamaru’s glare bore a hole into Sasuke while Hanabi had to hide her grin behind her mouth.

“Did that answer your question?” Sasuke said with a lifted eyebrow.

“Hanabi, I—”

“Konohamaru…I know you mean well, but I invited Sasuke out here with me. Not you,” she said, her voice as sharp as a katana. “Please give us some privacy.”

Konohamaru grit her teeth.

“Fine,” he said. “If you insist.”

He turned on his heel and walked away, the crunch of leaves and the chirping of birds amplified in his ears. He looked back on occasion, but Hanabi and Sasuke had simply returned to talking, and nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary.

…

Of course, as soon as Konohamaru was out of sight, Hanabi shifted onto her back and spread her legs.

“Mmm…I’m so wet,” she purred, pulling up her dress so that he could see her puffy and engorged snatch.

Sasuke chuckled.

“I had a feeling you would be,” he muttered, as he loomed dangerously over her.

When the door opened, Temari Nara was more than a little surprised to find him on her porch.

“...Sasuke…?” Temari murmured. “Well, hello there. What brings you by?”

“Good morning, Temari,” Sasuke said smoothly. He flashed her a smile. “I’m just looking for Shikamaru, that’s all.”

“He’s at work right now,” said Temari. “Why, what did you need?”

Sasuke blinked.

He thought back to his quick text exchange with Naruto earlier.

Sasuke: ‘Is Shikamaru at work?’
Naruto: ‘Nah. He took the day off to hang out with Temari. Why?’

Sasuke: ‘Don’t worry about it.’
Naruto: ‘Sasuke…’

Sasuke: ‘Fine. We’re planning your surprise party.’

Naruto: ‘Funny. Well, try his house if it’s that important to get in touch with him.’

Sasuke: ‘I will, thanks.’

Why would Shikamaru lie?

“Eh, it’s just something to do with Naruto. I was thinking we’d treat the bastard to some office reforms to help alleviate his work load—I figured the best person to go to would be your husband.”

“That’s sweet of you,” Temari said, grinning.

She turned somewhat and when her gaze flitted away, he hungrily looked her up and down.

Today, Temari was adorned in tight black shorts and a purple top with the very upper button undone. He could see her bra strap, something silky and white that he could only imagine looked amazing on her.

They made eye contact for a moment.

“Why don’t you come in?” Temari suggested. “Shikamaru probably isn’t going to be back for a while, but this seems like a good time for us to catch up. I don’t have a lot of visitors these days.”

“I can’t imagine why,” Sasuke said seriously. “Erm-” He faked checking his phone. “I suppose I could come in for a cup of tea.”

“That sounds perfect,” said Temari.

He followed her inside, and made sure to close the door behind him. The interior was quaint and simple—desert flowers grew on the windowsill while strange painting adorned the walls. Everything, and he meant *everything*, had Temari’s touch on it.

Knowing who Shikamaru was, it made sense that he would let Temari have her way with the house. Now that Shikadai was moved out, it was her domain.

She sauntered to the kitchen with Sasuke in tow. *Sauntered* truly was putting it lightly—the way she swayed her hips, and put her hands on them, and how just juicy and plump her ass looked in those shorts…

Sasuke's mouth watered.

'Don't get too far ahead of yourself,' thought Sasuke. *'Not every woman in existence is going to drop their husband for you.'*

Yet the thought of Temari slurping on his cock made him have to bite his tongue and will back an erection.

She gestured to a chair, while she toiled at the stove for a moment. She'd already had some tea brewing—it only took her a moment to come over with two steaming hot cups. Sasuke accepted his with a smile.

"How've you been, Temari?" asked Sasuke. "And seriously, the house is looking…dare I say it, rather spectacular."

"Thank you," Temari said, as she took the seat opposite of him. "When was the last time you were here?"

"At least five years ago. It was one of Shikadai's birthdays, I think, and I just happened to be in town. A lot has changed, that's for sure."

"Yeah," Temari said, a distant look in her teal eyes. "A lot has. How has life been treating you since you settled down for good?"

Well, he'd knocked up two gorgeous women, turned the Hokage into his pet slut, and had successfully cuckolded Sai and—to an extent, and certainly a work in progress—Konohamaru, too.

“It’s been eventful,” Sasuke said, hiding his grin behind a gulp of tea.

“The good kind of eventful or the bad kind of eventful?” Temari said, with a wink to accompany it.

“The good kind of eventful,” said Sasuke.

“Well, do feel free to share,” Temari said. She kicked a foot up on the chair next to her. “I do enjoy a good story, especially in my old age.”

‘Old age’ was an oxymoron. Temari looked every bit as good as she did when she was twenty—that was Suna women for you, ageless until they hit a certain point. Luckily for Temari (and Sasuke), she was still quite a ways from that threshold.

“I’m afraid it’s something that I can’t really share with you,” Sasuke murmured.

“Why not?” Temari asked.

“A lot of it isn’t exactly…*appropriate*…to be talking about with a friend’s wife,” he admitted.

“Oh goodness, Sasuke. Just what have you been getting into?” Temari’s lips twitched. “Are you afraid my ears will fall off? Or perhaps you think that classic Suna conservatism extends to matters of the bedroom, too?”

“Maybe both,” Sasuke said, smirking.

Temari laughed.

“Well, you don’t have to go into details,” she said, gesturing at him with her cup of tea.

Sasuke sat for a moment, pondering exactly what he ought to say to this gorgeous blonde.

The *truth*? Absolutely not.

But…maybe…a twisted version of the truth wouldn’t be so bad?

“Sakura and I have entered into something of an open relationship,” Sasuke admitted. He *wanted* to make eye contact with her, but chose to look at the ground instead.

“An open relationship…?” Temari murmured.

“Well, a one-sided one, to be exact,” said Sasuke. “She doesn’t do any sleeping around. I’m afraid that honor has been left to me and me alone.”

Temari took a second to respond, perhaps trying to process the bombshell that had been dropped on her.

“Huh.” Temari rubbed her chin thoughtfully. “Well, I guess Shikamaru was wrong.”

Sasuke blinked.

‘Did he tell her about Hinata and I?’

“What do you mean by that?” he asked cautiously.

“Oh, well, a couple of years ago, we had a talk about opening *our* relationship up,” Temari said. She took a swig of tea to break up her sentence. “He didn’t really seem to care all that much…only, he was worried that the rest of the village would look down on us for it. *An open*

relationship in a town ripe with monogamy is going to be more of a headache than it's worth—that was what he said."

She stared him down. Somehow, he could sense just from his gaze that *he'd* been one of the people on her mind when the prospect of an open relationship had come up with Shikamaru.

Sasuke kept his expression carefully neutral. Inside, he could hardly believe what he was hearing.

"You'd be surprised how much of the village is open to that sort of thing," said Sasuke.

"Really? Anyone you and I would both know?"

"Mhm."

"Well. That's, uh—" Another gulp of tea to hide her expression. "That's certainly exciting."

Sasuke circled the rim of his teacup with a finger.

"You know," he murmured. "It's never too late to enjoy the finer side of life."

She smirked at him.

"Is that so?" said Temari. "Is that why you were staring at my ass earlier?"

"It was part of the reason, sure," Sasuke said, smirking, and knowing he'd been caught redheaded. "I'm sure it gets a little boring cooped up here all by yourself. Variety is the spice of life, after all."

"Mmm…"

She tapped a finger against the table, her teal eyes calculating and dare he say it, *dangerous*, too.

“You’ve given me a lot to think about,” Temari said.

“That’s fortunate,” said Sasuke. He stood, draining the last of his tea. “Thank you for the drink—I do still have to go and find your husband.”

“Do be careful if you decide to mention anything we talked about today,” Temari told him. “It’s a touchy subject for him.”

“I’ll leave it in your capable hands, unless an opportunity arises,” Sasuke said.

She accompanied him to the door.

As he made to walk out, she put a gentle hand on his shoulder…one that gently went down to his bicep, where she squeezed it gently.

“This is a risky endeavor you know,” she murmured.

“It’ll be worth it,” Sasuke promised.

“You’ll have to prove it.”

Sasuke chuckled.

“Oh, hold on,” he said, reaching into his pocket. “I have to check something before I leave. Do be careful not to look over my shoulder—it is a rather private thing I’m looking at.”

Temari gripped his shoulder tighter, and stood right behind him, her bosom pressed against his back.

He pulled up a video that he’d put together for Hinata some weeks ago.

It was simple and to the point: Sasuke posing in a mirror, naked, and so dangerously erect that his colossal cock was truly something to behold. Between his muscles, his dick, and his undeniably handsome face, Sasuke truly looked the part of the lady killer he'd become.

"Oh…" Temari whispered, biting her lip.

Her hand squeezed his shoulder tighter.

"Be careful," Sasuke said. "There's a lot more where that came from."

Unfortunately, most of the videos feature his cock inside of Hinata, Himawari, or Naruko's mouths or cunts—he isn't ready to show Temari those quite yet. But, maybe with a little editing…

"I'll talk to him tonight," Temari said suddenly.

He turned toward her, his phone still in one hand. He spent a moment looking at it, pressing a few buttons.

"*Oops*," he said. "I think I may have accidentally sent that video to you. Delete it, will you? Whenever you get the chance."

"Of-of course," she said, tugging at the collar of her shirt, her face understandably red. "I'll delete it. *Eventually*," she added with a squeak.

He slid his phone back into his pocket.

"Well, then," Sasuke said. "Bye for now."

"Bye for now," she repeated back at him.

They hugged—the feel of her body pressed against his made Sasuke want to take her upstairs and make her his right then and there. She'd probably let him.

'But it'll be so much sweeter if I can do this my way.'

He made his leave, then. He felt Temari's eyes watching him from the window all the way down the path.

Thankfully for Sasuke, tracking down Shikamaru wasn't exactly difficult. All it took was a quick stop by the house to enlist Hinata's aid, but eventually, he found his way to the red light district, where Shikamaru was tucked away inside of one of its many strip clubs.

A strip club. Sasuke can't pretend to be surprised; Hinata said that at the moment, Shikamaru was just lounging at a table, but who knew what he'd be up to by the time Sasuke got there?

Even at this early stage of the day, there's quite the crowd inside. Music boomed as scantily clad women bounced back and forth with drinks and food. Topless women danced on stage while ryō was flung at them indiscriminately.

Much to Sasuke's amusement, he found Shikamaru coming out of a private room with a rather beautiful woman, lipstick smudged on his collar and a dopey grin on his face.

Sasuke took a picture of the scene. Then he walked up to Shikamaru, who was too focused on saying 'goodbye' to his friend to notice a six-foot-tall Uchiha looming behind him.

When Shikamaru turned around, his face turned white.

Sasuke couldn't have wiped the smirk off of his face if his life depended on it.

“Let’s go to the bar,” said Sasuke. “I’ll buy you a drink.”

“Ok-okay,” Shikamaru said weakly.

The bartender, a gorgeous brunette with a small chest and yet a perfect ass, took their drink order promptly.

“Your usual, Shika?” the girl said.

“Erm—” Shikamaru frowned. “Yeah.”

“Just a Konoha Lite for me. Thanks,” said Sasuke.

She returned a moment later with their drinks—her fingers lingered on Sasuke’s a little too long. She smiled at him, and he winked back at her.

“So,” said Sasuke, as the bartender sauntered away and Shikamaru returned to be the focus of attention. “You like to live a little dangerously, don’t you?”

Shikamaru’s fingers gripped his drink tight enough to turn his knuckles white.

“How did you know I was here?”

“Naruto said you were at home. When I stopped by your house, your *lovely* wife—” Shikamaru’s face darkened as Sasuke spoke. “—said that you were at work.”

Shikamaru breathed deep.

“You caught me,” he admitted.

“Redhanded, I might add,” Sasuke said, smirking.

The thumping of the music underscored the tension between the two men. Behind them, gorgeous women continue to dance on stage.

Sasuke set his phone on the bar and slid it to Shikamaru. There on the screen, the Nara could see the damning picture for himself—and goodness, is it a smoking gun and a half with how blatant it is what he was up to.

“Here’s your choices,” Sasuke murmured. “You either give in to my plan and give me what I want, or I’ll show this to Temari, have her divorce your ass, then take what I desire anyway.”

“...what do you want..?” Shikamaru ground out.

“Your wife and I had a very enlightened conversation today. I told her that I was in an open relationship of sorts—which is true, by the way.” Sasuke chuckled at the look on Shikamaru’s face. “Let’s just say that certain things I said intrigued her. In fact, I believe tonight when you get home, she might just broach to you the idea of opening up *your* relationship, too.”

“You’re a sick bastard,” Shikamaru growled.

Sasuke simply reached over and clapped him on the back, and very condescendingly, at that.

“You’ll tell her yes,” said Sasuke. “In fact, you’ll mention to her that you’re almost positive that Sakura and I are in an open relationship, too, and to suggest me as a potential candidate.”

“I’d rather—”

“Think carefully about what you say,” Sasuke said. “Because rest assured, this chapter of your life is going to end with your wife and I getting a little

more familiar than you'd like. I'm giving you the choice to keep your marriage and maybe maintain some shred of dignity."

"Or?"

"Or I'll make your life a living hell," said Sasuke.

Shikamaru bared his teeth.

"I'll take my chances," Shikamaru said.

He downed his drink in one go, glared at Sasuke, then stormed off. The Uchiha watched him make for the door and leave. Would he be going straight home?

Sasuke hoped not, for Shikamaru's sake.

He took a sip of his beer.

Then pulled up Temari's contact and typed out a quick message.

'I found your husband. I hate to say it, but you're not going to like where he was. I'm not going to hide it from you.'

Then he attached the picture and sent it.

Sasuke took another sip from his beer.

However this situation ended, he knew one thing was for sure. It was going to be a goddamn spectacle to witness.

A/N:

Some concerns have been raised to me, both on the Patreon posts and in private messages, about the new direction of Naruto's Fetish.

Naruto's Fetish did begin as a small, tightly knit story about a man, a woman, and—for lack of a better term—their bull.

However, even the original iteration of the story quickly added Himawari, then Naruko, and of course, Sakura and Sarada, too. I know some people prefer the more cohesive story, however, we've treaded this ground multiple times with the original story, the remaster, and now, this final version.

I, personally, have been *loving* these recent chapters. I feel the inclusion of Ino, Hanabi—and now, Temari—have really added to the dynamics of the story. Especially now that the original 'Naruto being cuckolded' saga is over, I feel that my inclusion of several new candidates for NTR goodness has really brought the story to new heights.

I don't intend to fully drop our original cast. As you can see, in this chapter alone, Naruko, Hinata, and Himawari got a whole scene devoted to them, and I intend to continue to progress their stories. However, for the time being, I do intend to continue on with these new storylines featuring Konohamaru and Shikamaru, and I seriously think that you all will enjoy them if you give them the chance.

Thanks as always for reading! Comments, questions, critique, and feedback are always welcome and appreciated.