

I descended from the sky foot first, seismic step combining with ultra heavy rock to create a staggeringly powerful downward force. I didn't give any warning or hesitate, I just plummeted down on Han from above, hoping to end the fight in a single blow.

At three open gates, both my physical power and chakra were staggering, and the combination of the two techniques SHOULD have been almost unblockable...unfortunately I wasn't up against your average ninja here.

Han of the Steam. One of the two Stone Jinchuuriki responsible for driving back Minato's team during the third ninja war. Han was a master of steam release, and he channeled it through special boiler armor he wore that acted as a powered armor suit. The more chakra he channeled, the stronger he became, and it made him one of the physically strongest taijutsu masters in the world.

But despite knowing that in the abstract, it was still horrifying to see him meet my descending foot with a horrifyingly powerful punch.

Of course, my foot wasn't damaged, not at my level of durability, but still, the amount of force needed to cancel that stomp was frankly nightmarish...or it would have been for anyone else. For me, it awoke a sense of boiling excitement (pun intended).

I bounced off Han, used Phantom Steps to retreat without damage, then rushed forward again, this time unleashing a barrage of the heaviest punches I could manage. I didn't use any chakra, special techniques, or fancy moves. I just let loose with my fists, finally able to test my physical capabilities to their fullest.

Han, powered by the frankly unbelievable chakra of the five tails, met me blow for blow, returning my attacks with his own. His taijutsu was brutal and clean, not fancy but almost beautiful for its efficiency and economy of motion. No wasted movement, no effort more than necessary. I wove between the blows, avoiding instead of blocking, but as I did I got more and more of a feel for my new strength.

Glaring at me from under his wide brimmed straw hat, Han shook his head. "The Kage is right," he rumbled, in a voice that reminded me of nothing so much as tumbling granite. "You're too dangerous to let live."

There was a sort of shift in the air and steam welled up around him. The suit began to whistle, his face turned red beneath the hat, and he vanished in a blur of horrifying speed, his fist crashing toward my head like an avalanche. I glared, reaching inside, and opened the fourth gate.

Flowing Water fist and Body Flicker erupted in unison as I engaged my footwork to step between the now searing attacks. They sizzled on the air as they crashed toward me, but I easily redirected them. My hands burned even through the redirection, unfortunately. I felt the

sting on my palms, not enough to seriously injure, but showing that there was too much of the corrosive steam chakra moving through the attacks for me to successfully divert, something I'd never run into before.

Gritting my teeth, I flipped another switch. The fifth gate opened. I felt a burst of power unlike anything I had ever experienced, my body filling with a fucking hurricane of force and deadly strength as my chakra reserves doubled and then doubled again. I grimaced as I felt my bones start to creak under the strain. Fifth gate was my limit, not just because any higher and I might start accruing permanent damage, but because at this level my moves were going to start getting big enough that I had to worry about collateral.

Still, my enhancement had adapted my body to handle the gates naturally. Fifth gate was more like second gate for a normal person, and I wasn't even showing any notable signs of use at this stage, which worked out fine.

Roaring like a wild animal, I unleashed another flurry of attacks. This time, I switched it up. Whirlwind Iron Cutting Fist exploded out, the rotational force cutting through the steam chakra as I rained down punches on the powerful Jinchuuriki. Han roared right back, his own fists flying, and I was absolutely fucking floored when he flooded his suit with MORE chakra and managed to match me blow for blow.

Grimacing, I let myself get sucked into trading blows. I tanked his punches, exchanging them for my own to make sure that horrible, corrosive chakra didn't leak past and hit my students behind me. I tried for a few grabs, using my hiden to wrap him in flaming ropes, hoping to do SOMETHING to cut back on the steam chakra, which seemed to just erode everything that got in its path.

He broke it. Easily. Heavenly Fire Prison was a mid range jutsu at best in terms of sealing, and it didn't scale. I'd hoped enough of them at once could suppress the power, but aside from being the fucking five tails, han was also only tangentially USING chakra, choosing to flood it into the suit to somehow increase his power.

I considered my options. Han was a bad match up for me. This wasn't something I could overcome with pure skill. Han's armor was made of chakra metal, I was sure of it. I had no idea HOW it worked, just that it did, and that my whirlwind iron cutting fist couldn't cut through it, and my hiden couldn't bind it. The fact that his strength could just infinitely rise as he pumped in more steam was also fucking concerning, because even as we fought, he was getting more and more physically powerful, and was quickly overtaking even my fifth gate power.

The only thing saving me right now was my overwhelming skill, months of multi clone outer body practice against some of the most deadly opponents around had honed my taijutsu to a fierce razor's edge, but against the unbreakable armor and growing strength of the monstrous tailed beast bearer, it wasn't enough.

Or...it wouldn't have been. Before this month. Because I had been planning for something like this. Not Han himself, obviously, but for power. My next summon was going to be to learn senjutsu, to find ways to increase my base damage as a multiplier to my various powerful attack arts. But I'd known that at the highest levels of power, there would be people who just couldn't be overcome with brute force. People whose natural gifts were outside the scope of my current level of violence. Which was why I had widened that scope.

I took a step back, disengaging from Han as I reached for the chakra flow. This technique was theoretical at first. It wouldn't have been possible without all my unique advantages. It had taken me ages in outer body to perfect it, but over the course of the last month I had trained my ass off, learning a new jutsu and solving all kinds of problems to create my first REAL signature move based on the triple chakra flow of the Chaotic Heavens Destruction Strike.

First came the seal. The Heavenly Fire Prison was part of me now, internalized during the black origin state, it had seeped into my very bones, and I was KIND of sure I had a low level fire affinity now, though I couldn't use it for anything but that one move.

What I knew I had was an earth affinity, and my earth chakra rumbled through me like a collapsing mountain as I formed it into the second chakra flow, namely the ultra heavy rock technique. Taking a second step back, I twisted it around itself as I merged it into the third and final chakra flow. This one was tricky, because I hadn't been sure what to use for it. Normal chakra? Earth chakra?

Eventually, I'd settled on neither. Not exactly. The third ki flow was my flowing water fist. It melded with the two energies, collapsing into them as they fused together. Chaotic Heavens Destruction Strike could, as expected, create advanced chakra nature attacks, though it was very difficult to control this way, and my unique basically dual affinity was required for using it at my current skill level.

I took another step back as my hands moved, the burning, heavy chakra spreading as I used flowing water fist to spread it into my Ten. My aura. This was the necessary third secret sauce that tied it together. A normal strike like this might be flashy, but it was JUST a strike. By using this one last chakra flow as my anchor, I spread the power into my aura and was able to infuse it with one more trick. Perfect shaping, as taught to me by Zeno. My fist cocked back as my aura boiled, shaping itself from molten stone into the waiting head of a striking beast.

**"Lava Release,"** I roared, eyes flashing with gleeful madness that had nothing to do with the black origin and everything to do with finally being able to let loose my masterpiece, the sum total of my skill and knowledge up to this point, against a worthy foe. **"Ten Ton Prison Dragon!"**

The dragon lance exploded forward. Han's eyes widened, and I saw him reach for the power of the five tails. My hand was a claw, sweeping forward, carrying the deadly intent of my attack, and the dragon roared toward him at the same time. A cloak of steam enveloped him, more than

I'd ever seen before, power on a level I could scarcely imagine clashing with, as the five tails began to manifest into a shell of corrosive energy around him. It was too much power, too much strength for me to put myself against.

Which was why I didn't even try. My hand wove in the air, flowing water allowing the dragon to swerve easily to avoid Han, then swerve again. I wove the power around him, using the binding fire of the heavenly fire prison, enhanced with horrifying weight and pressure of the ultra heavy rock technique, combined with the power of lava release, I wound the dragon around Han, and where it fell, it became the rope in the binding.

Han roared in berserk rage, the imperfect Jinchuuriki giving in to his beast as he tried to burn away my seal. But much like the magma flow it resembled, once the ten ton prison dragon started coming down on you, it was already too late to counter. It wasn't perfect, mind. It was slow and required a STUPID amount of chakra, if I hadn't been in fifth gate I couldn't have used it. But I was, and I did.

The five tails Jinchuuriki flailed and jerk, his unearthly strength raging against the binding that I was laying down, against the dense, heavy power of my seal. But even he couldn't escape. Layer by layer I wound the seal around him, encasing him in magmatic chakra imbued with sealing fire and the crushing weight of earth. It took minutes to do, I barely managed to hold on, but finally, after the third wrap, Han's chakra was forcibly crushed back inside him and he fell heavily to his knees.

I was kind of shocked to see his body covered with literal magma, the flaming cracks spiraling into strange patterns that almost hurt to look at as they bound him. What the actual fuck had I just created? I shook that off though, as with Han nullified, I needed to turn my attention to the rest of the invasion.

My eyes flickered across the battlefield. Temari, Kurenai, Karin, my kids. They were all fighting, all testing themselves against powerful opponents. I considered helping my team, but between Karin and the kids themselves, I knew they could handle Roshi. He was strong, but the Uzumaki chains were a heavy counter, and I'd trained them well.

Growling, I turned to where Rasa was fighting the guy I now recognized as Kimimaro. If I could take him down, it would free Rasa to support Hiruzen, and that gold dust would be able to heavily counter Orochimaru (which I suspected was why Orochimaru killed him early in the original timeline). My prison dragon wasn't going to be usable again soon, and it was too slow anyway. Luckily, Rock Lee had beaten this asshole with nothing but straight hands. It would be shameful if Konoha's Rising Dragon couldn't do at least that much.