

Light seeped in through the cracks of his blinds. A slight chill wafted through the room—his ears especially were cold. Yet the rest of him felt all warm and tingly.

The pair of lips wrapped around his cock probably helped with that.

Sasuke peeled back the blankets to reveal a certain Hyūga going down on him. Hinata grinned nervously, both hands wrapped around his shaft, her pretty pink tongue circling the mushroom head of his shaft.

“Good morning~” she cooed.

It was scary how, after one day, she was already so much alike the Hinata *he* remembered: the mother of two and the veritable cum slut that he’d spent months and months breaking in.

It’d only taken a single night to bring her to that same point, but what a night it’d been.

“Good morning,” Sasuke groaned, his hands sliding into her hair. “You’ve been at it a while, huh? I’m already close.”

She giggled.

Without another word, she dove right back down onto his cock, milking him for all he was worth.

After a minute or so—

“*Fuck*,” Sasuke swore.

He dragged Hinata down the length of his shaft; after a moment, he came straight down her throat.

It wasn’t quite as satisfying without Menma there to see—yet the act itself was still euphoric, and Sasuke smirked with contentment as the Hyūga *gulped* down his seed.

When he was spent, she climbed on top of him, laying her head against his chest.

“How did I go so long without you?” Hinata asked, tracing a finger up his chest and neck, a glint in her white eyes.

“I could say the same,” Sasuke murmured.

No matter the timeline, things didn’t feel quite right without a tight Hyūga pussy to unload into at his leisure. Now if only Himawari was here to complete the trio of her, Hinata, and Naruko that he’d learned to love in his past life.

“Are you ready to go again?” she asked, grinning.

“Aren’t you sore?” Sasuke blinked.

“Mhm...that doesn’t mean I don’t want more,” Hinata said with a laugh.

His eyebrow twitched.

Is she...inhuman...? he thought. Even *he* was feeling a little spent by now.

Then again, in the past timeline, she’d had Naruto’s feelings to take into account. Maybe this was *always* how she had felt—only this time, there was nothing to stop her from being the cum dumpster she was always destined to be.

“I think you need to get home,” said Sasuke. “I can only imagine what your family would say if they discovered you’d never came home last night.”

“But—”

He pressed a kiss to her temple.

“I will gladly fuck your brains out a *thousand* times more later,” Sasuke said.

“Do you promise...?” she whined.

“I promise.”

It took another five minutes of coaxing to get her dressed and out the door. In the end, though, Sasuke got his way—Hinata Hyūga was sent on her way home, and he was left to his own devices.

Naruko isn't mad at me anymore, was the first thought that ran through his mind.

He couldn't repress the grin that blossomed on his features if he tried.

Thank God.

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Chapter 10 — Blue Eyes, Indigo Hair

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It wasn't strange to have Naruko back at the table for their family's breakfast.

If anything, it was a return to normal; at least, it *should* have been.

Everything on the outside seemed normal.

But the thoughts swirling within Menma's head were anything but.

His gaze was fixated on the heaping plate of food in front of him, but his mind was far, far, *far* away...trapped in the memories of the previous night.

He could still see every moment in visceral detail, lingering behind his eyes. Every moan, every thrust, and of course, every creampie, too. He didn't have a photographic memory or the aid of something like the *Sharingan* to help him remember—

But being tied to a chair and forced to watch as the woman he loved was fucked for hours on end was something that was hard to forget.

Naturally, his mother and sister noticed that something was up.

"*Poke*," Kushina said, jabbing him in the shoulder with a fork.

Menma blinked.

"...huh...?"

He was snapped from his stupor. The juxtaposition was surreal—

One moment, he was reliving watching as Hinata was plowed against the wall mere inches away from him...

And the next, he was sitting inside his kitchen, his mother and sister staring at him with curious eyes.

"Sorry," Menma said. "Did you need something?"

"Uh, no, we don't need anything," Naruko stated. "Mom and I were just wondering why you've been staring off into space for the last fifteen minutes."

"...that seems like a bit of an exaggeration," he muttered, rubbing at the back of his neck.

"It's really not," said Kushina. "We kept track."

"I didn't think you hated having me back that much!" Naruko said, grinning from ear to ear. "If it upsets you that much I can just leave again~"

"I was just lost in space; *my bad*." He rolled his eyes. "I was just...thinkin' about stuff. You know that I'm glad to have you back..."

"What were you thinkin' about?" Naruko asked.

Kushina chuckled. Naruko blinked, glancing over at her while Menma squirmed in his chair.

"He was probably thinking about Sasuke plowing one of us," said Kushina.

"Mom!" Naruko exclaimed, her face turning pink.

That light shade of pink was *nothing* compared to how deeply Menma flushed; he morphed into a red so deep that it resembled his mother's hair.

"What?" Kushina said with a shrug, through a mouthful of rice. "The cat's out of the bag. Besides, it's not *just* Menma—he *and* Minato like to watch us get pounded into another reality." She took a bite, chewing thoughtfully, letting her words sink in. "At this point, we should just embrace it."

"Embrace...*what*, exactly?" said Naruko. "The fact that you fucked my—" She hesitated.

Kushina wagged a finger.

"You can't play the boyfriend card, sweetie," the redhead said. "I know for a fact that you two aren't together."

"So?" Naruko huffed. "You *knew* I liked him!"

"You weren't ever supposed to find out," Kushina intoned.

"That doesn't make it right!"

"Who said I'm supposed to be in the right?" asked Kushina, leaning forward, elbows propped up on the table. "Your father wanted to watch Sasuke plow me senseless; and he got his wish, *repeatedly*. I'm a victim in this. Honestly."

Menma snorted. Having seen first-hand just how *excited* Kushina got when Sasuke was inside of her, the very notion of her being a victim was laughable.

Naruko glanced at him. "Right," she huffed. "Are you going to *keep* fucking him?"

Kushina twirled a fork around her fingers.

"You know the answer to that," the redhead said.

Sparks flew between the two of them; violet eyes clashed against blue, mother against daughter.

And Menma sat in the middle, trying not to feel *too* awkward about the fact that his family was fighting over his best friend. Especially considering the fact that he was probably *still* in bed with Hinata as they spoke.

His fingers twitched under the table.

'What has my life become?' the blond found himself thinking.

A month ago, he'd been living the epitome of an ordinary life.

Now he was being tied to chairs and forced to watch the love of his life getting fucked for hours on end, only to wake up the next morning and watch as his mother and sister argued over that same man.

Menma sighed.

"Well, let me go ahead and pay him a visit," Naruko said, standing up. "I want him to remember what it's like to be with a *woman*, not the elderly."

"Elderly?" Kushina sniggered. "He didn't seem to be complaining much when he was cumming inside of me the other night."

Naruko fumed.

“Oh yeah?” she said, slamming her hands down on the table. “Well, I’ll...he’ll...I...*screw you!*”

Kushina laughed. “Did you spend all day on that one?”

Naruko flipped her off.

Menma just leaned back in his chair and sighed again.

Without further dialogue, Naruko took off, leaving him alone with Kushina.

She offered him a smile from across the table.

“So what *did* have you day dreaming like that?” she asked, a knowing look in her eyes.

Menma gulped.

“Remember how I brought up Hinata and wanting to see Sasuke with her...?”

Kushina nodded. “I do recall that conversation.”

“Well, he just sort of...*did* it...without my input.” Menma’s finger tapped against the side of his glass of water. “He was mad at me, because he still thinks I was the reason Naruko found out about you two.”

“What did he do?” asked Kushina, clearly leading him on.

“He—”

The words choked in Menma’s throat.

“Come on,” Kushina prodded, her eyes twinkling. “*Tell* me.”

The words came tumbling out, faster than he could believe.

Before long, he told her everything.

Kushina stared at him for a long time.

"I'd say sorry..." Kushina murmured. "But I have a feeling you enjoyed every second of it."

"I did," Menma blurted. He blinked, then hesitated. "My only thing is- I think he might have...*broken* Hinata, honestly."

"What do you mean?" Kushina asked.

"Okay, well, Sasuke is...very...*proficient* at what he does. We've all come to terms with that," Menma explained. "He, uh, well, he went above and beyond with Hinata. By the end I don't think she was even...*rational*."

Kushina folded her hands across her bosom.

"Well, he definitely *can* fuck my brains out from time-to-time. But for two hours?" Kushina whistled. "*And* she was a virgin? And he wasn't holding back like he was with Naruko? I'd be more surprised if she *wasn't* broken, honestly."

"What do you think he's going to do with her?" Menma asked, his voice soft.

Kushina stroked her chin.

"With a girl like Hinata? Beautiful? Obedient? *Broken*?" Kushina chuckled. "He'll probably turn her into a little sex servant."

Menma stilled.

"What are you getting all quiet about?" asked Kushina. "That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"I—" He hesitated again. "I don't know. Kind of? I just didn't think it would come about like this."

“Yeah, because you underestimated Sasuke’s ability to steer any given situation to his benefit,” she said. “Now *he’s* in control; of Naruko, of Hinata, of you...of me, to an extent,” she admitted.

“Well, what do I do?” Menma asked.

Kushina offered him a smirk.

“Figure out a way to slot yourself into things,” she said. “Considering how he treats Minato, I doubt that Sasuke will ever get tired of *putting you in your place*, so to speak. You have to decide whether that’s what *you* want though.”

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When Naruko appeared on his doorstep, Sasuke found himself surprised.

“*Fuck me*,” she demanded, pushing her way in without preamble.

“What?”

She closed the door behind her, then whirled back towards him. A thunderous finger to the chest made him take a step back.

“I said *fuck me*,” Naruko repeated. “Right now; on the floor, on the couch, carry me to your bedroom if you want...whatever you want!”

For the past week, all he’d wanted to do was bury himself to the hilt inside of her and call her womb his new home.

But—

Not only was he still a little gassed from the previous night's festivities, with Hinata having proved to be *far* more of a challenge than he ever thought she'd be...

But why was something *off* about this?

"What's the matter?" Sasuke asked.

"What?" Naruko blinked. "Noth-nothing's the matter! I just need you to—"

He put a hand on her shoulder, and her facade *cracked*.

She crashed into his arms, squeezing him tightly.

"...just..."

A sob escaped her lips; her tears soaked right through the front of his shirt. He held her close, her quivering frame feeling miniscule in his arms.

The consequences of his actions stared him straight in the face. He didn't know what to say; after all, he knew himself. He knew he wouldn't...*couldn't* stop.

After a few minutes, the sobs began to ebb away, replaced by a silence so dense that he could cut through it with a kunai.

He *hated* the words that were about to come out of his mouth, but—

"Do you want to cuddle on the couch and watch a movie?"

Naruko sniffed. "Can I suck your dick a little bit while we're watching it?"

"Sure," Sasuke said, patting her on the back. "If it makes you feel better."

Five minutes later, and they were watching some cheesy romantic film.

It was the first of five movies, actually.

And Naruko had five inches of cock buried down her throat, too, tears dribbling down her cheeks.

It made him uncomfortable.

But she seemed...*happy*.

Happy-ish, maybe.

A day ago they weren't even on speaking terms; he'd take what he could get.

After a moment, she came up for air—with one hand she stroked the base of his shaft. She ran her tongue along the head, before dipping back down, bobbing her head up and down for a moment. *Glug, glug, glug*...it was like sweet music to his ears.

"Fuck," Sasuke moaned, throwing his head back. *"You're perfect,"* he whispered.

The second the words left his mouth, she stopped in an awkward position—four inches of cock in her mouth, lips stretched lewdly, her hand halfway through stroking the base.

She came up for air.

"Fuck," she swore. *"I can't do this."*

Sasuke blinked.

"What's the matter?" he asked yet again.

Naruko hesitated—she stared up at him with big blue eyes filled with tears.

"You say the same stuff to my mom, don't you? You're perfect," she said, in a mockery of his tone. *"Do you say those things to Hinata, too?"*

"Naruko..."

“What?” Naruko pushed his chest lightly. “I can’t be mad at you?”

“Naruko—”

“For *fucking* my mom and probably fucking one of my—”

He put a hand on her shoulder, gripping it tightly.

“You can be mad,” Sasuke whispered. “But that’s not going to change a goddamn thing.”

She stared at him.

“I-I—” Naruko began uncertainly.

“Your mom *begs* me to come and plow her,” Sasuke murmured. “In her and Minato’s bed—in the kitchen, in your dad’s office. Anywhere and everywhere. And honestly? I love fucking her.”

He took a breath.

“And as for Hinata...she’s *mine*. I turned her into my little slut.”

“Sasuke—”

“And I *could* have done the same to you,” Sasuke said dangerously. His fingers squeezed her shoulder tightly. “I could have fucked you over and over, and over, and *over* again, until you wouldn’t have cared that I was screwing Kushina or Hinata or anyone in this goddamn village. But I didn’t. You know why?”

“*Why?*” she said weakly.

“Because I care about you,” Sasuke said.

Her lip wobbled.

Then she sniffed.

“It’s not that I don’t *mind* sharing you...” she whispered. “I just don’t want to get lost in the shuffle. Y’know?”

“That’s not going to happen,” Sasuke promised, stroking her hair gently. “You’re special to me.”

She beamed, and snuggled right back into his arms.

The movie swept them away—and this time, when her lips inevitably found their way back to his cock, there were no tears to accompany them.

Sasuke felt an ounce of guilt when he shot his load down her throat some twelve minutes later. But it was hard to voice that guilt, not when she gulped it all down so greedily.

“Let’s go out for lunch~” she insisted, about halfway through the movie. “We can just come back to it later! I’m starving...*probably* because I rushed away from breakfast, but y’know we can just forget that.”

“Lunch sounds nice,” said Sasuke. “Any suggestions that aren’t ramen?”

“Mhm!” Naruko grinned. “Get dressed and let’s get going!” He made to get up, but she pulled him right back down. “Wait...*almost* forgot...!”

She proceeded to lick his cock clean, and in the process, brought his enormous member back to life. With a mischievous look in her eye, however, Naruko proceeded to tuck his cock right back into his pants.

“Let’s get going,” she said, poking his bulge playfully.

Sasuke sighed. *‘I’ve awakened a monster, haven’t I?’*

They took the window, heading out onto the rooftops to speed up their journey. It was a curious mix of speed and languid: they would stroll leisurely across the rooftops, only to jump at incredible speeds to the next one when the time came.

With the relative privacy they were afforded, Naruko took the time to ask something that must have been nagging at her mind.

“So...what kind of...*arrangement* does this mean we’re going to have?” Naruko asked.

“What do you mean?”

She glanced at him, pushing blonde hair out of her eyes.

“Okay, well, you’re fucking *me*—” She held up a finger. “Hinata, and my mom, and God only knows who else,” Naruko said, adding fingers for each name. “Are we going to come up with...some sort of schedule? Is it a free-for-all? What’s the dealio?”

Sasuke stroked his chin.

“I’d say it’s more of a free-for-all. *With* the possibility of threesomes and such, if that’s something you’re okay with.”

“I can’t say I’d be okay with it, but I’ll learn to be,” said Naruko. “I would definitely prefer a threesome starting with Hinata first...I want to get some more experience pleasing you, that way when the time comes, I can *blow* my mom out of the water by blowing you.”

She grinned, proud of her little joke. Sasuke chuckled.

“What do you think Hinata would say about a threesome with me?” Naruko added.

Sasuke hesitated. ‘*How should I word this?*’ he found himself thinking.

“Somehow,” he began. “I doubt she’ll have any objections...so long as it’s something that *I’m* pushing for.”

Which was essentially another way of him saying that she was more or less a sex servant now. Considering her mental state after a solid few hours of getting fucked so thoroughly that it left Menma utterly vacant by the end of it all.

“Sounds good!” Naruko chirped. “So how *good* is Hinata, anyway?”

“Define what you mean by good,” Sasuke said.

Naruko smiled, though it didn't reach her eyes. “I mean *good*,” Naruko said. “She was a virgin too, wasn't she? Did you have fun taking her virginity from her?”

‘It was awesome.’

“This feels like a leading question,” Sasuke admitted.

“It's not!” Naruko promised.

It was.

“You guys are...unique, and fulfilling both in your own ways,” Sasuke said, choosing his words carefully.

“So, if we had a threesome—”

“Naruko...”

“So, if we had a threesome,” Naruko repeated. “Who would you fuck first?”

Sasuke sighed. “You, of course.”

“You're just saying that, though~”

He rolled his eyes.

“Why ask the question, then?”

“Because I'm evil~”

Again, he sighed.

“C'mon,” he said, grabbing her hand. “Let's get some lunch before you drive me crazy.”

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“Want to go shopping with me?” asked Kushina about an hour later, having caught him on the couch watching the television.

Menma shrugged. “Sure,” he said, standing up. “I've got nothing better to do.”

By the time he got back downstairs, having gotten dressed and ran a comb through his blond hair, Kushina was waiting at the door with a handbag in tow.

“By the way, we're going all the way across town,” said Kushina. “You know—”

“They have the best produce...I remember,” Menma said robotically.

Naruko was daddy's little angel...and, embarrassingly, Menma had always been a momma's boy. This wasn't the first, second, third, or even the hundredth time they'd made a trip together like this.

Kushina beamed.

“Let's get going~!” she chirped.

The trip went by in a blur; they sped from rooftop to rooftop, the wind soaring through their hair, the village sprawling before them. Kushina knew the way instinctively—Menma followed close behind her, not deviating even a bit.

The store was a simple enough place, a mom and pa shop that sourced its produce from local farms rather than the mega plantations that most stores got their things from these days. Kushina hummed a happy little song under her breath as Menma trailed after her, from aisle to aisle, the redhead filling up a basket.

Eventually, Menma had to get a second basket to lug around.

A few elderly people were in the store with them, but no one paid them any mind.

At first.

When a young woman walked up to Kushina, Menma was taken aback by—

By how *pretty* she was.

She was short, with a nigh perfect hourglass figure and a hefty bosom that even Naruko would be jealous of. Bright blue eyes the same color as Minato's twinkled at him; her hair was an indigo color, almost like Hinata's, if only a shade lighter.

"Hi~!" the woman chirped.

"Good afternoon," Kushina said smoothly, smiling at her. "Did you need help with something?"

"You're the Fourth Hokage's wife, right?" the woman asked. "I'm Himawari—it's nice to meet you."

"Himawari..." The name rested lightly on Kushina's tongue. "I like that name," the redhead admitted. "You seem awfully familiar, Himawari. Have we—?"

"No, we've never met," said Himawari. "Sorry to approach you out of the blue like this, but I wanted to ask you a question."

"What's that?" asked Kushina.

“Have you or—” She pointed a finger at Menma. “Came into a contact with a strange guy recently?”

Menma and Kushina blinked.

“Define what you mean by *strange*,” Kushina said.

“I mean, you definitely wouldn’t forget him,” Himawari said, smiling pleasantly. “He’s about this tall—” She raised a hand around Sasuke’s height. “—with eyes that are two different colors. Purple and black. Black hair, *really* pale, almost like a vampire.” She grinned. “I don’t know what he would call himself, but he’s *cool*, kind of cocky, really handsome...I’m pretty well acquainted with him, but he disappeared a while back and I came here looking for him.”

“Why do you think that we would know him?” asked Menma.

Himawari’s eyes bore into his for a moment; he looked away. When he looked back, Himawari was looking at Kushina instead.

“He’s got a thing for beautiful women, and you’re right up his alley,” said Himawari.

Kushina bit back a blush.

“I’m married,” she said firmly.

“Right!” Himawari said. “Guess I was mistaken—sorry about that! Say, you guys do know a Sasuke Uchiha though, right?”

“Yeah!” Menma chirped. “He’s my best friend.”

“Cool! He and I are pretty close, too,” Himawari said through a grin. “Anyway, I’ve wasted enough of your time today. Bye~!”

With that, she whirled off and out of the store. Menma couldn’t help but notice that she hadn’t bought anything.

“Have you seen her before?” Kushina muttered.

“No,” said Menma. “But I can tell when a girl’s been boned by Sasuke.”

“You think so?” Kushina said. “I thought—” She hesitated. “Well, I guess he had to get all that experience from *somewhere*, right?”

“I guess so,” Menma murmured.

They returned to their shopping trip; neither of them were willing to admit just how much a certain girl with blue eyes and indigo hair lingered in the back of their mind.

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By the time they were done with lunch, Sasuke was already more than a little riled up.

And the reason why?

“You're gonna rail me when we get back to your place...right...?”

She purred right into his ear; a gentle whisper that no one around them could hear.

“You're evil,” Sasuke growled, having to shift his gait to hide the monstrous bulge he would otherwise be sporting.

“I know.” Naruko beamed. “Payback is a bitch, huh?”

He bit his tongue. Since Naruko insisted on taking the scenic route back to his apartment—walking the streets as if they were civilians—Sasuke had plenty of time to think about what he wanted to do to her as *his* payback.

All of that went out the window when they entered his apartment.

“What *is* that?” Naruko murmured, her eyes squinted slightly.

They paused in the doorway. A *moan* tore through the silence—which wasn't something that was unusual in his place, but it definitely was strange for Sasuke not to be the cause of it.

“I think it's—” Naruko began.

“Yeah...I know,” said Sasuke.

‘Then again, what exactly was I expecting?’

The door to his bedroom was left cracked open; he and Naruko tiptoed their way toward it, conscious of what most likely laid on the other side.

He pushed it open.

Hinata Hyūga laid spread eagle on the bed, naked from head to toe, openly playing with herself. She was flushed all over, jittery and shaking from her self pleasure.

“Hinata?” Naruko said. “What...what are you doing?”

“Oh!”

Hinata slowed down, but didn't stop what she was doing. A nervous laugh spilled from her lips, her white eyes fixated on Sasuke.

“Sorry...Naruko...” Hinata breathed. “I didn't think you would be here.”

Naruko stared at Sasuke, who stood there, stoic and unflinching.

“Well,” he said, his gaze flitting over to the blonde before a moment, before turning to Hinata. “I guess you’ll have to decide whether you want to join or not, Naruko.”

“*What?*” Naruko’s eyes widened.

Sasuke didn’t blink, even as he carelessly pulled his shirt over his head. Hinata grinned feverishly, two fingers plunged deep inside of herself as she gawked at Sasuke’s bare chest.

“You were the one who said you’d prefer a threesome with Hinata,” Sasuke intoned, his fingers digging into the band of his trousers. “Well, here she is.”

“*But—*”

“Well, here she is,” Sasuke repeated.

Naruko sighed.

“Fine,” she said, pulling her own shirt over her head, revealing the lime-green bra she had on underneath. “But you owe me one.”

Thirty seconds later, and the two of them crawled onto the bed with Hinata, both of them just as naked as the Hyūga was. Hinata was giddy as Sasuke got even *close* to her.

“Hinata, as you may have figured out, Naruko is also rather well acquainted with me,” Sasuke said. “I hope that isn’t an issue.”

“It’s not,” Hinata breathed, still fingering herself profusely, a dorky grin on her lips. “How could I *not* share someone like you?”

Sasuke smirked, glancing at Naruko.

“You should take a page from her book,” he said, squeezing the blonde’s thigh playfully.

"You should take a page from her book," Naruko said in a mocking tone.

Sasuke rolled his eyes—then grabbed her by the shoulder, throwing her right down beside Hinata. It was a visage he was more than used to...Naruko and Hinata both side-by-side, naked and wet and ready to get fucked.

But it was a first for this world. And it was certainly a first for both of these young women.

It was remarkable, how much he'd accomplished since entering this world.

The old Sasuke had done little with his potential—

But since *his* arrival, he'd done everything in his power to claim what was his.

Kushina was a little cum slut for him, now. He'd taken Naruko's virginity, then Hinata's, and in the process, had shown Menma and Minato just how inferior they were by comparison.

And for the most part, it had all just *happened*. Aside from pulling a few strings, Sasuke hadn't needed to lift a finger. Everything just fell into place the way he wanted it to.

Now, he was nursing a tremendous erection, while Naruko and Hinata both squirmed beneath him.

"You ready?" he asked the both of them.

Hinata nodded eagerly.

Naruko *gulped*, quite audibly, too. But then she nodded as well.

He descended upon them.

The first thing he did was part their legs—and then, with a hand set aside for each of them, began to prepare them for what was to come. With his left hand, he slid two fingers into Naruko's snatch, causing the blonde to moan loudly. With his right

hand, he slid the same amount into Hinata's slit, a lewd moan escaping her as well.

"You're more than just a little wet," he noted, staring down at Naruko with that classic smirk of his.

"How- how can I *not* be?" Naruko breathed, staring down at his cock. "This whole situation might be batshit crazy...but you're still you."

He glanced at Hinata, who seemed practically on the verge of orgasm from just two fingers.

"And how are you feeling, Hinata?" Sasuke asked politely.

"*Fuck* me," she begged, clutching at the wrist of the hand that was inside of her. "Please, fuck me, fuck me, fuck—"

"*Hush*," and she fell silent instantaneously. "I want to take my time with you two."

He bent low, exploring their bodies with his mouth and tongue. Running his lips over Naruko's pert breast, and taking one of Hinata's nipples into his mouth. He would bend low to kiss them each in tandem, slipping his tongue into their mouths and claiming what was rightfully his. And all the while, he fingered them, an act that he was no stranger to...with just two digits allotted to the both of them, they both squirmed and moaned and *begged*.

"Sasuke~" Naruko groaned.

"*Sasuke...please...*" Hinata spoke up.

"...*please~*" Naruko moaned.

Sasuke was so erect that he felt almost lightheaded—his cock was absolutely *monstrous*, casting a shadow over both of them. This was the dick that had stolen both of their virginities. *This*, was the dick that had essentially made other men obsolete.

And in that moment, even with Naruko's misgivings, they were united in a desire to spend all day getting fucked by him.

After a few minutes—

"Alright," Sasuke breathed. "I'm ready."

"So, if we had a threesome, who would you fuck first?"

Naruko's words from earlier rang in his head.

Really, it was a no brainer. Ordinarily he would flip a coin and go with the flow...but on the other hand, he knew that Naruko would be hurt if he chose Hinata first. On the flip side, Hinata was just horny; so long as she got *fucked*, whether sooner or later, she was happy.

When he nestled himself in between Naruko's tanned legs, her eyes lit up like gemstones. In an instant, he knew he'd made the right choice.

"Ooohh..." Naruko cooed. "What's this?"

"Sorry, Hinata," Sasuke said, pressing his engorged, veiny member against Naruko's thigh. "She *has* gone longer without me than you have."

"Th-that's fair," Hinata murmured. "After last night...you two can take as much time as you need."

When he glanced back over to Naruko, she had an eyebrow raised.

'Last night?' her expression read.

He declined the inclination to provide more details about the previous night. Instead, he reared his hips back and poked the tip of his cock against her entrance.

"Ah!" She jolted, as if shocked by a loose wire. "Not fair..." she whined, even as she bucked her hips against him.

Just as the tip of his cock threatened to plunge inside of her, he pulled away.

“You really want this, don't you?” he purred, running his hands up her slim hips.

“I think she does~” Hinata cooed from the sidelines, laying on her side and openly playing with herself yet again.

“*Mmm...*” She moaned as his fingers found their way to her breasts. “Fuck you both,” she hissed, squirming underneath him.

He leaned in close, his breath tickling against her ear. His weight beared down on her—she let out an *oof*, his cock pressed up against her slit for a second time.

“You ready?” he breathed.

“...yes...” the blonde squeaked.

It was the first time they'd even been *close* to fucking since she had learned the truth about Kushina. A week had gone by without her talking to him—and even now, things were rocky.

She wasn't *happy* to be here...side-by-side with Hinata, ready to get fucked right alongside the Hyūga.

But she was ready to accept it. At least, for now.

‘I'll convince her,’ Sasuke thought. ‘No matter what it takes.’

He *really* did like the Naruko of this world—the differences between her and *his* Naruko were stark. But there were certain aspects of the old Naruko he wanted to instill in this one.

Like obedience.

With a grunt, he eased himself inside of her. Hinata gawked at he split her open, his immense length stretching her unfathomably tight pussy out beyond belief.

Naruko moaned. “Oh *god~*”

He held her close, her bosom smushed against his chest. Sasuke chuckled at her reaction—the way her eyes rolled back into her head, or how her legs snapped shut around his waist.

“What?” he murmured into her ear, pushing more of his cock into her. “Did you forget how good it was?”

“Yes—” she squeaked.

He thrust into her, relishing in how tight and wet her insides were.

Kushina, Hinata—

(And from his past life: the old Naruko, Sakura, Sarada, Himawari—)

They all had a different *feel* to them.

Naruko’s tight snatch was in a league of its own; at least, that was how Sasuke felt in that movement, having returned to it after a week away.

The *tightness*...the heat and the texture of her insides...the way she stretched, and stretched, and stretched to accommodate him. That glint in those sky-blue eyes as he finally bottomed out inside of her, the tip of his cock scratching against her womb.

“*Sasuke*,” she purred. “Sasuke—”

Beside them, Hinata moaned and squeaked, plunging her fingers inside of her with wild abandon.

“Wow,” Hinata breathed, leaning in close so that she could see quite clearly where Sasuke and Naruko were connected. Drops of juice splattered against her cheek. “She can really take a dick, can’t- can’t she?”

“No kidding,” Sasuke groaned, looking and feeling as if he were in Heaven.

He began to thrust with wild abandon. *Slap, slap, slap!*

“Fuck! Oh my—fuuuckkk!” Naruko’s moans bounced off of the walls, her tits jiggling back and forth with the motion of Sasuke’s thrusts.

“Are you going to cum inside of her?” asked Hinata, an innocent lilt to her tone.

“Of course,” Sasuke grunted. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“I was just asking,” Hinata moaned, still fingering herself. “I know how good it feels for you to cum inside of me~ I just wanted Naruko to get to enjoy that same feeling~”

“Ugh—” Naruko moaned, even with twelve inches of Sasuke buried inside of her.

“What’s the matter?” Sasuke asked.

“You’re too nice, Hinata,” Naruko said, turning her head slightly. “It makes it a lot harder to hate you for fucking my man.”

“Your man?” Hinata giggled. “If you’d seen how many times he came inside of me yesterday you would be rethinking th-that~”

“Hinata,” Sasuke warned.

He thrust into Naruko harder, causing the blonde to go crosseyed and lose track for a moment.

“Don’t be an instigator,” he told the young Hyūga.

“Wh-what?” Hinata groaned. “You chose to fuck *her* first and now she’s trying to make it seem like you don’t belong to me, too...”

Sasuke sighed. He chose not to respond—instead, he set his sights back on the buxom blonde writhing beneath him.

“Mmm...mm...fuck! So good! So good!” Naruko threw her head back. *“I’m, I’m, I’m—”*

He didn’t stop; he didn’t slow down, nor did he speed up. He just kept *going*...pumping and thrusting at just the right angle, at just the right tempo.

All she needed was a few more seconds, and—

“AHH~~!!”

She came hard enough to shatter her psyche for the next few minutes.

He held her close, kissing her gently as her entire body reverberated and shook and *convulsed*. Her snatch spasmed around his cock—it was all he could do to hold back...but even his tether was about to snap.

When she exhaled into his mouth, he knew her orgasm had spent.

“Fuck...fuck...” Naruko breathed.

Sasuke grasped the side of her head—he pressed his temple against hers, and stared deep, *deep* into her eyes.

He thrust once. Twice. Three times.

Then, while still making eye contact...

He creampie'd her.

“Oh—” Hinata licked her lips.

Naruko squeaked.

And Sasuke groaned, bucking his hips back and forth.

His balls throbbed as he unloaded every drop available straight into her womb. This was *his* pussy. He was the first—and only—man to ever be inside of it...the only man to *fuck* it...and of course, the only man to cum inside of it.

It was a feeling he relished.

He kissed her deeply, sliding his tongue into her mouth. She kissed him back with nothing short of zen and passion, squeezing her legs around his waist.

When their lips parted, he breathed deep. “Wow.”

“That was a big load~” Naruko squeaked.

“Yeah, it was,” Sasuke admitted. His gaze flitted over to Hinata. “You ready?” he said, reaching a hand over and grabbing the Hyūga’s thigh.

“*Fuck*,” Hinata moaned. “I’ve been edging myself for like...*ten* minutes...I was born ready.”

Sasuke chuckled.

When he made to pull out of Naruko—

She stopped him. “*No*,” the blonde muttered. “I—”

He put a hand over her mouth, silencing her.

“It’s Hinata’s turn,” he intoned quietly.

With brute force, he forced her legs apart, enabling him to pull out of her all the way; his lengthy, erect cock was slick with her juices and cum.

Almost instantly, his seed began to ooze out of her, dribbling down her thigh. She squeaked, the voice muffled by his hand over her mouth.

“On your hands and knees,” Sasuke said to Hinata with a twirl of his finger.

“Yes, Sasuke~”

Naruko stared up at him, *begging* him with her eyes not to do it.

He felt bad; he really did.

But this was his calling in life—

To *fuck* and to *breed* and to *conquer*.

He couldn't resign himself to one tight little pussy to dominate and cum inside at his leisure. Naruko would understand in the end.

And if she didn't, then he would make her.

Like he'd thought earlier—the old Naruko had been obedient. She'd watched as Sasuke had dominated her family, and in the end, had elected to join them rather than fall into the shadows.

This Naruko would be faced with the same choice...to either adapt, or be left behind.

Because the truth was simple:

She would let Sasuke fuck her whenever he wanted no matter what.

He could stomp over her self-respect, fuck Hinata and Kushina and whomever he wanted...

And she would still spread her legs for him.

He didn't want that for her. He *wanted* her to enjoy it. He would make her enjoy it.

No matter the cost.

Sasuke groaned as he lined himself up behind Hinata, his cock jerking upward against her belly. He gave her plump ass a *smack*.

He didn't have to ask her if she was ready—her juices spilling down her thighs and onto his freshly washed sheets were answer enough.

Without preamble, he eased himself inside of her.

"OH FUCK~!"

And that was all it took for her to cum.

She *rammed* herself back against him, taking all of his length inside at once. Sasuke held her close, his hands on broad expanse of her back as she convulsed against him.

"Yes...yes...yes~"

Naruko stared, her harsh breathing more than audible despite Hinata's frantic moans.

'She's so obedient,' Sasuke thought, staring down at Hinata as she shivered and shook. *'I always loved that about her.'*

Even as she was still cumming, he began to thrust.

No matter what timeline he was in, Hinata's tight cunt always felt the same—

Perfect.

He didn't want to hurt Naruko.

(Just as he didn't want to hurt Menma.)

But boundaries had to be established.

(Lines had to be drawn.)

Naruko sat up, his seed still dribbling down her thigh.

And she watched, despondent, as the man she loved pounded the living daylights out of one of her closest friends.

Menma and Naruko were twins in more ways than one, it seemed—

‘But,’ Sasuke thought. ‘Naruko definitely got the better end of the deal.’

Naruko got to cum her brains out and actively participate.

All Menma got was the humiliation of being strapped to a chair and encouraged to watch as Sasuke systematically broke the Hyūga heiress and love of *his* life in front of him.

‘She’ll be fine,’ Sasuke thought.

He was spending too much time worrying when he ought to spend more time *fucking*—

And fuck he did.

Doggystyle, until Hinata was unable to even keep herself upright, her tongue lolling out of her mouth, her eyes crossed.

Missionary, fucking her so hard that the entire bed shook underneath them (and Naruko).

And finally, to cap it off, good old fashioned cowgirl.

Sasuke stared up at her, entranced by the sight of this busty Hyūga bouncing up and down on his cock. The strain on her face; the jiggling of her tits. The *clap clap* of her thighs every time she landed on top of him.

How many times had Hinata cum? Neither of them were sure. Naruko was still on the sidelines, watching blankly.

“Fuck,” Sasuke grunted.

Hinata grinned feverishly, bouncing faster and faster and faster and fast—

He came.

She came to a stop, hands on his chest, moaning as he came as deep inside of her as was humanly possible. She wiggled her hips back and forth, her hair covering her eyes, her entire body shaking slightly.

“Fuck...*fuck*...” Sasuke groaned, sounding like a broken record as he unloaded into the very core of the Hyūga heiress.

Hinata took a deep breath.

“How was it?” she asked, smiling innocently.

“Perfect,” he said, leaning up to stroke her cheek. “It was an honor.”

“The honor was all mine,” Hinata said with a giggle.

She climbed off of him, falling to his side. One round was nothing compared to last night—but then again, that had been a special occasion for both of them.

Sasuke breathed hard, throwing his arms around the both of them and pulling them close. Two gorgeous women cocooned on either side of him...this truly was something he'd missed.

“That was amazing,” he told him.

Hinata grinned toothily, kissing him on the cheek.

Naruko just buried her head into the crook of his arm.

‘She’ll be fine,’ he thought.

‘Right?’

...

...

...

Kushina hummed, the smell of nail polish tickling her nose as she went about her beauty routine.

“What are we feeling tonight, baby?” she asked. “Lingerie or *au naturel*?”

Minato chuckled. “That’s up to you.”

He pressed a kiss to her cheek, having come up behind her as she stood at the bathroom counter. There was a pause—his hands went to her hips, his lips pressed against the crease of her neck...

And then:

“So, when are we going to have you watch Naruko get railed?”

Minato froze mid-kiss.

“I-I—”

“Unless you’re going to say *I want to watch my daughter get fucked*, then I don’t want to hear it,” Kushina said, smiling. “She’s going to find out about me and Sasuke eventually, y’know. You might as well break the ice on your own terms instead of having her realize daddy dearest is a cuckold through other means.”

Minato’s hands fell to his sides. He closed his eyes.

“I don’t want her to find out,” the blond confessed.

“Why not?”

He breathed in, then out.

“She’s my little girl,” Minato murmured. “If she knew—I don’t think she would ever look at me the same again.”

Kushina snorted.

“What?” Minato said, frowning.

“You’ve watched Sasuke cum inside of me *how* many times by now?” she said, chortling. “Why didn’t I ever get that kind of consideration?”

His cheeks turned pink.

“You’re different,” Minato insisted. “I know you would never look at me differently.”

There was a pause.

Kushina turned towards him, a soft smile on her lips.

Minato stared. His eyes told the whole story.

“What?” Kushina murmured.

“I-”

“Were you expecting me to tell you that I don’t see you as any less of a man?” Kushina told him.

Menma’s frown deepened.

“Do you?”

Kushina reached a hand over, cupping his cheek gently. It was his turn for the scent of nail polish to tickle his nose.

“Ever since this whole affair started, I’ve watched you back down from *every* ultimatum you’ve set,” Kushina said in a soft, gentle, loving tone. “Sasuke and I can only do it when you’re present? That went out the window. Sasuke can only fuck me wearing a condom? I’ve lost track of how many times he’s came in me. Naruko is off-limits? You might as well be setting a date for her threesome with Sasuke and I.”

Minato’s heart thundered; his face turned redder and redder.

“What are you saying?” he squeaked out.

“I love you,” Kushina said, squeezing his cheek. “But I can already tell you without a shadow of a doubt that I’m falling in love with Sasuke, too.”

