

A Life in the Hidden Leaf

Chapter 1 - Tsunade

Nagasawa Yasuo's earliest memories in this new world were fragmented, like shards of a broken mirror reflecting glimpses of a life he couldn't quite grasp. Born into the Hidden Leaf Village, Konohagakure, he grew up as an orphan, much like many in a world scarred by endless shinobi wars. In the beginning, my days were simple: training at the Ninja Academy, learning basic jutsu, and navigating the social dynamics of a class filled with future legends.

He was in the same batch as some of the village's most promising talents—Hatake Kakashi, the prodigy with a mask hiding his emotions; Obito Uchiha, the clumsy but kind-hearted boy from the Uchiha clan; Rin Nohara, the gentle medic-in-training; Might Guy, the energetic taijutsu enthusiast; Asuma Sarutobi, the son of the Third Hokage with a rebellious streak; Kurenai Yuhi, the illusion specialist; Anko Mitarashi, the wild and unpredictable one and more prominent names in Konoha. They were a diverse group, bonded by the rigors of academy life and the looming shadow of conflict.

I was average at first—neither a standout genius like Kakashi nor an underdog like Obito. But strange dreams haunted me: visions of a modern world with cars, screens, and a peaceful existence far removed from chakra and kunai. These fragments came slowly, piecing together over the years. By age 5, he recalled odd concepts like "anime" and "manga," dismissing them as childish fantasies. At 6, flashes of a fatal accident surfaced, making him question his sanity.

It wasn't until he was 7, during a particularly grueling training session where he first manifested his Lightning affinity, accidentally shocking himself with it, that everything clicked. The pain triggered a floodgate: I remembered who I was—a young man from Earth, obsessed with the Naruto series, died and reincarnated here. The realization: this was the Naruto universe, and he was living in it.

Armed with foreknowledge, I could have changed everything—warned about the Kyuubi attack, prevented tragedies, or sought ultimate power. But he chose discretion. The plot was a minefield; altering it too boldly could unravel timelines or paint a target on his back.

Instead, he went through the motions: graduating early due to the Third Shinobi War, becoming a Chunin at 12, and a Jonin by 18. He fought in battles, lost comrades, and grew stronger, mastering Lightning and Wind Release while delving into Medical Ninjutsu—a rare combination that made him versatile but not flashy.

Yasuo stayed low-key, avoiding the spotlight. He wasn't interested in becoming Hokage or a legendary Sannin. No, his focus shifted to something more personal: the women of the Narutoverse. They were breathtaking—strong, resilient, and multifaceted. In his old life, he'd been a fan, admiring characters like Tsunade, Kurenai, and Anko from afar. Now, they were real. Why not pursue them? Discreetly, of course. He built connections, flirted subtly, and let his charm do the work. A shared mission with Kurenai led to stolen moments; training sessions with Anko turned heated.

As the years rolled on, Yasuo moved through the major events of the Naruto world with the precision of someone who already knew the script—but chose never to rewrite the ending. He stood among the crowds during the Kyuubi attack, helping direct terrified civilians to safety while Minato and Kushina fought their final battle above the village. He survived the brutal meat-grinder of the Third Shinobi World War, slipping through ambushes that claimed far too many lives, including the supposed death of Obito Uchiha and the heartbreaking murder of Rin Nohara. Each loss carved another scar into him, yet his foreknowledge let him make quiet, anonymous differences: rerouting a patrol just in time to avoid a hidden explosive tag, passing along a seemingly casual medical tip that saved a squad from more severe injuries, or simply being in the right place to pull a wounded genin out of the line of fire.

These small interventions kept him alive and unremarkable—exactly where he wanted to be.

By age 26, Yasuo had become a seasoned Jōnin whose reputation was solid but never flashy. His Lightning Release granted him blistering speed and be able to land heavy strikes; Wind Release let him slice through defenses or create razor-sharp gusts at range; and his Medical Ninjutsu, honed through relentless self-study and battlefield necessity, allowed him to stabilize the dying or patch himself up mid-fight. He was versatile, reliable, and—most importantly—discreet.

That discretion finally paid off when Tsunade Senju returned to the village as the Fifth Hokage. Jiraiya had dragged her back kicking and screaming (metaphorically, though there

were rumors of actual punches), and the village needed capable aides who could handle both administrative drudgery and high-stakes emergencies. Yasuo's combination of combat prowess and medical skill made him a natural choice. He found himself assigned to the Hokage's inner office alongside Shizune, spending long hours sorting reports, reviewing mission logs, drafting health policies, and occasionally joining Tsunade on field inspections or sensitive diplomatic trips.

Tsunade noticed him almost immediately.

Not because he was loud or showy—he wasn't—but because he was quietly competent. He never fawned over her legendary status, never stared too long (at least not obviously), and when he spoke, his suggestions were sharp, practical, and delivered without ego. She began asking for his input more often: on hospital staffing shortages, on training programs for field medics, on how certain jutsu could be adapted for trauma care. Yasuo answered thoughtfully, sometimes challenging her assumptions in a respectful but firm way that made her golden eyes narrow with interest.

But Yasuo's real game had never been politics or glory. It was seduction.

He had already quietly claimed several women in the years since his memories fully returned. With Kurenai Yūhi, it started during joint genjutsu-resistance training sessions. She would trap him in illusions; he would break them with ruthless efficiency, then—once alone—trap her in something far more intimate. Their encounters were slow, intense, almost hypnotic: whispered commands, blindfolds made of silk, her breath hitching every time he told her exactly how beautiful she looked when she surrendered. Kurenai never spoke of it outside their private hours, but the way her eyes softened when they passed in the halls told the story.

With Anko Mitarashi it was different—raw, chaotic, almost violent. After Orochimaru's final betrayal left her branded and broken, she sought oblivion in sake and sparring. Yasuo gave her neither. Instead he met her aggression head-on, turning their training sessions into brutal, sweat-soaked fucks against the walls of abandoned training grounds. She clawed his back, bit his shoulder, screamed curses and pleas in equal measure. He pinned her down and fucked the pain out of her until she trembled and begged for more. Anko never asked for gentle; she asked for real. And Yasuo gave it.

He was careful, always. No bragging. No jealousy. Mutual satisfaction above all. Yet deep down he relished the transformation: strong, proud women slowly becoming addicted to the way he made them feel—seen, desired, utterly taken apart and put back together.

Tsunade Senju, however, was different. Not the biggest conquest, not some checklist item. She was personal. Her legendary strength, her towering presence, the voluptuous body she hid under flowing robes, the iron will that had survived decades of grief—it all called to something primal in him. He didn't want to ruin her; he wanted to make her bend, just for him.

The seduction started small, almost imperceptibly.

Their first private meeting in the Hokage's office was ostensibly about updating the village's medical supply chain after a recent border skirmish. Tsunade sat behind the massive desk, sleeves rolled up, blonde hair tied back in a messy knot. Yasuo stood across from her, pointing out discrepancies in the inventory scroll. As he leaned forward to indicate a line of text, his forearm brushed hers—just barely. He didn't pull away immediately. Neither did she.

"You know, Lady Tsunade," he said quietly, voice pitched for her ears alone, "your hands are legendary for healing... but I've always wondered what else they're capable of when no one's watching."

She froze for half a second. Then she laughed—a short, surprised bark—and flicked her eyes up to meet his. "Careful, Yasuo. Flattery will get you nowhere with me."

But her cheeks held the faintest flush, and when he straightened, he caught the way her gaze dropped—very briefly—to his crotch.

Over the following weeks he escalated in measured steps.

Late-night strategy sessions over sake became routine. Tsunade would pour generously, complaining about the elders, about Danzō's endless scheming, about the weight of the hat.

Yasuo listened—really listened—nodding at the right moments, offering quiet insights drawn from his “unique perspective.” When she spoke of Nawaki and Dan, her voice would soften, crack just a little. He never interrupted those moments with cheap comfort. Instead he let silence sit, then gently covered her hand with his.

“Dan was a good man,” she said once, staring into her cup.

Yasuo stroked the back of her hand with his thumb—slow, deliberate. “He was. But a good man isn’t always enough for a woman like you.”

She looked up sharply. “And what kind of man do you think is enough?”

He held her gaze. “One who isn’t afraid to take what he wants... and give you exactly what you need in return.”

Her breath caught. She didn’t pull her hand away.

On a secret mission to a neighboring daimyo’s estate, they were forced to camp overnight in a secluded forest clearing—only the two of them, no escorts, no Shizune. Yasuo set up the tents while Tsunade built the fire. When he passed behind her to grab firewood, his chest brushed her back; his hand “accidentally” grazed the curve of her hip. She stiffened—but didn’t step away.

Later, after dinner and a shared flask of sake, the fire crackling low, Yasuo moved closer. He didn’t speak at first. Just let the tension build until it was thick enough to choke on.

Then he reached out, fingers brushing her jaw, tilting her face toward him.

“Tell me to stop, Tsunade.”

She searched his eyes for a long moment. Then she leaned in and kissed him—hard, hungry, like she'd been starving for years.

Yasuo took control instantly. He deepened the kiss, one hand sliding into her hair, the other gripping her waist and pulling her flush against him. She moaned into his mouth, hands clutching his shoulders. When they broke apart, both breathing hard, he growled against her ear:

"You're mine now."

She shivered. "Prove it."

They didn't make it to the tent.

In the shadows of the trees, Yasuo stripped her slowly, reverently at first—then with growing impatience. When she stood naked before him, moonlight painting her curves in silver, he stepped back and simply looked. Tsunade—proud, powerful Tsunade—shifted under his gaze, arms instinctively covering herself.

"Don't," he ordered softly. "Let me see."

She dropped her arms.

He stepped forward, hands roaming—tracing the swell of her breasts, the dip of her waist, the flare of her hips. When his fingers finally slipped between her thighs, she was already soaked.

"Dan never got you this wet, did he?" he murmured, circling her clit with agonizing slowness. "He was gentle. Kind. But you need more than kindness, don't you?"

Tsunade whimpered, hips rocking against his hand. "Yasuo... please..."

"Please what?"

"Make me forget."

He pushed two fingers inside her, curling them just right, thumb still working her clit. She came fast—shuddering, gasping his name, knees buckling. He held her up, kissing her through the aftershocks.

From that night on, she was hooked.

Yasuo didn't rush. He made her wait sometimes—summoning her to empty training grounds at midnight, or to a sealed room in the Hokage Tower after hours. He'd order her to her knees, make her suck him while he sat in a chair and spoke degrading truths in that calm, even tone she couldn't resist.

"Suck it the way you wish you could have sucked Dan's... but we both know mine is bigger. Thicker. Better. Don't we?"

She'd moan around him, tears of effort and arousal in her eyes, nodding frantically.

He'd fuck her against walls, over desks, in hidden hot springs during missions. Each time he pushed her further—spanking her until her ass glowed red, edging her until she begged, whispering how Dan could never have handled her like this, how she was finally getting what she'd always secretly needed.

One evening, after a brutal council meeting left her furious and drained, Tsunade found him waiting in her private quarters. She didn't speak—just crossed the room, dropped to her knees, and looked up at him with raw need.

"I can't stop thinking about you," she admitted, voice rough. "Dan... he loved me. But you... you make me feel alive. Used. Wanted. Owned."

Yasuo cupped her cheek, thumb brushing her lower lip. "That's because I'm the one who fucks you right. Dan couldn't handle a woman like you. But I can. And I will—every time you need it."

She leaned into his touch, eyes closing in surrender.

From that moment, their bond was sealed—not romance, not affection in the traditional sense, but something darker, hungrier. A ritual of power and release where the Fifth Hokage willingly became Yasuo's needy, obedient slut.

And she never once asked him to stop.

The Hokage Tower stood silent under the cover of night, the village lights twinkling like distant stars far below. The air was cool and still, carrying the faint scent of cherry blossoms from the gardens outside, but inside the office, the atmosphere was thick with anticipation. Yasuo had slipped in after hours, drawn by a cryptic summons from Tsunade—a simple note left on his desk earlier that day: "Midnight. My chair. Don't make me wait." He knew what it meant. She had a particular fantasy, one that thrilled her with its taboo nature, flipping the power dynamics of her role as Hokage in the most intoxicating way. "Sit in my chair," she'd whispered to him that morning during a mundane meeting, her eyes gleaming with mischief and unbridled lust, her hand brushing his crotch teasingly under the table, sending a jolt through him that had him hard for the rest of the day.

Now, Yasuo lounged in the Hokage's seat, the polished wood creaking slightly under his weight as he shifted, his muscles taut with expectation. His Lightning affinity buzzed faintly in his veins, a subtle hum of readiness that made his skin tingle, but it was his cock that throbbed most insistently, already half-hard from the mere thought of what was to come. The chair felt oversized, symbolic of the authority he was usurping for this game, and it only heightened the erotic charge in the room. The desk before him was cluttered with scrolls and seals, remnants of the day's work, but they meant nothing now. All that mattered was her.

The door opened softly, a whisper of hinges in the quiet, and Tsunade entered like a shadow come to life. Her Hokage robe was draped loosely over her shoulders, the fabric clinging just enough to hint at the voluptuous curves beneath—no undergarments, as per his earlier command whispered in her ear during lunch. The robe parted slightly as she moved, revealing flashes of smooth, pale skin that made Yasuo's mouth go dry. Her blonde hair flowed freely down her back, tousled as if she'd run her fingers through it in impatience, and her golden eyes locked onto him with a predatory hunger that belied the submission he had so carefully cultivated in her. But beneath that fire was the glint of yielding, the knowledge that tonight, like so many nights, she would be his to command.

"You dare sit there?" she teased, her voice a husky purr that sent shivers down his spine, though it held no real anger. It was part of the game—the power play that excited her, that made her pussy clench with need, her thighs already slick with anticipation.

Yasuo smirked, spreading his legs wider in the chair, his posture relaxed but commanding. "You commanded it, Lady Hokage. Or should I say... my slut?"

Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, a mix of embarrassment and arousal that only made her more beautiful, but she sauntered over anyway, her hips swaying with deliberate seduction. She dropped to her knees with graceful submission, then crawled the last few feet like the eager whore he'd trained her to be over their months of secret encounters. The sight of her—the mighty Tsunade Senju, Fifth Hokage—on all fours, robe slipping off one shoulder to expose the swell of her breast, made his cock twitch harder in his pants.

Her hands traced up his thighs slowly, fingers trembling slightly with excitement, undoing his pants with practiced ease. She freed his throbbing cock, and it sprang forth, thick and veined, slapping against his abdomen before pointing straight at her face like an accusation—or an invitation. Tsunade's eyes widened, as they always did, a mix of awe, greed, and pure addiction washing over her features. It was obscene in its size, ridged with pulsing veins, the skin stretched taut over the hardness beneath.

"Gods, Yasuo... so obscene, so perfect," she murmured, her voice thick with desire, her breath hot against his skin as she leaned closer. The masculine scent of him hit her like a wave—musky, salty, with an undercurrent of sweat from the day's training, intoxicating her

senses and making her mouth water. Her cunt throbbed emptily between her legs, already aching for what she knew would come later.

Before she could dive in, Yasuo grabbed a fistful of her blonde hair, pulling her back sharply but not painfully. The tug sent a spark of pleasure-pain through her scalp, making her gasp. "Not so fast, slut. Beg for it. Tell me how much better I am than Dan."

Tsunade whimpered, her hands clutching his thighs tightly, nails digging in just enough to leave faint marks. Her eyes were glassy with need, her lips parted. "Please, Yasuo... your cock is so much bigger than Dan's ever was. He could never make me this desperate, this wet. Let me suck it, own me with it. I'll do anything..."

Satisfied with her plea, he released her hair, and she surged forward like a woman starved. She leaned in, nuzzling his heavy balls first, inhaling deeply to savor that ripe, musky scent that drove her wild. Her tongue darted out, lapping at the sensitive seam where his balls met the base of his cock. The taste was divine—faint iron tang from his blood-warmed skin, mixed with the salty essence of his arousal. She sucked one swollen ball into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she nursed it gently at first, then with more fervor, feeling it tighten and twitch against her tongue. The sound was wet and obscene, a soft slurping that echoed in the quiet office.

Yasuo groaned low in his throat, the vibration rumbling through his chest as his hand tangled back in her blonde locks, guiding her but not forcing—yet. "That's it, Tsunade. Worship it. Show me how much you crave my cock, how Dan's pathetic dick never satisfied you like this. He probably couldn't even fill your mouth properly."

She moaned low in her throat around his ball, the vibration sending jolts of pleasure up his shaft. Switching to the other ball, she suckled greedily, her hand wrapping around his shaft now, stroking slowly from base to tip, twisting at the bottom where the thick vein pulsed hotly under her palm. The skin was velvety smooth over steel hardness, and beads of precum leaked from the tip, slicking her strokes. She spread it with her thumb, the salty tang mixing with his musk in the air.

Her free hand instinctively reached between her own legs, seeking relief for the throbbing ache in her pussy, but Yasuo noticed immediately. From his seated position, he reached

down and slapped her ass hard, the crack resounding like a whip in the room. The sting bloomed across her pale skin, turning it pink, and she yelped around his ball, the pain sending a fresh gush of wetness between her thighs. "No, slut. Hands on me only. Your pussy waits until I say so."

The command made her whine, but she obeyed, her body trembling with denied need. Finally, she released his sac with a wet pop, the sound lewd and echoing, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his skin. Her tongue traced up the underside of his cock slowly, following that throbbing vein all the way to the flared head, savoring the salty musk that coated her palate. She yanked the foreskin back fully, exposing the flushed, sensitive cockhead completely, and attacked it with her tongue—frantic circles around the rim, lashing it like a whip, then stabbing into the slit to drag out more thick beads of precum. The bitter-sweet taste exploded on her tongue, making her pussy clench hard, juices trickling down her inner thighs in slow, sticky rivulets.

"More," she whimpered, her voice hoarse with desperation, but Yasuo had other plans. He pulled her up roughly by the hair, flipping her onto his lap so she straddled him in the chair. The robe fell open completely now, exposing her heavy breasts and the glistening folds of her pussy. He spanked her ass repeatedly—five sharp slaps in quick succession, each one echoing louder than the last, turning her pale skin a deep red. The pain mixed with pleasure, making her cry out, her hips grinding against his thigh involuntarily. "Bad girl, trying to touch yourself. This pussy is mine to play with."

His fingers delved between her legs without warning, two slipping into her soaking heat easily, curling to hit her G-spot with unerring precision while his thumb rubbed her swollen clit in firm circles. Tsunade bucked against his hand, moaning loudly, the wet squelching sounds of his fingers pumping in and out filling the room. The scent of her arousal—musky and sweet—mingled with his, creating a heady cocktail that made Yasuo's cock twitch against her thigh.

"Oh gods, Yasuo... finger me harder. Dan never knew how to touch me like this—he was always too tentative, too afraid to take control," she gasped, her head falling back, blonde hair cascading over her shoulders.

He added a third finger, stretching her, pumping faster, the slick sounds growing louder, more obscene. His other hand pinched her nipple hard, twisting it until she arched, a fresh wave of juices coating his hand. She came quickly, her body shaking violently, squirting onto

his palm with a cry that echoed off the walls. The hot liquid dripped down his wrist, the scent intensifying, but he didn't stop—kept fingering her through the aftershocks, drawing out another smaller orgasm before pulling his fingers free.

"Taste yourself, slut," he commanded, bringing his glistening fingers to her mouth.

Tsunade sucked them clean eagerly, her tongue swirling around them, tasting her own tangy sweetness mixed with the faint salt of his skin. Her eyes locked on his, full of submission and hunger. But Yasuo wasn't done with foreplay. He lifted her onto the desk, spreading her legs wide, her ass on the edge, pussy exposed and dripping. "My turn to taste."

His tongue dove in without preamble, lapping at her folds broadly at first, savoring the tangy, musky flavor of her arousal. He sucked her clit into his mouth, grazing it with his teeth gently, while two fingers thrust back inside her, curling rhythmically. Tsunade screamed, her hands fisting in his hair, pulling him closer as her hips bucked. The sounds were filthy—wet slurps, her moans growing louder, the desk creaking under her writhing. He added a third finger again, stretching her, his tongue flicking her clit faster, and she came again, her thighs clamping around his head, body convulsing as she squirted into his mouth.

Multiple orgasms followed—four in total from his mouth and fingers—each one building on the last, her cries turning into desperate whimpers. "Yasuo... too much... gods, I can't... Dan never made me cum this many times..."

He pulled back finally, his face slick with her juices, and pushed her back to her knees. "Now, back to my cock, slut."

Lips stretched wide, she took half his cock immediately, her throat massaging him as she bobbed her head, the slurping sounds resuming—slurp! slurp!—wet and rhythmic, filling the office with obscenity. She dragged her face along his full length, lips smearing spit in glossy streaks, choking herself on him without mercy, gagging slightly as the head hit the back of her throat. The taste of his precum mixed with her own lingering flavor on his skin, driving her wild.

Yasuo's toes curled in his boots, pleasure building as her tight throat rippled around him. Between her deepthroats, he spanked her ass again, the slaps punctuating her bobs, making her moan around his cock. He edged her with his free hand, rubbing his fingers against her clit but pulling away just before she could cum, teasing her mercilessly.

She pulled back, gasping for air, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his cock, only to crush her massive breasts around his soaked shaft. Squeezing until the creamy swells spilled between her fingers, her hard nipples scraping his skin with every filthy slide up and down. She latched her lips around the tip again, titfucking him in slow, slippery strokes while sucking hard, her tongue swirling.

His cock throbbed violently, urgent jerks swelling him thicker against her tongue. He rubbed the head against her clit briefly during a pause, edging her further, making her beg. "Dan would be jealous seeing you like this, my cock down your throat, your pussy dripping for me."

Their eyes locked—his molten with possession, hers desperate and submissive. "I'm close, Tsunade. You want it in your mouth, don't you? My cum filling you like the whore you are, better than Dan ever could."

"Yes, Yasuo... please," she begged around his tip, clamping her lips tight.

His hand fisted her hair, pressing her down as his hips jerked. Once, twice—then he erupted. Rope after savage rope flooded her mouth, cheeks ballooning with the heavy load. She held it, letting it slosh across her tongue in filthy waves, coating everything in viscous white. The taste was bitter musk, pure man, scorching heat that reminded her of how he'd filled her pussy so many times.

Tsunade swallowed in three slow, wicked gulps, each drawing the hot batter down her throat, milking his last pulses. She kept him in her mouth longer, tongue swirling through the remnants, cleaning every drop. "Swallowing it... always makes me feel so owned," she admitted, her voice hoarse, eyes glassy with need. But she didn't stop, lapping him with tiny, teasing strokes, giddy and addicted.

Yasuo watched her, his cock twitching back to life. This was just the beginning. He pulled her up for more foreplay, spanking her again—ten sharp slaps this time, alternating cheeks, the sounds cracking like thunder, her skin now a deep crimson. He fingered her to another orgasm, four fingers stretching her wide, the wet squelches loud and relentless, her screams muffled against his shoulder. The scents—her tangy arousal, his salty cum—hung heavy in the air, tastes lingering on their tongues as they kissed briefly, sounds of flesh on flesh and desperate moans building the tension even higher.

He edged her again with his cock, rubbing the thick head against her clit in slow circles, the slick friction making her hips jerk, but denying her penetration. "Beg for it, slut. Tell me Dan never teased you like this."

"Please... fuck me, Yasuo. Dan was nothing—too quick, too boring. I need your cock inside me..."

Only then did he allow her back down, thrusting into her mouth between spans, the rhythm hypnotic: thrust, slap, thrust, slap. Her throat bulged with each deep push, gags mixing with moans, saliva dripping down his balls. The sensations were overwhelming—her hot, wet mouth, the sting of her nails on his thighs, the smell of sex saturating the room.

Finally, after more repetitions—her deepthroating him to the brink three times, pulling back each time to titfuck and lick, building him up only to edge him too—he came again, this time pulling out to paint her breasts with ropes of cum, marking her. But the night was far from over, leading seamlessly into the next scene.

The afterglow from Tsunade's expert mouth faded quickly as her desire reignited, her body still humming from the bitter-musk taste of his cum lingering on her tongue. She rose slowly from her knees, shedding her robe with deliberate slowness, letting the fabric whisper against her skin as it pooled at her feet. Revealing her voluptuous form in the dim moonlight filtering through the office window—her breasts heavy and full, swaying gently with each ragged breath, nipples peaked and hardened from arousal, dark pink against her pale skin; her waist curving inward before flaring out into wide, pale hips that begged to be gripped, bruised, claimed; her pussy glistening under the soft light, swollen lips dripping with need, a trail of her juices already slicking her inner thighs. The scent of her arousal hung heavier now, musky and sweet, mixing with the salty remnants of his seed in the air. Yasuo was hard again almost instantly, her expert mouth and the sight of her naked, submissive form

ensuring that—his cock throbbing, veined and ready, pointing accusingly at her as if demanding more.

"We don't have long," he warned, his voice rough and gravelly, laced with the edge of command that always made her shiver. But Tsunade was already moving, bending over the desk with a deliberate arch of her back, her ass presented like a gift, legs spread wide to show her scorching wet folds, pink and puffy, begging for attention. The desk's edge dug into her hips, but she didn't care—the anticipation made her fingers grip the wooden surface tightly, knuckles whitening.

"I'll bite my lip," she promised, but her voice trembled with raw anticipation, her full lips already parting in a soft gasp, her golden eyes half-lidded as she looked back over her shoulder at him.

Yasuo stood behind her slowly, savoring the view, his hands roaming her body with possessive intent—starting at her shoulders, trailing down her spine, then squeezing her ass cheeks firmly, the soft flesh yielding under his strong fingers. He spread them wide, exposing her completely: her dripping pussy, the tight ring of her ass above it, everything open and vulnerable. The cool air of the office kissed her heated skin, making her shiver, but Yasuo's touch was fire. He slapped her ass lightly at first—a teasing tap that made her jolt—then harder, the cracks resounding through the room like sharp echoes, her pale skin blooming red under his palm. Each slap sent a jolt of pain-pleasure straight to her core, her pussy clenching emptily, more juices trickling down her thighs.

"Look at you, Hokage," he growled, his voice low and mocking, another slap landing squarely on her right cheek, the sting blooming hot and immediate. "Bent over like a common slut, begging for my cock. Dan never saw this side of you, did he? The mighty Tsunade, ass up and red for a real man, dripping like a whore in heat."

"Yes... fuck me, Yasuo. Make me yours. Dan was nothing compared to you—he was too soft, too vanilla," she moaned, pushing back against his hand, her ass jiggling from the impact of another slap, the sound wet now from her arousal smearing on his palm.

He teased her first, rubbing his thick cockhead along her slit slowly, up and down, coating himself in her slick juices. The sensation was electric—her heat enveloping the tip, the

musky-sweet scent of her arousal filling the air even stronger, intoxicating him. His fingers joined the torment, two plunging into her soaking pussy without warning, scissoring her open wide, stretching her walls while he spanked her with the other hand—alternating cheeks, the slaps rhythmic and unrelenting, her skin now a deep crimson, burning under his touch. "So wet for me already. Fingering you like this—Dan probably fumbled around like an amateur, but I know exactly how to make you squirt, don't I, slut?"

Tsunade bucked against his fingers, her hips rocking desperately, the wet squelching sounds of his digits pumping in and out obscene in the quiet office. The stretch burned deliciously, her walls fluttering around him, and when he curled them to hit her G-spot, she came hard, her body convulsing, juices squirting out around his hand, dripping onto the desk and floor. But he didn't let up—added a third finger, pumping faster, harder, while spanking her through the aftershocks, each slap making her cry out, the pain blending into waves of pleasure.

"Gods, Yasuo... more... Dan couldn't even find my spot," she gasped, her voice breaking as another orgasm built quickly.

Satisfied with her first releases, he withdrew his fingers, bringing them to her mouth. "Clean them, taste how wet you are for me." She sucked greedily, her tongue swirling around his digits, savoring her own tangy flavor. But Yasuo knelt behind her then, adding oral to the mix—his tongue flicking out to lick her from behind, starting at her clit and dragging up to her entrance, sucking her swollen lips into his mouth. The taste was addictive—tangy, sweet, with a hint of salt from her sweat. He sucked harder on her clit, grazing it with his teeth, while his fingers returned to her pussy, thrusting in time with his licks. Tsunade came again, multiple times—twice more from his fingers alone, her body quaking, legs trembling; once from his tongue, screaming his name as she squirted onto his face, the hot liquid dripping down his chin.

Her body was a mess now—sweat-slicked, ass red and marked, pussy throbbing and oversensitive—but Yasuo stood, positioning himself. He pushed in slowly at first, inch by agonizing inch, feeling her tight walls stretch around his thickness, the heat enveloping him like a vice. Tsunade gasped, biting her lip hard enough to draw a thin line of blood, her body shuddering as he filled her completely, the vein on the underside of his cock pulsing against her inner walls.

No gentleness after that—he drove in hard, pounding her relentlessly from the start. Each thrust was deep and brutal, his hips slamming against her ass with a wet smack, the desk creaking under the force, papers scattering to the floor as her heavy tits flattened against the wood, nipples scraping roughly against the surface with every impact. The sensation was overwhelming—her walls clenching around him, milking his cock, the friction hot and slick. She pushed back, meeting him thrust for thrust, her moans stifled but intense, building to cries she muffled with her hand pressed to her mouth.

"Harder," she gasped between thrusts, her voice muffled, body jolting forward with each slam. "Use me... ruin my pussy with that big cock of yours."

Yasuo obliged, channeling his Wind affinity to enhance his speed, his thrusts blurring as he slammed into her faster, deeper, the rhythm punishing. Lightning crackled faintly along his skin, sending electric tingles into her core with every plunge, making her walls spasm wildly around him. The shocks added a layer of intensity, her nerves firing in overload, pleasure bordering on pain. Between thrusts, he spanked her again—hard slaps that made her ass jiggle, the red marks blooming brighter, the sound cracking over the wet slaps of their bodies colliding.

He teased her ass with a finger during the pounding, circling the tight ring slowly at first, the puckered hole twitching under his touch. Then he pushed in slightly, just the tip, feeling her clench around it. "Ever let Dan near this? No? Good, it's mine now. Imagine if he saw you like this—ass fingered while I fuck your pussy raw."

"Gods, Yasuo... anal... tease me more," she begged, her voice breaking as he pushed his finger deeper, thrusting it in time with his cock, the dual penetration making her eyes roll back. The stretch burned, but it sent her over the edge hard, her pussy squirting around his cock, walls fluttering in orgasm.

He didn't stop—kept pounding, his finger now fully inside her ass, curling to add pressure against his cock through the thin wall separating them. The sensation for him was incredible—the tightness amplified, her body gripping him like a vice. For her, it was ecstasy overload, another orgasm crashing through her immediately after the first.

Pulling out briefly, he flipped her onto her back on the desk, hooking her legs over his shoulders, driving deeper now, hitting her cervix with every brutal stroke. The new angle let him watch her face—eyes rolled back, tongue lolling out, drool trickling down her chin as she babbled incoherently. "Yasuo... gods... so deep... you're ruining me... cumming again... fuck! Dan's cock was small, wasn't it? Couldn't reach here, couldn't make me feel this full."

"That's right, slut," he growled, thrusting harder, the desk groaning in protest, his balls slapping against her ass with each plunge. The sensation was raw—her wetness coating him, the heat building, friction perfect. He fingered her clit during the pounding, circling it fast, while spanking her thigh with his other hand, the slaps sharp and stinging.

Position change again—he pulled her up, sitting back in the chair and guiding her into cowgirl, where she rode him desperately, her breasts bouncing wildly with each downward slam, nipples grazing his chest. "Ride me like you wish you rode Dan, but scream my name instead. Show me how much better my cock feels stretching you."

She did, her hips grinding, pussy clenching around him, the up-and-down motion making wet, sucking sounds as she impaled herself. He groped her breasts roughly, pinching her nipples, twisting them until she arched back, another orgasm ripping through her, her screams barely contained.

Shifting once more to prone bone—he flipped her face-down on the desk, her ass up, legs together for tighter friction. He mounted her from behind, thrusting deep, the angle hitting new spots inside her. Each plunge was deliberate—slow at first to tease, then fast and hard, his body covering hers, hand reaching around to finger her clit again during the fucking. "Feel that, Tsunade? My finger on your clit while I fuck you—Dan probably never multitasked like this, too focused on himself."

The constant stimulation had her cumming over and over—three, four times in this position alone, her body convulsing each time, screams muffled into the desk, juices puddling beneath them. More cuck talk flowed: "Dan's cock was small, wasn't it? Couldn't make you cum like this, over and over, turning the Hokage into a squirting mess."

He added more anal finger play, slipping two fingers into her ass now, thrusting them in opposition to his cock, the dual rhythm driving her insane. The stretch was fuller, the burn intense, her walls spasming wildly.

Finally, after edging her through countless orgasms—her body a trembling, sweat-slicked wreck—he came inside her, flooding her womb with hot seed, rope after thick rope pulsing out, her pussy extracting every drop as she climaxed once more, legs trembling around him, her cries echoing in the office.

Panting and sweat-slicked from the relentless pounding on the desk, Tsunade wasn't done. Her body, still quivering from the aftershocks of her last orgasm, burned with an addiction to him that only grew hotter with each encounter. The office air was thick with the mingled scents of their sex—her tangy arousal, his salty cum, sweat, and the faint metallic tang of her bitten lip. She pushed herself up on shaky arms, her heavy breasts heaving with each breath, nipples still hard and sensitive from his earlier twists. Yasuo watched her with dark eyes, his cock already stirring back to life, slick with her juices and his release.

She guided him to the expansive glass window of the Hokage's office, her hand firm on his wrist, pulling him along with a desperate urgency. The moonlit village of Konoha sprawled below them, oblivious to the debauchery unfolding high above. Street lamps flickered like distant fireflies, casting soft glows on the winding paths where late-night ninjas patrolled—shadowy figures darting from rooftop to rooftop, or guards strolling the perimeter walls. Villagers were still awake in scattered homes, windows illuminated with warm lantern light, perhaps a family sharing a late meal or a shinobi sharpening weapons. The risk of exposure sent a thrill racing through Tsunade's veins, making her pussy throb anew, fresh wetness coating her thighs. "Imagine if someone looks up," she whispered, her voice husky with forbidden excitement, pressing her palm against the cool glass. "Sees the Hokage pressed against the glass, getting fucked like a whore. Dan would be horrified—his precious Tsunade, exposed for the whole village to see."

"Here," she demanded, turning to face him but backing up until her ass met the window, the cold surface shocking against her heated, spanked skin, making her gasp and arch. "Fuck me where anyone might see. Make me your exhibitionist slut, Yasuo. Let them watch how a real man owns me."

Yasuo grinned, a predatory flash of teeth in the moonlight, his hands already reaching for her. He started with foreplay, spinning her around so her front pressed against the

glass—the cold biting into her breasts, flattening them against the pane, her hard nipples scraping the smooth surface with every shiver. He spanked her ass hard from behind, the slaps echoing in the room, her red-marked cheeks jiggling under his palm. Each crack made her moan, the sound fogging the glass in front of her mouth. "Those guards down there," he murmured, leaning in close, his breath hot on her neck as he delivered another sharp slap, "if they knew their Hokage was up here, ass red and dripping for my cock, they'd never look at you the same. And that villager in the house across the way—see the light? What if they glance up and catch you cumming?"

The words intensified her arousal, her pussy clenching as he fingered her roughly—three fingers plunging in deep, curling to hit her G-spot while his thumb circled her clit. The wet squelches filled the air, her juices dripping down his hand, the cold glass a stark contrast to the heat building inside her. She came quickly, bucking against his fingers, her hot breath fogging a larger patch on the window, her cries muffled as she bit her lip.

But Yasuo wasn't satisfied. He dropped to his knees, lifting one of her legs over his shoulder, her back still against the cold glass, the chill seeping into her skin like icy fingers contrasting the fire of his mouth. He ate her out voraciously, tongue lapping at her folds, sucking her clit hard while his fingers thrust inside her. The taste of her—tangy, sweet, mixed with his earlier cum—drove him wild. Tsunade's hands pressed against the glass for support, her palms leaving sweaty prints, as she came twice more—once from his tongue flicking her clit relentlessly, the sensation like electric sparks; the second from his fingers pumping faster, her squirt splashing his face and dripping down to the floor. "Yasuo... gods... someone might hear... see..." she moaned, her eyes darting to the village below, imagining a patrolling ninja pausing, looking up at the fogged window, wondering at the shadowy movements.

Rising, Yasuo hoisted her up effortlessly, his strength enhanced by chakra if needed, hooking his arms under her knees and locking his hands behind her head in a full nelson. Tsunade's body folded like a ragdoll, her legs spread wide, pussy exposed directly to the glass, her ass pressed firmly against his chest. Her heavy breasts dangled freely, bouncing slightly with her ragged breaths, nipples brushing the cold air. The position left her utterly vulnerable—her folded form silhouetted against the window, anyone glancing up from the village could potentially see the outline of the Hokage, legs akimbo, ready to be fucked. The cold glass now pressed against her back and shoulders, a constant reminder of her exposure, sending goosebumps racing across her skin.

He positioned his cock at her entrance, the thick head teasing her slick folds, rubbing up and down to coat himself anew. Then he entered her from below, thrusting up hard in one

smooth motion, filling her completely. The stretch was intense, her walls gripping him like a vice, the angle allowing him to hit deep, brushing her cervix. Tsunade's cries were muffled against the glass as she turned her head, her hot breath fogging it further, the condensation dripping down in rivulets like tears. Her breasts bounced wildly with each upward thrust, nipples scraping the air, her ass rippling against his abs with every impact, her juices dripping down his balls and thighs in sticky trails.

"So deep," she moaned, her voice vibrating against the window, the cold glass chilling her cheek. "Filling me... owning me... gods, Yasuo, anyone could look up and see the Hokage getting fucked like a whore. Dan never took risks like this—he was too safe, too boring. He'd die if he saw me exposed like this, cumming for a better man."

The thought sent her over the edge quickly, her pussy spasming around him, squirting down his legs as she came, but Yasuo kept going, varying his pace—slow, teasing grinds that made her whine for more, rolling his hips to stir inside her; then brutal slams upward, each one lifting her slightly, her folded body jolting. He teased her ass again, a finger circling the tight ring at first, the puckered hole twitching under his touch. Then he slipped it in deeper, past the first knuckle, feeling her clench around it as he thrust his cock in opposition. The dual sensation made her scream, the burn of the stretch amplifying every plunge. "Dan never touched you here, did he? Too vanilla for anal play. But you're my slut now—taking my finger in your ass while I fuck you in front of the village."

"More... deeper," she begged, her voice breaking, the cold glass now slick with her sweat, sliding against her skin as she writhed.

He pushed his finger fully in, adding a second after her next orgasm, scissoring them to stretch her further, the anal teasing deepening into full finger-fucking, timed with his cock's thrusts. The fullness was overwhelming, her body shaking, another climax ripping through her as potential viewers flashed in her mind—a ninja on a rooftop pausing, squinting at the window; a villager stepping out for air, glancing up at the tower and seeing the foggy silhouette of legs spread wide.

Position shifts came fluidly—Yasuo released the full nelson, spinning her to standing doggy against the glass, her breasts and cheek pressed flat to the cold pane, the chill seeping into her front while he pounded from behind. Each thrust slammed her forward, her body fogging more of the window, her moans vibrating through the glass. "Look down

there—those patrols. What if one spots you, tits smashed against the window, getting railed? Dan would be so ashamed of his 'lady' being such a public slut."

She came again, squirting onto the floor, her legs buckling, but he held her up. Shifting to reverse cowgirl with her facing the window, he sat on a nearby chair, pulling her onto his lap. She rode him facing outward, her legs spread over his, pussy on full display if anyone looked up. "Wave to the village, slut," he commanded, slapping her thigh. "Show them how much better I am than Dan—cumming on my cock while the world watches."

Tsunade obeyed hazily, raising a trembling hand as if waving, the exhibitionism pushing her to another peak, her breasts bouncing wildly, ass grinding down on him. The cold air from a slight draft through the window teased her exposed skin, heightening every sensation.

Multiple orgasms racked her—five in total across the positions—each one more intense: the first in full nelson from the deep angle and exposure; the second in doggy from the glass's chill and his anal fingers; the third in reverse cowgirl from the waving humiliation; two more as he intensified, switching back to full nelson against the glass, his fingers now three in her ass, stretching her wide, the burn exquisite. Dirty talk intensified with each: "Cumming in front of your village? Dan would die of shame, but you love it—exposed, ass fingered, pussy stuffed. He couldn't make you this dirty, this desperate."

He denied her a creampie after her third orgasm, pulling out mid-thrust to spin her, painting her face in thick ropes of cum, marking her as his—some splattering on her cheeks, lips, even dripping onto her breasts; a few stray shots hitting the glass, leaving sticky streaks. The hot seed contrasted the cold window behind her, her tongue darting out to lick what she could.

"You're mine," he growled, watching her lick it off blissfully, fingers scooping more to suck clean.

"Always," she whispered, craving more even as exhaustion set in, her body slumping against the fogged, cum-streaked glass, the village below none the wiser.

