

Sasuke looked at the door that Hanabi had disappeared through, his brow furrowed.

*That look in her eyes, he thought. Does she know?*

Surely not—if she did, she would have said something; or at the very least, the young woman would have flushed from head-to-toe. Instead, she had looked him in the eye for a brief moment, and then had taken her leave.

“What was that?” asked Naruto, vocalizing the confusion Sasuke felt.

“...I don’t know,” Sasuke admitted.

He drew up the chair opposite of Naruto, sitting himself down.

“How did last night go?” asked the blond, closing his laptop and leaning forward, elbows on the desk.

“I think you can guess,” Sasuke said.

Naruto smiled. “You screwed her brains out and she agreed to keep our little secret in exchange for the occasional fuck?”

He allowed himself a smirk. “You’ve always been famous for your wisdom,” said Sasuke.

Grinning, Naruto scooted his chair forward.

“So, what brings you to my office this early?” he asked. “I figure you’d probably be balls deep in Hinata by about now.”

“Don’t get me wrong, I would certainly prefer that too,” said Sasuke. “Still, it’s time we discuss something we’ve been avoiding.”

“Uh oh.” Naruto raised an eyebrow.

“It won’t be much longer before Himawari and Hinata start to show,” Sasuke said softly, “and when they do, people will ask questions. We can come up with excuses to justify it—we could blame it on a mere coincidence. But if Hinata gives birth and that baby is black-haired and black-eyed...”

Naruto bit his lip.

“Okay, I see your point. I mean, it’s not like I haven’t thought of it—but what are we supposed to do?” The blond tapped a finger against the desk. “If we

tell the village that I'm a cuckold who let you knock up my wife and daughter, you can kiss my authority goodbye."

"Right," said Sasuke, "but even if the children look more like Hinata and Himawari...I mean no offense, but I won't let anyone mistakenly believe that *my* children are yours."

"I understand," Naruto said. "So what do you think we should do?"

"Well, there *is* one solution that does have some precedence..." Sasuke cleared his throat. "Has Hinata ever told you about her great-grandfather?"

The blond frowned. "I think he was dead ten years before she was even born," Naruto said. "I might've seen a picture of him once or twice; I don't remember hearing anything about him, though."

"Well, I did a little research and found out something interesting about him—apparently, he had three wives...at the same time."

Naruto blinked.

"Really?"

"So the records say," Sasuke said, "and apparently, it wasn't considered a scandal at the time. In fact, in the past, during the Warring Clans era specifically, it was common for males to take multiple spouses." He paused. "Something to do with half of the men dying in wars and leaving a surplus of women, supposedly."

"So what...you're saying that you should take Hinata and Himawari as your wives?"

Sasuke smirked. "I practically already have," he said, "but no, that's not what I'm saying. What I mean is that *polygamous* relationships aren't that much out of the ordinary—a hundred years ago, they were normal, even."

Naruto's eyes widened. "You think we should—" He paused. "Wait. That's *genius*."

"Ino suspected something was amiss before I put her in her place," said Sasuke. "Hanabi as well. Maybe others are suspicious of us, too—so instead of the truth, we give them a plausible alternative."

"So we tell them that you, me, Hinata and Sakura are in a relationship together," Naruto murmured, "but what about Himawari?"

“What about her?” asked Sasuke.

“If she gives birth to a baby that looks like you...”

“The more pressing concern was Hinata,” Sasuke interjected. “If Himawari’s baby looks like me, then so what? She’s a consenting adult—we can either leave her baby’s father a secret or own up to it, either way, it doesn’t matter.”

“You won’t think people will find it strange if they think *Himawari* is a part of this polyagamous relationship of ours?”

“They will,” Sasuke said, “but this isn’t about whether people will find it strange or not. They’ll find the idea of a polygamous relationship in general strange. The point is to preserve your reputation.”

Naruto rubbed his chin. “They won’t think I look weak when they find out you’ve been screwing my daughter?”

“Not if they think you’re fucking mine as well,” Sasuke said, drilling a rhythm on the desk with his fingers.

The blond’s eyes widened. “*Oh.*”

“If push comes to shove and we have to make it publicly clear that Himawari is involved, then we can involve Sarada too while we’re at it. People will think we’re strange—people will think we’re *weird*. But that doesn’t matter, because strange is better than pathetic, and you won’t have any issues with people not respecting your authority.”

Naruto found himself grinning. “I think we’ve got a winner,” he said.

“I thought you would like it,” said Sasuke. “There is one slight hiccup, though.”

“What’s that?”

“We can’t just *tell* people we’re in a polygamous relationship—we have to live like we’re in one, too.”

Naruto frowned. “I think squeezing all of us into my house might be a bit of a tight fit...”

Sasuke laughed. "My house as well," he said. "So we'd better let Hinata now so she can start looking for a place suitable for all of us." His eyes flickered. "Preferably one with plenty of spare rooms for the children."

There was silence for a moment—but only for a moment.

"Wow," Naruto said. "We're really doing this." He turned around in his chair, to face the sun rising over the village he ruled. "If we go through with this, there's no turning back."

Slowly, Sasuke stood.

"You could argue *any* point has been the point of no return," Sasuke said. "Maybe it was the moment I knocked up those two; maybe it was when I turned you into my little bitch. Maybe it was that first very night when I claimed Hinata before your very eyes. What does it matter? We're locked into this."

"Yeah..." Naruto said. "we are."

"I'll go and let Hinata know the news," said the Uchiha. "I want to screw Naruko tonight, so don't take too long with your work."

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*This is the life*, Sasuke thought, as he threw his head back and groaned.

The wet *pop* of her lips sucking around his member was delightful—the way she swirled her tongue made his toes curl. The bobbing of her head, the playful look in her white eyes...Hinata Uzumaki didn't even have to try to appear a sexy little minx. She just was.

Within thirty seconds of walking through the front door, she had glomped him. A hungry look upon her face, Hinata had pushed him onto the couch, undone his pants, and bent her head down to begin her sloppy work.

Now saliva dribbled down her chin, precum smeared across her lips, Sasuke's fat cock resting against her cheek. "God, I love it," she moaned, rubbing her face against it, smearing porcelain white skin with her own saliva. "I wish you could have stayed all last night. I *needed* you."

She kissed his cock, a sly smile on her lips.

"I always admired my sister growing up," Hinata admitted quietly, nuzzling her nose against his shaft. "She picked up things so *quickly*. She was much

younger, and yet, I always felt as if I had to struggle to stay ahead of her. My father wanted to make her the heir at one point.”

“Mhm...” Sasuke hummed, staring down at her.

“I always envied her,” Hinata continued. “when I settled down with Naruto, she got to live—go out on missions, serve our village, impress our father. Me? I just stayed at home, popping out two kids and being the good little house wife.” She sighed, staring up at Sasuke with a smile on her lips.

“Then I saw what you did to her last night. I was worried, I guess.”

“What were you worried about?” Sasuke asked.

Her smile widened.

“I’ve seen you conquer my daughter and my wife...I’ve seen you put your own daughter in her place, and I know exactly what you’ve done to Sakura. And on top of that, you’ve tamed me yourself.” She flushed slightly, not quite able to look him in the eye. “Yet, somehow, I felt as if—as if Hanabi would be able to squirm her way out of being conquered. I never thought she could one up you, but I thought, *maybe*, she would be able to resist just out of spite, to prove that yet again she’s better than me.”

Suddenly, he found himself smirking.

“And how did that work out?”

Hinata laughed.

“You *tamed* her,” she said airily. “She couldn’t see your face, hear your sweet voice, look into those gorgeous eyes...and yet with that cock and those skillful hands, you had her practically frothing at the mouth for more by the time you were done with her.”

“I have a gift; what can I say?”

She laughed again—he smiled, for her laugh could warm anyone’s heart.

“She was so confident; so full of herself. How could *she* be susceptible to the same cock that has me and all those other women fighting for you?” Hinata smiled. “You proved that, and more. You heard her, *begging* for more, wanting it so badly. God, it was so sexy.”

“You liked watching me conquer your sister, hm?”

“I *loved* it,” she admitted. “I wanted to rip that blindfold off, shove her aside and let you have your way with me afterward. I wanted to prove to her that, no matter what, she will *never* be able to please you like I can. She’ll be your little cum slut, and as for me, I’ll always be your favorite. Won’t I?”

He stroked her cheek lovingly.

“We’ll see,” he said teasingly.

She flushed and slapped his thigh. “Oh, *come on*,” Hinata said. “I want to hear you say it at least once.”

He sighed. “At the very least, you’re my favorite fuck.”

“I’ll take what I can get,” Hinata said, “but maybe you could say it with *just* a little enthusiasm? I won’t suck your cock until you do.”

Suddenly, his fingers were entwined in her hair, and he was *rubbing* that gorgeous dick against her face—she closed her eyes, engrossed in the heat of it, the thickness.

“*Not fair...*” she mumbled weakly, but opening her mouth and taking his swollen length between her lips.

Like the dutiful slut she was, Hinata blew him, and blew him, and blew him—

Until he blew.

She stroked him hard and fast, giggling as she felt him throb between her fingertips. He groaned—and then a hot spurt of cum jetted across her face. More followed, and before long, Hinata was bathed in so much of his seed that she didn’t know what to do with it.

When he was spent, he could only moan, falling back and admiring his handiwork with a sly smirk. From forehead to chin she was coated in his cum; already her tongue was springing forth to scoop up what it could, but there was so *much*.

“Thank you,” she said with passion, staring up at him with those snow white eyes, so full of love and adoration.

Just then, they heard the front door unlocked. In walked Himawari Uzumaki—and the first thing she saw was her mother’s face coated in cum, seated before a half-naked man who was most *definitely* not her father.

She pouted. “Fuck,” Himawari swore, flinging the door shut behind her. “I just missed it, didn’t I?”

Still, she wasn’t one to be left out. She flew across the room, nudged Hinata out of the way, and took Sasuke’s still throbbing cock into her warm, awaiting mouth. Hinata pouted—but with her man’s seed still hot upon her face, she couldn’t exactly complain.

When Himawari was done cleaning him off, the two of them climbed upon the sofa, snuggling on either side of him. He pulled them close, and they pressed their heads against his chest, sighing with contentment. Hinata busied herself by cleaning the cum off of her face, and Himawari massaged his cock gently, stroking it with the care of a mother nursing her baby.

“There’s something I need to tell you girls,” and tell them he did.

They listened intently, and when he finished, there was a pregnant silence—the irony was not lost on him.

Himawari smiled. “You practically live here anyway,” she said. “the only thing this is gonna change is that we’re gonna get a nicer, bigger house. *And* you won’t have any excuse to run off at the end of the night.”

“Very good point,” Hinata said. “What will we do about Hanabi and Ino, though?”

“Ino thinks that we’re polygamous already—this will just be a further step in that direction,” said Sasuke. “As for Hanabi...I don’t think this ‘faceless man’ charade will hold up for long.”

He thought back to when she had been walking out of Naruto’s office, that brief moment of eye contact. *She can’t know*, he reasoned, and yet, perhaps her subconscious did. When a woman submitted to a man as she had to him, there was that innate connection that couldn’t be blotted out by a vow of silence and a blindfold.

“When she figures it out,” Sasuke continued, “I’ll have her wrapped around my finger more than I already do, and more likely than not, she’ll go right along with *all* of it.”

He leaned back for a moment.

Sasuke had to admit that, at least to a small extent, he was worried about Ino.

He had gone over to her house and fucked her into submission, that much was true. Yet she had been defiant to the end—not defiant enough to keep her legs closed, perhaps, but he wasn't used to being told *no*. If he commanded any one of his women to drop to their knees and blow him, they would do it in a heartbeat.

*Yet she didn't*, thought Sasuke. *Why?*

It irked his pride—but more importantly, he had promised Sakura that he would tame Ino.

Maybe it was a flash in the pan; he couldn't expect *every woman* he slept with to turn into rabid cum sluts the first time he slept with them. He was sure that bit by bit, night by night, Ino would come into the fold. Yet it hadn't been as easy as it had been with the others...

He sighed.

"Hinata, Himawari...between the two of you, I want the *perfect* house for us," he said, trying to get his mind off of that little blonde minx.

Hinata tapped a finger against her chin. "Is there any criteria?"

He thought about it for a moment.

"As nice as it may sound, I think *all* of us sharing a bed would be rather uncomfortable," Sasuke had to admit. "So we'll need enough beds so that everyone could—theoretically—have their own room."

Hinata counted it in her head. "So that's what, five rooms? Six if you're counting yourself?"

"Don't forget about the children," Himawari chimed in. "they'll need to have their own rooms, not to mention somewhere they can play where they won't run the risk of being traumatized by whatever Sasuke's doing to us."

"Fair point," said Hinata.

"Not to mention Hanabi...and Ino..." Sasuke chewed the inside of his cheek. "I never had any intention of including them into the family *proper*, but you know how that goes. Maybe I'll come around—or maybe, they'll simply insist. Either way, it's best to be prepared."

Hinata breathed a sigh of relief. "So basically we need a really big house, huh?"

Sasuke laughed. “More or less,” he said. “do the two of you think you’re up to the task?”

Himawari and Hinata exchanged a glance.

“Definitely,” Himawari said.

“And if we can’t find somewhere perfect for us, hell, we have the *Hokage* on our side. We could zone out a piece of land and build our own place if we had to.”

There was a twinkle in Sasuke’s eyes. “That sounds expensive...but certainly worth it. Far away, nestled on the very outskirts of town, nice and isolated...”

“With a pool,” Himawari insisted.

Sasuke pictured the lot of them in skimpy bikinis, tits and asscheeks bouncing with every step—*they* pictured Sasuke clad in tight swimming trunks with water glistening down his abs.

Both sides of the spectrum were very pleased with what their minds conjured.

“Agreed,” Hinata and Sasuke said in unison.

They glanced at each other, then laughed.

“You two get a start on that,” Sasuke said. “I need to go home and screw Sarada—she made me promise to come home after I went by Naruto’s office.”

“Oh, come on,” Himawari pouted, brushing a finger up and down his chest. “I’m sure Sarada can wait until you’ve filled us up first...”

Just then, his phone buzzed—he took it out and unlocked the screen once he saw who had sent him the message. It was a video; he pressed play.

“*Oooh...Papa...*” moaned Sarada from his phone speaker, as on the screen was her quite pointedly playing with her dripping wet snatch. “*You’re taking too long...*”

He paused the video.

“Yeah, I think I’d better get going,” Sasuke said. Just then, he got another text—one from Sakura, in response to one he had sent earlier.

*‘Got it,’ it read. ‘I relayed the message to her; happy hunting!’*

“What’s that about?” asked Hinata, having peered over his shoulder to read the message.

“I decided I was going to fuck Ino at some point today,” said Sasuke, as he stood up, pulling his pants back on. “but I wanted the element of surprise. So I had Sakura text her and let her know that I would be over at some time today—but not *when* exactly.” He smirked, as he buttoned up his pants.

“You’re evil,” Hinata said, grinning.

“That poor girl,” Himawari murmured, shaking her head. “she’s going to be seeing your fat cock in every shadow.”

“Definitely the point,” said Sasuke.

They kissed him goodbye—Hinata standing up on her toes, and Himawari quite literally jumping into his arms. When the both of them started tugging at his clothes, though...

“*Stop*,” he said, batting their hands away. “I’ll see both of you later.”

With that, he left.

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When Sakura texted her and let her know that she was due for a good fuck that day, Ino cleared her calendar. She was supposed to go shopping—not anymore. Instead, she let Sai know about her plans, and began to pretty herself up.

*I can’t help it*, she realized, as she applied a hint of makeup here, a hint there. *I need to impress him*.

He had left her a sweaty, flushed mess. Even her minor victory hadn’t meant much in the end—he hadn’t reduced her to *begging* for more, but she had *wanted* to. Now, here she was, only two days later and eagerly anticipating his return.

She pulled on a nice, warm blue dress...one that was the same color as her eyes. It was tight and hugged her frame, with a teasing amount of cleavage that could entice any man.

And beyond that, she wore no underwear, either. *I bet that'll be a nice surprise for him*, thought Ino, as she smoothed out the front of the dress, staring at herself in the mirror.

Once she was ready, Ino didn't know what to do with herself.

Sure, she could find something productive to do—

But what was the point? *She* knew and *he* knew that she would drop everything the instant he showed up.

So she waited. First she sat out in the living room, watching television at a low volume and straining to listen for a knock at the door. When minutes bled into hours, and her legs started falling asleep, Ino got up.

*Where is he?* she thought, tapping her foot against the ground.

She had been meaning to reorganize her kitchen for ages—and so she went in there, starting with one cabinet and doing it bit-by-bit. Every few moments she would stop, and *listen*. Nobody would be there, though, not even Sai who was out training.

Soon, she had her entire kitchen organized from top to bottom. The pantry looked neater than it *ever* had, and she found a box of expired food that must have been hidden in there for years that she threw out.

Ino checked her phone, which she had left in the living room. There was a text from Inojin asking how she was doing...Sai shot her a text, too, asking if he should stop by the store. But there was nothing from Sasuke, or even Sakura.

She bit her lip, debating on whether she ought to text him or not.

*No*, she decided, setting her phone down. *Too desperate*.

At that point, though, the blonde was honest-to-God at a loss for what to do. Maybe he wasn't going to come until dark, she thought. Her nerves were all frazzled...and she was tired to boot. Maybe a brief nap would help her.

She pulled off her dress and slid into bed naked from head-to-toe.

Sleep came easy to her.

Ino dreamt that she was being pampered. Kisses running up and down her body, powerful hands caressing her curves. She groaned, knowing exactly who it was—

"*Sasuke...*"

It was such a wonderful dream; he explored her body, taking in every inch of it. Her lovely tits, her slim hips, her plump ass. Then his hands were between her legs and she was *soaked*, sopping wet just for him.

Then, he was inside of her.

So big, so *fucking big*—she moaned loudly, arching her back, utterly consumed by the pleasure that tore through her.

And suddenly, she realized that she wasn't dreaming at all.

"Fuck, you're tight," Sasuke grumbled into her ear.

Then he slammed himself inside of her to the hilt, and all she saw was white.

When she came to, he loomed over her like a deity. She looked down and saw his cock...slick with her juices, so damn *massive*, achingly thick...and then he buried himself to the hilt inside of her once more and her world went white all over again.

"*Oh my goood—*"

She could hear the words, even if her senses were overloaded. Was it pleasure or pain that was coursing through her? Whatever it was, it was *powerful*, so intense that she grit her teeth and threw her head back.

His fingers were around her throat; he *held* her down, putting the full brunt of his weight down on her.

"I have something I need to tell you," he murmured.

Slowly, he pulled out of her; there was no having a conversation when he was throbbing inside of her. She would be too distracted.

As the pleasure receded, she could only blink up at him—his fingers were still around his throat, her body sandwiched between him and the mattress.

“What- what is it?” she croaked out, her voice weak.

“Sakura *asked* me to break you,” he said to her. With his cock throbbing against her thigh and his fingers still around her neck, all she could think about was getting *fucked*. Still, she tried not to show it.

“...break me?” Ino whispered.

“I think that was the term she used,” Sasuke said. His dark eye was smoky, his *Rinnegan* eye hypnotizing. “She wanted me to bend you to my will—to *fuck* you, until all you desired in life was to serve me.”

He wore a smirk, as if fully aware that he was more than capable of doing just that...and God, she knew he really was.

“Are you not going to do that?”

He tilted his head to the side.

“Oh, Ino,” he said softly, as if offering his condolences. “I could *never* disappoint my wife. The second you agreed to this, your fate was sealed.”

*I thought so*, she thought, as his member continued to pulsate against her thigh.

“Then why bother telling me?” Ino asked.

Sasuke removed his hand from around her throat; instead, he cupped her cheek. *Almost* caringly.

“You’ve been resistant,” Sasuke said. “I can respect that—especially since I know for a fact that all you’ve wanted to do is give in.”

She bit her lip. Acknowledging that he was right would defeat the purpose; trying to deny it, however, seemed fruitless. She chose silence as her answer, and he only laughed at the look on her face.

“So I’m going to offer you an alternative,” Sasuke said.

He eased himself off of the bed—the Uchiha took a few steps back, until he was standing there, massive cock dangling between his legs, her juices dribbling from the tip and down onto the floor.

“What’s the alternative?” Ino asked, pushing herself into a standing position. She devoured his naked body with her eyes, unable to help herself.

“You can *choose* to submit to me,” said Sasuke. He let the words hang in the air for a moment before he continued. “You can be my little slut—you can suck my cock, swallow my loads, and let me fuck and unload into your pussy whenever I want. Your pussy will *always* be on call, and whenever I want it, you’ll push Sai out of your bed if necessary. And in return, I’ll treat you with respect...love you as I would any other girl that’s been in my bed...give you the care that you deserve, and *fuck* you like I know you need to be fucked. Best of all—you can be happy, knowing that you *chose* to do it, instead of me having to screw your brains out until you gave in.”

He smirked at her; *God*, he was so hot. Ino chewed the inside of her cheek, her face flushed, her bosom heaving. The gears twisted in her head.

*This is not what Sai signed up for*, was her first thought.

He had saw this as something of a once every now and then kind of thing—he *definitely* had not anticipated her becoming another man’s slut more or less.

Yes, she would always love him. They would still be married, a family...

But if she went through with this, she would quite literally *belong* to another man. She would be Sasuke’s property. And the worst part is that she knew she would enjoy it; she had made googly eyes at him as a kid, lusted after him as a teenager, and now it seemed only right that she be his property as an adult. Things would at last come full circle.

Sai had never been a speed bump; she really loved him, with all her heart, even if she had seen him as Sasuke-lite at first. He had crept his way into her psyche and truly become her second favorite person, her son being number one.

*But I have to do this.*

It wasn’t like she had a choice.

Sasuke stood there, patient as ever.

Only his cock seemed restless—throbbing and twitching, so big and as fully erect as ever.

*Fuck this. I want his cock in my mouth.*

She crept forward, tiptoeing off of the bed. He smiled as she strode up to him...and slowly, slowly, eased herself down onto her knees.

Ino started at the base—her pretty pink tongue contrasting with the massive appendage. She worked her way up to the tip; then took his swollen length into her mouth.

Just as he had stretched out her pussy, he stretched out her mouth as well. His considerable girth was one thing, but his *length* was another...deepthroating Sai was no problem, but doing the same with Sasuke was about as easy as learning a fire jutsu when your element was water.

In the back of her mind, she knew that her choice was as good as sealed.

Still, with a fat cock pressing at the back of her throat, and this *godlike* man standing over her...Ino couldn't have cared less.

He let her have her fun; when the time came, he practically had to pry her off of his member. She was just so enamored with it, the taste, the texture, the length. Sucking him off felt like a privilege.

"Ready?" he asked.

With a blush on her cheeks reminiscent of Hinata, Ino nodded.

He hefted her up with such ease, as if plucking a feather from the ground.

This time around, everything was *different*.

He was tender this time; loving, in a way. His hands crept up and down her body, cupping her breasts, running over her thighs. His lips were at her neck—then, he was kissing her, and God help her, Ino kissed him back.

"I'm going to blow your mind," he told her, with a sense of finality hanging in the air.

Her only response was to wrap her legs around his waist and beckon him.

The wetness between her thighs was unreal; soaking through the sheets, even. For a moment, she thought about how annoying it was going to be having to wash them—then she saw his cock angling toward her pussy, and all thoughts except *that* left her.

He didn't wait; once again, he eased himself inside of her. There was a stopgap as he struggled to get the mushroom head in there...she was *tight*, and he was so overwhelmingly big, it was only natural.

After that though, it was smooth sailing. He slid inch after inch into her, so much that she wasn't even sure *where* all that cock was going. He could have been burrowing into her womb for all she knew; or even cared, because it felt so damn good that she could hardly give a singular flying fuck.

His fingers crept around her throat once again...he put his weight down on her, again.

Only this time, there was no talking. Instead, he dug in the spurs and began to go to town on her pussy.

Hard, deep, *aching* thrusts that made the whole bed shake—her entire world vibrated, as wave upon wave of pleasure coursed through her. Then he was kissing her again, even as he *fucked* her.

She lost track of time. She lost track of her sense of *self*, really.

Eventually, she found herself on top of him. The angle made it all feel so more visceral, so real. When he throbbed inside of her, it made her feel complete.

And when she rode him, *God*, it was like a reawakening. Bouncing up and down, his hands on her tits, her fingers squeezing his shoulders tightly enough to turn her knuckles white. She was moaning, so loudly, unable to hold them back if she even tried.

Then he was behind her.

*Slamming* into her with wild abandon; her plump asscheeks clapping against his thighs. That big, juicy cock pummeling her pussy so deeply and thoroughly that she was going to be limping for a week.

*"Fuck me, fuck me harder—"* she cried, and fuck her harder he did.

She was putty in his hands, to be moulded to his desires.

But she had *chosen* this.

In the end, Sakura had gotten what she wanted—Ino was going to become Sasuke's little slut. His cum dump, for him to inject a massive load into when he pleased.

Still, she would thank Sasuke to the day she died for at least giving her a *choice* in the matter.

She had *chosen* to become a cum dump.

That was all that mattered in the end.

It didn't end with her on top of him, riding him into oblivion. It didn't end with him behind her, fucking her until her asscheeks were raw.

Of course, it ended with him on top of her, bearing his weight down on her, fucking her so deeply and so passionately that it was all she could do to not screech his name.

He bottomed out inside of her; and he kissed her.

*Warmth* was injected inside of her—an enormous load, so deeply that she wasn't sure if it would ever ooze out.

Sasuke Uchiha filled her up to the brim with his seed and she loved every second of it. She kissed him back, squeezed her legs around him, rubbed his back with her hands and lost herself in him.

Afterward, he held her close, kissing at her neck, at her cheeks. Then he found her lips once more.

It was so intimate, so passionate. She sunk her fingers into his hair and pulled him close, so close that they could almost be considered one.

When they parted, she stared into his eyes.

"If you fuck me like that all the time, you might just have more than a cum dump on your hands," Ino said teasingly. "You *might* just make me fall in love with you."

She meant it, too.

He smirked. "It wouldn't be the first time that's happened," Sasuke told her. "I tend to have that effect on women."

“Maybe it’s your personality,” Ino said brightly. “Or it might be your third-leg-of-a-cock. Who knows?”

Sasuke laughed. She liked the sound of it; her stomach fluttered.

“How long until Sai gets home?” he asked her, as he began to nibble at her neck once again.

“An hour, maybe two,” Ino murmured. “Why? Did you want to go again? I think I might need a little bit...”

“I know you will,” he said, stroking her hair. “But I have something I want to do for you.”

She raised an eyebrow.

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He made her *dinner*.

When she went into the kitchen, she saw brown bags on the counter—both of them were naked still; she was sweaty and disheveled, but he seemed perfectly fine, as if he had gone for a walk and hadn’t just pummeled her from one end of the world to the other.

“Take a shower,” he told her, as he began to pull ingredients out. “It should be ready by the time you’re done.”

“I—*Sasuke*,” Ino said, flushed. “You...”

He smirked at her.

“I gave you a choice,” he said. “You made the correct one. I think that merits a reward, don’t you?”

She smiled, despite herself. “I hope you’re a better cook than Sakura.”

He laughed and gave her a good smack on the ass. “Get to showering,” he said. “I *know* you need it. After what I did to you, it might be best to just take two back-to-back.

“Cocky, much?” She stuck out her tongue.

Of course, her jab didn’t mean *anything* when she quite literally had to limp away from him.

The shower was heavenly. The hot water ran down her body, soothing the aches that had come from the ravishing of her body. Shampoo, rinse, conditioner, rinse—the time passed by, and before she knew it, she was tiptoeing into her room with a towel wrapped tightly around her lush body.

“Damn it,” she swore, as she eyed the bedsheets—they were ruffled and damp, with spots of wetness blatant against the fabric.

Still, that was something to worry about later. She pulled on some underwear, a nice matching blue set that matched her eyes. Then she put on the dress from earlier, smoothing out the front, checking herself out in the mirror.

As she padded into the kitchen, a warm aroma tingled at her nose. She groaned as she caught sight of Sasuke, who was putting the finishing touches on it.

“Udon?” Ino said. She nudged him to the side, inhaling deeply. “Oh my *sweet lord* that smells delicious. Who knew Sasuke Uchiha was a master chef?”

He smiled. “When your eyes let you memorize cook books, it’s more or less just putting the pieces together,” Sasuke told her.

Soon, they sat at the table, saying their prayers quickly before tucking in. It was warm, hot and hearty, filling her belly and making her mouth explode with flavor.

When they finished, she could only stare at him, with hearts in her eyes.

“We should be careful,” Ino said, giggling. “If Naruto caught us eating udon instead of ramen, he might just have us exiled.”

Sasuke stared back at her, tightlipped.

“Actually...speaking of Naruto, there’s something I needed to tell you.”

Ino couldn’t help but full taken aback.

“What did you need to tell me?” she asked, her tone guarded, her expression curious.

“It’s about Naruto,” Sasuke said, drumming a rhythm on the table “And Hinata. The whole situation that I’m—and *you*—are embroiled in.”

Ino frowned. "Is there something going on beyond you sleeping with Hinata?"

Sasuke offered her a smile; a soft, sad one, as if he was saying *sorry* for the fact that he was about to blow her world twice in one day.

"You could say that," was his calm, measured response. "You're my slut now—which means you're entailed to know *just* as much as everyone else."

"Everyone...else...?"

He chuckled at her surprise.

"Let's make this easy by starting from the beginning," Sasuke said. "It all started a few months back, when Naruto came over to our house—"

