

A Life in the Hidden Leaf

Chapter 15

Naruto hit the ground hard in the middle of the crater. The impact sent a visible ripple of natural energy outward through the cracked earth, dust and small stones jumping under the force. Fukasaku clung tight to his shoulder, the old toad's clawed feet digging in for balance. Sage Mode flooded every sense at once—everything sharper, slower, louder. The air stank of dust, blood, and scorched wood. Whole blocks of Konoha were simply gone, reduced to uneven rubble and twisted metal under a sky thick with smoke. Fires still burned in scattered pockets. The silence between distant explosions felt heavier than the noise.

The Deva Path stood in the exact center of the destruction. Red hair stark against the gray. Rinnegan eyes calm and empty. The black rods piercing his face and body caught what little light filtered through the haze. He turned slowly as Naruto rose to his full height, orange eyes locked on him without blinking.

"You're the one," Naruto said. His voice carried cleanly across the open crater. "The one who did this. Who hurt everyone. Kakashi-sensei. The village. You're going to pay for all of it."

Pain's reply came flat and clear, without anger or urgency. "You are the jinchūriki of the Nine-Tails. Hand yourself over and the pain ends. Resist, and more will die. That is the only choice that remains."

Naruto didn't bother answering with words. He slammed his hands together. Natural energy flared bright around him. "Frog genjutsu!"

The technique hit clean. For a split second the Deva Path's body locked in place, the Rinnegan eyes flickering as the genjutsu tried to take hold. Naruto was already moving. A Rasengan formed in his right palm with a rising roar, the spinning sphere of chakra growing dense and loud as he closed the distance in a straight, aggressive line. The ground cracked under his feet with every step.

Pain recovered faster than the genjutsu should have allowed. One hand rose, palm outward. The air between them warped hard, visible distortion spreading outward in a sudden dome.

Shinra Tensei exploded.

The repulsive force slammed into Naruto like a mountain dropped from the sky. He barely got both arms up in time. The impact still launched him backward through the air, cloak whipping, the Rasengan dispersing in a burst of wasted chakra. He twisted mid-flight on pure instinct, spotted a floating chunk of broken masonry, and used a mid-air kick off it to kill some of the momentum. He hit the ground hard on one knee, skidding several meters through broken stone and dust. Blood mixed with grit on his face. Fukasaku grunted from the force but stayed locked on his shoulder.

“He’s strong,” the toad muttered, voice tight. “That repulsion... it’s not just power. It’s control. Careful, boy.”

Naruto wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and pushed himself back to his feet. The grin he wore was thin, but his orange eyes stayed hard and focused. “Yeah. I noticed.” He rolled one shoulder, already gathering more natural energy into his system. The Sage Mode markings held steady. “Doesn’t mean I’m stopping. Not after what he did.”

The Deva Path watched him without expression, red hair barely moving in the smoky wind. “Pointless. Pain is the only teacher that lasts. You will learn that soon enough.”

Naruto settled into a lower stance, natural energy cycling again. “Then I’ll teach you something too. You don’t get to hurt my home and walk away.”

Farther out in the ruined streets, the air was thicker with smoke and the sharper smell of blood. Yasuo moved through it quick. Lightning chakra hummed faintly along his legs and arms, keeping his steps light and precise. Wind stirred along the edge of a kunai only when he needed the extra edge. He didn’t shout orders. He didn’t call attention to himself. He simply worked the gaps the larger fight left open.

A group of civilians was pinned behind a half-collapsed wall—two women, an older man, and a pair of children. A smaller rhino summon, still big enough to crush a cart under one foot, slammed its armored head against the remaining bricks over and over. Dust and broken mortar rained down. The wall wouldn’t last another dozen hits.

Yasuo cut in from the side without slowing. Wind Release sharpened the air into a thin, screaming blade that sliced cleanly across the thick tendons of the beast’s front legs. The summon roared and stumbled, one leg buckling. Lightning followed immediately—short, controlled bursts driven straight into the exposed joints. The animal’s limbs locked and spasmed. It dropped hard enough to shake the street, giving the civilians the seconds they needed.

“Keep low,” Yasuo said, voice steady and clear. He pointed toward the nearest large Katsuyu body glowing soft green in the distance. “Don’t stop until you’re behind the slug. Stay together. Move now.”

The older man grabbed the nearest child and ran. The others followed without hesitation. Yasuo was already gone, cutting toward the next problem before the dust from the fallen summon had settled.

A chunin lay half-buried under a tangle of beams and broken roofing, breathing shallow and wet. Blood pooled under one side of his body in a dark, spreading stain. Yasuo dropped to one knee beside him, hands already glowing soft green with medical chakra. He pressed one palm to the worst of the damage, feeling the torn vessels and the partial collapse of the lung underneath.

The chakra flowed in steady, layered pulses—first sealing the heaviest bleeders, then stabilizing the lung just enough to keep air moving.

The man coughed dark blood, eyes unfocused and glassy with shock. “Didn’t... see it coming...”

“Stay with me,” Yasuo said. His voice stayed calm, almost conversational. “You’re going to triage. Can you walk if I help you up? Nod if you understand.”

A weak nod. Yasuo got an arm under him and hauled him vertical in one smooth motion. The chunin’s legs barely held, but they held. Yasuo half-carried him to a clearer stretch of street and handed him off to a pair of medics already moving under the protective cover of a nearby Katsuyu segment. No long talk. No names exchanged. Just the transfer and the next scan of the street.

Another bird summon dove out of the smoke above, talons extended, screeching. Yasuo met it without breaking stride. A Wind-edged kunai sheared through one wing joint in a single upward cut. Feathers and dark ichor sprayed. The creature crashed hard into a pile of rubble and stayed down, wings twitching once before going still.

He kept moving. Eyes scanning constantly—more wounded, more gaps in the thin defensive lines, more civilians still exposed. The massive Shinra Tensei from earlier had flattened everything in a wide radius. Survivors were scattered and disoriented, easy targets for the remaining summons still prowling the edges of the destruction. Every second counted.

Tsunade’s voice carried over the communication seals from somewhere nearer the center of the remaining coordination. Even through the strain it stayed sharp. “Rotate the medics. Use the slugs for cover. Anyone who can still form seals, reinforce the barriers on the west side. We’re not done. Keep the corridors open.”

Yasuo heard the edge in her voice clearly. The same tight, controlled edge that meant she was already pushing past her limits again and choosing not to show it. He adjusted his path without hesitation, angling toward the nearest large Katsuyu body where the density of wounded and the concentration of command seals told him the coordination was thickest.

The giant slug’s bulk created a temporary wall of protection. Its massive form blocked most of the drifting smoke and flying debris. Soft green healing chakra radiated from its slick surface in steady waves, washing over the wounded being pulled behind it. Medics moved fast and quiet, hands glowing, voices low. The air under the slug’s cover still smelled of blood and dust, but it was cleaner than the open streets.

Tsunade stood near one of the larger segments, feet planted, shoulders squared. Her torn Hokage robe hung open at the front, the fabric stiff with dried blood and fresh sweat. Blonde hair clung to her neck and temples in damp strands. Her heavy tits strained against what little of the robe still covered them, the soft weight shifting with every breath. Dark nipples were visibly stiff and wet where milk had leaked through in irregular patches, soaking the cloth until it clung to the curves. The Strength of a Hundred Seal on her forehead glowed with a faint, steady light.

Every order she gave cost her something. The strain sat in the set of her jaw and the tightness around her golden eyes.

Yasuo stepped into the protected space just as she finished another set of short, clipped commands. Her head turned. Golden eyes found him immediately. For a second the command mask slipped completely. Hunger and exhaustion mixed openly on her face—raw, practical, and already past the point of pretending otherwise.

She didn't speak to the medics or the runners still moving around them. She crossed the short distance, grabbed his wrist hard enough to leave marks, and pulled him sideways. They moved around the curve of the Katsuyu body into a half-collapsed section of what used to be a shop. The walls were broken outward. The roof was mostly gone. Smoke drifted in through the gaps. Distant explosions still rolled across the village. The angle of the remaining walls and the slug's bulk gave them a few moments of relative cover. The air here smelled of blood, dust, scorched wood, and the faint, sweet undercurrent of her milk.

Tsunade shoved him back against a standing section of wall hard enough that the remaining plaster cracked. Her hands were already at his pants, yanking the fabric open with no patience and no preamble. "I can't think straight," she muttered, voice low and rough, almost angry. "Every time I give an order I feel you still inside me from before. It's leaking down my fucking thighs and I can't focus. Every step I take I feel it shifting."

She freed his cock. It was already hard. She wrapped one strong hand around the shaft and stroked once, tight and fast, thumb smearing the bead of precum at the tip. Her golden eyes stayed locked on his. "Reset me. Right now. I need it so I can keep commanding instead of standing out there dripping and useless. I need to feel full again so the noise in my head shuts up for five minutes."

Yasuo didn't waste time with questions or soft words. He spun her around by the hips, pushed her forward until her hands braced hard against the broken wall, and yanked the remains of her pants and underthings down in one rough motion. The fabric caught briefly at her thick thighs before he shoved it lower. Her powerful ass was bare—full, soft, and marked faintly from earlier. The skin was warm under his hands. Between her legs she was a mess. Her pussy was slick with her own arousal and the thick, creamy remnants of his previous loads still leaking from her stretched entrance in slow white trails that ran down the insides of her heavy thighs. The smell of it hit him immediately—musky, sweet, mixed with the milk and the smoke outside.

He lined up and shoved in hard.

Tsunade's mouth opened in a silent gasp. Her walls were still loose and wet from before, but the sudden thick stretch made her push back immediately, seeking more. The wet sound of him burying himself to the hilt was loud in the small space—obscene and unmistakable. Her heavy tits swung forward under the open robe with the force of the thrust, soft weight dragging, stiff nipples scraping against the rough wall. Milk smeared across the broken plaster in faint wet streaks.

“Fuck—yes,” she hissed, voice tight. “Just like that. Don’t be gentle. I don’t have time for gentle. Leave me walking funny so I remember it while I’m giving orders.”

He gripped her wide hips hard, fingers sinking into the soft flesh, and started thrusting deep and steady. The slap of his hips against her thick ass filled the ruined shop. Each impact made her full cheeks ripple and jiggle, the flesh bouncing back against him. Milk leaked steadily from her nipples with every hard thrust, dripping in thin streams onto the dusty floor between her braced feet. The smell of sex rose quickly—musky and wet, undercut by the sweetness of the milk and the sharp tang of sweat.

Tsunade kept one hand pressed flat to the wall for balance. The other activated a communication seal with practiced speed. Her voice came out strained but still carried the full weight of command. “West barrier team—hold position. Do not advance. Medics, keep rotating through Katsuyu. Anyone who can still walk, get the civilians further back under cover. Acknowledge.”

She cut the seal the moment the order was done and looked back over her shoulder. Golden eyes were glassy, pupils wide. Her mouth stayed open as she panted. A flush had already climbed her neck and cheeks. “Harder. I can still feel the last load shifting inside me every time you bottom out. It’s so fucking deep and it’s still not enough. Fuck it deeper. Make me stop thinking about the crater and the bodies and the next wave for five minutes. Just five.”

Yasuo reached around her torso and mauled one heavy tit without slowing his thrusts. His fingers sank deep into the soft, warm flesh, squeezing and lifting the weight. He pinched the stiff nipple hard between thumb and forefinger until a thicker stream of milk sprayed across his hand and splattered against the wall. At the same time he fisted his other hand in her damp blonde hair and pulled her head back, arching her spine so her ass pushed out harder against him. The new angle let him drive deeper. The wet squelch of her pussy taking every thrust grew louder and messier—slick, filthy, continuous. Outside, the distant roar of fighting and the occasional explosion rolled on without pause.

“You’re soaked,” he said against her ear, voice low and rough. His hips kept the hard, steady rhythm, each stroke burying him to the base. “Still full of me from before and still this wet. Your pussy’s gripping like it doesn’t want to let go. Every time I pull back it tries to suck me back in.”

Tsunade’s breath hitched hard. Her fingers scraped against the broken wall, nails dragging through dust and cracked plaster. Milk continued to leak from both nipples in steady drips, running down the undersides of her heavy tits in thin white trails before dripping to the floor between her braced feet. The wet sounds of their bodies meeting filled the small ruined space without pause—skin slapping skin, the filthy continuous squelch of his cock working in and out of her messy, cum-filled pussy, the low grunt of impact every time his hips met the soft give of her ass.

“Don’t talk,” she panted, though her hips pushed back to meet every thrust anyway. Her voice was rough, almost angry with need. “Just fuck me. Harder. I need to feel it when I walk back out

there. I need to feel you leaking out of me while I'm standing in front of the others giving orders. Reset me properly. Make it deep enough that I can't ignore it."

Yasuo pulled her hair tighter in his fist and drove in harder. The force made her thick ass ripple and jiggle with every sharp slap of his hips. The soft flesh bounced back against him, warm and full. Her walls clenched around his cock in greedy, rhythmic pulses, trying to hold him inside on every stroke. The smell of sex and milk was thick enough to taste—musky, sweet, undercut by sweat and the drifting smoke from outside. Distant explosions continued to shake the ground under their feet, but neither of them slowed.

Tsunade moaned, the sound half-swallowed so it wouldn't carry past the Katsuyu body. Her face was flushed dark, brows drawn tightly together, mouth open as she panted against the wall. Every hard thrust made her heavy tits sway and bounce under the torn open robe, the soft weight swinging forward and back, stiff nipples still leaking in thin streams that ran down the curves and dripped steadily to the floor.

"Because I needed it the second that big push hit," she rasped, pushing her ass back harder to take him deeper. "I was standing there giving orders with your cum running down my legs and all I could think about was getting you back inside me. It was dripping out of me while I was trying to keep people alive. Now stop talking and fuck me until I can breathe again. Harder. I can take it."

He gave her exactly that. The pace stayed rough and relentless. His hips slammed into her with steady, powerful force. Her thick thighs shook under the impact. The flesh of her ass rippled and reddened with every slap of skin on skin. Milk continued to leak in thin streams that ran down the full curves of her tits and dripped onto the dusty floor in small wet spots. The wet sounds grew louder and messier as more of his previous load was fucked out of her with each deep stroke and replaced by fresh, slick arousal. The squelch was continuous, filthy, unmistakable.

Outside, another explosion shook the ground hard enough to send a fresh rain of dust down from the broken roof. Tsunade's hand went back to the communication seal without breaking the rhythm of her hips. Her voice came out strained but still carried command. "Hold the line on the east side—do not engage the main body. Fall back to the slug cover if pressure increases. Acknowledge and keep the corridors open."

Her voice cracked on the last word as Yasuo drove particularly deep, the head of his cock pushing hard against her deepest point. She cut the seal immediately and pushed her ass back harder, almost demanding. "Don't you dare stop. I'm close already. I can feel it building. Cum inside me again. Fill me so I can feel it while I keep giving orders. I need it dripping out of me when I walk back out there."

Her first orgasm hit hard. Her walls clamped down in tight, pulsing waves that squeezed and milked his cock. A broken, muffled moan escaped her throat. Her legs trembled badly. More milk sprayed from her nipples in short, forced bursts as the climax ripped through her, splattering against the wall and running down the heavy undersides of her tits. Yasuo kept thrusting through

it without slowing, using the way her pussy fluttered and squeezed to keep the friction high and sharp. The wet sounds turned even messier as her release mixed with the cum already inside her and ran down the insides of her shaking thighs.

He pulled out only long enough to spin her around. Tsunade's back hit the broken wall. He hooked one of her thick thighs high against his hip, opening her up, and drove back into her from the front in one hard thrust. The new angle let him go even deeper. A wet, filthy sound accompanied the full burial. Her heavy tits bounced hard between them with every thrust, the soft flesh meeting and separating, stiff nipples still leaking thin streams that smeared across his chest and the open front of her robe. She wrapped both arms around his neck for leverage and met every stroke with her hips, golden eyes half-lidded and glassy.

"Look at you," she panted, face twisted with pleasure and leftover strain. Her voice was hoarse. "Fucking the Hokage while the village is burning and I'm still trying to run the defense. You're pumping me full again and I can't stop pushing back for more."

Yasuo gripped her thick ass with both hands, mauling the soft, full cheeks hard, fingers digging deep into the warm flesh. He spread her open wider so he could bury himself to the base on every stroke. The wet slap of their bodies continued without rhythm breaks—skin on skin, the continuous filthy squelch of his cock driving in and out of her messy, cum-slick pussy. The smell of sex and milk filled the enclosed space completely, thick and heady under the drifting smoke.

She came a second time with a muffled cry against his shoulder, thighs shaking hard around his hips. More cream forced out around his shaft and ran down between them in warm, wet trails. Her heavy tits pressed tight to his chest, still leaking. Yasuo didn't stop. He kept the pace brutal, using the aftershocks and the way her walls fluttered to drive her higher again without giving her time to recover.

A third orgasm followed close behind, smaller but sharp. Tsunade's face went slack for a moment, mouth open, golden eyes unfocused and wet at the corners. A short, broken sound left her throat. Milk continued to leak steadily down the front of her body in thin streams, soaking further into the torn robe. When she could speak again her voice was low and hoarse, almost wrecked.

"Cum in me. Now. I need to feel it. I need to walk back out there with you dripping out of me so I remember why I can still stand. Fill me. Do it."

Yasuo buried himself to the hilt and let go. Thick ropes of cum pumped deep into her in heavy pulses, flooding the already messy channel until it leaked out around his cock in visible white trails that ran down over his balls and her inner thighs. Tsunade moaned through it, rolling her hips in slow, greedy circles to take every drop, her walls still milking him in weak aftershocks. The wet sound of it was soft and filthy in the small space.

They stayed locked together for a few breaths. The sounds of the ongoing battle filtered in around the edges of the Katsuyu body—distant explosions, the roar of remaining summons, the

crackle of jutsu. Tsunade's hand found the communication seal again. Her voice came out steadier now even if her legs still trembled against him.

"All units—status reports. Keep the lines open. We're still in this. Rotate the medics and hold the corridors."

She looked at Yasuo, golden eyes clearer, the sharp desperate edge dulled for the moment. Milk still leaked faintly from her nipples into the ruined robe. "We're not done. When the next lull hits, I want more. But right now I need to get back out there before someone notices the Hokage disappeared behind a slug."

Yasuo pulled out slowly. A thick mix of fresh cum and her own juices ran down the insides of her heavy thighs in visible white trails, soaking into the fabric of her pants as she dragged them back up without cleaning anything. The material darkened immediately with the mess, clinging to her skin. She straightened her torn robe as best she could, heavy tits still leaking faintly against the cloth in small wet patches, and stepped back toward the open space under the Katsuyu's cover.

"Stay useful," she said over her shoulder, the full command tone already returning to her voice. "I'll find you again when I need another reset."

Yasuo adjusted his own clothes, smoothed the worst of the dust and sweat from his face, and moved out the other side of the cover without answering. His body still carried the heat of what had just happened, but the streets didn't care. He was already scanning for the next group of wounded or the next summon still active in the smoke. The crater was still smoking in the distance. Naruto's chakra signature flared bright and furious there as the fight with the Deva Path continued without pause.

Tsunade stepped out from behind the Katsuyu body and back into the open as if she hadn't just been fucked full again in a half-collapsed shop. Her posture was straight, her voice already rising in new orders that cut through the noise of triage and distant explosions. The dark patches on her robe and the faint wetness between her thighs were easy to miss under the dirt and chaos if no one looked too closely. She gave them no reason to look.

Yasuo cut away from the protected zone and back into the ruined streets. The air was thicker here—smoke, blood, the sharp ozone of spent jutsu. A group of genin was pinned near a burning storefront, backs against the remaining wall. Two remaining bird summons circled low, talons extended, screeching as they dove in alternating passes. The kids had kunai out but their stances were tight with fear; one of them was bleeding from a shallow cut across the forearm.

Yasuo crossed the distance fast. Lightning chakra sharpened his speed without flash. Wind Release layered along the edge of his kunai until the air around the metal screamed. He sheared through one wing joint on the first bird in a clean upward cut. Feathers and dark ichor sprayed. The second bird banked toward him. He met it with a short, precise Lightning burst that locked its wings mid-dive, then finished the wing joint with a second Wind-edged slash. Both creatures dropped hard into the rubble and stayed down, twitching once before going still.

He pointed the genin toward the nearest glowing slug body without raising his voice. “Move. Don’t look back. Stay low and keep together until you’re under the green light.”

The oldest of the genin swallowed hard, nodded once, and herded the others into a run. Yasuo didn’t watch them go. He was already turning toward the next problem.

Further on, a squad of chunin was forming up at the mouth of a side street, clearly preparing to push through. Yasuo knew that street. In the original sequence of the invasion it funneled straight into the path of a larger remaining rhino summon that was still mobile and angry. The chunin would walk into it at close range with no room to maneuver.

He intercepted the squad leader before the group fully committed—a scarred chunin with a blood-streaked flak vest and tired eyes.

“Hold,” Yasuo said, voice calm and even. “That path is compromised. There’s a heavy summon still active further in. Fall back two blocks and link with the barrier team on the west side. You’ll cover more ground, stay out of the open, and keep your people breathing.”

The squad leader hesitated only a second, glancing down the smoke-choked street, then back at Yasuo. Whatever he saw in Yasuo’s expression was enough. He gave a short, sharp nod and turned the group with a few clipped hand signals. No long explanation. No one asked how Yasuo knew. No credit was taken. Just the adjustment that kept the squad from walking into a killing funnel. They moved out in good order.

Near one of the larger Katsuyu segments, a medic with a blood-streaked vest and tightly pulled hair was coordinating the flow of wounded into the green healing field. Her hands were steady even if her face was pale with fatigue. She looked up as Yasuo passed another stabilized shinobi—a chunin with a sealed chest puncture—into the soft glow of the slug’s chakra.

“The new protocols are holding,” she said, voice tired but steady. She wiped the back of her wrist across her forehead, leaving a smear of someone else’s blood. “Senju Initiative training. The extra medical chakra control, the faster vessel work—we drilled it until people complained. Half these people would already be gone without it. Tell the Hokage it’s working when you see her. She needs the good news as much as we do.”

Yasuo gave a short nod. “I’ll pass it on.”

He kept moving. In the distance, Naruto’s chakra signature flared bright and furious again as another exchange with the Deva Path shook the crater. The repulsive force rolled outward in a visible distortion. The fight was still going. The village was still bleeding. But the lines were holding longer than they should have, and the number of preventable deaths was lower than the scale of the destruction suggested.

Tsunade’s voice carried once more over the seals, strong and clear despite everything. “All units, maintain current corridors. Do not overextend. Medics, keep the rotation tight. We’re still standing.”

Whatever reset she had taken behind the slug, it was keeping her on her feet and her voice steady. For now.

Naruto skidded across broken stone again, the edge of another Shinra Tensei still ringing in his ears and vibrating through his bones. Fukasaku's grip tightened on his shoulder hard enough to dig in. The Deva Path hadn't moved from the center of the crater. Every time Naruto closed the distance—Rasengan spinning in his palm, natural energy flaring bright around the Sage Mode markings—the same invisible wall of force slammed him back with controlled, overwhelming power. Dust and blood mixed on his face. His breathing stayed steady, but the frustration was starting to show in the set of his jaw and the tightness around his orange eyes.

"He's waiting me out," Naruto muttered, pushing himself back up to one knee. "Trying to make me burn through the Sage Mode. Every time I get close he just shoves me away like I'm nothing."

"Then don't give him what he wants," Fukasaku replied, voice low and firm near his ear. "Keep the pressure, but don't waste the natural energy on pure force. Look for the opening. He's calm because he thinks he has all the time in the world. Make him work for it."

Naruto wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, smearing the grit and blood, and pushed fully to his feet again. He formed the seals for another frog technique, natural energy swirling tight and controlled this time instead of wild. The Deva Path raised one hand in response, calm and mechanical, red hair barely moving in the smoky wind. The air between them began to warp and distort as the next Shinra Tensei gathered.

Farther out in the ruined streets, Yasuo felt the pressure change even from a distance—the subtle shift in the air that came with another major repulsion wave. The remaining Animal Path summons were getting more aggressive, as if the main fight in the crater was stirring them into a final push. A large armored crab, one of the last big ones still mobile, was forcing a mixed group of chunin and civilians toward an open intersection. Its heavy claws snapped through what was left of a defensive wall like it was paper, sending bricks and dust flying. The civilians were panicking. The chunin were trying to hold a line that kept collapsing under the sheer weight of the summon.

Yasuo cut in from the flank at speed. Wind Release layered along both kunai this time, the air around the sharpened edges screaming in a high, thin whine. He went low, slicing across the thick joints of the front legs in two clean, powerful arcs. Dark ichor sprayed under pressure. The crab staggered, one leg buckling. Lightning followed immediately—short, controlled bursts driven straight into the exposed seams of the armor where the Wind cuts had opened gaps. The summon's limbs locked and spasmed under the overload. It crashed sideways hard enough to shake the street and send a fresh cloud of dust into the air, giving the trapped group the

seconds they needed to scatter toward the nearest Katsuyu body glowing green in the middle distance.

“Keep moving,” Yasuo told the nearest chunin, voice steady and clear. “Don’t cluster. Spread out under the slug cover and keep the civilians in the middle. Go.”

He didn’t wait for thanks or acknowledgment. Another bird summon dove from the smoke above, screeching, talons extended toward a medic who was trying to drag a wounded genin clear. Yasuo met it mid-dive with a single Wind-edged slash that took one wing clean off at the joint. The creature spiraled out of control and slammed into a pile of rubble, feathers and ichor scattering. It didn’t get up.

The streets were quieter than they had been an hour ago, but the quiet was the dangerous kind. The random roaring of big summons had thinned out. Survivors were concentrated now under the glowing green fields of the Katsuyu bodies and the remaining barrier lines. The open gaps between those protected zones felt wider. The big summons were fewer. That meant the real threat was shifting—away from chaotic destruction and toward something more deliberate, more focused.

Tsunade’s voice came over the seals again, still strong, but the strain was starting to bleed through the edges if you knew how to listen for it. The usual steel was there, but it sat on top of exhaustion she refused to name. “All barrier teams hold current positions. Do not chase. Medics, prioritize the ones who can still fight and get them back on the line. We’re not folding. Hold.”

Yasuo adjusted his path toward the largest concentration of Katsuyu bodies. The green glow was steady and wide, washing over rows of wounded laid out on makeshift tarps and broken doors. The number of people being pulled under the protective fields kept growing. Medics moved in tight, tired circuits. The air smelled of blood, antiseptic tags, and the faint clean scent of medical chakra.

He dropped into the triage line without announcement. His hands were already glowing soft green as he took the next critical case—a jonin with a deep puncture through the side, the kind that bubbled blood with every shallow breath. The man’s face was gray. Yasuo pressed one palm to the wound, feeling the torn vessel and the partial collapse underneath. Medical chakra sealed the heaviest bleeder first in layered pulses, then stabilized the lung just enough to keep air moving and buy time for a full team. The jonin’s breathing eased from wet panic to something survivable. Two medics moved in, lifted him, and carried him deeper under the slug’s cover. Yasuo was already turning to the next one—a chunin with a crushed forearm and a head wound that kept reopening. Seal the vessels. Reduce the swelling. Pass him back. Keep the line moving.

Shizune appeared at the edge of the field, face pale under a layer of dirt and dried blood, arms full of fresh supply scrolls and clean bandages. Her usual neatness was gone. She caught

Yasuo's eye as he finished sealing another arterial bleeder and wiped his hands on a rag that was already too red.

"The Initiative training is the only reason half these people are still breathing," she said, voice low and tight. She set the supplies down with more force than necessary. "The extra control, the faster vessel work, the way we drilled prioritization until everyone complained—it's buying us time. Real time. Tell Tsunade-sama the protocols are holding when you see her. She's going to need the good news. She's burning herself down to keep this together."

Yasuo gave a short nod. "I'll tell her."

He kept working. He didn't need to seek Tsunade out to know where she was. Her chakra signature was a constant, heavy presence near the center of the coordination—bright with the Strength of a Hundred Seal. He could feel the drain even from the triage line. Every order she gave, every second the seal stayed active, pulled more out of her.

A messenger ran up to the triage line hard enough that his sandals skidded on the broken stone. His face was streaked with dust and sweat. "Deva Path is moving. He's not staying in the crater anymore. He's pushing toward the remaining high-value clusters—anyone who still has rank or useful intelligence. Command wants all mobile units ready to intercept."

That matched what Yasuo already knew was coming. The test phase was over. The Deva Path was done waiting. Yasuo finished the current seal on a genin's thigh, wiped the worst of the blood off his hands, and stepped away from the immediate line. Two full squads of chunin were already forming up near a broken avenue that opened toward the crater's edge, flak vests secured, weapons out. They were clearly preparing to move on an intercept course. It would put them on open ground against a controlled, overwhelming repulsion force. It would get most of them killed.

Yasuo intercepted the lead jonin before the group fully committed. The man was older, one eye scarred, the kind who had survived enough to think he could read a battlefield by instinct alone.

"Wrong approach," Yasuo said, voice calm and even, just loud enough to carry to the squad leaders. "He's baiting the open ground. That avenue funnels straight into his range. Fall back to the secondary barriers on the north side and link with the remaining Akimichi support. You'll force him to come to you instead of walking into the push. You'll keep your people alive longer."

The jonin frowned hard, glanced toward the smoke rising from the crater, then back at Yasuo. For a second it looked like he might argue—rank, urgency, the need to do something. The two squads shifted restlessly behind him. Then the jonin exhaled through his nose, gave a short, sharp nod, and turned the squads with a series of clear hand signals. The redirection was clean. No long speech. No one asked how Yasuo knew the Deva Path's next move. They just moved, peeling away from the killing ground and angling toward the stronger defensive line.

In the distance, another heavy Shinra Tensei ripple rolled through the air, strong enough to make the remaining windows rattle and dust sift down from broken roofs. Naruto's chakra flared

in response—bright, furious, still wrapped in Sage Mode, but the signature was being forced farther from the center with each exchange. The Deva Path was controlling the pace now, pushing the fight where he wanted it, step by measured step.

Yasuo felt the shift and adjusted again. A remaining pack of smaller dog-like summons from the Animal Path had slipped the edges and was trying to flank a civilian evacuation line moving under partial Katsuyu cover. The animals were fast, low to the ground, eyes reflecting the fires. Yasuo cut across their path with a wide, hard Wind gust that knocked the lead animals off their feet and sent two tumbling into rubble. Precise Lightning bursts followed into the densest part of the pack—short, controlled, aimed at joints and nerves. The pack scattered in yelping disorder. The civilians kept moving, herded by a pair of genin who looked half their age and twice as determined.

Tsunade's voice came over the seals once more. This time the strain was clearer, the edges of the words worn thin. "North barrier—reinforce. Do not let them split the line. Medics, keep the rotation tight. Anyone who can still stand, get back on the field. We are not breaking here."

There was a short pause. The seal stayed open just long enough for something quieter to slip through, almost to herself but still carried by the channel: "I need another minute. Just one."

Yasuo knew exactly what that meant. The earlier reset had bought her time and clarity, but the Strength of a Hundred Seal and the constant weight of command were burning through it. The milk stains on her robe would be worse by now. The mess between her thighs from earlier would still be there, sticky and warm with every step, a private distraction she refused to let show. She was holding. The cracks were starting to show anyway.

He finished redirecting the last nearby group of stragglers toward cover and started cutting a path toward her position through the smoke and rubble. Behind him the triage line kept moving under Shizune's tight control. Ahead, Tsunade's chakra signature burned steady and costly.

Naruto's chakra signature spiked again—higher, sharper, a bright flare of natural energy—then got shoved hard to the side by another repulsion wave. The Deva Path was no longer content to wait in the center of the crater. He was forcing the jinchūriki into the open, toward ground where the other Paths could join the fight without interference.

The classic stretch was beginning.

Yasuo moved faster.

The pressure in the air changed again. Another Shinra Tensei rolled out from the crater, heavier than the last, a deep concussive rip that made the ground itself feel briefly lighter. Naruto was launched sideways through a broken row of what used to be storefronts, body tumbling hard across rubble and shattered wood before he caught himself on one knee and one hand. Fukasaku stayed locked on his shoulder, but the old toad's voice was tighter now, closer to his ear.

“He’s forcing the field,” Fukasaku said. “Don’t let him dictate the ground. If he gets you into the open the others will come.”

Naruto wiped blood from his mouth with the back of his hand and pushed back to his feet. The grit on his skin mixed with the smear. Sage Mode still held—the orange eyes, the pigmentation markings, the way every sound and shift of air landed sharper and slower than normal—but the continuous repulsion was eating into the natural energy reserves faster than he liked. Each full-power Shinra Tensei cost him distance, time, and a chunk of the carefully balanced energy Fukasaku helped him maintain. The Deva Path was no longer standing still in the center of the crater. He advanced in short, measured steps, red hair stark against the smoke and dust, Rinnegan eyes calm. Every movement herded Naruto toward the wider open stretches at the edge, ground where the remaining Paths could converge without the crater’s uneven footing and broken masonry getting in the way.

“Yeah,” Naruto muttered, settling his stance again, feet finding purchase on loose stone. “I see it.”

He formed another Rasengan anyway. The sphere roared to life in his palm, dense and loud, the spiral of chakra reflecting in his orange eyes. He charged. The Deva Path raised a hand, calm and mechanical, as if the outcome was already decided. The air warped. The repulsive force slammed into Naruto again, lifting him off his feet and throwing him backward. This time he used it—twisting mid-air with the enhanced control Sage Mode gave him, spotting a floating chunk of debris, and kicking off it hard enough to change trajectory. He landed closer to the edge of the crater instead of deeper in, one knee down, one hand braced. It bought him a few seconds of better positioning and a slightly clearer line of sight. Not enough. Not nearly enough.

The real fight was still coming. He could feel it in the way the Deva Path kept advancing, patient and inevitable.

Yasuo felt the shift from several streets away—the subtle change in pressure that came with another major repulsion wave, followed by the way the remaining summons seemed to answer it. The last of the larger Animal Path creatures were being driven inward as if responding to the main body’s movement, pressed into the narrowing gaps where survivors still moved. A pair of remaining armored dogs, plates scarred and cracked from earlier fights, and one limping rhino remnant with a ruined front shoulder were pushing a scattered group of chunin toward an exposed avenue. The chunin were trying to hold a fighting retreat; the avenue would strip them of cover in under a minute.

Yasuo cut across the gap at speed, Lightning chakra keeping his steps light over broken stone. Wind Release sharpened the air in a wide, low arc that swept the legs out from under the lead dogs. Both animals went down hard, claws scrabbling. Lightning followed in tight, controlled bursts that locked their limbs before they could recover, overloading nerves and joints. The rhino tried to charge through the opening anyway, head down, good horn leveled. Yasuo met it with a

focused Wind blade that carved across the already damaged front shoulder, deepening the wound and spraying dark ichor. He drove a precise Lightning pulse straight into the open injury. The beast's front leg gave out. It staggered, listed sideways, and went down hard enough to crack the pavement and send a shudder through the street.

"Move," he told the chunin, voice steady and clear over the settling dust. "North barriers. Don't stay in the open. Keep your spacing and go."

They ran. He didn't watch them go. Movement above caught his eye—a small cluster of bird summons diving out of the smoke toward a medical team transferring wounded under the edge of Katsuyu cover. The medics had their hands full with stretchers and supporting shoulders; they wouldn't see the dive in time. Yasuo's kunai were already in his hands. Wind Release layered along the edges. He dropped two of the birds mid-air with clean, cutting throws that sheared wings and sent the bodies tumbling. The third he stunned with a short, direct Lightning burst that locked its wings and dropped it into a pile of rubble. The medics kept moving without breaking stride, only one of them glancing back long enough to register that the threat was gone.

The streets were thinning out. Most of the remaining survivors were either under slug protection or already redirected into the secondary lines. The big summons were nearly gone, reduced to scattered bodies and fading chakra signatures. That left the real problem exposed: the Deva Path was deliberately collapsing the field, clearing the board so the other Paths could join without interference from random summons or scattered resistance.

Tsunade's voice came over the seals again. The strain was unmistakable now—the steel still present, but worn thin at the edges by the constant burn of the Strength of a Hundred Seal and the weight of every decision. "All remaining combat units—do not engage the Deva Path directly. Hold the secondary lines and protect the evacuation corridors. Medics, keep the rotation. We are not breaking."

There was a short pause, the channel still open. Then a quieter edge entered her voice, the command mask slipping just enough to let the fatigue show: "I need a status on the north barrier. Now."

Yasuo finished sealing a deep gash on a half-conscious genin—the cut had gone through the outer thigh and nicked something that kept welling—and passed the boy into the green healing field of the nearest Katsuyu body. The soft glow took him. Shizune was there again, face drawn under the dirt, dark eyes tracking the flow of wounded with sharp, tired efficiency. Her hands never stopped moving—pointing, adjusting, redirecting medics to the next critical case.

"She's burning through the seal too fast," Shizune said under her breath as Yasuo stepped up beside her. She didn't look away from the line. "The Initiative protocols are keeping the triage from collapsing. The extra control, the prioritization drills—it's the only reason we still have a line at all. But if she keeps pushing like this she's going to hit the wall hard. Tell her the numbers are holding. She needs to hear it. She won't stop otherwise."

Yasuo gave a short nod. "I will."

He cut toward Tsunade's position through the thinning smoke. He found her near the largest remaining Katsuyu segment, one hand pressed to the glowing diamond seal on her forehead as if she could physically hold the chakra in, the other still forming short command seals between orders. Her torn robe was heavier with sweat and milk stains; dark patches had spread across the fabric over her heavy tits where the leaking had continued under the stress. Between her thighs the earlier mess had soaked through the pants completely, sticky and obvious with every shift of her stance if anyone had the time to look. No one did. Her golden eyes were still sharp when they landed on him, but the exhaustion underneath was no longer fully hidden—the slight tightness at the corners, the way she held her shoulders.

She saw him and didn't waste words. "Status."

"North barrier is holding," Yasuo said. "Remaining summons are down or scattered. Most combat units are on the secondary lines like you ordered. The Deva Path is forcing Naruto toward open ground. He's done testing. He's setting the field for the others."

Tsunade's jaw tightened. She activated the communication seal again, voice cutting clean across the channel despite the cost. "All units, final adjustment—collapse the outer lines and reinforce the inner corridors. Do not chase. Make him come to us. Protect the evacuation routes and keep the medics moving."

She cut the seal and looked at Yasuo for a half-second longer than necessary. The need was still there under the command mask, raw and practical, the same need that had dragged him behind the slug earlier. Her golden eyes flicked once over his face. "The reset earlier is wearing off. I can feel it. If this stretches much longer I'm going to need another one just to stay on my feet and keep the seal stable. Stay close enough that I can find you when it happens."

"Understood," Yasuo said.

She turned back to the field without another word, already forming the next set of orders. Her hands moved with the same sharp precision they always had, but the faint tremor of exhaustion sat underneath if you knew where to look. Yasuo moved with her, staying in the supporting range without drawing eyes or interrupting the flow of runners and medics. A pair of chunin dashed past with a stretcher. A medic called for more seal tags. The green glow of the nearest Katsuyu body pulsed steadily over the rows of wounded. Another heavy repulsion wave rolled out from the crater, deep and concussive, strong enough to make the remaining standing walls shudder and send a fresh rain of dust down from broken rooftops. Naruto's chakra signature flared bright in response—still wrapped in Sage Mode, still fighting—then got shoved hard to the east, farther from the protected zones, closer to the open stretches where the other Paths could enter cleanly and without obstacle.

The board was set.

The Deva Path was done testing. He was setting the board for the full assault.

Yasuo watched the direction of the latest repulsion for half a second longer, then cut away from Tsunade's immediate circle. One last squad of chunin was forming up near a cracked corridor that looked like a shortcut toward the crater's edge. It wasn't. The angle would put them directly into the open ground the Deva Path was clearing. Yasuo intercepted the squad leader with a raised hand and a calm, level voice.

"Wrong corridor," he said. "That path dumps you into the open with no cover and no support. Fall back to the inner line and link with the barrier team already holding there. You'll do more good alive than you will trying to meet him head-on."

The squad leader—a young jonin with a blood-streaked face and tight jaw—looked like he wanted to argue. The urgency in the air made every delay feel like cowardice. Then he glanced east, toward the direction Naruto's chakra had been forced, and the reality of the open ground landed. He gave a short nod.

"Understood. Redirecting."

The squad turned cleanly. Yasuo didn't watch them go. He returned to the triage edge where the green glow of Katsuyu's healing chakra washed over another line of wounded. Medics moved in practiced circuits. The soft light covered a jonin with a freshly sealed chest wound, a pair of genin with matching arm injuries, an older chunin breathing through the last of a lung stabilisation. The Senju Initiative training was still buying minutes that would have been deaths an hour ago—the faster vessel work, the cleaner prioritisation, the extra control under pressure. It wasn't enough to stop what was coming. It was enough to keep the village from folding completely while the real fight rearranged itself.

In the distance, Naruto was forced back another twenty meters. The orange glow of Sage Mode still burned around him, visible even through the smoke as a sharp, defiant signature, but the angle of the fight had changed. The Deva Path was no longer alone in controlling the space. Other chakra signatures—cold, distinct, wrong—were beginning to move into position around the eastern open ground. The other Paths were answering the call.

Tsunade's voice carried one more time over the seals, steady despite the cost that sat under every word. The Strength of a Hundred Seal still glowed on her forehead. The milk stains on her robe had spread further. The earlier mess between her thighs would still be there with every step, but none of it reached her voice.

"Hold the lines," she ordered. "Protect the corridors. Keep the medics moving and the wounded under cover. We are still in this. Do not break."

Yasuo checked the edge of the field one last time. The triage line was holding under Shizune's direction. The secondary barriers were manned. The last of the big summons were down. There was nothing more for him to redirect here. He turned toward the new direction of Naruto's chakra signature—the bright, stubborn flare of Sage Mode being pushed steadily east—and started cutting through the rubble and smoke.

The real fight was about to start.

The Six Paths were coming.