

25

Title: Tree Walking? You Mean Breeze Walking

Hentai Shinobi Rule 25: If she can kill, she's good enough to make this meat spill (AYO?!)

The first week of the year in Konoha was not just a 'New Year's' celebration but also a 'survivor's' celebration. The population gathered to honor the departed souls, and their sacrifices were a testament to Konoha's continued existence. It was a sincere, yet not somber, occasion. Hashirama Senju's belief was clear—the fallen heroes did not give their lives for duty to be mourned but celebrated.

It was a week filled with peace, smiles, and a deep sense of camaraderie as the people of Konoha came together to celebrate their survival.

Yet, Mikoto, Kushina, and a strikingly beautiful, voluptuous, dark-haired woman in a decent, dark-grey yukata stood together. The woman tied her long black hair low and loose. The trio watched Yata stare down a boy barely reaching the man's waist. Kushina swallowed a nervous lump as she observed Mikoto's father's harsh and stern expression.

"I disrespected Mikoto?" Kai repeated, his tone laced with *bewilderment*. "I don't understand, sir."

"Did you not transform into my daughter and cause a ruckus in the broad daylight?" Yata narrowed his eyes, his voice tinged with a hint of amusement. The truth was the man barely cared for these shenanigans. There were often mischievous kids who loved to pull pranks after learning a few jutsus. If anything, Yata looked forward to Kai's career in that regard. However, these aren't things he could openly confess.

"Oh, that?" Kai sweetly smiled. "Icha-Sensei told us to keep practicing the jutsu."

"I see. Very well," Yata nodded. "I must have misunderstood things."

"What are you talking about?!" Mikoto shouted, feeling she'd lost her calm more times these two days than in previous months. "That's it?!" The girl instantly fell silent when Yata and Kai turned to look at her. She couldn't meet Kai's gaze, and the rampant and childish teasing intent in her father's eyes wasn't easy to match either.

"I thought you knew I always respected you," Kai began with a confused tone. His gaze betrayed an uncharacteristic sincerity. "That's why we are friends."

Mikoto gritted her teeth. Her father was a certified brat! Why was he looking at her like that? The Uchiha Princess almost whined like a wounded animal before rolling her eyes. "Whatever!" She snapped with a dusting of red on her cheeks. It was cold, is all. "We

can't be late to meet Tsunade-Sensei!"

"We're like two hours hourly," Kushina assured her friend, only for Mikoto to abruptly stare in the redhead's direction, forcing the Uzumaki brat to look away. "Yep, we're going to be late, dattebane! Let's roll out!"

Mikoto nodded as she tossed her father an impish glare before stomping away in her blue jacket and brown trousers. Meanwhile, Kai looked around and politely bowed to Yata Uchiha and their residence's maid, Kyo Uchiha.

"What a cheeky kid," Yata pouted as he deflated on the floor with a sour look.

Kyo smiled at her *'employer.'* She hadn't shown any changes to her stoic expression until now.

"You appear stressed, Clan Head."

"Please," Yata rolled his eyes. "My daughter's growing up, and it's weird." The man scratched his beard. "Uh, and I don't know how to talk about other stuff with Mikoto. Sure, there are adequate discussions about it in the Academy, and Tsunade must have done an excellent job for this batch. However, I still need you to confirm things."

In contrast to Yata's carelessly lounging position, the woman elegantly sat on her knees with her back straightened. Kyo questioned in a stately tone.

"Sir, would you like me to confirm if Mikoto has adequate protection before pursuing romantic options?"

"Oh, shush," Yata flatly glared. "I trust my kid. She knows better than to let curiosity kill the cat. So, I'm not worried about that. I just want what's best for Mikoto. I hoped you could help me steer her in the right direction."

"That would be Fugaku Uchiha?" Kyo scooted near Yata and helped his head onto her slightly soft, meaty lap.

"You doubt my decisions?" Yata lifted an eyebrow.

Hesitating and losing her former teasing obedience, Kyo whispered. "I worry that might no longer be the option because of her Sharingan."

A complicated look flashed in Yata's gaze as he weakly exhaled. "So much for the Sharingan being our gift, eh? It's really a thorn stuck in our hearts. Annoyance and petty rivalries escalate into vengeance. All our Sharingan ever teaches us is an obsession with something."

Kyo gently ruffled the man's soft hair. "It's not always an obsession. However, it takes a while to practice control."

"So, yes," Yata grunted. "I'm worried that Mikoto **with** the Sharingan might do something she would regret in the future."

"I will talk with her," Kyo whispered. "However, she might not follow your will. You saw how she looked at the boy."

"That Harem-kid?" Yata scoffed.

"Is that envy, sir?" Kyo smiled, her thumb soothingly caressing the man's temples. "What would Mikoto think if she finds out her father envies a boy who claims to want several women?"

"You'd rat your Clan Head out?" Yata narrowed his gaze and added a strong warning to his query.

"I could be persuaded to keep my mouth shut," Kyo answered.

"Oh, do tell," Yata wagged his brows with a grin as Kyo steadily lowered her head. All the while, she shrugged out of her loose yukata, revealing her pale yet slightly plump form—a testament to Kyo acclimating to a domestic role instead of the dangerous path followed by an aspiring Kunoichi.

However, the woman knew how Yata lighted at the sight of her two pale, pink-capped peaks.

"Hmm," Yata muttered. "We should continue this discussion and '*celebration*' in our room." Kyo had a different room that frequently remained unoccupied without Mikoto's knowledge. "Today, we celebrate the fallen!"

"Sir... Yata, you're an idiot," Kyo smiled.

"Something that gets a striking Shinobi like me get on with a gorgeous woman like you more often than you ever predicted," Yata grinned.

He was right, so Kyo rolled her eyes.

It wasn't Yata's fault Kyo had a thing for '*cute*' and beefy idiots.

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"Alpha!"

"Arf!"

Tsume—with a Kuromaru stashed between her jacket and chest—greeted Kai with a broad, toothy grin. She looked at the trio as her boots scrunched against the snow-capped sidewalk. "Congratulations. You three graduated, right?"

"Not yet," Kai grinned as he rubbed the cutie's head. "We'll get our forehead protectors today and make things official."

The four kids began wandering Konoha's streets as they admired others decorate their stores and residences with lanterns, streamers, colored origami, and even paint jobs. However, Kai noticed Mikoto's weirdness.

“Are you alright?” Kai questioned while chewing on mochi. Tsume and Kushina played the fish-catching game since it was Kushina’s first celebration. The redhead was undoubtedly excited to dabble into whatever fun traditions and occasions Konoha had to offer and Kai was happy seeing the girl get excited over small things like that.

Mikoto nodded before muttering.

“Um, I awoke my Sharingan,” she revealed and looked at Kai, who sported a look suggesting she continue. “You knew?” Mikoto raised an eyebrow.

“Yep. I saw your eyes transforming against Tsunade-Sensei. She must have pissed you off, huh?”

Mikoto worked her jaw. While she didn’t hesitate to reveal her condition to Yata, it was another matter for Kai. She trusted the boy, so she knew him laughing at her *‘nightmares’* was the most realistic outcome.

“Again,” Mikoto dipped her head. “I’m sorry for hitting you.”

“It’s alright,” Kai shrugged. “I think it was for the best.”

“What do you mean?” Mikoto nudged the boy’s shoulder.

“Wouldn’t it be depressing for you once you realize even the Sharingan wouldn’t close the gap between us?” The boy cockily smirked. “Consider those freebies an advanced gift for awakening your stupid eyes.”

Mikoto squinted her gaze as Kai huffed. “But the pattern looks fantastic. It was my first time seeing a Sharingan. Can’t believe you get to have such pretty eyes when you get mad.”

He popped another mouse-shaped mochi into his mouth.

Pinch

Kai met Mikoto’s annoyed glare as she pinched his cheeks. However, unbothered, Kai continued chewing as he mumbled. “What now?”

“You... you can’t say things like that!” Mikoto asserted as she let go of the dumpling’s cheek. Crossing her arms, Mikoto gave the boy a sidelong glance. “Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing, Harem-chan.”

“Did your Sharingan screw with your head?” Kai questioned. “I didn’t even say anything.”

“Just shut up.”

“A tall order from someone who can’t even land a hit without crying like a bitch,” Kai smirked and avoided a series of blows.

“Get back here!” Mikoto hissed with a crimson face. “I did **not** cry!”

“We both did, dattebane,” Kushina grinned at Tsume as the duo tried scooping a goldfish from their *pois*.

“Alpha must have been incredible,” Tsume nodded as Kushina reached out and ruffled the girl’s head with a bright grin.

“He *is*.”

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Tsunade yawned loudly, bluntly, and without an ounce of decorum expected from the God of Shinobi’s granddaughter as she rested her tired head against an arm on the counter of Ichiraku Ramen’s stall. Today was brutal for Tsunade. Visiting Nawaki’s grave made the blonde Senju want to curl inside her blanket and not face the world. The locket around her neck felt peculiarly cold and wanting. That locket was no longer Hashirama’s remains but also Nawaki’s.

However, life had a way to balance things. The first silver lining of the year was being able to go out for drinks with Jiraiya and Orochimaru. Admittedly, Tsunade had her concerns for the latter ever since she discovered some distasteful things about the genius of the trio. Yet, Tsunade did not have the means to assist Orochimaru. Meeting the man last night only strengthened Tsunade’s resolve to eventually corner the annoying snake and force him to spit out the details so she could develop a cure.

Everything said and done, Tsunade could not turn a blind eye to her friend’s plight. Nevertheless, last night was peaceful. They talked about their team, piling on how dramatic and theatrical the kids were, and they themselves giggled like kids over back-to-back shots of sake. It was the setting Tsunade began to miss after a few months of Nawaki’s passing, and she was glad she could share drinks with Orochimaru again.

There were two other notes in her life capable of uplifting her mood.

First, the Hospital welcomed its first batch of talented kids from other clans to study Iryo-Ninjutsu under the supervision of trained doctors and researchers. It would bolster Konoha’s three-men cells and eventually reduce the shinobi mortality rate, or so Tsunade hoped in her heart.

Second, Team *Tsunade*.

Her team went under another name—Team 9. Yep, Jiraiya had loads of sexual innuendos and puns about how her Team 9 ‘*matched*’ with his Team 6. Tsunade had to piss on the man’s parade by informing him that the ‘69’ was fate’s favorite position of fucking Jiraiya when it came to his luck with relationships.

Of course, Orochimaru came prepared with a counter, revealing that fate also used the same position to fuck Tsunade when it came to her luck with gambling.

Still, Tsunade welcomed such a response. Orochimaru was rarely so cheeky. She could tell her friend wanted things to improve, so she accepted the extended *hand* and rolled with it.

'Not that they would know Mikoto already awakened her Sharingan,' Tsunade giddily thought.

The Sharingan, like the Byakugan, positively impacted Iryo-Ninjutsu's training. Tsunade could hardly contain herself from directly teaching the trio all she knew. However, there was some foundational training Tsunade had to teach. Also, there was the matter of rewards.

She recalled Jiraiya's petitions for rewarding his team, much to the confusion of Tsunade and Orochimaru.

"Hah? Why wouldn't I reward them? They rose to my expectations. When will I reward them if not during the moments they behave I wish for them to?"

Tsunade ignored the rest of Jiraiya's ramble about 'borrowing' more of Sensei's limited-edition magazines and secret scrolls to gift his team.

Indeed.

Positive behavior befitted rewards. Tsunade was pleased with how her team turned out. So, how should she reward her team?

Kushina was an effortless target.

"H-here, Tsunade-sama!"

Tsunade snapped out of her thoughts and looked at Asame, who offered her a slip of paper. The young girl blushed and peeked glances at Tsunade, much to Teuchi's amusement, as the man laughed.

"She's a big fan, Tsunade-sama. I won't be surprised if Asame's more excited for those three being in your team than those kids themselves."

"Hush!" Asame pouted as Tsunade accepted the slip with a smile.

"Thank you," Tsunade addressed the couple. "This will be the perfect reward for Kushina."

On the slip was a childish drawing of a bowl of ramen with pastel-laden words—*One Year Free to Eat Ramen Coupon*.

See? It was an *elegant* solution for someone as *stately* and *dignified* as Kushina.

The problem was Mikoto and Kai.

Tsunade didn't know what to offer the former and felt the latter might get weird ideas.

Still, she had to think something.

Tsunade thoughtfully cupped her chin. 'I could reward Mikoto by helping her control the

urges of her Sharingan.' Even if without a *'clan,'* Tsunade possessed a Clan library single-handedly updated by Tobirama Senju during his time. Tsunade's library, alongside the pendant around her neck, was one of her two most valuable possessions.

So, Tsunade knew a lot about the Sharingan and the rest of her Granduncle's research.

'Then what about Kai?'

Tsunade fell into a dilemma.

It could be the most effortless gift on her part if she was lucky and Kai *'fell'* for it. Kai had a rather deep *thing* for her if Tsunade believed her grandmother wasn't pulling her leg. Additionally, Kai demanded a serious consideration of his candidacy for Tsunade's hand in his harem should he *beguile* two other kunoichis. He was way too cheeky! Again, it was also surprisingly mature. Being cheeky was better than trying to peek under Tsunade's skirts or clothes without her permission.

Well, of course, she would **permit** the guy she likes to perv on her. What's the point of liking a guy if you can't have fun?

Tsunade exhaled for the umpteenth time.

'I could reward the kid with *that.*' She decided without wasting further time on the matter. It was the New Year's celebration, and Tsunade refused to live things down. Just as she would want Nawaki to prosper had she departed before him, Tsunade understood Nawaki would wish the same.

"Another bowl of chicken ramen!" Tsunade ordered as the teen couple kicked into action.

As Tsunade dug into the bowl, she felt three familiar Chakra reserves and beckoned the trio through the stall's high-hanging curtain.

"Get inside."

Three children entered the stall's premises at her words, quietly sitting beside her. Kushina sat at Tsunade's right. Meanwhile, Mikoto sat on the stool to Tsunade's left. Kai? He was next to Kushina as he grinned at Teuchi.

"The same bowl of ramen, my most pleasant sir!"

"Special Kai Bowl coming right up," Teuchi nodded with a broad grin as Kushina and Mikoto ordered their meals.

"First order of business," Tsunade began after gulping down the last droplet of the delicious broth. "Here."

Poof

A small plume of smoke erupted on Tsunade's palm, revealing three forehead protectors piled atop each other. Mikoto's and Kushina's gaze glimmered as Kai fell into a slight daze after grabbing his graduation *'certificate.'*

[Title Acquired]

[Konoha's Genin]

[Konoha's Genin: You took your first step into becoming part of the mindless system of child slaughter and abuse. Congratulations! Should you die, Konohagakure will celebrate your sacrifice with great joy and enthusiasm!

Effects: Unlocks the Elementary Taijutsu and Elementary Bukijutsu Skill Trees; Reduces the requirement of leveling any skill originating from the Elementary Taijutsu and Elementary Bukijutsu Skill by 20% (Active); Slight favorability boost for Konoha's Hokage.]

Two skill trees?

Neat.

Kai tied the forehead protector around his forehead with a pleased smirk.

"We're finally genins, dattebane!" Kushina grinned as she drank her broth. Mikoto, too, offered a relieved smile as Tsunade observed all this before clearing her throat.

"Not only did you three graduate, but you did so by fulfilling most of my standards. So, accept the rewards I prepared for you, starting from Kushina."

Tsunade calmly handed the girl the slip of paper as she read it without hoping for much until—

"One year's supply for free!" Kushina shouted. "Ten more bowls, dattebane! Now!" The redhead panted and looked at Kai. "Eight more for Kai-chan! It's on me!"

Tsunade, Teuchi, and Asame froze as Kushina continued.

"Another seven for Mikoto! It's on me!"

Teuchi sweated and imploringly glanced at Tsunade. Who would have thought not adding the words—*For personal consumption only*—would backfire so horribly?

Tsunade thinned her lips before nodding. She would have to pay the couple more for the coupon.

Damn it!

Kushina was deceptively intelligent when it came to ramen and her friends.

"What about our rewards?" Kai questioned.

"Before that," Tsunade looked at Mikoto. "I'm sure your father would not have let you leave his estate before explaining you awakened your sharingan, yes?"

“You did?” Kushina yelled. “Scratch my previous order. Ten bowls of ramen for Mikoto!” The redhead grinned like the devil Kai knew her to be. He was glad Teuchi also had the opportunity to witness the redheaded devil’s true colors. “*On me!*”

“Thank you,” Mikoto smirked wryly before nodding at Tsunade. “My dad explained a few things, Tsunade-Sensei.”

“Good. Your reward will be specialized training to get used to your Dojutsu quicker than your peers.”

Mikoto’s eyes widened before she dipped her head.

“Thank you, Tsunade-Sensei!”

Tsunade smiled before hearing an annoying voice.

“What about me, Sensei?” Kai puffed. “Is there a special training for me? Maybe a custom training gear?”

Tsunade looked at the boy before remarking, “I’ll inform you later.”

“No fair!” Kai tilted his head. “I didn’t think my words yesterday annoyed you that much.”

She quietly regarded her *Guardian* before smiling.

“Say, Harem-chan. Did you take my advice of using vinegar to clean your bedroom?”

Kai’s lips parted before he looked around and settled down. The recollection of popping a boner against Tsunade’s ankle and her further suggestion of using vinegar to treat subtle stench was not a forgettable experience for Kai.

“Vinegar?” Kushina questioned. “Why? Did you spill something nasty?”

Kai choked on the bowl of ramen as he met Tsunade’s amused stare.

Oh, Tsunade never intended to humiliate Kai. She had kept his secrets close enough. However, there were times when disciplining the talent took priority over accepting their eccentricities.

“Nothing,” Kai muttered.

“Well,” Tsunade continued meaningfully. “My reward for you is a few other suggestions. I’ll drop by in Grandma’s place later.”

Kai’s back straightened as he drank mouthfuls of the delicious spicy ramen broth. Tsunade knew the boy wasn’t *eager* for training this time around. It wasn’t beneath the busty Senju to recycle a gift she’d planned for Kai since he helped reconnect Mito with Nawaki. Looking back at it now, Tsunade was more grateful than ever.

At least Mito made a few more memories with her grandson before he passed away, right?

'And he's all talk,' Tsunade recalled how flustered Kai appeared once *caught*. Still, she had to prepare for the *ordeal*. Kai's massage wasn't anything she'd experienced before. Just his hands on her legs felt... **good**.

"Alright!" Tsunade clapped her hands. "Eat your fill and prepare yourself for the training we'll finish this week before starting the missions. We'll spend our mornings and afternoons training. Meanwhile, your evenings will be for rest and enjoying the week-long celebration."

The trio nodded as they refocused on their new lives as Konoha's Genins.

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Training grounds were an integral part of Konoha's infrastructure. In fact, it comprised 60% of Konoha's land. Some training grounds were restricted or forbidden, some of them were built within the Clan Compounds for personal use, some of them could be rented by the civilians for large gatherings or celebrations, and the last remaining few were allotted at different times to different Jonins to train their students. It's a well-maintained, complicated structure under the administration, and every Jonin must get permission from the higher-ups beforehand to book one of the training grounds should they need to train their skills.

Training Ground 3 was allotted to the Jonins training this year's batch at different times of the day. Tsunade shared the time of Team 9 with Jiraiya's Team 6 on Mondays and Fridays. It meant Team Tsunade wouldn't train daily. Or, at least, Team 9 won't have daily physical exercises.

"We will start the lessons with the tree climbing exercise," Tsunade began the lesson unceremoniously while firmly planting a foot on a tree's trunk. "Chakra flows, attracts, and dissipates. You all stuck leaves to your body in the academy to understand these three concepts and learned to control the flow of your chakra, stuck it to the leaves, and stopped it from dissipating."

Tsunade stepped *'forward'* by placing her other feet on the trunk. Instead of falling on her back, Tsunade stood horizontally on the tree's base. Her long blonde locks hung down as she continued.

"It's the same concept, so there's nothing new to learn except to adjust your center of gravity and accept the tree's trunk as the ground."

With that, Tsunade *'climbed'* the tree and turned onto the branch, standing upside down a few meters from the ground. It was surprising how the thin and dry branch managed to support Tsunade's weight.

"It will be hard at first. However, I expect you three to get a hang of it within a week. We'll move on to the next training session after a few missions."

Tsunade paused after noticing the trio reveal a strange expression.

'Oh,' Tsunade's stare turned flat as she had the urge to smack the back of the trio's

heads.

“Stop staring at my chest,” Tsunade barked at the young graduates. She couldn’t fault them. Her breasts were a few centimeters short of popping out from her shirt as she stood upside down. They would have pulled back further had she not tied them in comfortable wraps.

“Y-Yes!” Mikoto and Kushina squeaked while Kai questioned.

“Why?”

“Because you little shits don’t get further rewards unless you prove yourselves,” Tsunade expected impudence from the arrogant shorty as the boy frowned.

‘As expected.’ Tsunade noticed how his urge to prove himself as anything *short* of a man to the woman made him plant a foot on the tree, too.

For once, Mikoto, Kushina, and Tsunade watched with bated breaths. This training looked dangerous. Sticking oneself to the surface wasn’t hard. However, learning to adjust one’s center of gravity was not so effortless.

Their intense gazes watched Kai lift his other foot and place it on the tree.

“Cool.”

A soft voice echoed as a gloomy silence hung in the air.

“Was this it?”—was what sent Tsunade over the edge as Mikoto and Kushina instantly tried to replicate the same feat.

They failed.

However, Kai wasn’t done. His voice was loud enough for others to hear.

“Huh. It becomes pleasingly challenging once I use Mito-sama’s gift to increase the weight on my body.”

New physical grind unlocked!

‘Listen here, you little shit,’ Tsunade held back an urge to vent. Why?

Why did the boy have to be so unruly and gifted?

Fuck that. Why’d she have to open her mouth and imply he could ogle her chest all day long should he walk the trees?

The boy took his second reward a bit too literally!

She could beat him... but that won’t change the outcome.

Tsunade lost another gamble.

Alternate Title: The New Year's Celebration; Hashirama Was a Certified Party Animal; Tobirama: Hashi! Our Dad Died! **Hashirama: Busts a Mean Griddy**; Konoha's Really Dancing On Graves; Tobirama **Before His Death**: Hiruzen, You're My Successor. Be Sure To Bust An Awesome Twerk Next Year To Honor My Sacrifice; Danzo Wanna Hit a Twerk, Too; Yata's a Troll At Heart; Anyone Under Kagami Must Have Been Trolls; You're Either An Edgy Uchiha Or a Bratty Uchiha. There Are No Inbetweens; Mikoto: Nuh Uh. I'm a Pervy Uchiha; Yata Really Hit Us With The—Understandable. Have A Great Day; **Insert Meme: Understandable, Have a Great Day**; Kai And Yata **Shakes Hands In Idiot, Accidental Rizz**; Yata Likes Em Thicc; Yata Follows Hentai Shinobi Rule 8; The Maid Effect; Sharingan Was Always The Greatest Wingman; Tsume's The Certified Mascot; Kushina's First Celebration; The Crying Bitch? **Mikoto Finna Awaken Mangekyo**; Tsunade's Best Assets; The Library; Deserving Of Rewards; Reignited Friendship; Hospital Boom; Deciding Rewards; Kushina Pulls a Big Brain Move; Kushina About To Run Teuchi Out of Business; Naruto's Never Getting a Lifetime Supply Card Now; Tsunade Really Threatened To Expose Kai; Also Kai: I Already Exposed Myself; Kushina and Mikoto a Few Years Later: OHHH! So That's What Tsunade Meant; The Promise of Rewards; Tree Walking; Kai Hit Them With Talent; Never Underestimate a Shota; Kai Got a Legal Pass To Observe 106; Tsunade In The Future: You Only Get To Touch If You Run On Water— **Kai Turns Into a Speedster**

Kyo Uchiha (Yata's Supreme Taste In Women)

