**Chapter Eleven**

Training Team Seven was going fairly well, though there were a few… *hiccups.*

In a spar using Jutsu only, not Kido, Naruto, using his Henge, had turned momentarily into Zabuza, Sasuke’s Sharingan giving him a reaction advantage that Naruto *couldn’t* overcome with he limited reach of kunai even when he made a dozen of himself.

The dark-haired shinobi had moved to deflect ‘Zabuza’s’ blade at the hilt, as, being an illusion, Naruto was still just *using his kunai*, only with an illusion laid over it.

Which is when the *massive weight of Kubikiribōchō drove the Uchiha to his knees,* the mythical blade *cutting into his shoulder,* as the Avenger had been *taken down in one hit.*

I was there in a flash, as Sakura shrieked, and I worked to undo the damage, while Naruto, poofing back to normal, had stared, shocked.

It *was* easy to patch Sasuke up, Naruto, while having *copied* the blade, clearly had no idea how to use it, and also didn’t possess anything *close* to the Jounin’s raw strength, but that one move was *still* enough to end the fight then and there for anything but a ‘to-the-death’ kind of combat scenario, and, even *then*, injured as he was, the Uchiha likely would’ve *swiftly lost.*

Thankfully, **Kaido Five: Slice Wound** was *very* basic, just reattatching freshly severed tissues, with a touch of **Kaido One: Soft Kiss** to deal with the bludgeoning damage the *giant hunk of metal* also inflicted.

“Okay, so, *what did we learn,”* I questioned when I was done, as I always did after I made them spar, bringing out revelations made in the moment fully to make sure they were both accurate *and* actionable.

“That’s not a Henge,” Sasuke spat out, working his incredibly sore shoulder, as the Painkiller Kaido was one I was *still* leery of, since it worked by *manually disabling nerves*, and thus caused muscular paralysis in the process *if you used it correctly*.

If you didn’t, it’d paralyze your patient’s *organs.*

Affronted, Naruto replied, “The hell you’re talking about, Sasuke!? Of *course* it’s Henge!”

“Question,” I interrupted, as Haruno inhaled, *whatever* she was about to say likely *not* helpful in the slightest. “Why did you use it in the fight?”

“Well, I couldn’t hit him with my kunai, so I needed something with more reach!” he shrugged, as if the answer were obvious. “And it worked! Not my fault the jerk didn’t block hard enough.”

*“Don’t be an idiot, Naruto!”* Sakura yelled, which, yep, *not helpful*. “You can’t *hit* people with a Henge! It’s an *ill-us-ion!* How dum-*gah!”*

Hitting her with good ol’ **Kido One: Thrust** to the forehead sent her flailing backwards.

*“Constructive* criticism is what I’m looking for, Haruno,” I chided, turning to Naruto. “But, while a bitch about it, she’s right in that it’s an illusion only. Observe.”

Applying a Henge to *myself* to turn me into ‘Zabuza’, I held out the ‘blade’, and, gently, using the blunt end, ‘tapped’ Naruto’s shoulder with it, the chakra construct wavering as it was disrupted by his body without ever really impacting him, the technique almost destabilizing as I pulled it back, shimmering like seen through a heatwave before stabilizing. Letting it release, and waiting a moment for the obscuring puff of ‘smoke’ to clear, I directed him to, “Go ahead, and turn into Zabuza again.”

Watching carefully, trying my best to *sense* the Chakra he was using, I was no sensor, but that seemed… *a bit much.*

A moment later, it looked like Zabuza *was there*, Naruto’s body language matching the taciturn man’s as, Kubikiribōchō slung over his shoulder, he leaned back, looking down his nose at me, and declared in a *perfect* imitation of the swordsman’s voice, “See? Henge.”

Walking over to the blade, I rapped my knuckles on it, *hard*, the clunking noise showing it to be seemingly real. “Can I see it for a moment?” I questioned, ‘Zabuza’ hesitated, *just like Zabuza would,* before he gave it to me and...

*This wasn’t Kubikiribōchō.*

Oh, it was *similar,* still heavy as fuck for a blade, but, having handled the Swordsman’s blade, the balance was a bit off, it wasn’t *nearly* as heavy as the *real* one was, and, more than that, whatever process that went into forging the ‘Decapitating Carving Knife’, not only was the actual version of it a Chakra Blade, but it had a *presence* to it that, while not a *true* Zanpakutō, was definitely doing a good job and trying to imitate one.

*This* blade, meanwhile, just felt… like a big hunk of metal.

“Okay, drop it,” I instructed, feeling it and…

*It was like a Shadow Clone’s gear dispersing.*

“Okay, so, walk me through how you learned this, because it wasn’t what the rest of the class got,” I directed, focusing on the boy.

I listened carefully to his explanation of the first bit, the handsign required, the general shaping of Chakra around oneself, but he stopped halfway through, going, “So I did!”

“Did what?” I questioned.

“Henge,” he shrugged. “Is, is that not how you do it?”

“No. No it isn’t,” I remarked, but, thinking about it, if illusionary clones required a ‘quarter cup’ of energy, Henge required *even less*, but was a *lot* more complicated to maintain, except control, both in Chakra use and *technique maintenance* was *not Naruto’s strong suit.* “There’s shell formation, and illusionary molding, and…” trailing off, I tried to figure out what he was *actually* doing. “I’m not sure how I’d even do what you described.”

“Like this,” Uchiha stated, a little smugly, bringing his hands together, and-

*“No!”* I ordered, but it was too late, and Sasuke applied the *unknown technique to himself*, turning into Zabuza, smirking for a moment, before his eyes widened, his hand went to his chest, and, *poofing* back, he fell to the ground, *unconscious*.

I caught him, carefully examining him and…

“Oh, good,” I sighed, dropping him to the ground.

*“Sasuke!”* Sakura cried out, rushing to his side. *“What happened?”*

Sighing, I shook my head. “A valuable lesson. Remember my talk about Chakra reserves? Well Naruto outstrips *all* of us, and while it wouldn’t kill him, like Shadow Clones would, that ‘Henge’ strained the *fuck* out of his Chakra Network and ate what was left of his reserves in a *moment*, starting to overdraw, which is why he dropped. Naruto, a Shadow Clone to pick him up please?”

My friend did so, and, with a flick to the forehead, I roused him, the black-haired teen stirring as the **Awaken** did its job, muttering a little drunkenly, “*Wha’?”*

“*Soooo,* did your parents ever teach you about the *dangers* of the Sharingan?” I chided. “And what did I say about *stealing ally’s techniques?”*

“Din’t steal. Trying t’ help,” the Uchiha argued, getting his bearings. “I, Chakra exhaustion? But it’s a *Henge.”*

Sighing, I reminded him, *“No. It isn’t. That’s what we were trying to figure out.* Remember the entire ‘Try and copy his Shadow Clones and you’ll die?’ thing I had to tell you, *because Kakashi didn’t?* Well, turns out, *that applies to* ***any*** *technique Naruto comes up with.*”

“Sorry?” the boy offered, looking guilty.

“Nah, it’s fine, don’t worry,” I reassured him. “Hell, it’s an accidental hard counter if you fight an idiotic Uchiha, not that there’s any left.” Pausing, I glanced at Sasuke. “Debatably. But any kind of ‘Anything you can do I can do better,’ mimic might get screwed if they target you. So, Uchiha, you get warnings about copying techniques from stronger Nin?”

“Naruto’s not stronger than I am,” the ‘avenger’ spat.

“Naruto’s stronger than *literally everyone in this village,*” I pointed out. “Problem is that his control is *absolute shit*, so, just like a Genin is weaker than a bear, but can kill it nineteen times out of twenty, *I* can kick Naruto’s ass, and you have a decent chance unless he goes *mass Kido again*. At which point he becomes a *Special-Jounin* level threat. Also, Naruto, no wonder you learned the Shadow Clone as fast as you did.”

“What?” the blond frowned. “It wasn’t that hard!” Turning to give him a disbelieving look, he insisted. “And, didn’t you say I was smart?”

Sakura opened her mouth to insult him, but a waring glance from me shut her up.

Taking a moment to put it into words, “So, given that the investigation’s over, and it’s clear that your ‘special’ exam is now public-*ish* knowledge, I guess we can talk about it. You learned a Jutsu from the *Forbidden Scroll*, in *three hours*, while *not understanding half of what it said.*”

I’d discovered that the Jinchuriki’s literacy was *kind of shit*, though it’d been something I’d had him working on, having leant him some fiction that Li had enjoyed before I’d arrived, framing it as a ‘Technique creation exercise’ as the powers and tactics detailed, *not* how Ninja actually worked, would help him look at things from different directions and possibly help him think about what he *could* do with Chakra in a way he might not’ve before.

“You’re good at learning new techniques, but that’s *insane,*” I stated. “And yet you managed it, probably because, just as Shadow Clones are to Illusionary Clones, and, again, I might be wrong about this, you’d been using the Shadow Clone version of *Henge* for over a *year.*”

It helped that I’d know that, in another timeline, Naruto had turned into a *giant shuriken* and *Sasuke had* ***thrown*** *him*, which, if it were a Shadow Clone, would make a *certain* degree of sense, as they were just Chakra Constructs, but it’d been the *real Naruto*, which…

Actually meant *I* was wrong too, as Henge was just a layer over yourself, and while you could Henge yourself into something seemingly *smaller* than yourself, you still retained your previous mass, it was just ‘invisible’ which was a *fucking pain* to make work, so a solid Henge, like a suit of moldable armor, *wouldn’t’ve let him do that either.*

… Fuck it, it was something to look into later.

<NWD>

Three weeks into their training, we were all out on a pond next to Team Four’s normal training ground, learning how to *be Jesus.*

Or, at least, how to walk on water, as we *were* going to violate the hell out of the entire ‘Thou Shall Not Murder’ Commandment as a matter of course in our day jobs.

I’d gotten it down, **Soul Talent** letting me, after I’d convinced Anko’s Shadow Clone to give me some demonstrations, copy how to do it *properly*, instead of my cheating by half-air-stepping like a Soul Reaper would. Turned out that, by *trying* to do it like a Soul Reaper, I’d been doing it ass-backwards, as they made the platform up *under* their feet, while Ninja made their buoy-formations out *from* the feet, the insubstantial nature of Chakra letting them get a ‘solid’ footing on *fucking liquid*.

This, in turn, let me explain it to the others, though I lacked any kind of ‘Teaching Talent’. I’d heard in Basic that they were working on it with Company R&D, but my upgraded Contract got me the tried and true set, not anything *experimental*.

Telling the others ‘Wear something you don’t mind getting soaked in’ had led Sasuke to showing up in swim trunks, Naruto trunks and a shirt to cover up his Seal which showed up whenever he channeled enough Chakra, and Sakura in a one-piece bathing suit that she clearly had picked out a *bit* ago, and with a confidence in the moment of purchase that she was *regretting now*.

A cartoon of a person in a swimsuit on a beach

Description automatically generated

Amusingly, between the ultra-high-calorie meals I’d been insisting *everyone* eat to bulk up, and using my healing to accelerate the process of physical development that’d stalled due to her ‘dieting’, the girl had *finally* started to develop boobs, and muscle-tone, regular medical checks letting me make sure I didn’t give the girl *cancer,* which was *absolutely a possibility*, given how I’d been messing with her cell-growth, but she was fine, and, at the end of this, I’d draw down on it, eliminating the risk.

Sasuke had seen some slight gains, and Naruto had bulked up a little as well, though I had to assume the Kyuubi had done *something* to offset his *fucking malnutrition*, given what I now knew his regular diet consisted of, as both boys had been healthy to begin with, while now their physiques were starting to develop like *mine* was, in a way that my medical Seminars from Basic called ‘Magical Bullshit’ and didn’t do more than *barely* touch upon, as there were nearly as many empowerment methods as there were magical systems in the Multiverse.

I knew the way that *Soul Reapers* got stronger, effectively packing themselves ever fuller of Reiatsu, to the point that, unless you did a ceremony where a Hollow was ritualistically killed in front of a newly buried Captain’s grave to kickstart the process, their bodies would *never* break down naturally even *after* they’d already died, but that *didn’t help me here.*

Ninjas, from what I could tell, used an entirely different method, where, just as a Chakra Blade’s metal was impregnated with Chakra on a deep level, a Shinobi’s *cells* underwent a similar process, both toughening them and making them more effective in *every* way, but keeping a kind of natural balance to not create problems as they did so.

I could also *absolutely* now see how Orochimaru’s style of bullshit was tempting, as, while my skills were the shadow of a *shadow* of Unohana’s, the woman herself far more concerned with returning a body to a functioning state to fight again rather than artificially improving it through the power of SCIENCE, it *should* be possible to use the flesh of other Nin to leapfrog myself forward, especially as the Chakra Distribution was a little different, person to person, so chimerically becoming ‘the ultimate life form’, Resident Evil style, *was* an option.

I mean, *I wasn’t going to do that,* but I could tell it was *theoretically* possible, though, like such things often were, going that route was likely far, *far* more difficult than it seemed.

Regardless, today we weren’t doing anything *incredible*, we were just walking on water, something that *all* three struggled with. Sakura, along with a bit of a bust, had *also* started developing her Chakra reserves, but that meant her feather-light touch over her own energies no longer cut it, her physical energy, her Ki, finally *starting* to fall in line with her Reiatsu, though she was still tremendously lopsided with her over-focus on academics above all else over-developing her mental energy reserves. For better or worse, learning how to work *with* Chakra also boosted her Reiatsu, the process more active than the passive gains studying granted, which pushed her further along, her learning of Kido doing that *even more,* both of which was also ultimately good things, but which, in the short term, *messed with her control.*

Water walking was going to be how we rectified that issue.

Unfortunately, while you *could* do it in a puddle, that was only possible if you had a pretty good handle on it already, so I’d had Haku, who, lacking anything else to do, was now my teaching assistant, make a floating platform of ice that I’d put a wooden platform over, as Hostile Elements training was *not* the purpose of the exercise, and from *there* my students did their best to step off the ‘pier’, and try and walk back to shore, first one to do so and walk back *without* falling in getting to pick what dinner I’d make tomorrow.

And, having gotten used to my cooking, as I’d used **Faerie Feast** to make the best post-work-out food possible, *without* going supernaturally tasty, it was something they were *all* trying to do, with Sakura’s still smaller reserves forcing her to take breaks to let herself recover enough to make it there and back, while Naruto’s work *already* trying to do so put him in the running, it was actually a fair competition.

Though only if both of them stopped *staring.*

“*Naruto*,” I sighed, wearing swim trunks myself, as I was fishing them out of the water whenever they messed it up until they learned how to pull themselves out *manually,* a sub-use of the same water-walking technique we were working on, and, quite frankly, an *easier* variant. Furthermore, while I was fat in my old life, *this* body was nice and fit, though a bit less buoyant than I was used to, not that I was complaining, so I didn’t mind going shirtless.

“You’re not going to get how to do this exercise just by watching me,” I chided. “If you were a strong enough sensor to pick out what I was doing, maybe, but you’re practically sensor-*bane*, given how much Chakra you dump into everything. Either close your eyes, or watch your feet.”

“I, uh, [*yeah*, Li-Sensei](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tQaxbhubmQM&ab_channel=ostdelta1)!” the boy smiled, turning red with embarrassment, giving it another shot, making it a few steps before, *Sploosh!* In the drink he went.

Thankfully, he’d done so enough that he’d *started* getting the basics, and so popped back up a moment later, head and shoulders above the surface without him having to try and swim, his white shirt nearly translucent as the blond grabbed the wooden ladder on his side of the square platform as he hauled himself out and tried again.

“Naruto, remember tree walking,” I advised. “Get stable just *standing* before you go. We’re not in a hurry, so take your time.”

The boy’s eyes went wide. “But, but *tuskemen!”*

“We have ramen enough as *is*, dumbass,” Sasuke disagreed, on his fifth, careful step. “Tomato Onigiri would be better.”

“*You take that back, bastard!”* the Jinchuriki shot back.

Smirking, taking another step, the Uchiha replied, “Why don’t you come over here an-*ohshit!”*

And thus *that* boy disappeared beneath the surface, not using water-walking to pop up, having *missed* that point of the lesson, instead swimming over to the platform so he emerged right next to it to try again. He scowled, glaring at Naruto who laughed, and shoved his blond teammate off the pier.

The Jinchuriki staggered, arms spinning as he frantically worked, but, while he dipped down a few inches, he stabilized, looking over to me as he grinned, declaring, “Hey, Li! I got-”

*Sploosh.*

Down he went.

Sighing, and dragging my hand across the water, using a Mist Chakra Control technique I’d picked up from Haku, who learned it from Zabuza, I used my chakra to manipulate the water, forming it into a ball. In a way, this was similar to the ‘backhanded leaf’ exercise Anko had shown me, and, when it was mastered, this bit of Chakra control would let me jet around underwater, like an aquatic iron man, and was the reason that *no one invaded the Land of Water,* as anyone that *tried* to make it to their shores could, at any moment, have a squadron of Mist Ninja jump out of the water like *very* angry flying fish, the submersible shinobi nearly undetectable unless you were either a sensor or knew the same kind of underwater techniques that *they* did.

Now, the Leaf *had* gotten their hands on quite a few of them, *unofficially,* and Zabuza was currently collecting a paycheck by working with T&I, who were the group that, obviously, picked up ‘foreign techniques’, and thus were in charge of managing them, documenting them, and so on, to see if there were any he had that they *didn’t*, or if they’d been ‘updated’ in any way.

Hearing Haku talk about it, the woman, in her full Kimono, currently sitting on another ice platform nearby, going over documents while she maintained her techniques, if there was something new, since Zabuza was a *Leaf* Shinobi now, he’d get a bounty for it, and, whenever someone paid to check it out of the village library, only the *basic* techniques free to it’s Nin, he’d get a cut of that as well.

There were even a few Ninja who *specialized* in Jutsu creation, but unless you were just making a variant of a pre-existing technique, it was *hard* to get new Jutsu to work, and the pay was far better to develop a technique and share it with a *select* few, especially as, the more widespread a move got, the more likely it was that your enemy had seen it before and figured out the *counter*.

In *this* case though, I just gathered the fluid, used my Chakra to increase the surface tension, and *whipped it at Sakura’s head.*

“I, what the hell, Li!” the girl sputtered, from where she sat.

“Less staring at the boys, Haruno, more trying to make it to shore. Only way you should be getting wet is fucking up your technique!” I chided, my words causing *both* boys to fuck up *their* techniques and fall into the pond. “Like that.”

Turning *bright* red, glancing at Sasuke as he pulled himself out of the water, the pinkette glared at me, declaring, “You can’t talk to a girl like that!”

“Pretty sure I just did,” I observed.

“Well, no girl’s gonna want to get with you if you do!” she rallied, and Naruto opened his mouth to say something, but, as I’d asked, thought better of it. Really, I’d asked him just to say *nothing* to Sakura while we were doing this, as even the well meaning compliments I was sure he’d *want* to give her would *not* be taken that way.

Perking up, Haku raised a hand. “If you wish, I would be willing to have sex with you, my Master!”

Aaaand, down Naruto went again, as Sakura turned an offended look the older Kunoichi’s way, but at least Sasuke just wobbled a little but kept himself upright.

“*Answer’s still no. I don’t sleep with my Vassals!”* I called back, giving the Uchiha a thumb’s up, and, seeing her ready to respond, the *absolute troll* knowing *exactly what she was doing*, I specified, “*You know what I mean.”*

“Offer is still open,” the Ice Nin smiled, turning back to the paperwork.

She’d actually found an honest to god haunted mansion, which I’d wandered into, and *found an actual ghost.* He was barely there, but, as, when I *wasn’t* holding myself back, I was constantly shedding Reishi, the spirit particles enough to, like snow when fighting an invisible foe, stick to the specter and help him manifest *fully*, though, instead of an angry revenant to duel, I’d gotten a mopey spook who felt embarrassed about the whole thing.

Poor guy had gotten stuck there because he’d been murdered by his wife, and, a short conversation later, I’d gathered evidence that, passing it along to Anko, was almost certainly going to get the woman, now on her *fifth* husband/victim, caught. The bitch had made sure to target mid-level merchants that had no Ninja connections, the Medi-nin having rubber stamped their death certificates without checking, which led to *another* investigation.

It was a thing.

But, hey, new house, get!

Hopefully, when everything got settled, Mr. Hagiwara would pass on normally, as, given the butt of Minazuki was now my *Stamp,* I wasn’t sure if I might accidentally Capture him if I tried to Konsō the ghost and send him off *manually*. But his Chain of Fate, while broken, still had *quite* a bit of length to it, his spirit both weak and, while he *was* upset about his death, he was really more *sad* than angry.

Then again, given the lack of Hollows, he might be good for a *long* time, and just self-destruct at the end or something, but, either way, I was handling it before it got to that point. Regardless, I had my new ‘Clan Holdings’, though I was *still* working on the paperwork, the Hokage telling me to take my time bringing Team Seve up to snuff. So I had the small mansion, and the large parcel of land it was on, along with a couple warehouses, with options for expansion, since it was at the *edge* of where the built up part of town turned to forest, but that meant *even more paperwork* as Konoha had Ninja-rated Contractors that the Hokage suggested I look at, so, well, *I was having my people look at them.*

Meanwhile, Sakura looked between my Vassal and I, at a loss for words.

“Well, no *normal* girl would want you!” she tried instead, surprised when I sighed in relief.

“Oh, thank god,” I smiled. “I *far* prefer kunoichi, so as of right now, *you’ve* got nothing to fear. Besides, it’s good to know I won’t have to deal with groupies. They’re the *worst.* Right Sasuke?”

The boy looked directly at Sakura. “Yes.”

While a bit… *harsher* than I would’ve been, he *wasn’t wrong either*, and I gathered another ball of water, using what I’d skimmed from Haku with **Soul Talent** to start to *freeze it.* I wouldn’t have her bloodline unless I **Added Potential**’d it, but all of the elemental mixing Kekkei Genkai just made it *easier* to do so, and didn’t, like the Dead Bone Pulse, which allowed one to grow one’s bones into *weapons*, down to *firing off phalanges like* ***bullets****,* allow one to do something that would be *otherwise impossible.*

Hefting the *slush* ball consideringly, the kunoichi-in-training finally *got the message* and tried her hand at water-walking again, getting further than *either* of the boys had, before, with a yelp, pitching into the pond. Unlike the others she was good enough to not just lift herself up, but step *out* of it, as she ran back to the platform, but her issue was that, while she *did* almost the technique down, with her lower reserve, she didn’t just had to have it down, she had to be able to do so with a *Jounin’s efficiency* to stop from emptying her reserves the same way Sasuke had trying Naruto’s ‘Henge’, though not *nearly* at the same intensity.

Theoretically, if she had full reserves, she could make the trip, but doing so would *drain her*, leaving her unable to fight, which *wasn’t the purpose of this training.*

“So, Kunoichi?” Naruto questioned, taking a moment between his own attempts.

It took me a moment to decipher his question.

“Oh, yeah, unless you *specifically* want a son, it’s the only reasonable option,” I agreed. “Like, we’re just starting, but once we hit Chunin levels of power we’d *break* a civilian woman if we’re not careful, my dude. There’s also the fact that relationships only really work if both sides can understand each other, on *both* ends, with us understanding someone that chooses to remain weak, and them understanding someone like *us*, that’d be a tall order. And, fuck, That’s not even getting to the fact that, well, if I was with someone who couldn’t defend herself, I’d *constantly* worry about her. Now, if you take someone like Haku-”

*“Haku?”* the blond yelped, suddenly alarmed, which was odd, but-

“Oh, no, just a hypothetical. She’s my *Vassal*, Naruto. There’s all sorts of *really* unhealthy power imbalances there,” I reassured him, the two having started an odd kind of friendship, though, thinking about it, “though if you’re considered her for *yourself,* um, go for it?” I offered. “She’s a really nice person, and you know I won’t pull any ‘Clan Head Bullshit.’”

Waving his hands frantically, the shinobi exclaimed, “What? Me and her? No way! Not even a little!”

Said girl called out, “Now don’t be like that, *Naruto.* I think you’re *very* attractive!”

“Leave the poor boy alone,” I reprimanded her, but with a smile, as the blond turned *just* as red as Sakura had. “Anyways, my point is that if I *was* with Haku then I wouldn’t need to worry about anything other than a targeted, high-level assassination, and just being *in* the Leaf Village would stop almost all of those, and that’s assuming she doesn’t get any stronger. We’re both Nin, so, despite her… *different* worldview we both understand the *basics* of each other’s lives,” I listed out, which was *mostly* true, as she didn’t know about my being an Agent of The Company, but that was ultimately not important the way things currently were.

“And, when we *did* get physical, I would actually have a *partner* I could enjoy the experience with, not an Onahole effectively made of warm, soggy *plaster*,” I added. It wouldn’t be a ‘Man of Steel, Woman of Kleenex’ issue, but *numerous* Seminars had made it clear that, while getting a Waifu or Husbando that was stronger than *you* made sure that *you* could have a good time, assuming they were properly Bound so as not to accidentally death-by-snu-snu you, the other direction meant *you* had to be careful, which detracted from the experience. While some purchases could *help* with that, they had limits, and *some* degree of physical parity was advised.

“O-O-Onahole?” the blond stuttered, eyes wide.

Not getting the issue, I explained, “Yeah. It’s like a dildo, but in reverse. Anyways, it’s always good to date *across*, not up or down, unless you *want* a power imbalance, but… that’s *never* a good thing, at the end of the day. *Trust me.* But, we’re not here to talk love, we’re here to walk on water, which is, ironically, much easier. So, back at it, Naruto, *if you want that ramen!”*

“Right! *Ramen!”* he exclaimed, the offer of the holy soup *hard resetting* his brain. “Just you wait, duck-butt, it *will* be mine!”

*“Not if I get there first, dead last,”* Sasuke called back, goading the blond into action, and thus their training continued.

Music:

*yeah*, Li-Senpai - Naruto OST 2 - It's the training!