

# The Hokage's New Advisor

A Naruto AU fanfic

By Uzumakitsune

**Note from the author:** This fanfic was deleted from the internet and it will be published under my YL Zamora author name as my own original Dark Urban Romantasy multi-book series where I added lots of new lore, world building and all original names and characters because I don't own the Naruto IP, although the story in this fanfic is completely original to my imagination, just using the base of Uzumaki Naruto as a protagonist because I adore my head canons about him, but since they're head canons, my character is mine, not Kishimoto's. You can support me by reading those books on KU once their published (in the next months) or buying my books from Amazon of my website. [ravenandfoxbooks.com/shop](https://ravenandfoxbooks.com/shop)

These are the 3 first chapters of this fanfic, unedited and unchanged in any way from when they were published in AO3 & Wattpad in October 8<sup>th</sup>, 2021. Please, excuse any typos and such. This was my first ever "book". I'm a way better writer today and the books will be properly edited and to publishing standards when I finally put them out.

*If you want to read other of my published woks, you can find my 2 books here:*  
[linktr.ee/authorylzamora](https://linktr.ee/authorylzamora)

## **Context from AO3**

**Dual POV** --- The story of how Naruto overcame grief after Hinata's death & how he found love again. This is a love story: Naruto & Kazuki, an orphan who lived next door to him, grew up together as childhood friends. She always loved him and spent her life preparing herself to serve him when he became Hokage, travelling the world, as a diplomat, building relationships with the other villages. This kept her from ever declaring her love for him & when she came back, he was already married & had children. This story happens 2 years after Hinata dies, when Kazuki comes back to the village to work as Naruto's advisor.

**SADA KAZUKI** - From Japanese 一 (*kazu*) meaning "one" or 和 (*kazu*) meaning "harmony, peace" combined with 輝 (*ki*) meaning "brightness", 希 (*ki*) meaning "hope"

From 定 (*sada*) meaning "certain, true, definite, sure," also used as 貞, referring to chastity and virtue.

**Characters:** Kazuki, Original Characters, Reader, SADA KAZUKI, Uzumaki Naruto

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**Rating:** Explicit

**Chapters:** 48

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**ENJOY!**

## Chapter 1 – Kazuki

“Hokage-sama,” I mustered through his hand, covering my mouth as he pinned me down on his desk and rammed me from behind, awkwardly and with our clothes still on. He groaned as he thrust a few more times, exploding and filling me up with his warm semen.

He moaned, painfully and stopped moving, letting his heavy body slowly crush me under him, hugging my back and caressing my face. I felt his head rest on my neck as he whimpered. My neck got wet suddenly. He quickly stood up, closing his zipper, and standing away from me as I turned to look at him.

“Hokage-sama,” I repeated, with loving voice this time as I tried to reach for his hand, resting on the desk. I touched him but he quickly withdrew and grabbed his hand and stared at his wedding ring. I felt a stab in my chest and gasped, almost fainting. He moved swiftly to hold me, but I pushed him away, so hurt.

“Kazuki-chan,” he started saying but I cut him off, pulling myself together.

“Hokage-sama, this was a mistake. Forgive me,” I said and stormed out of his office.

I ran home. I ran with desperation. I ran, humiliated. I ran until I found my door but couldn't open it. I let myself fall in front of it, and I cried. I ugly cried, on the floor, like a small child that has lost everything, like I was crying the first time I met him and how I cried when I realized I loved him, 25 years ago.

I've known Naruto my whole life. We are both war orphans and were taken care of by the same lady until we were 3 years old. Then, we were

put to live in the same apartment building by Lord Third and we lived by each other until Pain destroyed everything, including our quaint little homes.

But I fell in love with him because of his pure soul and kind heart. There is no one as bright and positive as Naruto. There's no one so inspiring and courageous as him. No one has given more for us in the Leaf, no one loves us more than him. It's hard not to fall for the man when you get to be around him, and his warm presence bathes you in pure light and brings the best part of you out.

I've been hearing him say he was gonna become Hokage since forever and I decided early on I was gonna help him when the time came. I'm not a ninja, I wasn't suited for it and since my parents weren't either, I wasn't expected to become one. But I'm smart and analytical and The Hokage made sure I received the best education and training to become an asset for the village.

When war ended and Lord Sixth took over, I asked him to train me to become Naruto's advisor in the future and he agreed. While Shikamaru-san stayed by his side, learning the ins and outs of the Internal Affairs, I was sent to every other village to work for all the other Kages and build a stronger relationship with them and their governments. It was painful to leave but I did it for him.

I didn't see Naruto in 5 years and when I came back, he was married and had a son already. I was crushed, devastated. The man I loved since I was a little child had become a man, a married family man, before I had the opportunity to tell him I wanted to spend my life with him.

I remember the last time I cried like I was crying now was when I saw him and his beautiful pregnant wife and small son at the park, so happy

and so perfect. I returned to Lord Sixth and asked him to send me away one more time. He knew. He could see it on my red eyes as I asked him. He agreed but also reminded me Naruto was going to become Hokage eventually and he was going to need me.

“I need time, Lord Sixth. I trained my whole life to be by his side, but I didn’t train for this...”

“I understand,” he said.

I left again and didn’t return for many more years. I couldn’t bear to see him, even though I had dreamt of him my entire life. It was too painful. I eventually met someone else, and I fell in love again, although I never fell out of love with Naruto, I made a life in the Cloud with a wonderful man and we were incredibly happy for several years, until he died.

I was again alone and devastated but I kept working and traveling and serving Lord Sixth because I never entered Naruto’s team. And I recovered, I became stronger and kept ascending in the ranks in my work.

Ten years after I left, I received a message from Lord Sixth. “He needs you now,” it said. I didn’t even think about it twice and at once returned to my home and to the love of my life once again, ready to do anything for him.

That morning I woke up extra early because I couldn’t sleep. The thought of seeing him again after all those years made me sick to my stomach. I was so afraid. I was so nervous about being in his warm presence once more, after so long. “Would he recognize me? Would he remember me from our shared childhood? Would I be able to look at his beautiful blue eyes without fainting?”

I remember I was a mess inside that day but, I wouldn't show it. I was a grown woman, accomplished and strong. *Clearly seeing the most powerful man alive, the man I have loved since I was 8 years old is nothing to be scared of*, I thought, trying to compose myself.

I spent an hour looking for the right outfit, like I didn't know all too well he wasn't about looks at all. But I couldn't help it. I wanted to make a good first impression and I wanted him to... like me. I was so silly, acting like a girl all over again. After some more overthinking, I decided to wear a white shirt with oversize long sleeves, a black high waisted pencil skirt, heels, and my hair up.

I was ready!

I arrived right on time and was escorted to his office. My hands trembled as I stood in front of the closed door. The moment I had waited for so long had arrived. I was about to see the man I loved for the first time in 10 years.

"Come on in," he said and hearing his voice again gave me butterflies. I breathed in and out, pulled myself together and opened the door. Shikamaru and Lord Sixth smiled at me while my eyes went to him. I could only see the back of his head over his chair. His hair was still short, like the last time I saw him. My heart wanted to burst out of my chest as he slowly turned around to face me.

"Welcome home, Kazuki-chan," he said, and his sad smile turned bright when he laid his eyes on me. I felt so much heat creeping from my chest to my neck. *The Orange Hokage* looked so handsome with his black jacket.

He stood up and walked towards me. I extended my arm to shake his hand, but he shook his head, opening his arms wide and hugged me.

“It’s been what, 15 years since we’ve seen each other?” he said in my ear and a shiver ran through my spine. I slowly brought my arms up and patted his back, terrified of myself. Being so close to him was dangerous.

It only lasted a few seconds, but his warm and wide body covered mine so easily and I got lost within his embrace for what it felt like a lifetime. He smelled like he had just shaven and showered, clean and fresh. His minty cool breath in my neck gave me goosebumps and his raspy voice in my ear almost made me melt. I swallowed as my throat burn. I’m sure I blushed.

I came back to reality when he put his hands on my shoulders and looked me straight in the eyes with his, still mesmerizing, smiling bright and wide. “I’m so glad to have you with me, finally.” I blushed again and tried to say, “thank you,” but I don’t think I was able to speak correctly after his calid welcoming touch. He chuckled, bringing his arm behind his head to rub it as he did when he was uncomfortable. I shook my head, pulling myself together. I was there to do a job not a fool of myself in front of Lord Seventh.

“Please, take a sit,” he said while I shook Lord Sixth and Shikamaru’s hands. They also welcomed me warmly. Naruto leaned on the edge of his desk, right in front of me and we started talking about my travels and our childhood and soon enough his clear laughter filled the room with its beautiful sound.

I caught Shikamaru and Lord Sixth exchanging looks and nods throughout the whole conversation. They seemed satisfied. I felt more relaxed because being with him again felt like the old times, like we never parted ways. Being around Naruto was always easy and it felt

natural and... right. He was like a big sun, and I was a sunflower, always incorrigibly attracted to him.

After what seemed a few hours of chatting, he burst in laughter again when my stomach growled. I blushed one more time, apologizing.

“Don’t worry, Kazuki-chan! I’m also starving. Wow, this has been such a lovely conversation. I haven’t talked this much in forever, right guys?” he said, smiling. Shikamaru and Lord Sixth agreed.

“I’m sorry I took so much of your time, Lord Seventh,” I said standing up, quickly.

“Not at all! You’ve brought me so much happiness and good memories,” he looked me straight in the eyes again as he talked to me. Naruto always looked at people in the eyes. “Let me treat you to ramen,” he said.

“No, I can’t...”

“Oh, indulge me. I haven’t been to Ichiraku in a long time. I’d love for you to accompany me... please,” he said, grabbing my hand between his, warm and big and sweetly manipulating me with his captivating blue eyes. I looked at Lord Sixth and he smiled, nodding.

We left the building together and I kept seeing people look at us and smile and nod for some reason. Naruto was chatty and kept being greeted by everyone in our way to Ichiraku’s. Everybody was shocked but happy to see him. The otherwise short walk from the Hokage’s office to Ichiraku lasted almost an hour because everybody wanted to say hi to him. And I enjoyed every second of it.

I didn’t see him become Hokage but, experiencing how much the people of the Village loved our Hokage filled my heart with happiness. I walked behind him, on purpose because I wanted to stare at him. I

wanted to absorb as much of him as I could. I wanted to learn about his adult side now that we weren't children anymore. I wanted to learn his walk and his cadence one more time, his gestures, his quirks, and his new ways. I wanted to *know* him now that he was a man...

He was so tall now. I noticed as soon as he stood in front of me earlier. I had to look up all the time to meet his dreamy eyes. And he walked so smoothly, as he was waltzing through our streets. He seemed so happy. He even stopped and threw ball with a bunch of children for a while because he couldn't say no to them. It was so adorable.

I suddenly felt the urge to kiss him, to mess his golden blond hair with my fingers, to satiate this hunger of him I've felt for so long. But then I was taken out of my daydreaming by him, who almost crashed against me in pursuit of the ball.

When I realized what was happening, he was already in front of me. We were about to crash against each other when I lost sight of him for a second while falling back. But I didn't touch the floor. His strong arms caught me just in time and pulled me towards him, swiftly but violently, making our bodies crash against each other anyways. I felt his solid body while he held me tightly against him. My hands around his neck and his on my back. I was breathing heavily, and my hair had gotten a little messed up and, now dangling in front of my eyes.

"Are you ok, Kazuki-chan?" he said while bringing his right hand to my face and moving my hair aside from it, tucking it in behind me ear, without taking his eyes off mine. The touch of his fingers made me shiver. I was in heaven. I couldn't talk. I couldn't think.

His body felt so warm pressed to my breasts that moved up and down against his abs as I gasped for air. I couldn't take my eyes off his

lips; his face was so close to mine. I could smell his minty breath again, my heart pounding while his, was steady, calm. He didn't even break a sweat.

We were brought back by the applause and cheering from the children who were staring at us, in awe of Naruto's dexterity and speed. I felt a sudden heat rushing over my face. He also blushed and let go of me, awkwardly putting his arms behind his head. "Sorry, I was careless," he muttered and laughed nervously as he said goodbye to the kids, and we kept walking. He looked at the pavement the rest of the way, quickly waving his hand at everybody who greeted us. I kept walking behind him, so embarrassed. I could see his red ears for over the neck of his jacket. He was embarrassed too.

*Great, fantastic way to start Kazuki,* I said to myself as we arrived at Ichiraku. Naruto opened the door, promptly and held his hand, inviting me to enter before him. He put his hand on the small of my back, guiding me towards a two-seat table by the back window. I trembled again at his touch.

*Get it together, Kazuki.*

He pulled my chair and pushed it forward again, delicately as I sat. Then he sat in front of me, smiling awkwardly. I looked at the table for a few seconds, he played around with the signage on the table. It said *Lord Seventh*. I didn't know what to say after our little accident. He got uncomfortable; I could sense it. I was reckless. I couldn't let myself act like a child around him. Just because I loved him, I couldn't blush and tremble at his mere sight.

*Get it together, Kazuki.*

“I’m deeply sorry, Lord Seventh. I will be more careful. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable,” I said, breaking the icy silence.

“Not at all, it was my fault,” he said, smiling again and rubbing the back of his hand with his hand. “I was having such a fun time with the children I was reckless. I caused it and I almost got you hurt,” he looked me in the eyes again, intensively. “I didn’t feel uncomfortable at all... I felt guilty for causing you stress.”

“You did not, Lord Seventh,” I said, looking away again as I felt another rush of heat coming to my face. Something worse happened instead. My stomach growled again and this time I turned completely red. He chuckled, brightening the entire room with his smile.

“Oh dear, I promised you ramen and made you walked for over an hour around town, ha ha. How careless of me,” he said also blushing. “I’ll make it up to you, I promise,” he said, leaning forward and meeting my gaze again. Somehow, it was awfully hard to end up lost in his dangerous eyes.

“Hokage-sama, welcome back! It’s been a while!”

“Ayame-chan! It’s good to be back.”

“We’re happy to have you and your...”

“Oh, this is Kazuki-chan, my close childhood friend. This is Ayame, the daughter of Ichiraku.”

“Thank you for having me. I haven’t been here since I was a child,” I said as I filled with memories of the past.

“Should I bring the usual, Lord Seventh?”

“Please.”

“And for the lady?”

“I’ll have what Lord Seventh is having. I trust him.”

“You’re gonna love it, Kazuki-chan,” he said.

I had one bowl of Tonkotsu miso ramen and watched Naruto as he devoured three. *I’d love to cook for you*, I daydreamed as he savored his food. He was such a happy eater.

“You haven’t stopped smiling,” he said.

“Oh, sorry, Lord Seventh–

“Kazuki-chan,” he cut me off.

“Lord Seventh,” I said. He shook his head, wiping his mouth with a napkin.

“Can you stop calling me *Lord Seventh*? We’ve been friends our entire life. Please, call me Naruto,” he said, playfully frowning.

“That wouldn’t be appropriate,” I pushed back.

“Everybody who collaborates closely with me calls me Naruto,” he said, crossing his arms in protest although his face was warm and friendly.

“But–

“Kazuki-chan,” he cut me off again, this time more firmly. “It would really make me happy if you called me Naruto,” he added, again, disarming me with his captivating blue eyes. It was impossible to say no.

“Alright... Naruto,” I said, and my heart stopped a beat as my lips let his name slide. *Naruto, the name I said in my dreams*.

“I apologize for cutting you off but, it was important. Now, tell me what made you smile.”

“Oh, it’s just amusing... watching you eat,” I said, covering my smile with my hand. “You eat with such pleasure,” I regretted the word as soon as I said it. He giggled.

“It’s true,” he said, rubbing the back of his head. “I’ve always had a big appetite,” his eyes went to the five empty bowls as we left the table. “I haven’t been here in a long time. It was overdue,” he said as we walked past the counter.

“Put in on my tab, Ayame-san. It was your best to date,” he said with a big smile, and we left the restaurant. “I’ll walk you home. I won’t argue about this one,” he said quickly as I was about to say no. “I need to walk it off or else I’ll explode,” he chuckled. “I overdid it and I’m getting old.”

*Yeah, sure, like I didn’t feel your solid body against mine before, I thought.*

“How was the food?” he asked as he held his hand, instructing me to lead the way.

“It was delicious. Thank you so much for inviting me,” I said, inconspicuously glancing at him as he walked by my side with his hands in his pockets. Oh my God, he looked so irresistible! I felt a rush of spontaneity and added: “Next time, I’d like to cook for you, if you’d like... Naruto,” I said, without thinking of the consequences. I regretted instantly. “Would that be inappropriate?”

“Why? We’re friends! We’re going to be working together every day, for long hours. We might as well live together,” he said, jokingly.

My heart ached at the thought. *I’d love nothing more... Get it together, Kazuki.*

“I’d take you on the invite, Kazuki-chan. I haven’t had a homecooked meal in a couple of years now. I miss food cooked by a... woman,” he said, he frowned, eyes lost in the distance for a few moments. His wife had died two years ago, and I understood how hard it was for him to live with it since I’d gone through the same pain several years before him. I

didn't say anything. I kept walking and allowed him to come back when he was ready. He did. "You were always a good cook," he said, smiling again. "I remember you used to feed me almost every day when we we're kids. I've always been good at eating but not the cooking part," we both chuckled.

"I can teach you... if you want," I said. *What are you doing?* We stopped at the hotel entrance.

"That'd be lovely," he said slowly, looking into my eyes, this time a little longer than all the times before. And I couldn't look away, at least not for a few seconds. His gaze was so hypnotic.

"We're here," I snapped, as a group of people past us by and greeted him but he didn't listen.

"Of course," he said, looking around. He waved at them and looked at me again. "Home," he said and looked towards the hotel entrance. "Home?" he said, after realizing it *was* a hotel. "How nobody told me you were living in a hotel room? Shikamaru is going to hear about it," he suddenly got serious.

"Hokage-sama, um, Naruto, it's fine. My house is being built in the new part of town. A hotel room is perfect in the meantime," I said, trying to appease him.

"No way! I know how long it takes to build a house. You can't live in a hotel room that long, Kazuki-chan. I won't allow it!" He said, stopping my retort with a hand gesture.

"But where will I live then?" I asked, a little bit flabbergasted.

"With me!" he said, grabbing my hand and strolling through the hotel lobby, all the way to my room.



## Chapter 2 – Naruto

*Stupid! You are fucking stupid!* I said to myself, as she ran out the door, debating between hiding under my desk in humiliation or running after her and kiss her, beg her for forgiveness and tell her, tell her I...

“Yeah, you’re stupid Naruto,” Kurama interrupted my thoughts.

“Hey, this is private. Get off my head!”

“Baka! We share everything, there’s no privacy for either of us.”

“I know that but, you could at least pretend you’re not in my head all the time, man,” I complained as he looked away.

“Well, I can’t because you’re about to do something stupid,” he was right. “That woman doesn’t deserve your uncertainty. She has real feelings for you.”

“I’m a piece of shit, aren’t I?”

“No, just a Bakayarou. You think about it before doing anything. I’ll pretend I’m not here,” Kurama said and went back to sleep inside of me.

*Of course, I’ll think of it. The only thing I’m good at lately is thinking about it, thinking about her, about doing things to her.*

And today was the first time I lost myself. Ever since I saw her in the morning, I just couldn’t contain myself around her. She had worn a loose cream blouse that didn’t even show any cleavage. She never showed any cleavage, but I could still make out the roundness of her breasts under the thin fabric, moving up and down with every step she took, getting crushed against each other when she moved her arms. Fuck, she was so fucking sexy!

And the skirt, don’t even get me started on her skirts. The woman had the most sensual legs and wore heels and stockings with that sexy line

on the back. Fuck! And it drove me crazy every time she casually crossed her legs, sitting in front of me. But no, today she didn't wear any and her delicious caramel skin showed under her dark loose skirt just below the knee and I didn't need to see more to want to take her and sit her on my desk and part her legs open and squeeze her thighs until she moaned in pain.

But I didn't. I contained myself through breakfast and had to concentrate very hard to control my stupid juvenile erection as we ate. And then I talked excessively all the way to the office, trying to focus on my rambling to not fixate myself on the way her ass jumped as she walked on those damned heels or the cadence of her hips wobbling.

Why did she walk like that? In all my years I had never paid so much attention at the rhythm of a woman walking but this one had me marching after her delicious ass like a horny 16-year-old. I just couldn't help it. She had me by the balls and I indulged in the licentiousness she provoked.

I held the door open for her when we arrived at the office, looking at the ceiling like a dumbass. Shikamaru was there already because we had a meeting first thing in the morning. He let her sit on the chair right across from mine while he sat away from us.

"I have to catch up with other work but, Kazuki-san has all the information. I can hear from here while I skim through this paperwork. Just let me know if you need anything," he said.

*Terrific, Shikamaru. The day I need your ugly face to distract me from this goddess in front of me you have to read emails,* I thought but instead, I said: "Sure, I guess..."

I exhaled knowing it was going to be a long morning. I sat down and what she did? She crossed her legs, letting me see a sliver of the back of her thigh and my dick flexed in my pants. Thank goodness for the desk.  
*Stupid Baka.*

She started talking about something related to Amegakure, but I didn't hear a thing. I couldn't take my eyes off her little mouth. Watching her pronounce words with that slight Kiri accent she'd picked up living there was one of my new favorite hobbies. I didn't particularly like their accent but when *she* did it, it was the cutest thing ever.

She had that type of pouty mouth that made her seem even more bossy and assertive than she really was, and she talked slowly when she was in a professional setting. Any other day I'd be falling asleep as someone said boring words like "budget," "summit" or "minister" but, it was her saying them and this time, it made my dick hard. But she didn't stop there, she also used words like "covert", "affairs" and "tight", and her plump lips trembled and bounced ever so slightly, opening, and closing, showing me a tiny bit of her tongue, making me think about rubbing my dick on it. *I'm disgusting!*

"Hokage-sama, do you have any questions?" she asked, and I almost said *yes, when can I fuck your pretty mouth?* But I got a hold of myself, arranging my dick in my trousers, pretending to stretch my legs.

"No, I'm good," fuck it, she had control over the government and over me today 'cause I couldn't think straight. Good thing she was the best advisor I could ever asked for. She was more than qualified to run the country, probably better than me so, today I could allow myself to eat her up with my eyes as she took over the world and over my brain.

“Shikamaru, do you?” She turned her head slightly and I could have bitten her neck right there.

“No, that’s it. I have to visit an Ambu facility today and, surprisingly, I’m right on time since this meeting went by pretty quickly”, he said, smirking at me. “Kazuki-san has been the perfect addition to our team. Who would have thought what you needed was a woman to manage you?” He teased me. Kazuki giggled, running her fingers through her wavy hair. She usually wore it up, but she let it down today, beautiful, and long, perfect to grab her by it and ride her.

*Fuck, man, you’re not gonna stop drooling over her, are you?* But how could I? She had colonized me, she had infected me like a virus that was taking over me, inch by inch. I wanted her so much. I liked her so much. I... I wanted to kiss her with our eyes closed, hug her tight and smell her face, draw her eyebrows with the tip of my finger, give her little pecks on the eyelids. I wanted her to be mine and I wanted to be hers.

Shikamaru left us alone and I fixed my dick again while Kazuki walked to the door, behind him.

“Do you want it open?” She asked, leaning on the door, and stretching her back that arched for a second, making me flex again. *Damn you woman!* I signaled her to close it with my hand and she did. She moved slowly, sensually over those fucking heels that made her perk up her sweet ass.

“Can you come over here for a moment?” I said, getting up. She turned around and walked towards me, her tits bouncing as she seductively swayed her hips. She stood before my desk and I got up, also slowly, matching her energy. I walked up to her, slowing down my pace even more as I reached her. I turned to face her, only centimeters away

from her body, the back of my thighs against the desk. She looked up and I bit my lip without shame. She smiled sideways, batting her lashes as she looked into my eyes.

“Miss...” I said.

“Sir...” she responded. *Oh, you play.*

“I see you have let your hair down today”, I said as I sat down on the edge of the desk, entwining my finger in one of her curls, pulling, ever so gently, to make her move closer to me. She gave in, but crossed her arms, squeezing her tits together, dangerously close to my face. *You naughty girl.*

“Last night you said you liked it like this, before I went to sleep”, she said, looking away.

“Oh yeah, right after you kissed me”, I said, casually resting my hands on the edge of the desk, leaning back a bit so I could see her face in all its glory when she heard me. She blushed and pouted her little mouth in protest.

“You kissed me!” She said, indignant, crossing her arms even tighter, delineating the curves of her perfect tits. I brought my arm over my head and rubbed the back of it, amused by her little outburst. “It’s so undignified of the Hokage to lie like this”, I bit my lip again, shaking my head. I could devour her right then and there.

“I am truly sorry but, I don’t recall the details”, her eyes and mouth opened as I said it. She was so angry, and it was adorable. “It was very late, and I was a little drowsy from the wine. Who’s to say you didn’t take advantage of me?” I said, bringing my hand to my heart, innocently. She flared her nostrils, waving her little fist in my face.

“I would never! Who do you take me for?”

I chewed on the side of my face, entertained. I was enjoying myself too much, but I also wanted to kiss her again so badly. It's true we were a little tipsy, but I *did* kiss her. I had been dying to do it for weeks and didn't have the balls to actually go for it. The wine helped but also did she.

She was happier than usual, relaxed, even playful. We sat on the back porch swing, across from each other, she hugging her knees as I spread my legs open, comfortably, like we've been doing for months. We talked about work but only a little. Then we chatted about dating as widows, and she said she hadn't. I told her me neither and when she asked why, I said I hadn't been ready. She looked me with such compassion it melted my heart. Kazuki knew when to be warm, even motherly. Her attitude was what made me confess I thought I was almost ready.

"I just need to find something out", I said.

"What?" she asked, and I stalled. She humored me and we kept talking.

"Have you kissed anyone else, after..?" I ventured. I could see her blushing under the moon light. She giggled.

"Lord Seventh! That's very inappropriate of you to ask!" She said, stretching her arms. Her robe moved as she did, discovering her naked legs. I couldn't resist and tickled her foot. "Hey! You don't want to do that. I'm extremely ticklish", she said and pushed my hand with her leg, showing even more skin between her thighs. My dick throbbed inside my sweatpants.

"What would happen if I kept doing it?" I asked as I took a sip of wine.

"I'd pretty much be at your entire mercy. I'd give Konoha away", she said, covering her eyes with her hands.

“There are more valuable things to take from you than Konoha... at least for me”. I said, looking straight into her eyes.

“Like what?” She asked right back, rubbing my arm with her leg. Yeah, the wine made us a little more daring than usual last night.

“Well, for starters”, I said, shifting position to sit outright, closer to her. “I could tickle you until you answer my question”, I brought a hand forward and quickly rubbed her neck. She gasped, grabbing my hand with hers.

“You wouldn’t dare”, she said, but didn’t let go of my hand, our fingers intertwined.

“Oh, young lady, I won a war on a bet”, I said, winking at her, and moved swiftly to tickle her side. She tried to grab my other hand, but I was faster. I grabbed her wrist and held her, firmly as she laughed, nervously. But she moved forward, putting her face right in front of mine, dangerously close.

“Now you can’t tickle me, both your hands are busy”, she said, moving her head with sass. *You’re mine.*

“I still have my mouth” I said and threatened to bite her neck. She moved back a bit; her eyes open like saucers.

“No.” She said, looking down.

“Ok, sorry”, I said, backing down. “I went too far.”

“No”, she said again, coming closer to me one more time. “I haven’t kissed anybody since...” she admitted. “You?”

“Not until now”, I said and brought her hands behind her back, pushing her against me as she kept looking into my eyes. “Now?” I asked. She wet her lips with her tongue and nodded. I smiled sideways

and brought her even closer to me. Her tits pressed against my chest, her whole body burning against mine.

I rubbed her cheek with my nose, memorizing her sweet scent. I had only my face to play around with her mouth. She couldn't move because her hands were caught in mine, behind her back, so I decided to torture her a little. I kissed her cheek where I had smelled her before. I ran my lower lip against her skin, feeling the soft tiny hairs on her face. She moaned so softly I almost missed it. I kissed her jaw then, she trembled, and I kept going towards her ear.

I exhaled, making her quiver against me. She liked it. I kissed the place where her neck joined her ear. She tilted her head back. I kissed her ear, softly. And I licked her. She moaned again, this time louder, but I didn't linger. The idea was to make her beg, so I came back to face her.

I moved forward and stopped at the last second as she opened her lips, ready to take me in, but I didn't kiss her. I grazed her lower lip with the tip of my nose. She fought me and tried to free her arms. I grinned at her. She pouted, groaning. I nibbled her ear and whispered: "What do you want?"

"I hate you!" I could hear her mumble by my ear.

"What do you want?" I asked again, enunciating each word, slowly, burning her skin with each one. She swallowed. I faced her again, cunning, enjoying the power I had over her. Or maybe suffering the power she had over me. The truth is I could feel my dick about to explode inside my sweatpants. It took everything from me not to rip her robe from her body and take her right there.

"I want you to kiss me", she said, at last.

I did. And of course, I remembered everything in the morning. I kissed her slowly first, learning the ways of her lips. Tasting her. She was delicious. And the more I kissed her, the more I wanted to keep kissing her, all night long. Honestly, I wanted to kiss her for longer than that.

She kissed me back. She was agile and kept adjusting to my rhythm. Yes, because / kissed her as / wanted. / took my time to explore her, to discover where she kept the door to her moans. And / found it. And / knocked and she opened. And / stole as many as / wanted. She moaned so much I could smell her wetness as I ate her mouth. She smelled like sweet and sour, like ripen, delicious fruit. What I'd give to also taste *those* lips.

When I felt her almost going limp against my body, I brought her hands forward and let them rest around my neck. I was dying to touch her, so I grabbed her face and looked her deeply in her eyes that appeared lost.

“Touch me”, I ordered, and she obeyed. Her fingers massaged my hair and caressed my neck, and my dick throbbed at the pace of her touch. I wanted her, I wanted her so bad, and I went for her neck. I kissed it, I licked it, lowering my mouth with each attack. And when I was about to sink my face in her chest, she stopped me.

“I want to, it hurts how much I want you, but... we're drunk”, she said, putting her soft hands in my face.

“I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-

“No, you didn't do anything wrong. You're actually very good at... all of this”, she said, kissing me one more time. “I need to stop”, she said to herself, without separating her lips from mine. I was at her mercy. I'd

taken her right there on the porch floor if she'd let me. But I'd also wait a thousand years if she asked me to.

“Oh, baby girl, not having you right here and now is hell for me, but your wish is my command”, I said, biting her lower lip one more time, before letting her go.

She straightened her robe, dangerously close to falling off her voluptuous body. Her hair was down and stuck all over her sweaty and delicious skin. I ran my fingers through it, pushing it behind her ears. I wanted to see her sweet face one last time before she went to sleep, to memorize the way she looked right now, flustered, and raw, with her lips redden from my bites, and her hair in disarray. She never looked more beautiful than right now.

“Your hair is so pretty. I love it like this”, I said.

“A mess?” She asked, frowning. I rubbed the back of my head with my hand, chuckling.

“Well, yes, a mess or tidy like you always wear it to work”, I said. “But specially when you wear it down, like every night after showering”.

“Thank you”, she blushed, playing with her own hair.

“Let me take you to your room”, I said and offered her my hand. She took it and we walked, holding hands, slowly, like neither of us wanted the night to stop. She walked in front of me, giving me the most spectacular show of ass I've seen in my life. My dick kept flexing in my sweatpants, raging for her.

I stood on the doorway, resting my arm on the frame, and looking at her under it. She looked so adorable and tiny without her six-inch lethal weapons. I smiled, my heart fluttering inside my chest. She leaned against me and rested her head on my chest. I'm sure she felt my raging

cock against her supple body. I was completely head over hills for her and she knew it. I smiled with embarrassment, and she looked me with puppy eyes.

“Tell me love, what’s wrong?” I asked, softly tapping her little nose with my finger. She hid her face for a moment in my white t-shirt. Damn, she was so cute. She looked at me again.

“I know I said we needed to stop, but...” she didn’t end the sentence and I didn’t make her. I knew what she wanted. She wanted what I wanted.

“Come here”, I grabbed her waist and pulled her in, leaning over and kissing her one last time, slowly and thoroughly, to satisfy her fully, at least for the night. I even robbed her of a couple more moans. “Sweet dreams, love”, I said as I begrudgingly let her slip away from my arms. She entered the room and jumped into bed as I shut her door closed.

Wow!

I was on cloud nine. She had stirred things in me I hadn’t felt in a long time, maybe even knew ones. She had me wrapped around her finger and I couldn’t escape now. I didn’t want to escape. I wanted to live in her hands. I wanted to die only if it was by her hands. Her touch was going to be the end of me.

Wow!

I felt the stabbing pain of infatuation as I walked back to my room, alone, hands in my pockets, feeling full of joy and somehow, empty of her. I couldn’t bear not possessing her all night long, until she begged me for rest. But it hurt even more not being able to tuck her in after. It hurt so much not being able to cuddle her and watch her sleep in my arms. My heart hurt last night. But it was a good kind of hurt.

I didn't sleep well. I dreamed of her all night, and I woke up early, as soon as the sun went up, with my boxers stained of cum and a hard cock. That hadn't happened since I was a teenager. I got in the shower and let the hot water run over me as I touched myself with her small hands, with her sweet lips, with her wet pussy... I destroyed her in my mind as I stroked my dick, and I came violently, abundantly.

But it wasn't enough. Nothing was going to be enough until I had her. And then, she was standing before me, outraged because I couldn't stop teasing her.

"I'm sorry, of course I kissed you. How could I forget?" I said, bringing her closer in until she was right in between my legs, her pelvis against my bulging dick. I flexed it so she could feel it. She bit her lips for me. "But only because you begged me", I added. Teasing her had become my religion.

"Oh!" she didn't have to say anything else because I put my fingers on her mouth. I brought her in until our foreheads were touching.

"Now I am begging you", I said, slowly, bearing my soul in my eyes for her. "I don't want to live another second without knowing these lips belong to me", I added, bearing my heart for her to take it or crush it forever. "Kiss me now".

She looked at me with the same eyes she'd been looking at me since we were little. She looked at me full of nurture. But then her eyes darkened, and she licked her lips, like a feline, ready to bite the neck of its prey. And she kissed me. This time *she* kissed me, grabbing my face with her hands, and moving my face how *she* wanted. *She* bit my lower lip, *she* savored my tongue, *she* grabbed my hands and put them on her tits and squeezed them with my hands and *she* moaned for me.

I turned her around, but I kept kissing her for over her shoulder, while I put my hands under her blouse and stuck them inside her bra, finally feeling her burning skin in my fingers. I pushed them together and apart, I played with her nipples as she whimpered in pleasure. I bit her neck, bringing one hand down to her fiery thighs. I pulled her skirt up, stopping for a moment to look her in the eyes.

“Do you want me to stop?” I asked her, with the last drop of restraint left in my body.

“No”, she said guiding my hand into the center of her legs. She moaned like she hadn’t moaned before, when my fingers reached her pussy. Her panties were completely soaked in her thick and delicious fluids. I ran my fingers across her center, up and down, pushing slightly and feeling her pussy suck my fingers in through her underwear.

“I want to fuck you!” I said, laying her flat over the desk, massaging her glorious ass as I pulled a bit on her panties.

“Fuck me!” she said, hiding her face in her hands, against the wooden desktop.

“Oh, you’re so fucking beautiful”, I said when I snapped her underwear down in one pull, exposing her completely in front of my eyes. Her asshole was tight and hidden in between her abundant bums, round and tempting. And her pussy, the most perfect thing my eyes had ever seen, covered in dark hair, trimmed down but also abundant.

I couldn’t resist and kneeled down behind her, and quickly opened her up, before licking her up from her pink clit up to her tight little asshole. She jumped, startled. “I’m sorry but I needed to taste you, love”, I said, getting back up. “Fucking delicious. Don’t worry, I’ll save that for later. I can barely hold myself any longer”, I added, pulling my

dick out and slapping her lips with its head. She muffled a little scream in her hands.

“I’m going to fuck you now, baby girl”, I said as I gave her my whole length, ramming her violently against the table. She muffled another scream, and I knew I was fucked. Her insides were hot and tight, and she sucked my cock in, like a vacuum. I knew I only had a couple more in me before I came, especially after two and a half years.

I reached for her face, covering her mouth so she could cry in it. I wanted to possess her completely, even her screams. Because I was going to give her just a few thrusts, but I was going to put everything I had in them. I wanted her to enjoy fully for as little as I lasted. I rammed her again and she screamed one more time. *Fuck! I can’t come yet.* I bit my fist until I bled. The wound closed instantly but the pain help me concentrate. I pushed her down with my free hand on the small of her back and gave her another aggressive thrust. I almost came. I leaned over her, whispering in her ear, “I’m sorry, baby. I can’t hold it anymore. It’s been too long”, she gave me a look of compassion, nodding. “I’m going to come now, I know it”

“It’s ok, honey”, she said with her sweetest voice.

And I gave her one last blow and I was done. I came violently inside her little pussy and hugged her back when I finished. But as I filled her up, what I felt was guilt and shame. I still wore my wedding ring. Suddenly I felt overcome with sadness and I swallowed a scream but, I couldn’t stop the tears from coming out. I cried on the back of the woman I had just had sex with.

She noticed as I quickly pulled out and put my limp dick back in my pants, leaning against the desk. I didn’t know what to do. I felt

embarrassed for fucking her like a teen but also, for fucking her at all. I didn't want to admit it but, maybe I wasn't ready. She was an angel. She knew the hunger I was keeping inside, and she fed me.

I was a damn teen again, silly, a little crazy. I just couldn't act like a 35-year-old man around this woman I've known my whole life. Not since the very first day she walked into my office and brought me back a joy I didn't know still existed inside of me.

And since the very first day I felt her plump body against mine, I started acting like a dumb fuck. The first thing I did was abduct her and bring her home. I had good intentions; she couldn't stay in that hotel room. Hell, it's been six months already and her house is still not done. But I must admit I just wanted to have her around. I wanted her, the woman, near me. I wanted to be able to see her and talk to her all day, every day. I needed her. I became obsessed with her ever since that day.

And she let me have her. She indulged me and took care of me and my daughter. She was a guardian angel in our darkest hour. She touched my heart and taught it how to start healing again on its own. She mothered my daughter, she loved her like her own. And she became my work wife but also, my wife at home. She cooked for us, she cleaned, she took care of me when I was sick, she helped Hima with school when my dumb ass couldn't even understand the lesson.

And now she had given me the sweetest kisses I've tasted. She had given me her body and had taken my seed inside of her. She had given me everything she had, and I couldn't even look her in the eyes.

She tried to console me, but when she tried to touch my hand, I freaked out and I looked at the ring, instinctively, and she saw me. The look she gave me as I tried to fix it was heartbreaking. It was too late. She

had left and I was alone, and sad, and in love. Yes, I was in love with her. I had been for a long time now. But I felt guilty. I felt it wasn't fair to my late wife to move on, to allow myself to be happy, to make another woman happy.

I had thought about it a lot since the morning. I couldn't work anymore that day. I got out of the office and took the same walk we've taken the day she came to work with me. Even though it was the same hour of the day, and the streets were full of people, it felt empty and grey without her. The children's laughter didn't fill my heart today. Of course, because *she* filled my heart that day.

I went and had ramen, the same as with her, but it tasted dull. I knew it was perfect, but *I* was dull. My day was dull without her. Today was the first time we hadn't had lunch together since the first time. Lord, she was my everything. She had become my whole world and I didn't know how to live without her. I didn't want to live my life without her. I wanted her to be in my life, really be in my life. I wanted her to be mine and I wanted to be hers, again and forever.

I went back home running, desperately aching with a profound longing to hug her again. I entered the house calling her name. "Kazuki, my love, forgive me. I... I need to tell you how I feel", she wasn't in the kitchen or the living room. I flew up the stairs, I opened the office, empty. I tried Hima's room, also empty. The bathroom, the boys' room, all empty. She sure was in her room. I stopped at the door, pulling myself together. I sleeked my hair back, straightened my jacket and took a deep breath. Then I opened the door with a huge loving smile on my face.

It slowly vanished as I took in the sheer emptiness of her room, of our house, without her. She wasn't there. Her things were here, all of it. Her

bed smelled like her. Her closet was full. But she was gone. I had lost her.

“Kurama, I love her so much”, I said, because I couldn’t process how lonely I felt.

“I know you do, Bakayarou”, Kurama said as I laid on her bed and cried.

## Chapter 3 – Aftermath

I don't know how long I spent sitting on the steps before I could stop crying, but I had finally calmed down and was able to open the door. I felt such meaninglessness when I entered my house, and not just because it was empty. Every day since I came to the village I had lived with Naruto and Hima. And I had been so happy every second of it. I had been almost too happy living a lie.

I had been silly for letting myself be so vulnerable with him. It wasn't his fault, though. I knew he was still going through grief. I shouldn't had let it go that far. He wasn't ready. How could he be? I know how much he loved his wife. The way he loved her was another reason to fall for him. If I wasn't already crazy about the man, that alone would have done it. Knowing he was able and willing to love like that, only made me want that kind of love for myself even more.

But I was selfish. I wanted his love now. And he was just not ready to love me like I wanted.

I walked across that empty house and, even though I knew it was *my* house, it didn't feel like it. This was not where I wanted to be, this house wasn't where I wanted to live. This was not my home. My home was... well, did I even have a home anymore? Did I even have a home at all? I couldn't, I didn't want to answer that question, so I left.

I went to a hotel instead, the same hotel I was going to stay at when Naruto took me... home.

“Can I have room 17, please?” I asked the concierge.

“It happens to be vacant right now, it's your lucky day”, he said, and I sighted.

“Sure”, I said with melancholy. “I need to send a message”, I added.

“Of course, just have it ready and our busboy will come pick it up shortly.

“And I need to use your overnight laundry services. Would it be possible to have the clothes ready first thing in the morning?”

“Certainly. We’ll take care of everything for you”.

“Thank you”, I said and went up to the room.

I stood in front of the bathroom mirror and watched myself. I looked a mess, my eyes swollen and red, my hair tangled and my overall attitude sad and empty. I took my clothes off.

My blouse smelled like his aftershave, fresh and clean but with a hint of his own sweat. It reminded me of every afternoon when we got home from work. I’d go prep dinner while Hima did her homework and he trained, religiously, for an hour. And he’d come to the kitchen after, sweaty and energized.

“Kazuki-chan, I don’t want to let you do all the work. Do you mind if I shower after we eat so I can help you?” He’d asked and I’d say I didn’t mind. I actually loved the smell of his sweaty skin. It made me fantasize of both our sweaty bodies intertwined, like one.

Of course I didn’t mind. Every night cooking dinner was a feast for my senses as he stood by me, cutting vegetables while I watched as his muscles tense and relax, how his agile fingers manipulated the food. Sometimes he’d stood behind me, watching over my shoulder as I taught him something new, and I’d melt away when he breathed in my neck.

I sunk my face in the fabric, breathing the smell I loved most in the world, before throwing it in the laundry bag.

My underwear was full of his semen. I ran it under the tap, squeezing it in between my hands, washing away all of it, before getting in the shower where I did the same with my body. I washed in between my legs, still throbbing for him, revisiting the feeling of his dick inside me, pounding me. God, it was so good. Even though it didn't last long, every thrust was delicious. He filled me up completely with his big cock, making me whimper like a slut.

No! I couldn't bear his smell, his taste in my mouth, his seed in my pussy. I didn't want to forget but I also didn't want to remember. Not now.

I took a long warm shower and put on the hotel robe before sitting and writing a note for Hima. I loved her so much, almost as much as I loved her father, and I didn't want her to worry about me. I explained I was going to travel for a few days, but I would miss her and her dad a lot. She didn't deserve to be caught in the middle of this mess Naruto and I got ourselves into.

I heard a knock on the door and my heart stopped. I smiled instinctively and ran to open the door.

"Oh, it's you", I said as I felt a hole in the pit of my stomach.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm here to pick up a note and some laundry", the busboy said.

"Please, deliver this note to the Hokage's residence at once", I said and closed the door, filled with dread and confusion. I laid in the bed and closed my eyes, remembering the day Naruto entered this very room with me. He was still holding my hand when he gently dragged me inside.

"I know this is sudden, Kazuki-chan. Forgive me, but I can't let you stay here for who knows how long", he said, lightly pressing my hand

with his fingers as he talked. “You’re already doing so much by leaving your life in Kiri to come help me out. I don’t know what else to do to show my appreciation”.

“Thank you, Lord... Naruto”, we both smiled. “But are you sure I wouldn’t be imposing?” I asked.

“Of course not. I have a big house for me and Hima. She’s going to love you”, he said with a big smile, still holding my hand in his. “My sons left the country two years ago on an indefinite time basis mission, and the house feels a little empty”, he let go of my hand and bowed, respectfully. “I’d be honor to have you be our guest”, he said. “Unless you don’t want to”.

“No, it would be my honor to accept your invitation”, I said, bowing back at him.

“It’s settled then! Let’s pack you up and we can be home in time to meet Hima when she comes from school”, he said picking up my luggage and putting it on the bed as he talked. “I can make dinner for you. I’m not the best chef but I have a few recipes I can whip up”, he added, opening the bottom drawer of the dresser as I went to the closet to grab my suits. I watched him as he picked up my clothes with the outmost care, organizing them inside the suitcase.

*He outgrew his messy years*, I said to myself, thinking back to when he was a little mischievous dude wreaking havoc around the village. I smiled with melancholy. I grabbed the suits and came back to the bedroom and found him, startled. He quickly tried to hide what he had in his hand, his face red like a tomato.

“I opened the drawer without looking and started grabbing stuff, without realizing... I’m so embarrassed. I swear I didn’t mean to...” he

said, tripping over every word that got out of his mouth. I walked towards him, confused, and placed the suits on the bed before facing him. He couldn't stop looking at the floor, shaking his head, with his fist tightly closed.

“I don't understand”, I said.

“Good, good. I think it would be better if I didn't have to explain myself again”, he said, and I could see the pain in his face as he muttered self-deprecating insults to himself.

“Ok, I won't ask”, I said and closed the empty drawer.

“I should wait for you outside”, he said, putting his hand on his pocket and walking out the door. I finished packing and joined him.

“I'm all ready”, I said pulling the heavy suitcase through the open door.

“Allow me”, he said, putting his hand on mine, over the luggage handle. I tried to protest but he disarmed me with a bright smile, and I let him carry it for me.

His house was so cozy, and everything was tidy and on its place. There were family pictures everywhere. Naruto seemed so happy in all of them, specially the ones with his wife. She was also so pretty... I felt sad for a moment. Because I knew what it meant losing the person you made a life with, I could understand his suffering. Naruto was the most selfless, kindhearted person I knew, and he had had a life full of suffering. Losing his wife so early on top of everything was just a cruel and undeserved punishment.

“You have such a beautiful home”, I said as he came downstairs after leaving my luggage.

“Oh, thanks but it’s barely my doing”, he said, awkwardly looking at me and then at the picture of him and his wife I was holding. “Join me and I’ll start dinner”, he said as I returned it to him. He looked at it and put it back, rubbing the back of his head with his hand.

“Of course”, I said, and we went to the kitchen. “But only if you let me cook”.

“But I invited you”, he said, grabbing things from the fridge.

“I’m going to be living here. We can’t fight over the shores every day. The least I can do is cook since you’re sharing your home with me”, I said and he stood for a few seconds, looking me in the eyes as I spoke. I smiled, as a last push to convince him.

“Ok, but only if we do it together. You did offer to teach me. I’m a terrible cook”, he said, chuckling.

It was almost time for Hima to come home so I prepared something quick but yummy. I wanted so bad for her to like me.

Naruto helped, diligently. He was better at following commands now that he was a man. He was standing by my side as we prepared dumplings and I caught myself daydreaming about him several times. He looked so handsome. His jacket was black, the neck tall, finished in an orange stripe, as well as the bottom and the cuffs. His trousers were also orange and sometimes hugged his thighs a little too tightly, which I appreciated.

He prepped the table as I cleaned up. I stared at his neck from behind. His presence was so masculine, but he kept the roughness from his youth. His right arm was covered in white bandages which made him seem even more mysterious. I wondered what happened to him.

I realized I missed so much of his life. The last time I saw him was when we were 20 but before that, I was away for a few years. And before Pain attacked the village, he spent a couple of years away with his Master. I didn't know anything about him as a man. I just had the memories of the boy I loved.

"Tadaima", a sweet voice announced from the door. I got instantaneously nervous. I dried my hands and straightened my clothes and hair. I really wanted to make a good impression on her.

"She's gonna love you. I can tell you that", Naruto whispered in my ear, seeing my anxiety. I felt each hair in my neck get tense as his warm breath bathed my skin. *Not now, get a hold of yourself.* We stood in the living room and waited for her to come in.

"Daddy!" She said, looking at me.

"Hima, say hello to Kazuki-chan. She's going to be living with us", he said as she gave him a kiss.

"Nice to meet you, Kazuki-san", Hima said with a big smile. "Is she the friend you told me was going to be working with you, dad?" She asked him, her curious eyes still on me.

"Yes", he answered, rubbing the back of his neck, and chuckling nervously.

"Nice to meet you, Himawari. I hope I'm not imposing", I said, bowing.

"Not at all. Dad is very lonely lately. I think is a terrific idea for him to share some time with a friend", she said, holding my hand in her small ones. She was so cute!

"It's an honor for me", I said, smiling back at her.

“Let’s eat then. Kazuki-chan cooked for us”, Naruto said, pulling the chair at the top of the table for me to sit. I hesitated but he insisted with his kind eyes. I sat as he pushed the chair forward. He then sat across from me.

“I knew today was special as soon as I opened the door. The house hasn’t smelled like this in a long time and, dad, I love you, but you’re cooking doesn’t smell like this”, she said, giggling. We all chuckled.

Dinner felt... right. Hima was sensible and sweet, like her father. She didn’t seem uncomfortable at all around me, on the contrary. She was familiar, warm, and welcoming, which I appreciated greatly. I didn’t want her to think of me as an intruder, trying to take her mom’s place or something like that. It was not the case. Even though I loved Naruto so much, I had agreed to live with them because *he* asked me. If my presence could bring him any joy at all, I couldn’t say no to him.

After dinner, Naruto didn’t let us help with the dishes. He took care of it, while Hima and I watched tv and talked about her school. She was as gregarious as her father and had so many friends, I almost lost track as she told me about each one of them. I was a little overwhelmed but in a good way. I didn’t expect to be welcomed and absorbed into their routine so easily, so genuinely. I felt my heart flutter as I let myself enjoy the feeling of having a family.

My late husband had passed away too soon, and we didn’t have children. I had been alone for most of my life, afraid to let anyone in. I spent my youth working hard to become the best at what I did, and when I came back, ready to declare Naruto my love, he was already taken. I hid myself in work again for years, until I met my husband, and I finally let

someone in, but then he was gone too. I took refuge again in my work, without realizing how distant and lonely I had become.

I hadn't dreamt of having a family in a long time and seeing the possibility of sharing Naruto's, felt like a dream. I was nervous and anxious, but also excited and intrigued. Naruto's steps coming downstairs brought me back from my thoughts.

"Hima, is bath time", he said, leaning on the back of the sofa where we were sitting.

"Ok, daddy", Hima said, kissing her father on the cheek he was offering her. I couldn't stop smiling as I watched them. "Good night, Kazuki-san!" Then she kissed me as well and ran upstairs. I stayed still, a little shocked by such sincere display of affection. I wasn't used to it, to be honest. Naruto seemed to notice and put his hand on my shoulder, warm and reassuring, and squeezed, gently.

"I know how you feel. It took me a long time to get used to people showing their love for me", my heart skipped a beat. But soon enough, I felt my body fill with calmness, the calmness he emanated as he touched me. After a few seconds, maybe a few too many, he removed his hand. I blushed, looking forward as he paced behind me.

"Well, let me show you to your room", he finally said, *thank goodness*, breaking the awkward silence.

"Great", I said, getting up. *Great? That the best you can come up with?* Sometimes I got so silly around him. But I followed him upstairs, where he showed me each room. Mine was right by his office and across from the empty room that belonged to his sons.

"That's me", he said and pointed at the door at the end of the hallway. "If you ever need anything, just come and get me, ok?" I

nodded. “You can do whatever you want here, change it, paint it. I want you to know this is *your* room now and I want you to feel at home”, he said, grabbing my hand again between his. Every time he held my hand like that, I felt a shockwave running through my body. His energy filled the room and overwhelmed me sometimes, specially when he looked me in the eyes, deeply, like now. He had a way of looking at you, like he wanted to know your soul. And I just let him bathe me with his gaze, until my cheeks got hot and red. He chuckled, letting go of my hand to rub the back of his neck.

“I... thank you”, was the only thing I managed to say.

“Make yourself comfortable. I’ll be training downstairs if you need me”.

I unpacked my stuff and took a long shower. Then I laid on the bed and fell asleep until the next morning. That was our first day together. *And today was our last*, I said to myself as I started drifting away, alone in my hotel room.