

Chapter 49

Nauto in his mini-tailed beast form, looked in the direction where he fought some minutes ago.

Sakura and Yamato who stood some distance away, were wary of him, if Naruto had lost his mind he would attack them.

Yamato was sure that this was not Naruto in front of them, sakura Seeing this was running towards him to wake him up from this state.

"No don't go there," Yamato screamed, he didn't want to hurt Sakura because of her mindless rush towards Naruto.

Kurama looked towards Sakura, their eyes met, his pure white eye with her green eyes, fear crawled into her body as she looked at those scary eyes of Kurama, but despite being scared she didn't stop, she want his friend to wake up from his sleep and take control of his body.

"Should just I kill her," Kurama's thought reverberated in the mindscape, Naruto who was looking at the scenes in front of him, was amazed that, despite being fearful sakura didn't stop, she want to wake him up.

"No, although she is weak, she considers me one of his friends," Naruto said to his friend Kurama.

"Fine I have my fun, you can come out," Kurama said, prepared for going into his seal again, but before he could go inside, or Sakura came closer to him.

Yamato extended his hand, and on his palm, there was a seal, soon around Kurama, wooden pillars appeared and entangled him.

These wooden pillars were suppressing his chakra, trying to completely suppress his chakra, and it could have worked if Kurama had forcefully taken over Naruto's body, but this time there was no resistance and Kurama was in full control.

"Pitiful human, do you think this level of power is enough to suppress my

chakra," Kurama's voice echoed.

Naruto seeing this, if this goes on Kurama could literally go on a rampage, if Yamato tried to use more force and anyone Kurama.

"Calm down, let me out, your fun is over, Kurama," Kurama hear Naruto's voice, soon his gigantic figure appeared in the mindscape, and Naruto disappeared from this place.

The mini-tailed beast form of Naruto started to fade away, he was bound by the wooden ropes, soon naruto's figure started to appear and completely came out.

He looked at Yamato, seeing his gaze yamato did some hand signs, and the woods go back into the ground.

Seeing this Sakura who stood near him spoke, "Are you ok naruto," "Yes I am completely fine," Naruto looked around, "where is Sai" he spoke.

Seeing that Naruto was fine, they sighed, "he went after you," Yamato spoke, and closed his eyes he tried to sense something, he opened his eyes after a few seconds, "I found him," Yamato pointed his finger in front of him, "he is in that direction," he spoke.

Seeing this sakura asked how do you know.

"I actually mixed a seed into all of your food yesterday, this is one of my special abilities, I can find anywhere until the seed is still inside your stomach," Yamato said to her,

Sakura nodded to his sensei.

"Let's go" Yamato spoke, they all nodded and run towards Sai.

Orochimaru stood in the middle of the devastated ground, the landscape

had been completely obliterated.

he was looking in Naruto's direction, he looked at his hands, he still couldn't perform any ninjutsu, his sensei sarutobi Hiruzen had sealed his hands into the belly of shinigami, every three years he had to change his body, and this current vessel was on it's dying days, "damn sensei" he cursed Hiruzen for it.

Soon in front of him, a teenager with pale skin appeared, he was Sai, Orochimaru looked at him, and seeing this Sai immediately spook, "I am not your enemy, I came here on behalf of lord Danzo," he said and he tossed a scroll towards him, "Danzo sama said to give it to you," Sai said.

Orochimaru looked at the scroll, he put this scroll into his mouth and gulped down it.

At this moment Yamato and the team appeared on the battlefield, they saw Sai speaking to Orochimaru, seeing them Orochimaru creepily smiled at him

"if you want to see Sasuke Uchiha, you have to track my base, kukuku, see you in just a few hours," Orochimaru sank into the ground, escaping so fast that they couldn't do anything.

even if he can't do his hand signs he was still able to escape and if he wanted to escape no one could stop him, and soon he will regain his full power, he was just here to test Naruto's strength.

Sai looked at his sunken figure, the ground beneath his feet shake, and wooden spikes spurt out and indagated him, binding him, Sai was immobilized.

Yamato came near him, "you work for Danzo don't you," he asked him.

"Yes," Sai simply nodded to his question.

"What's your purpose," Yamato asked him, Sai looked at Naruto and spoke, "lord Danzo asked me to give him the information about Naruto," he speaks and looked at Naruto.

Sakura, who hadn't paid much attention to Sai, spoke to her sensei, "Sensei, let's go. If we miss this chance, we might never have another opportunity to see Sasuke or bring him back to the village."

Sai looked at her, "why are so consistent to bring a traitor to the village," he asked, he still didn't know why she was so obsessed with him to bring him to the village.

Hearing his words Sakura was enraged, he never failed to enrage her, she looked at him,

" he is our friend, and he is not a traitor," she shouted at him, and emotions filled in her voice.

hearing her words sai quit down, and he remember his brother, they share all their food, and tools, they were brothers in his eyes, but one day everything changed, he couldn't find him, if he got his news he will be like Sakura, but he didn't meet him again, he didn't know what happen to him, thinking this he looked at Sakura, "I will go with you, I want to see how you will bring him village," Sai spoke.

Yamato unbind him, and looked at him, even if work for Danzo, he was still on his team, and it was his responsibility to take care of them, so Yamato just looked at him,

They all looked at each other, "Let's follow the trails of that snake,"

Yamato spoke to him, he uses his seeing abilities and found a direction, they all headed towards the base where Sasuke was.

[An~ tell me how do you like the chapter.

I know it was not so good but bear with it.

-I had completely rewritten 'chapter 39 Deidara Returns', I hope you read

that chapter, it was your request after all.

And one question for the future should I revive his Mother Khushina or not?

chapter 50

Chapter 50

Naruto, Sakura Sai, and Yamato started to follow the trails of Orochimaru, they ran towards him at full speed and soon exited the forest they were traveling in.

As they ventured forward, the travelers encountered a desolate expanse – a barren land that seemed to stretch endlessly. The landscape was devoid of life, populated only by withered trees and massive boulders that lay like ancient sentinels. The earth beneath their feet appeared cracked and parched, yet their determination urged them to press on, unfazed by the unforgiving terrain.

Soon they came in front of two big boulders, they were bigger than any of them, this was the entrance of Orochimaru's hidden lab in this area. Orochimaru had countless hidden bases all over the Elemental nations, that was the reason that he was still alive.

They all looked at these two big stones that were in their way, these stones at least ten meters in height, containing tons of weight, they all looked at Naruto, and he nodded to them.

He came near the boulders and extended his palm, and a Rasengan started to form in his hand, but this didn't stop, the Rasengan started to get bigger and bigger until it completely erased the stones. The giant Rasengan was at least 10 meters in diameter.

They all looked at the sheer size of the Rasengan, they were so small compared to it.

Naruto looked at them, "Let's go," saying this, they all entered the hidden

lab.

Within the confines of the dimly lit expanse, a recurrent pattern adorned each wall and extended onto the floor, casting a bewildering spell upon any who dared step inside.

This clandestine lair, belonging to the enigmatic Orochimaru, unfolded into a sprawling expanse. Countless rooms lay nestled within its depths, waiting to be unveiled. Undeterred, they embarked on a resolute journey, vowing to scrutinize every room that crossed their path.

"Let's split up, there are many ways in this lab," Yamato said to them, they all nodded and split up, they went in different ways, and started to search for Sasuke.

Sakura was the one who was getting impatient, she searched every room in the hope to find her Sasuke, but it was futile she couldn't find anything, they were all empty, suddenly everyone heard a loud explosion in the lab.

In the aftermath of the explosion, the once dimly lit laboratory transformed, bathed in a renewed luminance that painted every corner. Amid this metamorphosis, Sakura's attention was captivated by a radiant gleam that pierced the shadows, originating from an unexpected source. Entranced and driven by a mix of wonder and resolve, she sprang into action, hastening her steps toward the enigmatic brilliance that awaited her.

Naruto also saw the white natural light. He started to run toward it, and the same could be said about Sai and Yamato, they all started to run toward the white light.

They all soon reached the destroyed area, they were underground when they reached the area, and they could see the sun was over their heads, the roof was gone, there were boulders and some destroyed rubbles on

the ground after the loud explosion.

They all reached the destroyed place at the same time from different directions, they looked at each other, and then they lifted their head towards the sky. Ten feet above them on the ground.

A figure's shadow stretched out before them, its presence commanding attention. It was Sasuke.

His eyes descended, meeting their collective gaze, and in that moment, a torrent of memories surged forth. The days of their shared academy life, the bonds forged through training, the poignant departure that Naruto had fervently tried to prevent, and the unceasing rivalry that had spurred them onward - all converged into a vivid tableau.

"Naruto," his voice reverberated, bearing the echoes of their history. His gaze then shifted to Sakura, the words he uttered carrying a subdued weight. "Sakura."

Sakura's gaze remained riveted on him, a silent plea emanating from her eyes, urging her lips to form the words she had longed to utter.

However, the words eluded her, ensnared within the confines of her constricting throat. "Sa...su...ke...Ku...n," the syllables escaped her lips, fragile and tremulous.

This very instant, the one she had anticipated for so long, was upon her.

Yet, as he stood there, her voice seemed to desert her, as though a shroud of silence had enveloped her.

A profound inertia gripped her body, a once indomitable force now transmuted into an unmoving statue, encapsulating a storm of unspoken feelings.

Naruto looked at him, and the memories of his with Sasuke started to play in his mind like a movie, their conversation, how he wanted to always stop him from getting away from the village, his fight with him at

the valley of the end. All of his memories were being surfaced, he shook his head and looked at him.

Naruto's hand extended toward Sasuke, a swirling Rasengan materializing within his grasp. It burgeoned, swelling in size akin to an Ōdama Rasengan, before the energy within condensed rapidly, a spectacle of compression unfolding before his palm. Aligning two fingers, Naruto directed his focus toward Sasuke, and on those outstretched fingers resided the culmination of his efforts - a highly condensed, compressed Rasengan.

Naruto's hand stretched out in Sasuke's direction, the ambient chakra coalescing into the iconic form of a Rasengan. Akin to the Ōdama Rasengan, it expanded, its dimensions growing before his intent gaze. Then, with astonishing rapidity, the chakra within underwent a remarkable transformation, compressing to an extraordinary degree. The culmination of this intricate process lay at the tips of Naruto's outstretched fingers - a minuscule yet potent Rasengan, dense with energy and purpose.

"Rasen...dan..." Naruto's voice hung in the air, a harbinger of the imminent spectacle. With a velocity beyond the ken of mortal sight, the Rasengan hurtled forward, a testament to Naruto's mastery over chakra manipulation.

Within Sasuke's Sharingan, a maelstrom of crimson spun, a visual testament to his Uchiha lineage. Yet, despite the whirlwind of his gaze, his corporeal form remained a portrait of stasis, untouched by the current of time.

And so, the projectile surged onward, a blur of determination and power. At the precipice of impact, it coursed through Sasuke's form, a phantom passage a mere breath away from his head, etching an ephemeral

testament to their complex history.

The Rasengan struck Orochimaru, his concealed form suddenly revealed in the face of the attack. The impact was catastrophic, rending his head apart with visceral force.

A burst of crimson erupted from the wound, an eerie dance of blood against the backdrop of violence. Gravity seized Orochimaru's lifeless form, and he plummeted unceremoniously to the ground. In the blink of an eye, the entire sequence unfolded, lasting a mere fraction of three seconds.

Soon Kabuto appeared beside Orochimaru and started to stop the bleeding, he knew that Orochimaru would die if he didn't do anything, but he didn't know Naruto was able to find them, they had perfectly masked their presence and used the best camouflage technique.

Sakura, Sai, and Yamato stood in silent witness to the unfolding tableau, their emotions entangled in a tempestuous dance. Dread held them in its grip as they beheld Naruto's seemingly fatal attack aimed at Sasuke.

Time seemed to constrict around them, trapping their impulses in inertia.

However, the course of events took a sudden twist that defied their expectations. The trajectory of the Rasengan altered, sparing Sasuke from its intended impact. Instead, Orochimaru bore the full brunt of the attack, a brutal spectacle that played out before their eyes.

A collective breath they hadn't realized they were holding rushed out, mingling with a potent blend of emotions.

Their initial horror transformed into a surge of profound gratitude, as the weight of the impending tragedy lifted. The fabric of fate had rewoven itself, granting them an unexpected reprieve.

"That was for hitting my face bitch," Naruto spoke to now headless Orochimaru, although it was Kurama, but he was using his body, his

pride don't allow him just be hit by someone without paying them back.

The Jutsu Naruto wielded bore the name "Rasendan." It represented the zenith of his mastery over the Rasengan, an extraordinary refinement of the Ōdama Rasengan.

As he delved into the process of compression, the intricate web of chakra threads within the sphere surged to unparalleled speeds, surpassing anything his standard Rasengan could achieve.

Guiding his concentration with unwavering precision, he compressed the chakra to its utmost limits, honing it to the brink of detonation within his palm.

However, Naruto's control reached a level of finesse that bordered on artistry.

At the culmination of his efforts, he guided the densely concentrated energy to the tips of his two fingertips.

The manifestation that hung before him was a testament to his prowess – a projectile poised for release.

The velocity of this construct outstripped the boundaries of sound itself, offering no conceivable means of evasion.

In this storm of power, lagging behind meant facing an inevitable end – a manifestation of the "one hit, one kill" philosophy that defined the realm of S-rank jutsu.

However, Naruto held a nuanced awareness of Orochimaru's unique nature. This variant of the Rasengan, while capable of unfathomable destruction, wasn't intended to claim his life in this instance.

The sheer velocity and devastating force of the jutsu left them all in awe.

The members of Naruto's team were shaken to their core, witnessing a display that defied their expectations.

Until this moment, none of them had borne witness to Naruto employing

a jutsu of such magnitude. Every technique he had wielded prior had soared beyond the realms of ordinary classification.

Each member stood caught in the wake of Naruto's prowess, a testament to the depth of his power. His arsenal, a collection of jutsu exclusively above the A-rank threshold, had consistently ascended the hierarchy of forbidden techniques.

Sasuke too found himself awestruck, a sensation that coursed through him with a palpable intensity. Without the swift activation of his Sharingan, the true destructive potential of Naruto's jutsu would have remained shrouded in the mists of uncertainty.

Among the observers, few comprehended the depths of this Jutsu's might.

But Sasuke was an exception. His Sharingan had granted him the privilege of witnessing the extent of its devastation firsthand.

An~ how do you like the chapter, what do you think of his jutsu, if you wanted to see how the Jutsu work, the image of Jutsu is in the comments,

Man this chapter was so dramatic, it was fun to write, I hope you appreciate my work with your comments.

Before leaving for the next chapter please comment on this.

Give me some power stones or Sasuke will put you in a genjutsu.... Just kidding

-----your author san]

chapter 51~Naruto's infamous

Jutsu

Chapter 51~ Naruto's infamous Jutsu

words-2898, so enjoy or die.

Tension filled the air as Naruto unleashed his Rasengan, causing the atmosphere to heat up. His opponents were at a loss for what to do next. Sasuke's Sharingan spun menacingly, its gaze fixed on Naruto, who met it without a trace of hesitation.

In an instant, everything transformed. Sasuke found himself standing in the midst of a sprawling green grassland. He turned his body and laid eyes upon the immense figure of Kurama, its nine tails coiled around its form, its sleep troubled and uneasy.

"I've heard about the Demon Fox, Naruto. You've been concealing this creature within you all this time," Sasuke uttered. He manifested within Naruto's mindscape, and shortly after, Naruto materialized beside him, regarding him with a curious expression.

"Do you want me to release him?" Naruto asked, answering his own question. Sasuke looked at him, uncertain about how to respond.

With a snap of his fingers, Naruto conjured a normal table and two chairs, placing them gently onto the verdant grass. The table bore a spread of tea, thoughtfully arranged. This realm was Naruto's mindscape, entirely under his dominion. He had reshaped it long ago, harnessing his heightened mastery over the Yin element.

"Take a seat, Sasuke. We've got quite a bit to catch up on, don't we?"

Naruto pointed to the chair, offering an invitation. He lowered himself into his own seat, and upon seeing this, Sasuke followed suit, occupying the other chair.

Kurama loomed behind them, not even bothering to crack open an eye.

He was aware that Naruto had company, so he saw no need to pry and take a glimpse at them. Laziness seemed to be his current disposition.

Sasuke gazed at Naruto, finding it hard to recognize him. This version of Naruto wasn't his usual boisterous self, nor was he urging Sasuke to

return to the village. In Sasuke's perception, this incarnation of Naruto held a certain appeal, a departure from the norm.

"How have you been, Sasuke?" Naruto questioned, his gaze steady on him.

"Fine," Sasuke replied, opting not to offer any further words to him.

"Good to know you're doing well," Naruto remarked.

"Hmph," Sasuke responded in the language of the Uchiha.

"Don't you want to ask about me, your one and only friend?" Naruto quipped a touch of humor in his voice.

Sasuke glanced at him, at a loss for words. He continued to observe Naruto, perplexed as to why he was still within Naruto's mindscape despite having deactivated his Sharingan.

"Hehe... no use trying to escape, Sasuke. Not this time. We're in for a real chat," Naruto chimed with a grin. His mastery over the mindscape was unwavering - entry could be granted without his say, but the exit was solely under his control.

Sasuke glanced at him, caught off guard. He was puzzled by how Naruto seemed to grasp his thoughts.

"Don't look so shocked, Sasuke. I know you inside out," Naruto reassured him.

Sasuke simply gazed at him, uncertain about what Naruto expected from him. The way Naruto spoke, as if addressing an old friend who understood him deeply, puzzled him. Yet, he couldn't help but find it not unpleasant.

"Join me, Sasuke," Naruto urged, breaking the silence.

Naruto's words seemed to stir the very air, causing the ambient temperature to climb. In response, Sasuke's Sharingan blazed to life, radiating its crimson intensity.

"I won't be going back to the village. My sole objective is to end Itachi's life, to exact my revenge. Do not try to obstruct me, Naruto," Sasuke declared, his voice a chilling embodiment of his resolve.

He understood all too well that Naruto would eventually raise the notion of his return to the village, a notion he harbored a profound distaste for.

"I'm not suggesting you return to the village. What I'm asking is for you to join me," Naruto elucidated, his composure unaffected by Sasuke's blazing Sharingan.

Sasuke's gaze lingered on Naruto, a mix of surprise and confusion etched onto his features. For the first time, he found himself unable to grasp the meaning behind Naruto's words. This unfamiliar territory left Sasuke feeling disoriented and baffled.

"Don't regard me with that expression. Do you truly desire to kill your own brother?" Naruto inquired.

Upon hearing his brother's name, an icy chill overtook Sasuke's gaze. He locked eyes with Naruto.

"Yes, obliterating him is my foremost desire. Are you trying to hinder my pursuit of vengeance?" Sasuke shot back, his words infused with a seething mix of rage and abhorrence.

"I never stated that I would obstruct you. What if I offered to aid you in achieving your revenge?" Naruto proposed, a faint smile playing on his lips.

Sasuke's gaze locked onto Naruto, a mixture of shock and bewilderment etching his expression. The prospect of Naruto not standing in his way, but instead proffering aid, struck him as entirely unanticipated.

It went against the grain of Naruto's typical behavior - his unwavering effort to halt Sasuke's pursuits. Sasuke's thoughts whirled as he grappled with this unexpected turn of events.

"Don't appear so taken aback. After all, aren't we friends? If you find yourself in need of support to attain your goal, isn't it my obligation as your friend to lend a hand?" Naruto asserted, his gaze unwavering as he awaited Sasuke's reply.

Sasuke found himself torn by conflicting emotions. Experience had taught him that most offers of help were laced with hidden agendas, and few were truly altruistic.

Yet, as he locked eyes with Naruto, an inexplicable sense of trust began to seep in. Sasuke's instincts for discerning those who sought to manipulate or endanger him were usually spot-on, but he sensed none of that in Naruto's eyes.

There were no veiled intentions, no hidden motives - just a genuine offer of support.

This marked the first instance where someone genuinely wished to assist him, and that someone was his sole friend.

Buried within his heart was an unspoken desire for support, a yearning for someone who could truly understand him. Though he considered Naruto a friend due to their shared experiences, he often felt that Naruto failed to comprehend him on a deeper level.

Yet, this moment felt different - it felt as if Naruto had truly grasped the essence of his being. A persistent longing had always resided within him, a desire for companionship and support.

He never wished to traverse his path alone, but those around him remained oblivious to his anguish, suffering, and motivations. In his early years, he radiated happiness and cheer, but the devastating massacre of his clan by Itachi had annihilated everything he held dear.

The depths of his pain remained unseen, his suffering unacknowledged, his motives unnoticed - a heart-wrenching isolation he carried with him,

yearning for solace amidst the void.

His reluctance to return to the village was rooted in a deep-seated distrust that had taken hold over the years. He saw the village populace as harboring insincerity, their actions often veiled with hypocrisy.

Meanwhile, the higher echelons of Konoha appeared driven by self-serving agendas when it came to him.

Some sought his clan's material assets - the wealth and possessions that came with it.

Others eyed his clan's prestigious name as a means of advancing their own standing. Within the village's midst, he found no genuine confidants. His friendships were marred by a failure to truly understand him, often imposing their own perspectives while disregarding his.

It was a reality where his viewpoint remained ignored, his emotions and experiences relegated to the sidelines.

The villagers saw his clan's name as a means to their own ends, using it to further their own interests. Within Konoha's confines, there remained nothing that held significance for him.

For what reason did he have to venture back to a place that had dismantled everything he held close? That village had ruthlessly stripped away his mother, his father, his entire family, his esteemed clan, and his joy. The possessions he once cherished had been swept into oblivion, leaving him in a desolate void, devoid of meaning.

In the depths of Naruto's gaze, Sasuke recognized a rare gift - an unspoken acceptance of his vengeful path. Naruto didn't seek to divert him from the darkness he had chosen. While Sasuke remained resolute in his journey of revenge, he discovered solace in knowing that, amidst that very darkness, a companion was willing to tread alongside him.

A weighty burden seemed to lift from his heart, casting aside the cold

isolation he had carried for so long. For the first time in years, his heart felt a glimmer of warmth. Amidst the vastness of the world, he was no longer alone; his friend stood beside him. His mind wrestled with a dilemma - how should he respond, what words should he choose?

Witnessing the struggle evident in Sasuke's demeanor, Naruto addressed him. He comprehended the internal battle Sasuke was grappling with.

Deep down, Naruto knew that Sasuke will always be on his side, he was prepared to offer Sasuke what he yearned for - be it revenge or any other form of assistance.

"How about I reveal to you the identity of the one who ordered your brother to annihilate your family? And did you know he accepted the task without any hesitation?" Naruto suggested his words aimed squarely at Sasuke.

Once again, surprise overtook Sasuke as he learned of the involvement of a third party in the massacre of his clan. He had long believed that Itachi had murdered his family as a display of power. However, now confronted with the knowledge that someone else was pulling the strings, his fury ignited. His Sharingan spun ferociously, and his gaze fixed intently on Naruto.

"Tell me. I want to know every detail about those responsible for the death of my clan," Sasuke demanded, his voice laced with anger and determination.

Naruto's gaze remained steady on Sasuke. "Don't allow your anger to overwhelm you, Sasuke. I'll provide the answers you seek, but there's something I need to know first," Naruto conveyed.

Growing increasingly impatient, Sasuke's gaze remained fixed on Naruto.

"Just ask your question," he pressed, his tone betraying his eagerness for answers.

"Suppose your clan had decided to attack Konoha. In that scenario, which side would you have chosen?" Naruto posed the question to Sasuke.

Without a hint of hesitation, Sasuke replied, "Undoubtedly, I would stand with my clan."

"If one of your friends aimed to oppose the Five Hidden Villages, which side would you align yourself with?" Naruto queried.

Sasuke's eyes bore into Naruto's, an awareness dawning upon him. The Naruto he had once known, characterized by innocence, had evolved into something more intricate. This transformation resonated with Sasuke. He grasped the depth beneath Naruto's inquiry.

"Certainly, I would align myself with my friend, even if their goals led to the utter destruction of all," Sasuke asserted with unwavering conviction.

Naruto observed him, a smile forming on his lips. "Have you come to understand the path your brother walked?" he asked, seeking Sasuke's insight.

"He chose the village over his family, his clan," Sasuke asserted, his voice tinged with palpable anger. He made no effort to conceal his emotions from Naruto - the village that had bestowed nothing upon him.

The very family that had given him life and nurtured him had been set aside in favor of nameless villagers who scarcely knew him. The people he had grown up with were seemingly forsaken for the sake of strangers who held no true bond with him.

This reality further fueled Sasuke's resentment towards Itachi. The notion of someone abandoning their own mother and father for the sake of others was a concept he struggled to comprehend.

If he were in such a position, he knew he would remain loyal to his family, regardless of the consequences - even if it meant facing death or posing a threat to the village.

"Among those involved were five people," Naruto began to elucidate.

Sasuke's focus was unswerving, his attention captured by Naruto's words.

"Sarutobi Hiruzen, Danzo, two elders, and the last among them - a member of your very Uchiha clan - Obito Uchiha. It is this final individual who holds the culpability for my parents' tragic fate," Naruto disclosed, unveiling the individuals responsible for orchestrating the Uchiha massacre.

Sasuke echoed those words in his mind, each syllable igniting a fiercer determination within him. But as he arrived at the portion that implicated Obito Uchiha, an array of emotions surged.

His gaze shifted to Naruto, his apprehension intensifying. The revelation that an Uchiha was responsible for Naruto's parents' tragic fate stirred within him a fear - a fear that Naruto's perception of him would be tainted by his Uchiha lineage.

The prospect of Naruto potentially coming to despise him solely due to his heritage, the same Naruto who had penetrated the depths of his understanding, weighed heavily on Sasuke's soul.

Naruto's gaze remained locked on Sasuke. "During that time, you were only a newborn. It wasn't your burden to carry those emotions," Naruto addressed Sasuke's silent worries, perceiving the internal turmoil Sasuke was grappling with.

Sasuke's gaze lingered on Naruto, his eyes transformed into a softer expression that caught him off guard. He came to recognize that the companionship of just one individual could unravel the shackles of isolation completely.

"Don't drown in your thoughts too much. It's not really your style. "

Naruto suggested playfully.

"Hnn.." Sasuke spoke to him.

"Now, what's your plan? Are you going to join me or head elsewhere?"

Naruto inquired, well aware that if he wished Sasuke to come to the village, he likely would.

"I'm not sure anymore," Sasuke admitted candidly. The weight that had burdened him for so long had been lifted, altering his perspective on the world around him.

Naruto fixed his gaze on Sasuke. "Why not come along with me? We can grow stronger together. Besides, there are some nuisances that need to be dealt with. How do you plan on managing them if you're far from the village?" Naruto suggested to Sasuke.

Sasuke stood at the intersection of uncertainty, grappling with the direction he should take. The pursuit of revenge, once cloaked in formidable challenges, now appeared within his grasp - almost deceptively simple.

His self-assurance had surged, propelled by Naruto's companionship. Doubt no longer shadowed his steps; he was resolute in his conviction that he possessed the ability to confront Itachi whenever he deemed fit. In acknowledgment of his friend's statement, Sasuke offered a simple nod. It was a quintessential attribute of the Uchiha clan:

once you earned their friendship, they were prepared to exert extraordinary efforts on your behalf. Conversely, should you find yourself marked as their adversary, they would ceaselessly strive to eliminate you.

"How do you like my cells?" Naruto inquired of Sasuke.

He could sense his own cells intermingling within Sasuke's body, infusing him with an unparalleled potency.

the integration of his cells had served to enhance Sasuke's Uchiha lineage to the utmost degree, aligning them seamlessly.

Sasuke now bore both Indra's and Asura's chakras, a fusion that propelled

his might. With 50-60% of Otsutsuki ancestry woven into his very DNA, he found himself growing more potent with each passing day, a metamorphosis that occurred without conscious effort.

He bore the same percentage of Otsutsuki lineage as Hagoromo Otsutsuki himself, a mere countdown to when he would eclipse the progenitor's power - this was Naruto's silent contemplation.

However, this did not imply that he had surpassed Naruto in strength.

Sasuke's eyes met Naruto's. "Ever since our cells intertwined, I've experienced a newfound sense of completion," Sasuke admitted with candid honesty.

Naruto nodded in response, his understanding evident. He and Hinata possessed a notable 38-45% Otsutsuki bloodline, yet this didn't automatically translate to being weaker than Sasuke. The potency lay in how effectively one harnessed and channeled these inherited traits.

"Shall we make our way back to 'our' village?" Naruto suggested, a genuine smile lighting up his features.

Sasuke recognized the underlying meaning in Naruto's words and responded with a nod of understanding.

As if by magic, their surroundings transformed again, yet they remained physically stationary.

From his vantage point, Naruto maintained an unwavering gaze on Sasuke, who mirrored the scrutiny from his position above.

A rare smile graced Sasuke's typically reserved expression, evoking a wry smirk in response from Naruto.

In actuality, a mere three seconds had transpired. The onlookers exchanged perplexed glances as Naruto's demeanor prompted speculation about the possibility of him being trapped in a genjutsu.

Yet, reality revealed itself, and their apprehension waned as Naruto's

smirk spoke volumes. Meanwhile, a smile had unfurled on Sasuke's face. The subtle interplay between the two left their teammates baffled, as the intricate bond shared between Naruto and Sasuke remained veiled in secrecy.

Sakura's gaze shifted to Naruto. "Naruto, are you feeling alright?" she asked, her tone carrying genuine concern.

As his eyes met Sakura's concerned gaze, Naruto offered reassurance.

"We're wrapping up our mission here and heading back to the village.

And," he turned his gaze back to Sakura with a smile,

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"Sasuke is coming along as well."

An~ how do you like the chapter, tell me in the comments.

I have tried my best to write this chapter so you have to do comments as much as want to show me some gratitude so I will write more chapters like this

.

Should I kill Nagato or not.

Give me some power stones or Orochimaru will bite you,..... Just kidding

-----your dear author san]

chapter 52

Chapter 52

In the hidden lab of Naruto,

Hinata was seated on her bed, diligently practicing her Byakugan. She

was on the cusp of achieving her goal: to observe the DNA within her

body and gain the ability to manipulate it.

Her eyes were gently closed, as she meticulously scanned every inch of

her form. Gradually, she drew nearer to glimpsing the intricate DNA nestled within each cell. DNA stood as the fundamental building block of every living being.

She beheld spirals of various hues within her DNA, an array of colors unlike any other. Although she drew near, the distinction within the DNA still eluded her grasp.

Suddenly, memories flooded her mind, memories belonging to her shadow clone that she had left back at the Hyuga compound.

With a jolt, she opened her eyes, a fiery rage now evident within them.

In those memories, she found herself being summoned to the elders' meeting—a meeting where grim intentions had been revealed. According to the elders, the time had come to subject her to the cursed mark.

Hinata, who was peacefully practicing her Byakugan, found her clan intervening in her affairs. She hadn't interacted much with her clan, but now the elders and her father were growing impatient due to her rapid growth in the past six months.

It was clear to them that if they allowed her any more, she will surpass them. This was the main reason that there was no Hyuga powerhouse in the Konoha.

The elders fears them and had a sense of danger, and this was the case with Hinata, they could not control her, because she didn't have any curse seal on her forehead.

The primary reason for the Hyuga clan's lack of significant powerhouses lay with the clan's elders. They forbade anyone from advancing beyond the Jonin rank.

Even individuals in the branch house refrained from striving for strength, understanding that even if they were to become powerful, the main house would subdue them. There was no escaping their predetermined

fate, leading to a broken spirit in their pursuit of strength.

Hinata sifted through her memories, her expression contorting with disgust. Her animosity towards the clan elders surged, a wicked grin spreading across her face.

"Curse mark seal, hehe... let's unveil your secrets, my dear father," her words resonated into the void, spoken to an unseen presence.

However, the very atmosphere seemed to heed her words, an aura of coldness descending upon her surroundings. Those imprisoned in the cells shuddered as an icy chill enveloped their bodies.

Tiny fissures began to snake their way across the room, a visual testament to the immense pressure she radiated.

"Jougan," she murmured in hushed tones, the words carrying an air of invocation. As her utterance hung in the air, a profound transformation overtook her eyes. The sclera darkened, engulfed by inky blackness, while her irises underwent a mesmerizing metamorphosis. They assumed a bluish-white hue, devoid of any pupils, an otherworldly manifestation of power.

The very space around her began to ripple as if the fabric of reality itself was responding to her presence. Before her eyes, a peculiar vortex began to take shape - a swirling, obsidian void that bore an uncanny resemblance to a black hole.

Within a span of mere seconds, the portal expanded, its dimensions growing until it stretched wide enough to accommodate her entry.

The portal's manifestation extended even into the heart of the Hyuga compound. It materialized within the confines of Hinata's room, a spatial rift that bridged two distant points. Stepping forth from the portal, she emerged into the chamber, her presence a testament to her mastery over this mysterious power.

As swiftly as it had appeared, the portal behind her sealed shut, severing the connection between the two locations.

This marked one of Jougan's unique capabilities - the power of dimension-traveling. This extraordinary ability harnessed the potential of her eyes, harnessing their enigmatic nature to traverse the boundaries between realms. Remarkably, this feat didn't demand an exorbitant amount of chakra.

The Elemental Nations were surrounded by a myriad of dimensions, each concealed from the ordinary eye.

To gain entry into these hidden realms necessitated a distinct set of skills or specialized implements. Her Jougan granted her access to this hidden web of dimensions, enabling her to embark on journeys that few could even fathom.

Like Obito's Kamui, Kamui had its own separate dimension, he can travel through it, the Kamui dimension was connected to the original dimension but located on a different plain.

Similar to the unexplored dimensions that lay within Obito's Kamui realm, the Jougan harbored access to a multitude of untouched dimensions. With this ability, she possessed the means to open gateways into these hidden realms, just as Kamui had done.

However, unlocking these passages required a distinct connection - an innate attunement to the dimensions themselves.

To navigate these alternate realms, the Jougan's power went beyond mere mechanics. Sensing the presence of these dimensions was the initial step; once she established this connection, the Jougan would seamlessly facilitate her passage, orchestrating her journey through the enigmatic web of dimensions.

Indeed, Hinata stood as an unparalleled figure within the Elemental

Nations, possessing the extraordinary ability to teleport to various dimensions at will. Her mastery over dimension-traveling through the Jougan marked her as the foremost adept in this esoteric art.

Whether she relied on specific coordinate points or honed her innate ability to sense the desired destinations, the realms and dimensions of the world were at her fingertips, waiting to be explored with her unique prowess.

Indeed, the dimension-traveling capability was merely one facet of the Jougan's vast repertoire. This enigmatic dojutsu held a trove of uncharted abilities waiting to be unearthed. With its potential seemingly boundless and its mysteries deep, the Jougan stood as an unparalleled force among dojutsu.

In summary, its multifaceted nature and latent powers positioned it as one of, if not the most, formidable and versatile dojutsu in existence, possessing abilities that could shape the course of events on a grand scale.

Hinata materialized within the confines of her room, her gaze sweeping across the familiar surroundings. Drawing in a deep breath, she soaked in the ambiance that surrounded her.

"It's been some time," she whispered to herself, the words carrying a tinge of nostalgia.

Ever since Naruto's discovery of the concealed laboratory, her presence had remained tethered to it, both as its guardian and as her representative within the Hyuga clan. To balance these dual roles, she had enlisted a shadow clone to stand in her stead.

Stepping out of her room, Hinata embarked on a journey toward the meeting room. The corridors seemed to yield to her presence, a silent acknowledgment of her status.

As she approached, she encountered her fellow clan members - each one displaying a humble deference, their heads respectfully lowered.

The memory of the past, the mistakes made mere months ago, loomed over them like a cautionary tale. This time, their demeanor radiated a solemnity, a collective determination to avoid repeating past missteps.

Before her stood a room, its entrance marked by gates of remarkable size. In stark contrast to the compound's other gates, these were grand and imposing.

This chamber held a distinct significance within the clan - it was the venue for the clandestine gatherings, shrouded in secrecy and reserved for discussions of the utmost importance.

"Lady Hinata, please proceed inside. The clan head and elders await your presence," the guard before the room respectfully addressed her. With a gesture of deference, he swung open the gates, inviting her to step into the chamber where the weighty matters of the clan were to be discussed. Acknowledging the guard's words with a nod, Hinata proceeded into the meeting room. The gates sealed shut behind her, cocooning the chamber in a hushed atmosphere.

Illuminated by the warm glow of candles, the room unfolded before her. As she advanced, her gaze fell upon the assembled council of elders, a solemn assembly of eleven individuals. Ten of them were elders, each possessing a wealth of experience and wisdom, and her father, the patriarch of the clan, completed the assembly.

They also looked at her, they were in haste to put the curse mark on her, fearing her growth, they could feel the power from her, but the fools didn't know that was the shadow clone they were feeling until now, and now she stood in front of them.

"Hinata, you know why are you here," Hiashi spoke in his usual tone,

without any emotions.

Her gaze locked onto her father's, the flames of her fury burning bright within her eyes. With deliberate steps, she advanced and took her seat, positioning herself across from Hiashi.

The tension in the room palpably hung in the air, a silent testament to the emotions that simmered beneath the surface.

A seemingly innocent smile graced Hinata's lips as she addressed her father.

"I don't know why I'm here, Could you please enlighten me...dear father?" Her words carried the sweet cadence of sincerity, the smile she wore radiating a sense of purity.

Yet, hidden within that façade was a veiled malevolence, a darkness lurking behind her expression.

The elders, seasoned observers, sensed the duplicity woven into her words, recognizing that she was far from genuine in her demeanor.

"Drop the pretense of innocence, Hinata," Hiashi's voice cut through the air, its icy tone carrying a hint of exasperation.

The transformation in Hinata was swift and chilling. Her once warm smile gave way to eyes as cold as ice, her visage assuming an unyielding stoicism.

The very air within the room seemed to congeal with frost, an eerie chill descending upon them all. Those assembled felt an inexplicable pressure settling on their bodies, an unspoken weight that was almost suffocating.

Involuntarily, her fingers began to crackle with small arcs of electricity, the sparks winding around her digits like serpents of light. It was a manifestation of her Storm Release.

a force that responded to her emotional state. The atmosphere itself trembled, echoing her newfound intensity.

[AN~ how do you like the chapter tell me in the comments, 2 chapter are more on the way, so before going to the next chapter please comment on this

chapter 53

Chapter 53

---4529 words, enjoy or die---

The atmosphere in the room was unsettling for most of the elders, yet they weren't about to abandon the idea of the curse seal. One of the audacious elders spoke up,

"Girl... don't be rebellious, listen and lay down... I will put the curse seal on you," one of the elders spoke. He was around 60 years old.

Hinata looked at him; he displayed remarkable courage despite his age and power.

Her lips arched up slightly. "If I don't want to," she spoke in an amused tone, anger lurking behind it.

"This is for the greater good of clan... you rebellious girl," another elder spoke, the same age as the other elder, he pull out a small box of green ink and a small brush, this was the special ink for the curse seal, only the Hyuga clan know how to make it.

Hinata looked at the box in front of her. She knew what it was; she was the main branch member, so she was familiar with these things.

However, they didn't matter to her now.

"Tell me... all of you... who wants to place the curse seal on me..." she spoke while looking at all of them.

Seeing her gaze, some of them gulped nervously, their mouths suddenly dry. As they looked at her, they felt as if their souls were being suppressed. This power difference was evident, and some of them

understood it solely from her gaze.

A few still held onto the typical Hyuga arrogance and the pride that came with being a noble clan. Initially, they had all decided to apply the seal on her, but now, uncertainty crept into the minds of a few.

7 of them raised their hands up in agreement to put the seal, and 3 were back down, they value their life, and this skill made them alive till now.

A chilling smile curved Hinata's lips as her gaze settled upon the assembled council members.

Yet, amid this unsettling display, Hiashi's perception of the situation was keen. His experience as a special jonin allowed him to sense the surge of chakra radiating from his daughter.

An urgent realization dawned upon him, prompting him to react swiftly.

"Defend yourselves!" he roared, his voice a stark warning that cut through the charged atmosphere.

A powerful chakra pulse resonated from her body, and in the blink of an eye, a dome of chakra around 20 meters in radius came into view. This chakra dome was rotating at an incredibly high speed, its epicenter being Hinata herself.

It resembled a Rasengan; to an observer from the outside, every shard of chakra was swirling around her, forming a black dome with blue lightning crackling around it. It destroyed everything in its path.

In a matter of mere seconds, the sturdy structure of the house was obliterated, reduced to a chaotic whirlwind of debris. As the remnants tumbled earthward, the scene bore testament to the ruthless might of the chakra dome's rotation.

The guards stationed at the gate, unfortunate souls caught within the vortex's path, met a gruesome fate.

The relentless grinding of the rotating energy tore through them

mercilessly, leaving them ripped apart and lifeless in its wake.

The cataclysmic phenomenon unfolding before them was none other than the infamous technique of the Hyuga clan - the "Rotation."

This technique harnessed chakra from all tenketsu points across their body, propelling them into a rapid rotation.

Traditionally, Hiashi had demonstrated its use within a radius of approximately ten meters.

However, what Hinata was unleashing was beyond any expectation. The scope of her technique had doubled, enveloping an area that exceeded her father's capabilities.

This awe-inspiring display was, in essence, the Hyuga clan's ultimate defense. Known for its overwhelming power and defensive capabilities, the Rotation technique embodied their prowess, channeling the force of their chakra to create an impenetrable barrier of rotating energy.

Indeed, the sheer destructive potential of the Rotation technique was formidable. Employed within a crowded area, it would inevitably result in a massacre of catastrophic proportions.

In the expanse of the 20-meter radius, devastation reigned supreme.

The once-prestigious house that had stood proudly was now reduced to ruin, its architectural grandeur replaced by the ominous presence of the massive chakra dome.

This scene, witnessed by every member of the Hyuga clan present, cast a pall of awe and realization.

The spectacle underscored the raw might inherent in the clan's techniques, serving as a stark reminder of the strength that dwelled within their ranks.

"What... what is that?" one of the branch members exclaimed, his voice trembling with fear.

"It's the Rotation technique from the main house," another responded, the awe and apprehension evident in his tone.

"But this... it's immense, far beyond Hiashi-sama's capabilities. Who could it be?" a third questioned, his bewilderment mirroring the sentiments of the group.

"I don't have the answer, but let's not waste any time. We must go and witness this," someone proposed, prompting unanimous nods of agreement.

Without further ado, they surged forward, racing toward the epicenter of the tumultuous display.

In a desperate bid to counter Hinata's unleashed Rotation, the council members - the elders - had attempted to wield their own versions of the technique.

A mixture of fortune and misfortune dictated the outcome. Some managed to invoke the technique in the nick of time, their rotating chakra acting as a barrier of defense.

Yet, for others, fate was less kind. As the sphere of Hinata's Rotation engulfed them, two unfortunate souls found themselves ensnared within its destructive whirlwind. The force of the technique reduced them to a gruesome fate, leaving nothing more than a grisly residue - a macabre blend of pulverized flesh and bone.

But even this was not the full extent of their ordeal.

The electrical currents that had surged from Hinata's body further contributed to their demise. In their final moments, they were subjected to a searing torrent of electricity that scorched their bodies to a crisp, an excruciating end to their lives.

The elders who managed to initiate their Rotations in time found themselves thrust backward as the collision of techniques occurred.

Their eyes widened in astonishment and disbelief. The sheer magnitude of the Rotation technique before them was unprecedented.

To witness not only the vast expanse of the technique but also the infusion of elemental chakra into it left them dumbfounded.

This display of power and mastery defied all expectations, shattering the boundaries of their comprehension.

The realization dawned on them that they were facing a force beyond their previous imaginings.

The audacity of someone challenging the main house with such force was a revelation that reverberated within them.

This marked a moment of unprecedented defiance against the established order, a paradigm shift that upended the norms of their clan.

Rising from her seat, Hinata left behind the sole piece of furniture that remained amidst the ravaged landscape. Her dominion over the Rotation technique was nothing short of astounding.

As she strode forward, the chakra dome obediently moved in tandem with her, a testament to her absolute control over this overwhelming force.

In her wake, the aftermath was a circular crater, a stark reminder of the unprecedented power she had harnessed. The surroundings bore witness to the chaos that had transpired, the once-prosperous area now reduced to a landscape of devastation.

With each step she took, the path before her seemed to yield, the fallen stones and debris effortlessly kicked aside by the relentless force of the Rotation.

Emerging into the open, she commanded the Rotation to dissipate, returning the area to a semblance of normalcy.

Her gaze fixed upon the remaining elders and her father, a silent

acknowledgment of their presence, the air charged with a tension that resonated in their collective gaze.

"Tch... you all survived... hehe... but that's good that you don't die in single jutsu... now let's begin." A seemingly playful tone laced Hinata's words, a veneer that sent an eerie shiver down the spines of those who listened.

Yet, beneath that facade simmered a deep-seated anger, a fury that resonated in the undertones of her speech.

The audacity of their actions, the attempt to brand her with the curse seal, had ignited a fire within her.

No one was qualified to address her in such a manner, and this outrage catalyzed her transformation.

Her Otsutsuki lineage coursed through her veins, awakening traits that mirrored a ruler, a conqueror. The essence of a true queen or princess emerged, her demeanor radiating an aura of authority and command.

As her Otsutsuki heritage gained ascendancy, the indomitable spirit of her lineage, the relentless drive to conquer and dominate, surfaced in her psyche. The presence of her beloved by her side only strengthened her resolve, elevating her above all.

In her unwavering conviction, those who dared to oppose her were relegated to a grim fate.

Her belief dictated that any who stood against her were destined for oblivion.

The merging of her Otsutsuki legacy and her affection for Naruto forged her into an unstoppable force, an entity poised to conquer all that lay before her.

Hinata's gaze remained fixed ahead, her resolute demeanor unwavering. Before her, the elders stood as a collective, their presence framed by the

watchful eyes of the Hyuga clan members encircling them.

As they beheld Hinata, a chill seemed to descend upon them, a tangible reminder of the weight her words held.

The announcement of the impending clash had cast a shadow over the entire scene, the air laden with tension and expectation.

This confrontation marked a battle of the main branch against the main branch, a testament to the divisions that had emerged within the clan.

The lines had been drawn, and the stage was set for a confrontation that would potentially reshape the clan's destiny.

Amidst the charged atmosphere, one of the elders turned his gaze towards the assembled crowd, his voice commanding as he addressed them.

"Attack her, you fools! She's rebelling against the Hyuga clan!" His words reverberated through the air, carrying the weight of authority as he called upon the members of the clan to take action against Hinata.

The members of the clan turned their attention towards Hinata, the gravity of the situation sinking in as they exchanged uneasy glances.

A collective gulp resonated through the air, a manifestation of their trepidation in the face of this unprecedented confrontation.

Steeling themselves for what lay ahead, they readied for action, knowing that their course of action could have far-reaching consequences for the clan and its future.

Hinata's gaze remained unwavering as she addressed the assembly with a chilling certainty.

"Should death be your wish, take a single step forward, and I shall grant you," her words rang out in a tone devoid of emotion, each syllable cutting through the air like a blade.

The weight of her resolve was palpable, causing each member to

reconsider their course of action. With her command, a collective retreat ensued, the prospect of crossing her proving to be a risk none were willing to undertake.

"Worthless fools," the elders spoke, he knows he can't force them by curse seal, because if can do it so hinata.

The remaining elders steeled themselves for the impending conflict, their resolve solidifying in the face of the unavoidable confrontation. With the realization that retreat was no longer an option, they accepted the path they had chosen, fully prepared to engage in battle.

Observing their collective adoption of the Gentle Fist stance, a smile tugged at the corners of Hinata's lips. Their determination to stand their ground was met with her own unyielding resolve.

The air was charged with anticipation, the clash between the main branch and the elders was now inevitable. The tension hung palpably in the air, a prelude to the clash that was about to unfold.

Assuming the Gentle Fist stance, Hinata's positioning mirrored that of the elders. However, a marked difference distinguished her stance from theirs.

As she settled into the form, a manifestation of her potent abilities began to take shape. In her left hand, an ominous dark purple hue materialized, reminiscent of a lion's head, a harbinger of her unique prowess.

Meanwhile, her right hand crackled with the frenetic energy of lightning, the electrified currents swirling around her hand akin to a fluid dance.

Her mastery of Storm Release became evident as well. The energy of the storm surged through her, channeled into her feet, where lightning crackled in a display of her control over this elemental force.

Her chakra pulsed with a dangerous intensity in both her hands, the air around her charged with the foreboding power she held at her disposal.

This showcase of her abilities served as a stark reminder of the might she wielded, a harbinger of the storm that was about to be unleashed upon the battlefield.

In an instant, they vanished from sight, their movements executed with a synchronicity born from their shared purpose.

Simultaneously, their voices resounded, a chorus of determination that rang out as one:

"Eight Trigrams Sixty-Four Palms!" The technique, renowned for its precision and an overwhelming barrage of strikes, was unleashed by the elders with a collective ferocity that aimed to overwhelm Hinata.

As the invisible Eight Trigrams symbol materialized beneath them, Hinata's acute senses guided her evasive maneuver.

Swiftly tilting her head, she deftly avoided the incoming palm strike aimed at her. In the same fluid motion, her left hand surged forward, her lion-shaped manifestation clashing with one of the elders.

The very nature of this dark entity became apparent as it began to drain his chakra, an eerie realization dawning upon him even as he attempted to leap away.

But escape proved futile, and Hinata's right palm found its target on his chest.

In that instant, the fusion of lightning Release and Water Release surged forth, weaving a torrential current of lightning and water chakra that infiltrated his pathways.

The resulting shockwave of electricity and elemental might surged through his chakra network, annihilating and searing the very chakra points it encountered.

The fusion of elements and sheer power of the technique left him incapacitated, his form convulsing in response to the onslaught.

Before he could recover from the devastating assault, a swift kick surged forth with the additional force of lightning-charged chakra.

The impact landed squarely in his abdomen, propelling him backward with a speed that defied comprehension. As he hurtled through the air, destruction followed in his wake, shattering through any obstacle unfortunate enough to obstruct his path.

The house he collided with bore the brunt of his trajectory, its structural integrity obliterated as he passed through it with a force that was relentless.

The aftermath of his collision manifested in a spray of blood, the coughing fit serving as a testament to the brutal assault that had just unfolded.

His body lay within the wreckage, broken and battered, a grim testament to the overpowering might that Hinata had harnessed.

And before he could think any more, "Vacume palm" Hinata spoke in a low voice, extended both of her hands, and with a chakra pulse, the compressed air hit the flying elder in his chest, penetrating it, with a large hole in his chest the elder hit the wall, dying on the spot.

This happen so fast that the remaining elders stood in their place, frozen.

They haven't expected her to be this powerful and fast, the elder was dead in just 3 seconds.

Beneath her feet, lightning crackled as she vanished from one location to reappear before another elder.

The echoes of her determined voice resounded in the air, each syllable carrying the weight of her technique: "Eight Trigrams Sixty-Four Palms, Two Palms, Four, Eight, Sixteen, Thirty-Two, Sixty-Four Palms." The culmination of these strikes resulted in a fatal outcome for the elder in her sights.

As she struck with precision, the elder's life was extinguished in an instant. The power of her technique saw her storm-infused palm descend upon him, drawing away his chakra while simultaneously obliterating his chakra points.

The result was a catastrophic disruption to his very life force, his body succumbing to the overwhelming forces of destruction.

His end was marked by the chaos that unfolded within his chakra network, leaving a macabre testament to the potency of Hinata's mastery over her abilities.

The satisfaction of vengeance was palpable as Hinata's sweet smile graced her features. In this moment, her long-standing grievances were being settled, and the very individuals who had looked down upon her were now reaping the consequences of their actions.

The taste of payback was as sweet as it was bitter, an emotion that resonated deep within her.

"Sweet revenge," she whispered in a hushed tone, the words carrying an undertone of triumph.

The satisfaction of finally reclaiming her power and standing up against those who had belittled her was a triumph that she relished.

In the blink of an eye, the lady elder's life was extinguished, her demise swift and irreversible. The assemblage of elders, who were themselves formidable at jonin levels, stood no chance against the overwhelming prowess that Hinata exhibited.

The stark reality of her power became undeniable - her agility, speed, and mastery over her techniques placed her far beyond their reach.

As the lone figure who could match her speed, Hiashi's position as a special jonin was the only semblance of parity in the face of her extraordinary abilities.

Hinata's true strength, tantamount to that of a beyond Kage level, was now laid bare for all to witness.

Hinata looked at the remaining elders, there were only 6 present, their eyes wide and fear was present in them.

"Hehe... the look in your eyes... I like it...". A sense of eerie amusement underscored Hinata's voice as she addressed the remaining elders.

Her words, laden with a sinister tone, hinted at a newfound affinity for the fear that danced within their eyes.

A series of intricate hand signs followed, their fluid execution weaving together a total of 57 gestures that would unleash her next display of power.

As the hand signs came together, the heavens responded to Hinata's manipulation.

Dark clouds began to converge overhead, the very sky transforming from day to night.

The atmosphere crackled with danger as bolts of perilous lightning arced across the sky, their deafening roars echoing throughout the village.

The ominous spectacle painted a vivid backdrop to Hinata's insurmountable prowess, an undeniable testament to her command over the elements.

The people around them started to get away. The whole village saw this.

"Storm release; Downpour" With a commanding whisper, Hinata invoked her Storm Release technique, aptly named "Downpour."

The air seemed to tremble in response to her declaration, a herald of the impending deluge.

Her hand, raised with purpose, began its descent in a deliberate and measured motion.

As it fell, the atmosphere around her shifted, and the skies above

responded to her will. The culmination of her power was soon to be unveiled as the impending torrential onslaught began to take form. A deafening cacophony rent the sky asunder, the very air trembling with the resonance of power.

In an instant, the heavens seemed to rupture, and streaks of lightning cascaded downward like a torrential downpour.

The Hyuga compound bore the brunt of the assault as columns of electrified pillars rained down upon the earth, a ferocious display of elemental might.

The village itself was ensconced in the chaotic symphony of thunder and lightning, the reverberations echoing far and wide.

Hinata's mastery over the Storm Release technique was on full display, an awe-inspiring spectacle that left no doubt as to the extent of her command over nature's fury.

As if the very skies had opened up, lightning descended in a relentless deluge, cascading downward like raindrops.

The brilliant blue bolts struck the ground with a ferocious intensity, leaving behind in their wake a landscape transformed by their devastating impact.

Pits and craters marred the earth's surface, a testament to the incredible destructive force that was being wrought upon the land.

Nature's fury was unleashed in a breathtaking display, leaving an indelible mark on the terrain and painting a vivid tableau of power and chaos.

In the face of this unprecedented natural disaster, the clan's elders were rendered utterly powerless.

Their eyes widened in sheer shock and horror as they comprehended the magnitude of the impending catastrophe.

The specter of mortality loomed ominously over their consciousness, and their worst fears were realized in a harrowing sequence of events.

The relentless onslaught of concentrated lightning strikes began to target their very chakra domes.

The once-safeguarded barriers proved ineffectual against the unrelenting barrage of nature's wrath. The resonating crashes of lightning mingled with the panicked cries of those ensnared within the maelstrom, an echo of the destruction that now consumed their surroundings.

plop

Amidst the chaos, a single lightning bolt found its target with unerring precision. It struck one of the elders directly, obliterating him in an instant.

The force of the impact tore through his form as if he were made of paper, leaving nothing but gruesome aftermath.

The smell of burning flesh wafted through the air, mingling with the cacophony of destruction.

The visceral sound of pain and anguish filled the air, a chilling reminder of the devastating toll that Hinata's elemental fury was exacting upon the clan.

In a matter of minutes, the once-formidable elders of the Hyuga clan were reduced to naught but memories.

Their lives, their authority, and their very existence were extinguished in the blink of an eye.

The relentless onslaught of lightning strikes left no survivors in its wake.

The scorched remains of their bodies bore witness to the catastrophic event that had unfolded, while the larger craters served as grim markers of the destruction wrought upon the area.

The carnage was all-encompassing, a stark testament to the unimaginable

power that Hinata wielded.

The battlefield, once a place of confrontation and resistance, now lay silent and desolate, a canvas marked by the stark aftermath of elemental annihilation.

The lightning downpour continued for whole 5 minutes. And the rain started to fall on the ground.

*Drip*Drip*

The aftermath was marked by an eerie and haunting silence, a stark contrast to the chaos that had reigned only moments before. The stillness was broken only by the faint sound of raindrops falling, a somber reminder of the destruction that had transpired.

The once-vibrant surroundings now bore the scars of devastation, the landscape forever altered by the cataclysmic events that had unfolded. In this hushed and desolate aftermath, the weight of what had occurred hung heavily in the air. The pin-drop silence served as a solemn backdrop, encapsulating the magnitude of the tragedy that had befallen the Hyuga clan and their elders.

Amidst the desolation and destruction, only Hiashi Hyuga remained, though grievously injured with broken limbs and shattered resolve.

As he gazed upon his daughter, the truth behind the adage "Don't wake up the sleeping Lion" became painfully clear to him.

The events that had transpired had unmasked the full extent of Hinata's formidable power, a power that had lain dormant for so long.

In the presence of the aftermath, the shattered remnants of their clan, and the incredible might displayed by his own flesh and blood, Hiashi's understanding deepened.

"Father... do you regret now..." Hinata's voice carried a mixture of joy and anger, squatting down to his eye level.

He just looked into her eyes, the fear, the regret was present in them.

"Hehe... you should regret it... I don't want to kill you, after all, you are my father... you will live with this regret." she spoke with a smile.

Hinata's gaze sharpened as a voice cut through the heavy atmosphere, piercing her awareness. The commanding tone belonged to Tsunade Senju, the Hokage of Konoha.

The demand to surrender was firm, leaving no room for negotiation.

Tsunade's voice carried an undercurrent of authority, reflecting the gravity of the situation.

For Tsunade, the sudden appearance of immense thunderclouds and the onslaught of lightning strikes had signaled an imminent threat to the village.

Her instincts had driven her to this scene, a foreboding sensation now confirmed by the tumultuous events that had unfolded. The Hokage's appearance marked a pivotal moment in Hinata's confrontation with her own actions, forcing her to grapple with the consequences of her decisions.

Hinata rose to her feet, her posture resolute as she turned her back on Tsunade, her gaze directed away from the Hokage.

The weight of the situation hung heavily in the air as she spoke without facing her interlocutor, her voice carrying a blend of weariness and resignation.

"Two hundred ANBU ninjas, five special jonin, and one Kage-level ninja," she recited, her words offering an accounting of the forces that had converged upon this scene.

The numerical breakdown underscored the gravity of the situation and the formidable array of opponents that awaited her. Despite her outward stoicism, it was clear that Hinata was fully aware of the forces arrayed

against her and the challenge that lay ahead.

Tsunade's brow furrowed, her internal thoughts racing as she contemplated Hinata's seemingly precise assessment of the incoming forces. Her recognition of the accuracy of Hinata's count underscored the extraordinary capabilities of her Byakugan.

However, beneath the surface of this acknowledgment, Tsunade couldn't help but feel a sense of regret for the young woman standing before her.

As a Kage, Tsunade recognized the necessity of taking action against Hinata, regardless of her remarkable talents.

The path Hinata had chosen was one that could not be overlooked or pardoned.

The internal conflict that Tsunade grappled with - the balance between acknowledging the potential within Hinata and the imperative to enforce justice - remained a weight upon her shoulders as she sought to address the situation at hand.

"Girl, raise your hands and come with us, if you cooperate with us, I will try to reduce your punishment," Tsunade's voice carried a mix of stern authority and a hint of compassion as she addressed Hinata's predicament.

Her words held a proposition, a last chance for Hinata to cooperate and potentially mitigate the severity of her punishment.

The offer extended to Hinata was not without conditions - cooperation was key to any potential leniency.

It was a chance for Hinata to make a choice, a choice that could shape her fate even in the midst of her profound transgressions.

drip *drip*

"Punishment for me... you are mistaken, Tsunade Senju... no one is qualified to punish me..." she spoke, though inwardly she added, "except

Naruto-kun." She giggled, thinking about him punishing her, her face turning red.

"What's so funny?" Tsunade asked, observing the girl giggling like a fool.

"Nothing," she replied curtly, her words punctuated by her aloof demeanor. "I just weeded out some unwanted grass from the Hyuga clan. You don't have to meddle in clan matters," she concluded her words a clear assertion of her authority and a reminder that the intricacies of the Hyuga clan were her domain to navigate, regardless of external intervention.

[an~ how was the chapter I hope you liked it if so please comment on the chapter, before leaving for the next chapter.

.

and give me all your power stones...

chapter 53 part 2

"Every citizen comes under Konoha, and I am the Hokage, so it's my duty to protect its citizens. You, girl, have killed many people in broad daylight. Be a good girl and come with us, or we will have to forcefully capture you," she spoke to her, prepared for any potential attack if needed.

Hearing her voice, Hinata was annoyed. They were expecting and ordering her to surrender, treating her like some third-rate villain.

"If it wasn't for Naruto's future plans that required you, I would have killed you," she thought to herself.

"I refuse," Hinata's voice rang out with unwavering determination. In an instant, her Jougan activated, and a portal materialized before her, a conduit to another destination. Without hesitation, she stepped into the portal, disappearing from sight.

As the portal closed behind her, the lingering aura of her presence and

the gravity of her actions remained, a testament to the intricate power and purpose that guided her decisions.

The moment encapsulated the complexity of her character, torn between defiance and an understanding of the wider implications of her actions.

All the people stood there, dumbfounded, this happened in just 2 seconds.

Their gazes converged upon the point where the portal had abruptly snapped shut. "What manner of technique was that? A spatial ninjutsu?" voiced one, astonishment painted across their features. The forbidden nature of such an artistry lingered in the air, casting a shadow of disbelief.

Tsunade's voice slipped into a hushed register, laden with intrigue. "How has she come to grasp such a forbidden jutsu? Or could it be an extension of her dojutsu?" Her musings played out in the sanctum of her thoughts, dissecting the enigma that was Hinata. A nuanced current of understanding flowed through her - a subtle chakra flux near the girl's eyes had not gone unnoticed.

Veiled by the ebony tapestry of night, the ANBU operatives stood transfixed, their shock reverberating in the silence.

They had infiltrated the scene with a singular purpose - to seize the girl. Yet, the unforeseen tableau before them had shattered their certainties, leaving them suspended in a sea of bewilderment.

"Invoke withdrawal," Tsunade's utterance was a breath, a decree meant for the shadows alone.

Though her words were not directed at any one figure, the ANBU comprehended with a precision born of synchronization.

Like phantoms retreating to their lair, they dissolved from view, merging seamlessly into the very darkness that cloaked them. With stealth and

celerity, they wove their way back to their hidden sanctum, a bastion of enigma.

Tsunade looked at the battered Hiashi and squatted down near him. "I am sorry for your loss, Hiashi-san. I arrived here slightly late," she spoke to him and began to heal him.

As a medic ninja, it was her foremost duty to tend to the injured.

"No... it was not your fault..." he said to her. "It was all my fault," he mumbled to himself.

Tsunade looked at the man with pity, her own daughter did this to him and his clan.

She remembered the Uchiha massacre when Itachi killed all his clansmen for the sake of Konoha and peace.

He had taken their lives in the cover of night, darkness concealing his face, burdening his heart.

He couldn't bear to slay his clan before others, and he had done it for the sake of Konoha, not for himself.

On the other hand, Hinata had killed her fellow clansmen in broad daylight, in front of thousands.

Unlike Itachi, she hadn't done it for the sake of Konoha; she had done it for herself, for her vengeance.

Killing the Hyuga elders didn't burden her; quite the opposite, she felt a certain sweetness in her heart—the taste of revenge.

The people who had turned her home into a living hell, she had killed them without a trace of pity.

"She is worse than Itachi. The boy killed his clan for the greater good of Konoha, and she killed hers for selfish reasons." These were the internal thoughts of Tsunade.

"What are you going to do about her Hokage sama, she had killed 10

elders... she is not from my Hyuga clan," Hiashi's words carried a blend of resolve and conflict, his duty to the Hyuga clan evident in his tone.

The loss of ten elders, regardless of their internal dynamics, was a blow that could not be ignored. His acknowledgment that Hinata was no longer fully aligned with the clan underscored the gravity of her actions.

"Of course, I will put her in the bingo book as a rough ninja, an S class missing-nin," she said to Hiashi, " do you have any problems with this,"

"No Hokage sama, do as you wish," he speaks to her.

Now Hinta had killed 10 people from Konoha, she had to capture her.

She had become a criminal on her own, no one had forced her. She butchered her clan's man in front of everyone. She has to put her down.

After doing first aid to Hiashi, Tsunde left the Hyuga compound. And appeared in the Hokage office. She ordered her anbu to put Hinata into the bingo book as an S rank missing nin And update the bingo book immediately.

The Anbu standing in front of the, disappeared into a puff of smoke.

In the Hyuga estate.

Whispers circulated among them; nearly every branch house member was elated. However, they dared not reveal their joy outwardly, for doing so would result in immediate execution.

They had finally been freed from the clutches of those wretched elders. In their hearts, they began to regard Hinata as their savior, their goddess.

They were aware that the curse seal still bound them, but they also recognized that Hiashi was in no condition to take any action.

"Stay safe, Lady Hinata," they all pray in their hearts.

But

There was someone else who was watching this whole scene, the white humanoid figure of white Zetsu smiled to himself.

"I have to quickly report to the boss about the things that happened here and what was her new Dojutsu, I bet black Zetsu knows about it," he thinks to himself and sank into the ground.

On the top of Hokage mountain, a dark blue and black portal opened and Hinata came out from it.

She looked at the Konoha below her. She inhales a long breath and exhaled it.

"That was fun, I finally put those scums into their place," she spoke to herself.

She knows she couldn't kill her father or her sister, she doesn't have the heart of a stone. But after breaking some of his bone, she felt refreshed.

[An~how do you like the chapter tell me in the comments.

Some random question`

What Hinata did to the elders was right or wrong.]

Give me some power stones man...

chapter 54

Chapter 54

Naruto, Sasuke, Sakura, Sai, and Yamato journeyed toward Konoha.

Meanwhile, at the place where their paths had initially crossed, Orochimaru lay lifeless. His heart had ceased its rhythm, brought to an end by a single jutsu from Naruto.

Kabuto's gaze remained fixed on his sensei, felled by a single strike from Naruto. Anger surged within him, an overwhelming force that rendered his eyes bloodshot.

"Orochimaru-sama, I will avenge you..." Kabuto murmured to himself, his gaze unwavering as it remained fixed on the lifeless body of the sannin.

However, he recalled Naruto's assertion that he wouldn't meet an easy demise - a statement that left Kabuto pondering its implications.

Unbeknownst to him, the true purpose behind the cursed marks Orochimaru had branded upon many of his subordinates remained beyond his knowledge.

Kabuto had taken the time to respectfully bury his sensei's body. Now, he was on his way to his concealed base. However, a sudden surge of heightened senses jolted him.

Ahead, a portal began to materialize, its form resembling a swirling vortex. Emerging from this enigmatic portal was a masked figure, one of his eyes spinning in a mesmerizing manner.

"Sharingan..." Kabuto uttered in a hushed tone, his voice tinged with astonishment. He was taken aback by the presence of a Sharingan that wasn't Sasuke's or Itachi's.

Gazing at the man's attire, Kabuto's realization crystallized – the distinct black cloak adorned with a crimson cloud pattern. "Akatsuki..." he whispered under his breath, his recognition undeniable.

"Kabuto... join the Akatsuki," Tobi's voice resonated.

Kabuto regarded him, well aware of his master's betrayal. However, the enigma of their attempt to recruit him lingered.

"Why do you seek my allegiance? Orochimaru's treachery against you is evident. Aren't you concerned that I might follow suit?" Kabuto inquired, concealing his chakra scalpel in his hand behind his back.

"Orochimaru is no more, and the Akatsuki will ensure your safety.

Moreover, your considerable power renders betrayal a moot concern," Tobi stated with an authoritative tone, an underlying threat palpable in his words.

He recognized that refusal could carry severe consequences. Tobi was well aware of Kabuto's brilliance, akin to Orochimaru's, and deemed him a pivotal asset for the upcoming War.

Kabuto looked at him and nodded. He values his life.

A considerable distance away, a team of five was making their way toward Konoha. Among them, Sakura exuded an evident sense of jubilation.

Her happiness was palpable, her rosy cheeks complementing her vibrant pink hair. She intermittently cast glances at Sasuke, who strode ahead alongside Naruto.

Living alongside Sasuke had been her cherished aspiration, a dream she held dear. Perhaps unbeknownst to her, a subtle but undeniable obsession for him had taken root within her.

"You seem incredibly joyful, Sakura," Naruto spoke, his keen observation evident through his perceptive gaze.

"It's not exactly what you think," Sakura replied, a faint blush coloring her cheeks as she directed her gaze toward Sasuke.

"Oh... so you're not happy about Sasuke joining us," he playfully teased, intentionally provoking her.

"No... I didn't mean it that way. Stop teasing me, Naruto," she chided, her gaze still fixed on Sasuke.

"Fine, fine," Naruto's response carried a sense of resignation,

The group continued their journey, their destination drawing closer with each passing minute.

However, their attention was diverted as a deafening thunderous roar echoed through the air.

All eyes turned towards the horizon where Konoha stood. The sky had transformed into a tableau of dark clouds, and the brilliant flashes of lightning illuminated the landscape.

The ominous sight evoked a sense of foreboding, hinting at the events that had transpired within the village, even from a distance.

BOOM

The group's senses were heightened by the cacophonous symphony of thunder and the blinding flashes of lightning that now engulfed Konoha. Each resounding strike reverberated with an intensity that could be felt even from their distant vantage point. The relentless onslaught of lightning painted an alarming picture - a village under siege by the elements themselves.

The once familiar and serene village had transformed into a canvas of chaos and turmoil, a stark contrast to the peaceful village they knew.

The spectacle before them underscored the gravity of the situation that awaited them as they neared the epicenter of the storm.

A satisfied grin adorned Naruto's countenance as he witnessed the sequence of events through his heightened perception. The spatial divide was rendered insignificant; it felt as if he were present on the scene.

"So, she's accomplished it at last," he whispered softly, his words discernible only to Sasuke's acute hearing.

"Who done it," Sasuke inquired, their position at the forefront of the group ensuring their conversation remained private.

A wicked grin adorned Naruto's visage, the crimson glint in his eyes adding an eerie aura. "Hehe, you'll find out soon," he quipped to Sasuke. Through his all-seeing eyes, he watched the unfolding events in Konoha, fully aware of the occurrences within the village.

Sasuke regarded his sole friend, noting the increasing enigma surrounding him and his growing intensity reminiscent of a wild beast.

"Hnn..." he responded in the Uchiha tongue, his tone cryptic.

"Let's increase our speed... the situation in the village is unknown,"

Yamato urged, taking charge as the team leader.

They all nodded in agreement and quickened their pace. In a mere hour,

they arrived at the village gate.

Their steps directed them toward the Hokage's office, the village enveloped in a somber atmosphere. The persistent shroud of dark clouds seemed to echo the collective mood. Each individual was absorbed in their own musings.

"Who could've imagined that the Hyuga princess would turn against her own clan and betray the village?" a villager murmured.

"She used to be such a sweet and lovely girl, but now she's turned into a traitor," another man chimed in, his tone laced with both contempt and fury.

'Lovely, sweet,' Naruto contemplated to himself. 'Their words ring true – she truly is sweet and endearing... hehe, though that's reserved for me alone... as for anyone else... well, let's not delve into that.' Naruto's thoughts drifted to her, a fond smile gracing his lips.

Sasuke observed his friend's expression, well aware that Naruto had a keen understanding of the situation.

They proceeded towards the Hokage's office, Sasuke concealing his identity behind a mask to prevent any premature recognition. They aimed to ensure that their information remained confidential until their encounter with the Hokage.

Along their journey, they encountered numerous rumors concerning Hinata's actions and various other topics. However, they disregarded these whispers. Sakura regarded Naruto with a concerned gaze, cognizant of his affection for Hinata.

She wondered about his emotions, contemplating his potential reactions and internal turmoil.

Unbeknownst to her, Naruto was already aware of the situation. Hinata was engrossed in honing her Byakugan in his concealed laboratory.

Sensing her stare, he questioned, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

he inquired, addressing Sakura's gaze.

"Ahh... Hinata... she left the village... what will you do?" she asked him, voicing her concerns.

Having witnessed his actions firsthand, including the demise of numerous ninjas during missions, she remained uncertain about how he would respond.

"You don't need to be concerned about her," he reassured Sakura. She nodded in response, refraining from posing any further inquiries.

In the Hokage office.

Tsunade's gaze fixated on the five individuals before her, her attention particularly focused on Naruto and Sasuke. 'So he finally freed Sasuke from that snake,' Tsunade thinks to herself, she had heard full information about their mission. Yamato had told her about the mission details,

'So he dispatched Orochimaru with a single move. He's becoming increasingly dangerous as time goes on. What about the Uchiha brat? How powerful has he become? There's a certain similarity in their chakra," Tsunade contemplated, her gaze remaining fixed on them.

The three Hidden Villages - Iwa, Kiri, and Kumo - were growing uneasy with Konoha's increasing strength. They had begun to take action, their shinobi implementing tactics to hinder Konoha's operatives during missions.

"You've done an impressive job, Naruto," she commended him.

"And make sure you don't engage in anything perilous," she directed her words at Uchiha. Having assumed the role of Hokage after Sasuke's departure, she remained unaware of the boy's thought process. From her perspective, Orochimaru had likely influenced him to abandon the

village.

"Hnn..." Sasuke responded to her.

'It's unfortunate to lose one genius from the village, but on the positive side, Sasuke has returned. Things seem to be balanced for now, but I wonder how long this equilibrium will last,' she contemplated silently.

She cast her gaze upon them, another matter weighed on her mind - the necessity to address the deaths of numerous Konoha shinobi during their missions.

"You're being assigned a mission, an S-rank mission," she informed them. They exchanged glances, weariness evident on their faces. The burden of back-to-back missions seemed to have taken its toll on them all, except for Naruto and Sasuke, who appeared relatively unfazed.

Tsunade observed them closely, aware that they had only recently returned from their previous mission. Recognizing Naruto and Sasuke as two of the village's most powerful shinobi, she felt an urgency to address the issue promptly. The loss of several chunin from Konoha in the mission weighed heavily on her mind.

Fully aware of the inherent danger, Tsunade held steadfast confidence that this challenge could be successfully resolved by entrusting it to them.

"Given your recent exhaustion, I'll assign this mission solely to you two. The rest of you should take the time to rest," she declared, her gaze first fixing on Naruto before addressing the others.

Without questioning the Hokage, they departed from the office, leaving only Naruto and Sasuke behind in the room.

"So, what's the mission?" he spoke in a casual manner and sat on the couch in the room.

Tsunade cast a gaze in his direction, remarking, "At the border of the

Land of Fire, rumors have circulated regarding a mysterious bandit group. Tragically, numerous of our ninjas lost their lives during the mission. The group's size and strength remain uncertain, yet judging from the reports, it's plausible that several Jonins are part of this group," she shared with them.

Naruto's attention was immediately captured. "A group of mysterious bandits? That sounds really fishy," he remarked, leaning in and directing his gaze toward Tsunade.

"So, when are we leaving?" Sasuke asked.

" you are going right now?" she said, tossing a scroll to Naruto. "These are the mission details we've managed to gather so far," she explained to them.

"You're free to leave now," Tsunade told them.

They both nodded in acknowledgment and set off on their mission.

"Why isn't that boy asking about Hinata? What is he planning? Does he know what's going to happen? He seems strangely composed about the entire situation. It's becoming increasingly difficult to comprehend his motives," she pondered silently.

[Author's Note: Let me know your thoughts on the chapter in the comments section!

Starting from this point, the story will gain momentum, unveiling numerous twists and turns.

Can you guess who the ultimate antagonist of the story will be?

Please show your support with power stones, folks!]

chapter 55

Chapter 55

Outside the Konoha gates,

Naruto and Sasuke stood, gazing at the towering trees ahead. Sasuke

exuded an air of calmness, a departure from his usual chaotic demeanor.

"You seem peaceful," Naruto spoke to him, sensing the emotions emanating from Sasuke.

"Let's go," he said.

"Yes, yes,... it has been a long time since we both go on a joint mission," Naruto spoke to Sasuke.

"Hmm..." he uttered, though deep inside, he no longer felt alone. The presence of his friend had begun to fill the void that his brother's absence had left behind.

"Don't be such a brooder, Sasuke," Naruto remarked to his friend. His inclination for playful teasing was a constant source of enjoyment.

He didn't respond, instead setting off toward the country's border. The mission briefing had indicated that the mission was located on the borders between Kumo and Konoha..

Naruto cast a glance at his friend and increased his pace, running alongside Sasuke. Along the way, he playfully annoyed him with his ongoing conversation.

The change in climate as they approached their destination was evident, marking their transition from one region to another.

The group's arduous journey of two days had brought them to the borders of a new territory, where the environment and conditions began to shift noticeably.

The group's journey led them into a rugged and rocky terrain, a stark contrast to the lush greenery of Konoha. The landscape transformed into a mountainous region, characterized by tall and imposing peaks that seemed to reach the skies.

The absence of the familiar vegetation of their village was replaced by the raw and untamed beauty of the mountains. Their senses picked up.

"I can feel your energy radiating all over the place," Sasuke addressed Naruto.

"Yes, you are right. I could sense my chakra signature, and there was another one as well—one that I'm familiar with," Naruto spoke to Sasuke. Sasuke nodded in agreement. He, too, sensed the presence of two chakra signatures emanating from the same individual. However, it wasn't just a singular person; there were hundreds of them. Astonishingly, they weren't weak either—each one resonated at the level of a Jonin.

Both of them remained stationary, and before long, individuals began to materialize before their eyes, emerging from the ground one after another. Hundreds of men appeared, all of them seemingly at the Jonin level or higher, sporting a variety of distinct headbands.

Among them, a portion were adorned with headbands from various villages—Konoha, Iwa, Suna, and Kiri, to be specific.

"White Zetsu," Naruto whispered in a subdued tone, making his words discernible only to Sasuke.

"But these aren't the typical White Zetsu. They've taken control of ninja bodies. The original White Zetsu were comprised of Hashirama's cells and were generally at the Genin to Chunin level. Once they've assimilated into a human host, they become indistinguishable from regular humans. Even the Byakugan wouldn't be able to detect them," Naruto enlightened Sasuke.

"However, these White Zetsu are far from ordinary. They've been enhanced not only with Hashirama's cells but also my own. This infusion amplifies their power, streamlines their production, and renders them nearly undetectable. They've reached the level of a Jonin's prowess. They can eliminate targets and seamlessly replace them, making them exceptionally effective spies. Their true identity would remain concealed

unless they're scrutinized for either Hashirama's or my cells.

The situation is escalating into utter chaos. We're completely unaware of the extent of these Zetsu creations. If their numbers reach into the millions, the combined might of the five nations would pale in comparison," Naruto elaborated.

"Now I comprehend why Orochimaru mentioned that I will bring chaos to the whole world. compatibility of my cells with Otsutsuki blood. It all falls into place," Naruto thought to himself.

"I can't help but wonder how many high-ranking figures within the hidden villages have been replaced by Obito," Naruto mused within his own thoughts.

"But do I really care? Nah... I don't care whether they live or die," Naruto contemplated. "There are only a few individuals I truly care about. As long as they are safe, the world could crumble to ashes for all I care."

Naruto pondered how much everything had changed;

there was no guarantee that Jiraiya would meet his end in just a day or two, or that Akatsuki would strike Konoha within a matter of days.

A smile graced Naruto's face as he observed the multitude of Jonin-level ninjas standing before him.

His eyes glowed faintly as he activated them, scanning the entire area.

"There are precisely 456 Jonin-level ninjas surrounding us," he informed Sasuke.

Sasuke's demeanor remained composed and analytical. He observed the situation before him. "It will take some time to deal with all of them," he said.

"Hehe... this is going to be fun," Naruto chuckled, and with a swirl of smoke, a sword reminiscent of Kusanagi manifested in his right hand.

Seeing his friend's readiness, Sasuke drew his katana, adopting a stance

of readiness as well.

*

In the Hokage's office, a somber and dense atmosphere hung in the air, as if the weight of a death had settled upon the room—a truth that indeed held its ground.

Before Tsunade, Shikamaru, Ino, and Choji stood with red eyes, bearing witness to the painful loss of their sensei.

"So, Asuma Sarutobi fell in battle against the Akatsuki," Tsunade spoke, her gaze fixed upon the three ninjas before her.

She had received the mission report detailing their encounter with two Akatsuki members during the mission—individuals known as Hidan and Kakuzu, who were infamous for their immortality and tenacity. The report indicated that they had succeeded in killing Asuma Sarutobi while sparing the lives of the children present.

"I want to kill them," Shikamaru spoke to her, his tone serious. The fact that they were responsible for their sensei's death was a clear motivation for his desire to eliminate them both.

"You're not strong enough yet, but don't worry. We will avenge him," Tsunade assured the young man.

Ino and Choji exuded a somber and despondent atmosphere, marked by the weight of sorrow. This marked their first experience with the loss of someone dear to them. They gazed at the Hokage, their eyes devoid of their usual vibrancy.

"You can leave now. Take some time to rest," she addressed them. They all nodded in acknowledgment and departed the room.

'They'll need some time to find solace for their minds and hearts.

Witnessing the demise of someone close is never easy,' she contemplated within herself.

'Akatsuki is becoming increasingly troublesome, the actions of the three hidden villages are escalating against Konoha, and now the loss of an elite Jonin... this situation is spiraling beyond control. Is there some kind of curse upon me?' she thought silently?

And then, a knock at her window interrupted her thoughts. She knew exactly who it was. The person stood before her, awaiting her attention. So, Jiraiya, you've arrived. What information do you bring?" she addressed her teammate.

Jiraiya always communicated with her through letters and various undisclosed methods, reserving in-person visits for the most critical of situations.

The fact that he was here in person now signaled that the situation had escalated significantly.

Jiraiya fixed his gaze on her. "It's concerning the leader of the Akatsuki. Utilizing my network of spies scattered across the world, I've ascertained that he's currently located in Amegakure," he spoke to her.

"The Village Hidden in the Rain... So you're heading there," she stated.

"Yes, that's correct. I've been informed that they've successfully gathered all seven of the tailed beasts, with only the Eight and Nine-Tails left," he shared with her.

Tsunade's expression turned into a frown. "They possess seven of the tailed beasts, and you're planning to confront their leader in the Village Hidden in the Rain?" she addressed him.

"Yes... I must proceed with it, for the safety of the village and for you," he affirmed with a smile.

A feeling of unease gripped her heart as his words reached her ears.

"You will return, won't you?" she spoke, her voice slightly strained, her throat feeling dry.

"Absolutely, I'll return," he replied with a smile, then gracefully leaped towards the window. .

"Look after yourself, Tsunade," he said, meeting her gaze one last time before departing with a smile.

Tsunade yearned to halt him, but he was already gone, leaving her with an unease that settled heavily in her heart.

A peculiar sensation enveloped her, a premonition that she might never lay eyes on him again. Tears welled up and traced down her cheeks, her gaze fixed upon the setting sun beyond the window.

Soon, darkness descended upon the village once more.

[AN~ guess what is coming next, do 40 comment on this chapter and i will upload next chapter...

Give me some power stones man...]

chapter

Chapter 57

*drip*drip*

The relentless rainfall painted a vivid picture of the country hidden in the rain. The constant downpour created a flowing network, with water coursing through the sewers and streets alike.

The perpetually wet environment seemed to suggest that the rain hadn't ceased for an extended period of time, casting a melancholic atmosphere over the landscape.

The architecture of the city was a stark departure from the natural surroundings they had left behind. Tall, futuristic buildings dominated the skyline, giving the city an almost cyberpunk-like aesthetic.

These towering structures formed a unique backdrop, blending modernity with the somber rain-soaked environment.

The mention of the tallest building housing the enigmatic figure known

as Pain—the de facto ruler or "GOD" of the country—added an aura of mystery and power to the scene. The imposing presence of Pain in the highest tower symbolized his dominance and control over this rain-drenched realm.

The title of "God" held by Pain was not just a mere appellation but a recognition of his role in liberating the rain country from the oppressive rule of Hanzo.

His actions had earned him the reverence and admiration of the people, who looked up to him as a savior. Pain's intervention had brought an end to the era of Hanzo's rule, a period marked by turmoil and suffering.

Besides Pain, the presence of an "Angel" named Konan added another layer of significance to their leadership. Together, Pain and Konan had emerged as the guiding forces that had quelled the long-standing civil strife that had plagued the rain country for decades.

To prevent further bloodshed and ensure the stability of the rain country, Pain and Konan had taken the radical step of sealing the country off from the outside world. By closing its gates, they aimed to maintain peace and isolate the nation from external conflicts.

This act demonstrated their commitment to safeguarding the well-being of their people, even if it meant sacrificing international interactions.

Owing to the incessant rainfall, all the water funneled into a sprawling circular trench encircling the entire village, forming a barrier that thwarted any attempts at entering.

However, today, an air of peculiarity hung over the country. Amidst the streets of the Rain Village, an incongruous sight unfolded—an amphibian toad was hopping along.

The toad came to a halt within a narrow alleyway. It proceeded to open its mouth, and from within emerged a man, none other than Jiraiya

himself. Taking in his surroundings, he found the village utterly captivating.

Water droplets pelted against him, an effect of the constant rainfall.

"The security here is undoubtedly top-notch, which explains why infiltrating this village is so difficult," Jiraiya muttered to himself.

Having eliminated one guard and extracted information through interrogation, he had gained insight into Pain and the Six Paths of Pain.

However, the true identities behind these aliases remained a mystery.

His interrogation had revealed that the leader of the village resided within the tallest edifice. With this knowledge in hand, he intended to

breach the tower and confront the presumed Akatsuki leader.

He acknowledged that this endeavor wouldn't be straightforward, but the necessity of the task spurred him forward.

Jiraiya embarked on his path toward the tower, skillfully navigating through the shadows to remain undetected.

Progressing with a steady gait, he encountered no hindrances on his route. "Could this be a trap, or is the security around the tower truly so lax?" Jiraiya questioned silently.

His journey had proceeded remarkably smoothly since his entry into the village.

He couldn't suppress a creeping doubt that the situation was deviating from his original expectations. Nevertheless, he held firm to his purpose—to infiltrate the supposed headquarters of the Akatsuki leader.

Jiraiya navigated through the sewers, eventually arriving at the tower's base and making his way inside. Gradually, he began to perceive the distinct chakra signatures of living individuals within the tower.

While not a specialized sensor, decades of battle experience had endowed him with certain tricks of the trade. As he traversed the interior, he noted

the conspicuous absence of security personnel within the tower—a detail that raised his suspicions.

After some exploration, he finally arrived at his destination. Before him stood a massive iron gate. He exerted force upon it, and with surprising ease, the gate swung open.

The room was dimly illuminated, allowing Jiraiya to perceive the presence of two living individuals within.

Initially, his attention was drawn to two purple, pupilless eyes adorned with distinct rings. Shock rippled through him as he recognized those eyes.

He had encountered these eyes before, having trained a young individual who possessed them. His mind raced, connecting the dots—three pupils he had mentored were now entangled in the throes of battle.

"Jiraiya-sensei," the man spoke, a hint of nostalgia resonating in his voice. As Jiraiya focused on the figure before him, the previously dim room seemed to illuminate with clarity.

Standing there was a vibrant red-haired man, radiating energy and vitality. His chakra levels surged beyond measure, surpassing anyone Jiraiya had come across.

The man reclined in a chair, one leg casually draped over the other. By his side stood a woman with azure hair. Swiftly, recognition dawned—these were his former students.

"Nagato, Konan," he addressed them. A whirlwind of emotions churned within Jiraiya's heart.

A mixture of happiness surged within him, knowing that his students were alive, yet sadness overshadowed it as he realized they were now the leaders of the Akatsuki, adversaries he had to face.

"You remember us, we thought you have forgotten about us, sensei," this

time the girl spoke to him.

Jiraiya regarded them, his gaze shifting to survey the room where six motionless figures were positioned. Unbeknownst to Jiraiya, these were the six paths of Pain.

"I do remember you," he paused for a moment, "so, you're the leader of the Akatsuki," he questioned Nagato.

"Yes, Jiraiya-sensei, you're accurate in your assessment. I am indeed the leader of the Akatsuki," he replied in a straightforward manner.

"Why are you doing this, Nagato? You're sowing chaos throughout the world," Jiraiya's voice rose in frustration.

"This is for the sake of peace, Jiraiya-sensei," Nagato calmly retorted.

"Peace, you claim? This isn't peace; you're jeopardizing the entire world," Jiraiya countered, his voice laced with anger.

"The people never truly understand peace until they know pain," Nagato stated. He possessed his own motivations for traversing this path.

Life had imparted numerous lessons, with the most significant being the loss of his closest friend. Yahiko had harbored a dream—to achieve peace.

Yet, the world's cruelty had shown no mercy to the weak. Konoha's ninjas had extinguished Yahiko's life and his aspirations. Nagato now carried his friend's dream as his own burden.

The instrument of mass destruction became his objective. With such power, he believed that instilling fear in others would pave the way for genuine peace.

"Stand with me, Jiraiya-sensei. We can together forge a new era of peace... haven't you often expressed your longing for it?" Nagato entreated.

"No, you're taking the wrong path. True peace cannot be birthed through

such means," Jiraiya retorted.

"So what are you going to now," Nagato asked him.

"I have to stop you before you commit any more crimes," Jiraya said to him, hearing him Nagato laughed.

"Crime, you call it? I view things quite differently. It's my goal that holds significance. If you intend to obstruct my journey towards that goal, then you'll have to perish, sensei," Nagato stated matter-of-factly. To him, his objective was all that mattered. The concepts of right or wrong held no sway in his perspective.

Hearing his words, Jiraiya understood that there was no alternative—fighting was inevitable. He braced himself, preparing for the confrontation. Gradually, a Rasengan began to take form in his hand. Nagato rose from his chair, unaffected by the leg injuries that had once plagued him.

The integration of Naruto's cells into his own body had wrought a miraculous transformation. All the injuries that had once burdened him had vanished.

His life force, previously siphoned by the Gedo Statue, was now fully replenished.

The integration process had first purified his Uzumaki bloodline before seamlessly assimilating Naruto's cells.

As a result, he wielded perfect control over his Rinnegan, which now no longer consumed his chakra. The Rinnegan had unreservedly embraced Nagato as its true master.

Moreover, the purification of his bloodline alongside the infusion of Naruto's cells had endowed him with prodigious chakra reserves and an abundance of life force.

With the passage of time, his chakra reservoirs continued to expand.

Collectively, he now stood as the most formidable presence across the Elemental Nations, empowered by his mighty Rinnegan.

Nagato turned his gaze towards Jiraiya, extending his hand with his palm aimed at him. Uttering a solitary phrase,

"Shinra Tensei,"

a tremendous gravitational force surged forth, propelling Jiraiya out of the tower. The impact obliterated everything in its path, a substantial portion of the tower vanishing instantaneously.

Jiraiya was catapulted through the air akin to a rocket, obliterating walls along his trajectory.

His body endured crushing impact upon impact, until finally colliding with the ground with devastating force. Numerous bones were broken upon impact, and he lay amidst a pile of debris.

The sheer force of the collision resulted in the creation of a sizable crater where he had fallen. It was evident that the gravitational force had been focused solely on Jiraiya, sparing the village from its impact, which could have easily leveled it.

Banshō Ten'in

Nagato spoke, and in response, an overwhelming force seized hold of Jiraiya's body. Despite his efforts to resist, the stones behind him succumbed to the pull, striking his form due to the inexorable gravitational attraction.

Jiraiya was lifted into the air, hurtling towards Nagato at a breathtaking velocity, his control over his body utterly stripped away.

Amidst collisions with numerous stones, he eventually halted in front of Nagato. Blood flowed from his mouth, the aftermath of extensive internal injuries and nearly every bone in his body fractured.

His body was further plagued by internal bleeding. Suspended in the air,

Jiraiya gazed at Nagato, who extended his left hand. From Nagato's hand, black chakra rods began to emerge.

Jiraiya experienced excruciating pain coursing through his entire body as he became impaled by an array of chakra rods, a multitude of them piercing him with lethal intent. The agony was unbearable, and it was evident that his life was swiftly ebbing away.

Nagato directed his gaze towards his former sensei, observing the life fading from his eyes. With his final words,

" "Shinra Tensei," "

Nagato exerted an immense force. Jiraiya was forcefully propelled through the air, his trajectory marked by collisions with numerous buildings along the way.

Eventually, he crashed into the village's protective wall, shattering it upon impact, before plunging into the depths of the water that surrounded the village.

A legendary Sannin had met his demise at the hands of his own student.

Nagato and Konan turned their gazes toward the path that Jiraiya's trajectory had carved through the buildings. "Was it necessary?" Konan addressed Nagato with a somber tone.

"Yes, he stood in my path. I had no choice," Nagato replied to his companion. She merely nodded in response.

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{ An ~ our favorite Jiraya sensei was dyed by the hands of his students, what a pity.

tell me in the comments how you feel about the chapter. And man give me some power stones]

chapter 57

Chapter 57

Naruto and Sasuke found themselves amidst 456 Jonin-level ninjas. They stood in silence, not exchanging a single word. Meanwhile, the White Zetsu clones sensed an intruder approaching their lair. Bound by their orders, they were prepared to eliminate anyone who entered through that route.

Naruto channeled his chakra into his blade, and swirling water began to manifest along the entire sword. This was the water coating on the blade. The water spun furiously on the blade, resembling a tornado.

As Naruto slightly lowered his blade and struck the ground, the impact shattered the earth beneath him. When the compressed water spun on a surface, its power became so immense that it could literally pierce through mountains, and its capability for destruction increased manyfold. Where Naruto's sword made contact, a large crater formed around it, with cracks radiating outwards.

On the other side, Sasuke coated his blade with his Chidori. His mastery over this jutsu was exceptional.

Chirp chirp — the sound of a thousand birds chirping — echoed in the surroundings. The edges of his blade became so sharp that it could cut through anything. Sasuke's Sharingan spun furiously. With full speed, they leaped into the crowd of ninjas.

puchi

Sasuke swung his blade horizontally. The man in front of him attempted to block it with his kunai, but alas, the sword cut through the kunai like butter and cleaved his neck from his body, killing him on the spot.

Sasuke leaped into the air and landed amidst a group of ten men. He swung his sword in a circular arc, lightning crackling along its edge. With a chirping sound slicing through the air, all the men were cut in half.

Thud —

their lifeless bodies fell to the ground. Sasuke then swung his sword, creating a lightning slash that cut through the three men in front of him.

On the opposite flank of the battlefield, Naruto, brandishing his sword, surged forward toward the throng of Jonin-level ninjas.

The tightly compressed water continued to swirl at a rapid pace along the length of his blade. As he swung his sword, it collided with an opponent's blade. In the clash, Naruto's sword shattered the enemy's weapon and bore into the man's chest. The impact yielded no immediate spurt of blood, yet the unmistakable sound of bones fracturing resonated.

The force of the strike proved overwhelming, propelling the man into the air before hurtling him backward with remarkable velocity. In his trajectory, he unwittingly became a deadly projectile, inadvertently felling several of his comrades along his path of trajectory

Both Naruto and Sasuke were akin to chakra-fueled titans, their bodies devoid of any hint of fatigue as the massacre commenced.

Electric currents crackled at Naruto's feet, intensifying his speed to an astonishing degree, rendering him little more than a blur as he surged forward, leaving a trail of destruction in his wake. Before him, the ranks of enemy ninjas fell like wheat before a scythe. Heads were sent flying, limbs severed, and a macabre mist of blood painted the air with its gruesome hues. Sasuke mirrored Naruto's fervor, the scene no different in his wake.

Naruto's voice echoed 'Fire Style: Great Fireball Jutsu!' Accompanied by a sequence of intricate hand signs, he conjured an immense fireball that erupted from his fingertips. The heat emanating from the blazing sphere was so intense that nearby stones began to liquefy under its scorching influence.

The fireball collided with the men before him, obliterating them in a

flash of evaporation. Placing his sword securely on his back, Naruto unleashed a burst of chakra, propelling himself skyward with remarkable force. As he soared aloft, he surveyed the mob of adversaries below, and then initiated a free fall from his elevated vantage point.

"Rasengan..." An enormous-sized Rasengan appeared in front of Naruto while he was airborne. It was as big as a house. He slammed the Rasengan into the ground, grinding the fifty men to their deaths with a single jutsu. As the Rasengan hit the ground, the earth shook violently, and a one-hundred-meter-wide crater formed.

Naruto landed in the center of the crater, one knee on the ground, both arms spread out, and a savage grin on his face. He gazed ahead, surrounded by hundreds of men. "Sasuke, jump," Naruto commanded. Upon hearing his voice, Sasuke leaped higher into the air.

"Uzumaki Sealing Arts: Adamantium Chain," Naruto intoned, and from his palms emerged two chains adorned with spear-like points. The chains swayed with an eerie grace in his hands before suddenly spiraling around his axis like a malevolent tornado. These two chains whirled around him, a deadly dance of destruction that swiftly eviscerated all within a 70-meter radius. Merely ten seconds of this cataclysmic rotation reduced every individual in the vicinity to dismembered fragments; none retained an intact body, their heads severed and launched like carelessly discarded cabbages. Brain matter oozed from the decapitated remains, imbuing the ground with a grim and unrelenting crimson hue. The scene was an unadulterated massacre, and Naruto's visage bore an unbridled, savage grin.

He turned his gaze toward Sasuke, who had just landed before him. "This is so much fun, don't you think, Sasuke?" he remarked, his voice casual as he addressed his comrade. While he acknowledged Sasuke's apparent

relish in the midst of their combat, Naruto recognized the gravity of their situation. These were the cloned minions of White Zetsu, infused with his cellular essence; leaving them alive was not an option.

Sasuke's gaze rested upon his friend, a flicker of emotion crossing his features. Deep within his heart, a sense of contentment blossomed, reminiscent of the days when they stood side by side against a multitude of adversaries. A faint smile graced his lips, and he responded with a simple yet telling sound, "Hnn..."

"Let's put an end to the remaining ones," Sasuke proposed, his resolve unwavering as he prepared for the forthcoming assault. Naruto acknowledged the sentiment with a nod, his expression Savage.

Forming a sequence of intricate hand signs, Naruto's voice resounded, "Water Style: Water Dragon." In response, a colossal water dragon, its eyes gleaming a vivid yellow, materialized seemingly out of thin air. Its manifestation demonstrated the staggering extent of Naruto's chakra prowess, summoning such a magnificent creature from the very atmosphere itself.

Sasuke's smirk didn't go unnoticed as his gaze locked onto the immense water dragon. In a series of swift hand signs, he intoned, "Lightning Style: Freeflow." With his hands extended toward the water dragon, arcs of electricity surged through his palms, seamlessly merging with the aquatic entity.

Lightning danced around the colossal creature's body, a radiant blue consuming its eyes. This electrified water dragon pulsated with an ominous energy, its potency surpassing even the confines of an S-rank technique. The very air surrounding the beast seemed to wither under its dominance.

Naruto was the mastermind behind the dragon's manipulation, and the strain on his mental fortitude surged. However, this pressure proved insufficient to inflict any harm upon him. Naruto directed the dragon with flawless finesse, as if it were an extension of his own body.

ROOORRR

The dragon thrust its head skyward, unleashing a furious roar that resonated through the air. Naruto lowered his hand, and the dragon began its descent from the skies. Cracking sounds reverberated, assaulting the ears of their adversaries. As the dragon made contact with the ground, a devastating impact force surged forth. It traversed the rocky terrain with unparalleled speed, akin to a creature swimming through the earth itself. Destruction unfurled in its wake, leaving no avenue of escape untouched.

The dragon tore through solid rock and ancient trees alike, leaving a trail of devastation in its wake. The ninjas unfortunate enough to be in its path met their demise either from the immense voltage coursing through the dragon or from the tremendous brute force it wielded.

The scene was nothing short of awe-inspiring, the dragon resembling a creature of myth and legend, sprung forth from the pages of ancient tales.

However, eventually, the water dragon's chakra reserves were depleted.

The battlefield lay in ruins, utterly devastated by the ferocity of the battle. Only a handful of ninjas remained standing amidst the aftermath.

"Wow, that was incredible," Naruto exclaimed, his voice filled with excitement. Sasuke nodded in agreement, sharing his friend's sentiment.

After all, the technique they had just employed was a forbidden jutsu, conceived in the heat of the moment. The success of its execution owed much to Naruto's exceptional grasp of elemental manipulation. Without his extraordinary understanding, such an achievement would have been

impossible.

Naruto began to form a series of hand signs, his fingers moving with practiced precision. "Earth Style: Earth Burial," he pronounced, placing both hands upon the ground. Chakra surged through his body, flowing into the earth below. The ground responded, trembling violently as if stirred by an unseen force. Cracks fissured the rocky terrain, and a gaping chasm emerged. It materialized into a bottomless pit, into which the remaining men plummeted, swallowed by an abyss of darkness.

With yet another surge of chakra, the ground gradually sealed itself, mending the rupture as if nothing had transpired. The battlefield was once again restored to its previous state, as if the cataclysmic event had been naught but an illusion.

They cleared the mission with ease. After all, they killed 456 Jonin ninjas.

Sasuke gazed at his friend, his astonishment evident in his eyes. He marveled at the multitude of jutsu Naruto had wielded throughout their battle, recognizing the stark contrast from the Naruto he once knew - the impulsive boy who charged into enemies without a plan. As Sasuke's gaze lingered, Naruto quirked an eyebrow and inquired, "What are you looking at?"

Sasuke hesitated briefly before responding, "Nothing... I've noticed a shift in your fighting style."

Naruto chuckled in response, a wistful expression crossing his features.

"Over time, everything changes, my friend," he remarked to Sasuke. The latter simply nodded, sensing there was a deeper meaning behind Naruto's words.

They gazed out upon the battlefield, a landscape now transformed beyond recognition. The boulders lay scattered, debris strewn about

haphazardly, and the once pristine ground was now saturated with a deep shade of crimson.

Overhead, crows began to circle, casting dark shadows upon the aftermath. Some descended to the ground, picking at the remains of the fallen ninjas. The scene before them was nothing short of gruesome.

"With our mission completed, let's head back to the village," Naruto suggested to Sasuke.

They began their leisurely walk toward their village, taking their time as they had a full month ahead. The mission was originally expected to take one month, but they had managed to finish it in just three days.

With the bulk of their task behind them, Naruto looked forward to savoring the remaining days. Along the way, they encountered small villages and towns, offering opportunities for rest and relaxation after the mission.

Unbeknownst to them, an elovira-type plant began to emerge from the earth. Their attention was fixed on the aftermath of the battle, but lurking amidst the scene was Zetsu.[an~i hate this man]

"They have grown significantly stronger. This could potentially impede my plans. I must discuss this with Nagato," he muttered to himself, the weight of his thoughts evident in his tone.

Zetsu possessed a collection of pictures depicting Naruto and Sasuke engaged in battles, eliminating Iwa, Kumo, and Kiri ninjas. "This evidence will serve as ample ammunition for them to launch an assault on Konoha.

After all, Konoha's ninjas have claimed the lives of their own," Zetsu contemplated, his gaze fixed upon the images arrayed before him.

The greater the chaos within the elemental nations, the more advantageous it would be for his plan, aiding him in fulfilling his mission.

Observing the desolated battlefield, he gradually melded into the ground, a spectral disappearance that left no trace behind.

[AN~ how do you like the chapter tell me in the comments.

Tell me how many elements Naruto used in his fight.

Give me some power stone man...

....your dear author san]

chapter 58

Chapter 58

Naruto and Sasuke strolled through the quaint town, its charm emanating from every corner. Nestled along the country's border, the town may have been modest in size, but its beauty and prosperity were undeniable. As they ambled through its streets, a mosaic of establishments met their gaze - from inviting food stalls to specialized weapon shops, each contributing to the town's vibrant atmosphere. The sun was gradually setting, casting the sky in a warm, inviting orange hue that painted its colors onto the surrounding landscape. The serenity of the evening enveloped them, offering a tranquil backdrop to their leisurely journey. With an impulsive grin, Naruto seized Sasuke's arm and ushered him into a bustling gambling establishment. The interior was a lively blend of characters - from rowdy thugs to inebriated revelers, and even the affluent.

The bartender efficiently served drinks to the incoming patrons, a hubbub of activity filling the room. Neither Naruto nor Sasuke donned their shinobi headbands, shrouding their identities and allowing them to blend seamlessly into the crowd. As they crossed the threshold, a brief hush swept through the room, all eyes momentarily fixed on the newcomers, before everyone quickly returned to their respective diversions, undisturbed by the duo's presence.

Naruto looked around the room and found a gambling table where card games were being held. Naruto walked towards the table and took a seat.

Sasuke followed him, unsure why Naruto had chosen this place of all places, but since he didn't have anything else to do, he didn't complain and simply followed his friend.

Naruto sat at the table and looked at the man in front of him. "What is a pretty boy like you doing in a place like this?" the man asked.

"What do you think I'm doing at this table? Of course, I want to play you, moron," Naruto said with a smile. The people around them burst into laughter at the man's expense. The man's face turned red. "You brat..." he gritted his teeth.

"Now, let's play," Naruto exclaimed. The man deftly shuffled the deck, and Naruto received three cards, as did the dealer.

"So, brat, how much money do you want to bet?" the man inquired.

Naruto produced a sum from his scroll, confidently placing the currency on the table.

"Five million ryo... Do you have the guts, man?" Naruto challenged, his tone daring. "Of course, I have. What do you think of me?" The dealer matched Naruto's confidence, retrieving an equal sum of money to lay down as the bet.

They revealed their cards. "Three aces," the man declared with a triumphant grin. "One jack, one queen, and one king," Naruto stated evenly. The man burst into laughter. "Haha, brat. I win. Don't go home while crying," he jeered inwardly, envisioning the possibility of exploiting a wealthy youth's desire for recklessness.

Naruto's eyes remained partially veiled by his hair as he collected himself. "Next game," he declared, producing yet another 5 million Ryo.

"Surely, this is my pleasure, young master," the man responded, his tone

dripping with anticipation.

As the man's words reached Naruto's ears, a visible vein throbbed upon Naruto's forehead, while a slight curl formed on Sasuke's lips.

The subsequent hand was revealed: "Three aces again... you lose once more, pretty boy. Don't beg me to return your money, you know," the man sneered, his delight palpable. Within his own thoughts, the man reveled in his success.

"Next game," Naruto's voice pierced the room yet again, accompanied by the resounding clink of another 5 million ryo being placed on the table.

The man's grin stretched wide; his elation mirrored his inner fantasies.

"I'll never play this again. I'll buy a luxurious house in the capital and indulge in pleasure... hehe," he mused, envisioning a future beyond his wildest dreams. With a dramatic flourish, he revealed his hand. "Three aces... you lose again, boy," he exulted, savoring his continued victory.

"This is the last match. Place the cards," Naruto declared to the man, producing a staggering 50 million Ryo. The sheer amount left all the surrounding onlookers gasping in disbelief. The man at the table erupted into laughter, his amusement echoing through the room. Naruto's eyes took on a subtle glint, a calculated anticipation lurking within. "Hehe, this will be fun," Naruto mused to himself.

"Three aces... Hehe, you lost, man," Naruto proclaimed, triumph lacing his voice. The man's jubilant demeanor crumbled, replaced by a mixture of panic and disbelief. He clutched his head in disbelief, his hands trembling as he flipped through the cards in desperate denial.

"How could I lose? I'll be ruined after this," he thought frantically, his expression contorting with distress.

Meanwhile, Naruto studied the man's face, amusement dancing in his eyes.

Sasuke observed his friend with a detached expression, recognizing the intricate machinations at play.

"He first made this poor man think he is winning, and then the main event came - he flipped the dice according to his plan. He's weaving misery into the man's joy. First, make him feel happiness, and then shatter his hopes and happiness in an instant. What an excellent use of genjutsu," Sasuke reflected, silently acknowledging Naruto's masterful manipulation.

Unbeknownst to the man and the surrounding spectators, Naruto had ensnared them in a high-level genjutsu, manipulating their perceptions to reveal the desired cards. These unsuspecting individuals remained oblivious to the truth: that the two seemingly ordinary participants were, in fact, skilled shinobi.

Naruto collected the winnings, eyeing the disheartened man before him.

"It was quite fun to play with you. I hope we play sometime again,"

Naruto remarked, a malevolent grin gracing his features. Only the man recognized the hidden intent behind it - undoubtedly genjutsu. "You devil... it was all your plan all along," the man retorted, his voice tinged with bitterness.

"What are you talking about?" Naruto responded with an innocent smile, feigning ignorance. He turned to face Sasuke, his demeanor shifting.

"Let's go, Sasuke. We've earned quite the money. Let's burn this money," Naruto proposed, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Earned? You simply robbed them," Sasuke countered, his voice cool and detached.

"Do I care if they're broke or not? Nah, I don't care. I'm just here for my own amusement," Naruto declared to Sasuke, a carefree attitude in his words. With that, he continued down the street, his steps unhurried.

Naruto shifted his gaze to his side, his eyes taking on a subtle glow. "So, they've arrived... I've been waiting for them. I sensed their presence 15 kilometers away. They sure took their time," Naruto mused to himself, his attention directed toward his left side.

Two figures emerged into view, positioned five kilometers away from their location. After all, having byakugan and six eyes have its perks. The newcomers were adorned in black cloaks bearing red cloud patterns and wore straw hats upon their heads.

5 km from the town.

One of the men subtly lifted his head, his black eyes transforming into a vivid shade of red. Three tomoe spun within his eyes as he directed his gaze ahead.

Beside him, the other man regarded his friend with a questioning expression. "What is it? Why did you turn your eyes on?" he inquired.

"Nothing. It's as if someone is watching us from afar," the man with red eyes disclosed.

"Don't be so paranoid," the other man dismissed, his tone bordering on skepticism.

With naruto.

A smirk adorned his face. 'So you noticed my gaze... your instincts are very good,' Naruto mused within himself.

His gaze shifted to Sasuke. "Sasuke," Naruto called out to him.

Sasuke turned his head towards Naruto, detecting the seriousness in his tone.

"What is it, Naruto?" he inquired.

"Are you ready?" Naruto inquired.

"Ready for what?" Sasuke responded, seeking clarification.

"For your revenge," Naruto stated plainly.

Hearing Naruto's question, Sasuke's eyes turned red, and the three tomoe spun furiously within them. An intense aura burst forth from him.

"I've lived for this moment. I will kill him," Sasuke declared with unwavering determination. He understood that Naruto had sensed someone, and he was certain that this individual was his brother.

"Where is he?" Sasuke inquired, his face contorted with visible hatred towards his brother.

"Follow me," Naruto instructed and swiftly headed to the left. Sasuke followed closely behind him.

After running for two minutes.

four individuals positioned themselves in a confrontational arrangement, two figures forming each opposing side. As the wind gained momentum, it spirited the leaves into a swirling dance around them

The sun, inching closer to the horizon, cast a warm, golden glow upon the surroundings, while the burgeoning moon began its ascent, its silvery presence beginning to grace the night sky.

"Little brother," the man spoke in a calm voice. It was Itachi Uchiha, the elder brother of Sasuke Uchiha.

"Itachi... I've been waiting for this moment my entire life, you kin slayer," Sasuke spoke to his brother, his voice infused with anger and malice.

The man before him was none other than his elder brother, Itachi Uchiha. Despite the admiration Sasuke once held for him, Itachi had perpetrated the gruesome massacre of their family.

He had annihilated their mother, father, and the entire clan, sparing not even the unborn children in their mothers' wombs. The toddlers who had yet to learn to walk or speak had met their demise at the hands of this very man - his beloved elder brother.

And the rationale for this horrifying act? The purported greater good of

Konoha, for the sake of peace. Itachi had chosen the welfare of some unknown peasants over the lives of his own flesh and blood. Such individuals were what disgusted Sasuke the most.

He looked at Itachi.

Upon hearing the term "kin slayer" uttered by his own brother, Itachi felt a sharp pang in his chest.

"You looked hurt, big brother... why so? Didn't you kill your parents, my parents? How did it feel to you? Tell me, brother," Sasuke addressed him, his voice carrying piercing intensity as he fixed a penetrating gaze upon Itachi.

"Yes, I killed them... Your hatred for me is enough... Don't you want to kill me?" Itachi spoke to him in a calm voice.

"Yes, I will. With my own two hands. I will avenge my family. You snatched everything from me - my mother, my father. You made me an orphan. I admired you the most, but you killed everyone. You took everything from me," Sasuke declared to Itachi, his words carrying a potent mixture of hatred and anguish. He unsheathed his sword as he spoke.

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An~ Man I have posted over 60 chapters and there are not even 50 reviews on the book... I hope you can write a review of my book...

And give me some power stones...

chapter 59

Chapter 59- Kisame

Naruto and Sasuke stood opposite Kisame and Itachi. Sasuke's Sharingan was activated, its red eye spinning manically as he locked his intense gaze onto his brother.

Naruto placed his hand on Sasuke's shoulder, his gaze steady. "Do you need my help to deal with him?" Naruto inquired, his willingness to assist Sasuke evident.

Sasuke met Naruto's gaze, and a sense of gratitude stirred within him, appreciating his friend's offer to aid him in fulfilling his vengeance. His eyes softened as he regarded Naruto.

"No need, I will kill him by myself. You know I am stronger," Sasuke responded to Naruto. He then shifted his gaze to Itachi, his eyes ablaze with anger, an intense desire to tear this man apart fueling his resolve.

"Do as you please, I will deal with this shark man," Naruto declared, his gaze shifting to Kisame.

Sasuke nodded in acknowledgment. In unison, they launched themselves at Kisame and Itachi.

Naruto drew his sword and swung it towards Kisame, while Kisame readied his Samehada, revealing its dark blue, shark-like scales as the straps around the sword fell away.

As Naruto's slash approached, Kisame countered with a powerful swing of his Samehada. The clash of their attacks resonated with a resounding "clang." The ground beneath them shattered, giving rise to a substantial crater.

Kisame regarded Naruto with surprise. The boy had absorbed his attack with apparent ease. A grin spread across Kisame's face, his battle-crazed demeanor revealing his shark-like teeth. "Your strength is amazing, boy," he commented, his words accompanied by his fierce grin.

Naruto met his gaze firmly. "You realize it now... Let's fight somewhere else. Let the brothers resolve their matters themselves," Naruto proposed to Kisame. Kisame nodded in understanding, acknowledging Naruto's sentiment.

Before departing for his confrontation with Kisame, Naruto turned his attention to Sasuke one last time. "Be safe while I'm gone," he advised Sasuke before dashing towards the forest, where Kisame awaited him. Sasuke watched Naruto go and nodded in response.

Meanwhile, the two brothers locked eyes, both stepping back to create some distance.

Sasuke's sword and Itachi's kunai remained poised for battle. Itachi broke the silence. "You have a good friend," he observed.

Sasuke regarded his older brother coldly. "Yes... and a thousand times better than you," he retorted with anger lacing his voice.

Far from the brothers, in the forest.

Kisame and Naruto confronted each other, the need for words unnecessary. Their gazes locked as a tense silence hung between them. Naruto swiftly charged at Kisame, his sword held diagonally as he swung it with immense force, cutting through the air with precision.

Kisame, observing the incoming attack, responded by lifting his Samehada in a sweeping motion to counter the slash. "Clang!" The resounding clash echoed through the surroundings, its impact sending shockwaves that uprooted nearby trees.

"You sure have raw strength," Kisame commented as they momentarily separated from their clash. Naruto looked at him, a grin playing on his lips.

"This is just the beginning," he retorted.

Naruto thrust his sword forward, aiming to pierce the shark. In response, Kisame positioned his sword in front of his stomach.

Once again, the two blades met with a reverberating "clang." The air around them rippled, and with a resounding bang, Kisame was propelled backward at breakneck speed, shattering numerous trees in his path.

Stunned, he managed to stabilize himself in the air after leaving a trail of destruction.

A small droplet of blood escaped his mouth as he did so. Gazing at the path of devastation he had inadvertently created, Kisame's eyes narrowed. He had been flung back an astonishing fifty meters from his initial position.

"Such brute force," Kisame muttered to himself as he wiped the blood from his mouth, acknowledging Naruto's formidable might.

Naruto inspected his sword, its tip now bent from the force of impact against Samehada.

"Tch, weak sword. I should buy a better one," he muttered to himself in dissatisfaction.

Meanwhile, Kisame had regained his balance. Swiftly, he appeared behind Naruto, launching a swing aimed at Naruto's neck.

Reacting with agility, Naruto twisted his body, managing to intercept the attack just in time. "Clang!" Another sound rang out as the force of Kisame's strike shattered Naruto's sword into two pieces.

The sheer power behind Kisame's attack proved overwhelming, and the impact sent Naruto hurtling backward.

With a skilled twist of his body, Naruto managed to regain his balance in midair and landed safely on the ground.

Gazing at his broken sword, he threw it sideways.

Without lingering, Naruto took swift action, He charged at Kisame, simultaneously forming a Rasengan in his left hand.

As Kisame swung his sword downward, Naruto raised his left hand to deflect the incoming attack.

With his right hand coated in lightning chakra, he slammed a punch into Kisame's abdomen. The surge of electricity coursed through Kisame's

body, accompanied by a resounding bang as he collided with a nearby tree. Coughing up a spatter of blood, Kisame's body hit the tree with force.

He observed Naruto, his expression serious as he spoke, "You were able to wound me... that's good, brat." Kisame's comment reflected his acknowledgment of Naruto's prowess.

Naruto directed his gaze to his left hand, where the Rasengan still spun in his palm. 'His sword absorbed half of my Rasengan,' Naruto thought.

The truth was that Samehada had the ability to absorb chakra from opponents, which explained why Naruto hadn't coated his sword with any specific chakra nature. With a flick of his hand, Naruto dispersed the Rasengan.

The surroundings underwent a swift transformation as the humidity in the air escalated. Kisame's focus remained forward as he sheathed his sword on his back, his hands forming intricate hand signs.

"Water Style: Exploding Colliding Water Wave," he declared, and in response, an immense tidal wave surged forth beneath him. Elevating him nearly twenty feet into the air, he skillfully rode the colossal wall of water.

With increasing velocity, he directed this aquatic force towards Naruto.

As Kisame advanced, destruction unfurled in his wake. Trees were mercilessly uprooted, and stones were reduced to fragments.

The enormity of the wave he rode rendered everything in its path powerless. Naruto, however, faced the incoming spectacle with a savage grin. 'A ninjutsu battle...you will lose miserably man,' Naruto mused inwardly.

Naruto remained rooted in place, his stance unwavering, as he awaited the impending collision with the oncoming wave. From his vantage point

atop the colossal wave, Kisame observed him closely, his thoughts forming a confident assertion: 'This is the furthest you'll go, brat.' As the surging water approached Naruto, he extended his right hand deliberately. Upon the initial touch of the wave's leading edge against his palm, an immense surge of chakra pulsed forth from him. In a low voice that carried an air of command,

"Ice Release: Freeze." At his utterance, a remarkable transformation unfurled. The mammoth wave, previously bearing down on him, now began to undergo a swift crystallization.

This process originated from the point of contact with Naruto's hand, its icy grip extending outward toward Kisame's position. In the span of an eye's blink, the once-mighty water wave had transitioned into a frozen tableau, arrested in place by the pervasive force of Naruto's technique. Observing this, Kisame's eyes widened in surprise, prompting him to leap from the frozen water.

'A kekkei genkai... this is way too powerful,' he mused, recognizing the might of the Ice Release technique.

Springing into the air, he began to manipulate a series of hand signs with precision.

"Water Style: Water Bullet Technique!" he exclaimed. The result was a rapid barrage of water bullets unleashed from his mouth, akin to relentless machine gun fire.

With the incoming onslaught of water bullets, Naruto swiftly reacted. In a fluid motion, he extended his hand in a sweeping gesture. The already frozen water, now an ice shield, responded to his command. Morphing and shifting, it coalesced into a robust barrier of ice. As the torrent of water bullets sped toward him, they met the unyielding resistance of Naruto's icy defense, each impact absorbed by the

formidable barrier.

Landing decisively in front of Naruto, Kisame executed a ferocious swing of his sword with unrestrained power.

The ice shield, once formidable, yielded to the impact and shattered.

Yet, his senses alerted him to an unseen threat. A lightning-charged fist collided with his sword, prompting an anguished cry from Samehada itself.

The sheer intensity of the blow proved nearly overwhelming for the sword, such that Kisame had narrowly averted potential disaster.

Had he not swiftly repositioned his blade, the punch might have found its mark, delivering a potentially lethal blow to his neck. As this perilous exchange unfolded, beads of sweat began to manifest on Kisame's brow, a testament to the precariousness of the situation.

Undeterred, the onslaught continued. Another punch found its mark against Samehada, its unrelenting force propelling Kisame downward.

The earth quivered beneath the impact, a testament to the immense energy being unleashed. A substantial crater emerged around Kisame's figure, in the aftermath of the collision.

Emerging from the remnants of the crater,

Crack*Crack

a testament to the bones that had been fractured upon impact. With a determined grip on his sword, he commenced the process of self-healing.

Drawing upon the chakra within the blade, Kisame deftly began the mending of his injuries.

In mere moments, his wounds yielded to the sword's restorative power.

The expanse of his body, once marked by damage, was restored to a state of health and vitality.

A grin crept one Naruto's face as he fixed his gaze upon Kisame.

"You have a good sword, but it won't save you this time," he said.

Naruto advanced toward Kisame, a wide and exuberant grin stretching from ear to ear. An unmistakable thrill coursed through him, as he was clearly relishing the engagement.

Engaging in a series of intricate hand seals, Naruto anchored himself with both hands upon the ground.

"Ice Release: Frozen Surface," he whispered, setting into motion a torrent of concentrated icy chakra that emanated throughout the vicinity.

From the very spot he stood, a pervasive wave of freezing chakra propagated outward.

It took mere moments for the ground beneath him to succumb to frost, and with remarkable velocity, the freezing phenomenon surged across the encompassing landscape.

Trees became ensnared in crystalline prisons as the ice rapidly consumed them. Like a painter crafting a canvas, the surroundings transformed into a frozen tableau. An extensive layer of ice, measuring two meters in thickness, took form, encasing the environment.

In response, Kisame's instincts kicked in. Recognizing the imminent danger, he vaulted into the air, propelled by the urgency to escape the encroaching frostbite.

As his eyes scanned his surroundings, they widened

A frigid dominion had emerged, asserting its supremacy over the once-verdant terrain.

An entire half of the forest succumbed to the icy embrace, rendering it an expanse of frozen splendor. Towering trees, formerly symbols of life, now stood imprisoned within colossal ice sculptures.

Kisame was acutely aware that Naruto stood as his most formidable adversary. The knowledge that Naruto possessed the capability to freeze

his water-based jutsus cast a foreboding shadow over their confrontation.

As he soared through the air, Kisame's gaze shifted downward, only for his heart to plummet in tandem.

The frozen landscape was undergoing a sinister transformation, the ice beneath morphing into an array of menacing spikes.

Naruto's dominion over the ice on the ground was undeniable, an extension of his chakra that yielded to his every command.

This mastery granted him the authority to shape and wield the ice according to his whims.

With Kisame still descending from the air, Naruto fixed his gaze upon him, a glint of death in his eyes.

"Let the game of cat and mouse begin," he uttered, his hands sweeping upwards in a fluid motion.

The ice spikes, now under his command, ascended into the sky, converging to encircle Kisame. Fueled by Naruto's chakra, the spikes became a relentless cascade, surrounding Kisame in a frosty embrace.

Kisame swung his sword, a relentless effort to shatter the onslaught of ice spikes. Yet, his attempts were met with a surprising twist—the destroyed spikes began to reform, persistently chasing him down.

He relentlessly brandished his sword, obliterating the spikes in his path.

However, the tide seemed unceasing, a torrent of ice threatening to engulf him entirely.

Surrounded by a landscape of unyielding ice, Kisame's movements became hindered.

His very footing was compromised by the frozen ground beneath him. In response, Naruto executed a swift one-handed sequence of hand seals, his intent clear.

"The Thousand Stinging Needles of Death," he intoned, invoking a

technique that harnessed the lethal potential of the ice spikes.

He spoke in a low, ominous voice, and in response, a myriad of ice needles sprouted forth, an unyielding manifestation of his intent.

These needles, imbued with an insidious sharpness, possessed the potential to penetrate anything that dared stand in their way.

Swoosh—a resolute surge filled the air as the needles surged forward, converging upon Kisame.

His eyes widened, a mix of apprehension and determination flashing within them. He commenced a desperate endeavor to deflect the incoming onslaught, yet the sheer number of needles overwhelmed his defenses.

One after another, they found their mark, breaching his defenses and impaling his body. With each piercing impact, they left minuscule voids in his bones and sinews, a trail of blood staining the pristine snow beneath him in an unsettling red hue.

Kisame knew his end was near, he had done so many wrongs in his life but his last wish was that he could die on the battlefield, and his wish was soon going to be fulfilled.

Naruto looked at him, but he didn't say anything,

With an explosive surge of chakra channeling into his feet, Naruto propelled himself into the air.

He cast his gaze downwards upon the frozen expanse of the forest and, with a series of hand signs, summoned forth a voluminous sphere of water.

His left hand brushed the surface of the sphere, channeling his water chakra into it, causing the sphere to expand and swell until it engulfed half the forest in its aqueous embrace.

The colossal water mass cast an imposing shadow, its darkness

descending upon the snow-draped landscape.

Stretching across a radius of five hundred meters, Naruto's hand connected with the water mass.

His voice resonated with a low command, "Freeze."

In an ephemeral blink, the expansive water sphere crystallized into an icy monolith, encapsulating the essence of motion.

"Fall," Naruto uttered, his hand sweeping downward.

Like a titanic boulder composed of solid ice, a colossal meteorite plummeted from the skies, its weight and might casting a sinister aura.

The atmosphere quivered and contorted around the plummeting mass, and with a cacophonous impact, the immense ice-rock struck the earth below, obliterating everything within its destructive path.

The moment of impact triggered an earth-shattering quake, unleashing devastation upon the terrain. The ground convulsed, and a profound stillness followed as debris filled the air.

The shockwave propagated outward in a relentless torrent, leaving a trail of obliteration in its wake. Naruto gracefully descended onto the colossal meteorite, surveying the shattered and frozen realm that lay before him.

Amidst the chaos and icy desolation,

"This is the beauty of ice" he spoke to himself, his voice a mere whisper against the chilling wind,

His gaze lingered upon the aftermath, a testament to his power over this frigid domain. Satisfied with the spectacle,

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[AN~ tell me how do you like the chapter, I hope you have guessed

Naruto's power in this chapter, and this was a fraction of his true powers, and for the people asking about his chakra levels, it's already surpassed

nine tails in volume.

Give me powerstones man... I fucking uploaded three chapters today...

so appreciate my work in the comments

chapter 60~Itachi is dead

Sasuke's unyielding gaze was fixed upon his brother, the weight of their shared history palpable in the charged air between them.

Words were rendered unnecessary by the intensity of their mutual desires: Sasuke's thirst for vengeance and Itachi's longing for his brother's hand to deliver him from his tormented existence.

In a flurry of motion, Sasuke lunged forward, his blade poised to strike.

Itachi responded in kind, producing a short blade to meet the impending assault.

The clashing of steel echoed through the forest as their weapons collided, their opposing forces locked in a fierce struggle for dominance. With a calculated twist, Sasuke's blade deflected off Itachi's weapon, inching perilously close to its intended mark - Itachi's chest.

Reacting with instinctive agility, Itachi executed a fluid backpedal, narrowly evading Sasuke's lethal strike. The intensity of the confrontation left no room for hesitation as Sasuke continued his unrelenting pursuit.

His sword whistled through the air in a relentless assault, aimed at severing his brother's neck. Itachi managed to evade the attack by gracefully ducking beneath the swing and launching himself backward, creating a necessary distance between them.

Itachi's Sharingan eyes flared to life, locking onto Sasuke's own crimson gaze. The two brothers stared into each other's eyes, the powerful ocular prowess of the Uchiha clan bearing witness to their emotions and determination.

Sasuke's assertion filled the air, "My Sharingan is stronger than yours." A

blur of movement followed as he once again surged towards Itachi, his speed and ferocity mirroring a tempestuous whirlwind.

Recognizing the futility of this relentless exchange, Itachi deftly leaped back, his hands weaving intricate hand signs.

"Fire Style: Great Fireball Jutsu!" he shouted, placing his index fingers near his mouth. Inhaling a large breath of air, he released a massive fireball that was at least 10 meters wide. Witnessing the approaching fireball, Sasuke replicated the same hand signs and expelled a large fireball from his mouth. With a resounding 'boom,' the two fireballs collided, creating a substantial crater upon impact.

The surroundings illuminated with intense heat as the clash occurred, and soon Sasuke's fireball began to overpower Itachi's.

His fireball was more potent, containing a significant amount of heat.

Infusing more chakra into his jutsu, Sasuke's fireball gradually eradicated Itachi's, its superior energy prevailing. Observing the oncoming fireball, Itachi placed his left hand over his left eye.

And his eyes transformed into Mangekyo Sharingan.

"Amaterasu," he said, and a vortex of black flames shot out from his eye.

The obsidian flames started to engulf Sasuke's fireball and surged toward him. Witnessing the approaching black flames, Sasuke leaped and landed on the other side.

The black fire began to relentlessly consume the surroundings. Sasuke didn't allow his brother a moment's respite. He dashed towards him;

Itachi was on one knee, the use of Amaterasu had drained him and blurred his vision. Sasuke plunged his sword into Itachi's chest, and blood gushed out like a fountain.

Itachi's back hit the ground while Sasuke stood over him, the sword embedded in Itachi's chest. Itachi lifted his right hand, attempting to

reach Sasuke, but midway, he twisted his hand to the right.

Sasuke followed his gesture and tilted his head to the right, and suddenly, a new Itachi was standing near a tree, gazing at him. Sasuke glanced downward, and the Itachi he had been stabbing erupted into a murder of crows.

"Genjutsu," Sasuke muttered under his breath. Now, Itachi stood leaning against a tree, a sword piercing through his chest from his back.

He looked ahead, and the Sasuke he had been observing gradually faded away.

"You're not the only one who can use genjutsu," Sasuke's voice emerged softly from behind him.

However, Itachi merely smiled, his eyes transforming into Mangekyo Sharingan. His form fragmented into countless crosses, only to reform a few meters away from Sasuke. "You've grown strong, little brother," Itachi spoke to him.

Sasuke remained silent, his hands weaving through a series of intricate signs.

"Fire Style: Great Fire Annihilation!" he shouted, and a literal sea of fire burst forth from his mouth, engulfing his opponent.

However, his gaze soon fixed upon an orange skeletal structure forming around his brother, rendering him completely impervious to the flames. Sasuke observed it closely, sensing an immense concentration of Yin chakra radiating from the skeleton.

Itachi, who had summoned his Susano'o, now teetered on the precipice of exhaustion.

Coughing up blood, the weight of his illness resurged, and the immense chakra demand of the Susano'o began to take its toll, further impairing his vision.

Itachi channeled more chakra into his Susano'o, causing the skeletal framework to gradually be covered with flesh.

Soon, he transitioned into the second stage of Susano'o. Confronted by the humanoid figure before him, Sasuke enshrouded his sword with Chidori, the distinctive crackling sound resonating from the blade.

Springing into the air, Sasuke plunged his sword into the Susano'o with all his might. The force behind his attack was tremendous, and upon impact, a resounding boom reverberated throughout the surroundings.

However, the Susano'o remained unscathed; after all, it was the ultimate defense of the Uchiha clan.

Sasuke wore a slight frown as he registered that his assault had failed to breach the humanoid form. Yet, he wasn't disheartened.

He lifted his sword high into the sky and struck again, achieving the same outcome. Leaping back from the Susano'o, he directed his gaze toward the orange-hued figure.

"Let's see how long you can endure," Sasuke spoke to his brother.

He started to do some hand signs, causing the sky above them to darken. Lightning crackled within the clouds, accompanied by deafening echoes reverberating through the atmosphere.

Day turned into night as the landscape was engulfed in an azure luminescence, the only discernible presence amidst the darkness.

Sasuke concluded his hand signs, his right palm raised toward the skies, poised as if to grasp something intangible.

Suddenly, a lightning-formed dragon descended from the sky, its massive form encircling the surroundings. Streaks of lightning crackled around the dragon as it emitted a furious roar, its electric vitality palpable.

Itachi widened his eyes, uncertainty gnawing at him regarding whether his Susano'o could withstand this perilous jutsu and emerge unscathed.

He began infusing every ounce of his chakra into his Susano'o, fortifying its resilience. Sasuke locked eyes with his brother.

"Kirin," he pronounced, prompting the lightning dragon to roar once more.

Sasuke lowered his hand, directly aiming for the Susano'o, and with lightning-like speed, the electrifying beast collided with the ethereal form.

A colossal boom resonated, the sound echoing far and wide. A brilliant flash of light enveloped the vicinity, momentarily obscuring everything in its radiance.

The ground vaporized upon the dragon's impact, and as the brilliance subsided, Sasuke beheld his brother, blood seeping from his eyes, his form now kneeling.

Itachi's vision was blurred, the haze of his surroundings exacerbated by his infusion of all chakra into the Susano'o, leaving him teetering on the precipice of blindness.

Amidst the fog, he perceived a figure approaching, wielding a sword.

Although his sight was distorted, he recognized the silhouette - his brother.

Gradually, pain bore into his chest, and he gazed ahead. Sasuke had driven his sword into Itachi's chest.

Itachi's lips curved into a faint smile, blood trailing from his mouth and chest. He raised his fingers and gently tapped Sasuke's forehead.

"You've finally accomplished your goal," Itachi spoke softly to him. The smile on his face remained, and soon his vision began to fade, the darkness overtaking him. He glanced at his younger brother one last time before closing his eyes.

Sasuke's gaze remained fixed on his brother's lifeless form.

Itachi was truly gone this time; it wasn't a trick or a genjutsu.

The realization hit him hard. He had achieved his revenge, fulfilling his mission to avenge his clan and parents. Yet, an inexplicable emptiness pervaded his being.

Despite the pain Itachi had caused, Sasuke couldn't deny the love he felt for his brother.

Looking at the lifeless body, tears welled up in his eyes. A profound ache settled in his heart. The weight of what he had done, killing his own brother with his own hands, was overwhelming. Loneliness crept in, and in the midst of the anguish, he felt a surge of intense pain in his chest.

"Why... why... does it hurt so much?" he screamed, his hand clutching his chest as if to alleviate the agony. The pain was excruciating, a reflection of the emotional turmoil he was enduring.

The memories of every moment spent with his brother flooded his mind, a montage of their shared experiences.

In the midst of his torment, he was unaware that his eyes were undergoing a transformation. From Sharingan to Mangekyo Sharingan, to even the Eternal Mangekyo Sharingan, his eyes evolved,

Eventually, his chakra flowed into his eyes, unknowingly initiating their transformation into the Rinnegan.

Despite this, Sasuke remained on his knees, the force of his grief compelling him to pound the ground.

His tears were unceasing, a testament to the pain he was experiencing.

Yet, a comforting touch found its way to his shoulder.

Lifting his head, he found his best friend gazing at him. Naruto had arrived on the battlefield, having concluded his own battle.

Sasuke turned his gaze to Naruto, his voice quivering as he spoke, "Why am I feeling so much pain?" Naruto met his eyes, delivering an honest

response,

"Because you loved him. Despite the fact that he wiped out your clan, you still loved him. Losing someone you care about hurts more than anything else."

Heeding Naruto's words, Sasuke absorbed the truth in them.

His emotions had been complex, but Naruto's perspective was simple and genuine.

"But don't feel sad," Naruto continued, his expression earnest. "You know your brother wanted to die by your hands. He loved you, Sasuke.

Your revenge is complete, and there's an entire world ahead of you."

Sasuke observed his friend, wiping his tear-streaked face. He responded in a soft voice, gratitude resonating in his words, "Thanks."

Naruto's understanding was what he needed at that moment. The burden of his emotions began to lighten; he didn't feel as isolated.

In Naruto, he found a friend who comprehended him, someone akin to a brother. As his heart gradually calmed, he recognized the guilt lingering within.

Yet, he understood that he had to forge ahead. Time would heal the wounds on his heart. Naruto's presence dispelled the loneliness that had gripped him, serving as a reminder that he wasn't alone.

With renewed determination, Sasuke vowed silently to safeguard all he cherished. Though unspoken, the oath was etched into his resolve.

Unbeknownst to him, his eyes radiated a purple luminescence when he looked at Naruto.

Naruto gazed at Sasuke's eyes, now adorned with rings in them.

Sasuke had awakened the Rinnegan.

Naruto understood that it was inevitable, given Sasuke's possession of both Indra and Asura's chakra.

The Rinnegan's emergence had been a matter of time. However, the process had left Sasuke utterly drained.

His chakra had been wholly consumed in the awakening. As his eyes reverted to their normal state, Sasuke's body faltered, rendering him unable to walk.

The initial awakening of the Rinnegan had sapped his chakra, but Naruto knew that in due time, after days of rest, Sasuke's chakra levels would be revitalized to extraordinary levels.

For now, though, Sasuke needed to stabilize his body to accommodate the power of the Rinnegan. Exhaustion claimed Sasuke's consciousness; his last sight was Naruto catching him as he fell, placing him gently onto his back.

"Just rest for a few days." A faint smile graced Sasuke's lips as he closed his eyes.

Naruto, carrying Sasuke on his back, set his sights on Konoha.

Yet, before he headed there, he had a promise to fulfill—to Kurama, the Nine-Tails fox.

Naruto had promised Kurama to complete him and, if Kurama desired freedom, to grant it.

Naruto began walking towards Konoha, Sasuke's unconscious form resting against his back, a testament to their enduring bond.

[an~ gauss whose Naruto gonna meet in next chapter...

Give me your power stones man...]

chapter

Naruto made his way towards the Uzumaki temple, the unconscious form of Sasuke slung over his shoulder

As he walked, the surroundings seemed to fall away, and he was left with his thoughts, the rhythmic sound of his footsteps

After a while, Naruto arrived at the outskirts of Konoha. He stood before an abandoned shrine, a place of significance to the Uzumaki clan - the Uzumaki shrine.

The shrine, originally erected in honor of the Uzumaki clan, now bore the signs of neglect and decay. Its once-proud structure had fallen into disrepair, exhibiting visible cracks and surrounded by overgrown weeds. Observing the sorry state of the shrine, Naruto shook his head in a mixture of disappointment

His voice carried a tinge of anger as he muttered, "Konoha really didn't care about its own allies."

Stepping into the shrine, he was here to take the Shinigami Mask.

As he ventured deeper into the shrine, he eventually arrived at its basement. The walls were adorned with numerous symbols, each carrying a piece of the Uzumaki clan's history.

Naruto located a room within the shrine and put Sasuke on a bed.

"It'll take some time for him to fully recover," he voiced his thoughts.

Leaving the room, Naruto stood before a wall within the shrine.

Suspended on the wall was a striking demon mask, its vivid red hue capturing his attention.

His hand reached out, making contact with the mask's surface. As his fingers met the cool texture of the mask, a chilly sensation spread through him, an ethereal connection forming between Naruto and the mask.

With the demon mask now secured at his waist, Naruto prepared to leave the shrine. He knew that the power of the Shinigami mask required a living sacrifice to be utilized.

Naruto exited the shrine and headed towards the forest to find some poor souls for his reanimation jutsu.

He was not aware of what was happening outside the world.

Kumo

The Raikage sat upon his imposing chair, radiating an aura of strength and authority. His muscular frame attesting to his physical prowess.

His stature was tall and robust, embodying a figure of power.

Spread before him were pictures, each holding a story of its own.

Focused on those images, his expression contorted with rage, the intensity of his emotions unmistakable.

His gaze fixated on the depictions of Kumogakure ninjas, lifeless and defeated, their fates sealed at the hands of Naruto and Sasuke.

However, he was not aware that these were not genuine Kumo ninjas, but rather the creations of Zetsu.

Unaware of the true nature of the situation, the Raikage's perspective was shaped by his belief that Konoha's shinobi were responsible for the deaths of his own.

The images before him painted a grim picture, solidifying his conviction that his village's shinobi had fallen victim to the actions of Konoha's ninja.

His anger and frustration grew, fueling his determination to address what he perceived as an assault on his village and its honor.

He had a serious face, he was thinking about how will he take action against Konoha.

And there was another problem, he looked at his brother Bee. He was in a very sorry state.

Bee's condition was dire, teetering on the brink of life. The recent events had been harrowing - two members of the Akatsuki had ambushed him not long ago.

Miraculously, he had managed to extricate himself from their clutches by

resorting to a desperate measure. Severing a small tendril of his own body, he had used it to reinvigorate himself, narrowly escaping their grasp.

The consequences of their encounter had been severe, as the entire form of the Eight-Tails had been captured by the Akatsuki.

Through sheer luck and resourcefulness, Bee had managed to slip their hold and escape. Now, his weakened state served as a testament to the challenges he had faced and the struggle for survival he had waged. Now he was in a tattered state. He was barely standing. 95% of the chakra from the Eight-Tailed Beast was taken away. Only his consciousness was left.

"Why are they collecting the tailed beasts?" A asked his brother.

"I don't know," Bee answered him. He was in no mood for rapping. He was dead serious this time, just one inch away from death.

"What should we do about Konoha and its growing power?" A asked his brother. Although he was the Kage, he always asks his brother in these types of matters.

Bee was a ninja from Kumo. He couldn't watch their ninjas die like that in the hands of Konoha.

"Konoha had their own jinchuriki," Bee spoke.

A raised his eyebrows. He knew that Konoha had their own jinchuriki, but why was his brother mentioning it now? A looked at him, silently asking him to continue.

"Akatsuki were hunting all the tailed beasts. They had gathered all the beasts; only the Nine-Tailed Fox was remaining. So when they attacked Konoha and took their jinchuriki, we can attack them," Bee said to his brother.

A looked at his brother. He grinned; his brother was right. When Konoha

was in its weakest state, they would purge them.

He looked at the pictures again. He could see that other than Kumo ninjas, there were also Kiri and Iwa ninjas.

He knew the old man Tsukikage wouldn't sit still, and as for the Mizukage, he didn't know how she would react to this.

But he had to fix the meeting with them and discuss this matter.

He started to write something on the empty scroll and with a whistle, an eagle landed on the edge of the window.

He tied the small scroll to the leg of the eagle, and the eagle took off in flight.

"Let's see how you will handle all three hidden villages and Akatsuki at the same time," A spoke in a low voice.

After all, he was the leader of a hidden village and the village meant everything to him.

In reality, he wasn't sad that his ninjas were dead; he was waiting to strike Konoha. In his opinion, all the ninjas who had died were cannon fodder.

Amidst the tranquil expanse of the sky, an eagle soared with grace, its wings slicing through the air as it drew nearer to its destination.

A sense of anticipation hung in the atmosphere, a prelude to the imminent change that would envelop the surroundings.

Gradually, the serene landscape began to shift, transforming from its former state. The once-unbroken vista now gave way to the emergence of rocky terrain, as the setting underwent a subtle yet profound alteration.

Guided by an unseen current, the eagle descended upon the hidden village nestled amidst the rocky expanse.

The terrain's rough texture mirrored the village's unique identity, with boulders of varying sizes forming a distinctive landscape.

The buildings seamlessly melded with the natural formations, constructed within and upon the rocky hills. Sunlight played upon the light brown hues of the hills, creating an atmosphere that was both rugged and awe-inspiring.

At the heart of the village, a massive tower stood tall and proud.

This towering structure, unmistakably the Tsuchikage's tower, was a central figure in the village's layout, its prominence signifying its importance within the community.

Amidst the rocky backdrop, the village exuded a distinct character, setting it apart from others in the shinobi world.

In the tower, an old man with short height and a big red nose sat on the chair.

He was looking ahead; on the table, there were some pictures.

In those pictures, he saw how Naruto and Sasuke were butchering Iwa ninjas. These were the ninjas who had gone missing for some days, and he couldn't find them.

But now, everything was in front of him. He knew who had kidnapped their ninjas and killed them.

"It was all Konoha's doing," he spat out in anger.

In front of him, his son and granddaughter were standing.

They all looked at him, anger present in their eyes. How could they not be angry? Someone had killed their ninjas.

Onoki's gaze was fixed on an image of Naruto, his expression a mixture of contemplation and anger.

He had been informed by some unknown source that claimed Naruto was the offspring of the Yellow Flash - the very man responsible for the deaths of countless Iwa ninjas during the Third Great Ninja War.

And now, his son was doing the same, killing Iwa ninjas.

"I will kill this brat. I wasn't able to kill his father, but his son? I can kill him," Onoki said while looking at Naruto.

Witnessing his grandfather's angered demeanor, Korotsuchi stepped forward, her voice infused with confidence and determination.

"Don't worry, Grandpa. I'll kill him," she spoke with a resolute tone.

Her age mirrored Naruto's, and she carried with her the unique ability of Lava Release, a testament to her own strength. Her words conveyed her assurance that she would take on the responsibility of addressing the situation,

Onoki looked at his granddaughter. He was proud of her. He knew that there was no one in the younger generation that could be compared to his granddaughter, but he was not sure if she would go against Naruto or not.

However, he was confident in his granddaughter.

"Yes, you can kill him, but first you have to train more and reach the Kage level," he spoke to her. He knew she could become a Kage-level ninja in due time; she was now an elite Jonin.

Kurotsuchi smiled. She had made up her mind. She would kill her enemies, and now her enemy was Naruto, the son of the Yellow Flash.

Knock knock

They all heard a knock on the window and saw an eagle. Onoki opened the window and let the bird come in.

He looked at the bird's leg and saw the letter. He knew this letter was sent by the Raikage.

He quickly opened the letter and started to read. As he read, his smile became wider. He chuckled a bit while reading the letter, then he looked at his son and granddaughter.

"You two, prepare our ninjas. Soon, very soon, we will attack Konoha.

But first, we will go to the Land of Iron. The Raikage has set up a meeting," he spoke.

In the letter, he read that the Raikage wanted to attack Konoha, but first, they had to form an alliance between them. Onoki had been waiting for this moment for many years, and now this was his chance.

He wanted to acquire good resources for his village, and Konoha had a rich amount of resources. This was his opportunity. The meeting was scheduled for three days from today.

Kiri

A captivating woman occupied the seat reserved for the Kage, her presence commanding attention.

With vibrant orange hair that caught the light, her fair skin contrasted elegantly against the backdrop.

Her lips, adorned in a shade of cherry red, conveyed a sense of allure. An air of confidence emanated from her curvaceous figure, her body displaying a captivating blend of sensuality and strength.

The sunlight played upon her smooth white legs, creating a radiant glow that enhanced her striking appearance.

Engrossed in the letter from the Raikage, the woman's contemplative expression revealed her internal struggle.

Her village had only recently emerged from a civil conflict, leaving them in a fragile state.

Among the five great villages, they were considered the weakest. The decision before her was a pivotal one - an opportunity to elevate her village's standing and gain advantages in the aftermath of Konoha's downfall.

Her mind churned with conflicting thoughts, torn between the potential benefits and the moral implications of forming an alliance with someone

who intended to attack another village.

"Should I do it or not?" In this moment of uncertainty, she grappled with the ethical dilemma and the potential consequences of her choice.

The allure of potential gains and resources that a successful attack could provide weighed heavily on her mind.

The prospect of securing a significant amount of wealth and resources for her village was a tempting proposition.

However, the looming uncertainty of failure cast a shadow over her thoughts, reminding her of the potentially catastrophic consequences that could unfold.

Deep in contemplation, she deliberated on the decision before her. The enormity of the choice was not lost on her.

Ultimately, she resolved to seek further insight and perspective by attending the Kage meeting.

This meeting, where leaders would gather, held the promise of shedding light on the intricacies of the situation.

With her decision made, she rose from her seat, a determined expression on her face.

She prepared herself for the journey to the Land of Iron, where the Kage summit awaited - an event that would likely shape the course of the shinobi world.

AN~how do you like the chapter tell me in the comments.

Man, I hate these types of chapters, the politics sucks.

And give me your power stones...

Chapter 62

Chapter 62

Naruto walked into the dense forest in order to find some bandits. He was in no hurry.

.

his hands were in his pockets, his hair swayed in the wind, and his black cloak fluttered behind his back.

He had activated his Kagura's Mind Eye, allowing him to sense chakra signatures within a range of 10 kilometers.

.

He quickly detected a group of bandits in his vicinity.

As he walked, he soon found himself standing atop a hill.

Below him, he sensed the presence of the hidden bandit group.

Although they were imperceptible to the ordinary observer, they remained within Naruto's grasp.

.

He placed his hand on the surface of the hill and infused it with earth chakra.

.

whoos

thump

.

The wind blew as a result of the chakra pressure, causing the hill to split open into two parts, revealing the bandits who now appeared foolish.

.

There were five men of chunin level standing together.

Suddenly, they noticed that the roof above them had disappeared, splitting open to reveal the bright sky above.

They looked upward and saw a shadowy figure gazing down upon them. the cloak behind him fluttering in the wind, and his red eyes glowing like those of a predator.

.

When they met his gaze, chills ran down their spines, and they shivered.

They couldn't explain it, but they felt an overwhelming sense of inferiority under his stare.

.

Naruto had no quarrel with them; they just happened to be the nearest living beings to him.

He extended his hand, and a chain shot out from his palm.

Before they could react, a chain wrapped around two of them.

Apart from these unfortunate souls, everyone else remained unharmed.

.

Naruto raised his hand, causing the chain to gradually shorten, pulling the two men off the ground and positioning them behind him.

Helpless, the two men were unable to even shake their heads, bound by the chain from head to toe.

Naruto turned his gaze toward the remaining bandits.

Chills ran down their spines and their hearts sank.

Were they to meet their end like this? They had merely been enjoying their solitude in the cave after looting some merchants

.

"Consider yourselves lucky that I require only two of you alive," Naruto spoke, and then he vanished from their sight.

They heaved a sigh of relief, having narrowly escaped death.

They didn't know who that man was, but they thanked God for sparing their lives from his hands.

Their hearts were beating rapidly. After Naruto vanished, they collapsed onto the ground.

'Thank God we are safe,' one of the men spoke, and upon hearing him, all of them nodded.

Naruto walked towards an empty space in the forest, with two of his captives chained and being pulled along by his clone.

In reality, Naruto only needed one person to perform his jutsu, but he had taken another along in case something unexpected were to happen.

.

Naruto soon found an empty space within the dense forest, surrounded by tall, imposing trees.

Naruto retrieved a scroll, and with a puff of smoke, the scroll unfurled, revealing a set of fuinjutsu materials on the ground.

He examined the ink and brush, then began to meticulously draw the necessary fuinjutsu seal on the ground. In just 15 minutes, he had completed the intricate seal required for the jutsu.

Naruto glanced at his clone, receiving a nod in response.

The clone lifted one of the men by his chains and placed him within the circle.

The man's face was a mask of horror, though he couldn't even scream due to his mouth being sealed shut.

.

Naruto reached for the shinigami mask hanging at his waist. He studied the mask for a moment before decisively placing it over his face.

Without hesitation, he began to weave a series of hand signs.

whoosh *whoosh*

Naruto's senses went on high alert as he felt the sudden change in the atmosphere around him.

The wind seemed to carry an ominous presence, and the feeling of death hung heavily in the air.

The wind began to whip around him, causing his hair to stand on end.

An aura of death seemed to envelop him, sending chills deep into

Naruto's soul. This sensation was entirely new to him—cold and unmistakable.

The surroundings fell into complete silence, devoid of any sound, creating an atmosphere of utter stillness.

Then, a grisly figure began to take shape behind Naruto.

The aura of death pressed down upon him, and before long, the Shinigami materialized right behind him. With white hair, grayish skin, and a dagger clenched in its teeth, the Shinigami gazed down upon Naruto.

Naruto retrieved a vial from his pocket and cast it into the circle. Inside was the DNA of his father.

Then, using his left hand, he drew a kunai, driving it into his stomach and sliding the blade from right to left, creating a deep scar across his abdomen.

Behind him, the Shinigami replicated the action, slitting its own belly open, and a brilliant light flashed forth. From its belly emerged a soul. In a low voice, he uttered 'Edo Tensei,'" and placed his hand upon the ground.

Before him, the soul emerged from the man, causing him to crumble into a heap of papers.

The soul traversed through Naruto's body and entered the belly of the Shinigami. The Shinigami behind him vanished into thin air.

The deal was sealed: a soul for a soul.

Naruto retrieved his mask and secured it around his waist.

His left hand clutched at his wound, the injury on his abdomen began to mend itself.

Gazing ahead, Naruto observed as the soul that had exited the Shinigami's belly entered the scattered papers.

Gradually, the soul began to reshape and reform, until a figure started to emerge from the midst of it.

Before long, the figure stood before him—a man with blond hair and blue eyes. The man locked eyes with Naruto.

.

Naruto gazed at his father. He had encountered his father once before when he had intentionally unsealed the cage.

However, that meeting had only involved a fraction of his father's soul, and they hadn't had the opportunity for much conversation.

This time, his father stood before him in full form, his soul complete.

Now, Naruto had all the time in the world to engage in a meaningful conversation with his father.

.

As he stared at his father, a maelstrom of emotions swirled within Naruto.

He was experiencing a whirlwind of feelings all at once—rage, love, happiness, and anger.

.

Minato directed his gaze ahead, his eyes falling upon a young man with red hair.

He recognized who this was; he had acquired the memories from the fragment of his soul that he had left within the seal.

As he looked at his son, a bittersweet smile tugged at the corners of his lips. Memories of their brief conversation within the sealed space came

flooding back to him.

"Naruto," he spoke, his voice carrying a weight of emotion.

As he gazed at his son, Minato felt a pang of guilt in his heart, remembering what his son had said to him in the sealed space.

"Father," Naruto addressed him, the tone of his voice carrying a hint of sarcasm that didn't escape Minato's notice.

A bitter smile tugged at the corners of Minato's lips as he regarded his son.

.

"Yes, Naruto," he replied to him.

Naruto met his gaze and posed a question, "Do you recall what I told you?" he inquired.

"Yes, I remember," Minato responded.

.

"Now tell me, Father," Naruto continued, his voice carrying a mixture of rage and anger,

"Do you feel honored that you sealed the tailed beast within your own son, making him a jinchuriki, and all for what... for the sake of Konoha?"

.

Minato's gaze remained fixed on Naruto, but the young man pressed on, his voice charged with emotion,

"do you know how they see me... they called me the fucking demon fox... You wanted them to see me as a hero... but see how they truly view me." Naruto's words were infused with anger as he vented his frustration.

This marked the first time he had expressed such intense anger.

"But Hiruzen assured me he would take care of you," Minato replied, his voice carrying a note of defensiveness.

Yet, deep down, he couldn't deny the truth in his son's words. Naruto's

life had been undeniably difficult, growing up without the presence of both mother and father—a reality that Minato couldn't bear to dwell on.

.

"Haha," Naruto laughed, leaving Minato puzzled by his reaction.

Minato's gaze remained fixed on his son, unsure of the reason behind his laughter.

"My dear, foolish father," Naruto continued, his tone carrying a mixture of bitterness and revelation.

"You instructed Hiruzen to look after me... but allow me to demonstrate just how naive that trust was. Come, let me show you how Hiruzen looked after me." With those words, Naruto began to stride toward his father.

.

Naruto began to perform a series of hand signs, his voice resonating,

"Genjutsu: Deadlight Horror."

As his words echoed, the very surroundings they stood in underwent a transformation.

Minato made no attempt to resist the genjutsu.

In the blink of an eye, he found himself suspended in the sky, his gaze directed downward at the sprawling expanse of Konoha.

By his side, Naruto stood, a silent presence within the illusory landscape.

.

Minato's gaze settled upon Naruto, a fleeting moment of pride washing over him as he recognized his son's mastery of such a potent genjutsu—one capable of ensnaring even the dead within its illusions.

Yet, this sense of pride was short-lived, swiftly replaced by a different emotion.

.

"Look, Father," Naruto's voice cut through the illusory space, heavy with accusation.

He gestured toward a particular spot, directing Minato's attention there.

Minato followed his son's indication, his eyes fixing on the scene that unfolded before him.

As he took in the sight, a surge of anger began to bubble within him, his blood starting to boil at what he witnessed.

"Look, there's the demon fox... Let's hunt him down... Let's finish what the Fourth Hokage started," one of the men declared, his words dripping with hostility.

The scene unfolded before Minato's eyes, and he listened as the cruel words echoed in the air.

Today, on Naruto's birthday, these sentiments were voiced aloud.

.

The atmosphere grew tense as they began to give chase, brandishing stones, knives, and sticks in their hands. The anticipation hung thick in the air as they closed in on Naruto.

Thud

A stone struck baby Naruto squarely in the head, causing blood to gush from the wound.

He tumbled to the ground, his small form now surrounded by the hostile mob.

Tears welled up in his eyes as he gazed at the people who had encircled him.

"I am not a demon fox..." his plea trembled in the air, his voice laden with anguish.

He couldn't fathom why these people hate so much him.

.

Laughter erupted from the crowd as mocking words filled the air, "See, the demon is crying," they jeered, and another blow from a stick landed on Naruto's head.

He writhed on the ground, pain, and darkness beginning to encroach upon his senses.

At only four years old, he was on the brink of losing consciousness, his small body unable to endure the cruelty of the world around him.

.

The mob remained relentless, their kicks raining down upon Naruto without mercy. His cries pierced the air, desperate pleas for help escaping his lips.

"Somebody, help me... Why are you doing this to me... Mother... Father... where are you..." His tears mingled with the dirt on the ground, his voice eventually fading as unconsciousness claimed him.

Despite his unconsciousness, the mob continued their assault until they noticed he was no longer responding.

With a sneer and a muttered curse, the man leading the attack turned away, the others following suit.

They were well aware of the watchful eyes of the ANBU and the potential wrath of the Hokage—they didn't wish to attract that kind of attention.

.

Minato watched the harrowing scene unfold beneath him, his heart aching as he witnessed the brutal attack on his own son.

His lips tightened into a grim line, his hands trembling with a mixture of fury and helplessness.

He descended hurriedly, attempting to reach Naruto's unconscious form, yet his hands phased through him as if he were a specter.

He tried again and again, desperation evident in his actions.

"Somebody help him," he implored in a hushed voice, his plea caught in his throat, the weight of his inability to intervene pressing down on him.

.

After half an hour had passed, two ANBU operatives materialized before Naruto's unconscious form.

One of them clicked their tongue in irritation. "Tch... Looks like we have to do this again," they muttered.

The other ANBU nodded in agreement, their voice devoid of emotion.

"Pick him up and get him to the hospital. You know the Hokage's orders," they commanded.

Minato's anger burned hotter within him as he watched the ANBU.

He seethed with frustration and helplessness, his gaze fixed on the guards who had observed the entire ordeal.

Overwhelmed by rage, he lashed out, attempting to strike them, but his blows passed through them as if they were insubstantial apparitions.

.

Naruto appeared beside him and put his hand on his shoulder, Minato looked at him.

"Look Father this is just the beginning," Naruto spoke to him with a smile.

snap

In an instant, everything shifted. Naruto's power as the caster of the genjutsu became evident as he revealed to his father the grim reality of his life.

Scenes played out before Minato's eyes, a montage of the relentless torment Naruto endured on each of his birthdays.

It showcased how people shunned him, how they refused to acknowledge his worth, and how they treated him as a pariah.

how people avoided him, how the Hokage showed up at the last moment

and tried to manipulate him, he showed him everything that the village had to offer to them.

The scene shifted once more, returning them to the forest where they had begun. Minato's gaze remained fixed on his son, a maelstrom of emotions churning within him.

Guilt welled up within him, a heavy weight pressing upon his chest, as he realized the choices he had made. He had chosen the village over his own flesh and blood.

He had hoped to see his son regarded as a hero, yet the reality was starkly different—Naruto remained unrecognized, a lonely figure.

Minato's fists clenched, his internal struggle evident in his tense posture.

An~tell me your thoughts in the comments.

Give me some powerstones man...

chapter 63

Chapter 63~kurama is free now

Naruto gazed at his father, his only desire being to reveal how the village he held dear treated him. And so, he did just that.

Minato looked at his son, filled with disbelief. How could the villagers treat his son this way?

He had entrusted Hiruzen to care for Naruto, but it seemed that trust had been misplaced. Instead of protection, Naruto had been treated as a tool, manipulated for Hiruzen's own gain.

Naruto looked at his father. "Do you feel guilty, father?" Naruto spoke to him. Minato remained silent.

.

"Yes, you should feel guilty for what you did to your son," Naruto continued.

A Rasengan began to take shape in his hand. He slammed it into his father. His upper body was incinerated, only to reform again.

.

Naruto slammed his Rasengan into his father once more, incinerating him anew.

Minato remained silent.

"I want to do this for a long time" Naruto spoke as he dispersed the Rasengan.

He simply needed to release his anger on his father for choosing the village over him.

.

"Did you feel good?" Minato spoke to him.

.

Naruto nodded and looked at his father. "Do you know why I summoned you?" Naruto asked.

Minato nodded in response. "Yes, I understand. You summoned me to take the other half of the fox from me," he conveyed to his son.

.

"Yes," Naruto affirmed, nodding to his father. He acknowledged that the decision to seal Kurama inside him had been made by his father.

He couldn't change anything; it had been his father's decision to save the village, not their family.

What could he do? The past was set, but a brighter future lay ahead of him.

.

Naruto remained silent. He walked toward Minato and placed his hand on his abdomen.

A surge of power emanated from within him. Deep inside Naruto, Kurama sensed the presence of his other half. Impatience brewed within Kurama as he yearned to reunite and make himself whole once more.

Kurama held the belief that completing himself was an unattainable goal, especially since his other half had been sealed within the Shinigami's belly.

But now, the opportunity presented itself as he stood face-to-face with his other half. The Yin half within Minato also sensed the presence of its counterpart.

As Naruto placed his left hand on his body, the seal on Minato's form illuminated, revealing intricate black markings.

Naruto's hand emitted a vibrant red glow. he began the process of extracting the Yin half from his father's being.

crack

"Ah!" Naruto felt immense pain coursing through his body. He had never experienced this type of agony before. His face grew pale, and beads of sweat formed on his skin.

It was as if his soul had been pierced by thousands of needles.

He swiftly pulled his hand back.

"Naruto... are you okay?" Minato spoke his expression one of concern. He couldn't bear to see his son in pain.

Naruto looked up, his body drenched in sweat. He saw the worry in his

father's eyes. Nodding, he replied, 'I am fine.'

.

"Naruto, the seal is cracking," he heard a voice in his head.

Kurama, who was confined within the seal's space in Naruto's mindscape, began to witness cracks forming.

He didn't understand why, but when the Yin chakra started to enter the seal, these cracks began to appear.

.

Feeling pain, Naruto could sense the cracks spreading within his mindscape.

Swiftly, he pulled up his shirt and infused chakra into his seal.

Black markings began to emerge on his abdomen. 'hmm... what is this...'

Naruto spoke in a hushed voice.

.

He could see the small cracks on the seal, with small gaps appearing within it. It felt as if the seal could break at any moment.

"The seal is starting to break," Minato said with deep concern.

"And if this seal breaks, you will die, Naruto," he spoke, his gaze fixed on his son.

.

"Why is this happening?" Naruto pondered for a moment.

He then nodded his head. "I understand," he said to his father.

"This seal was only meant to contain the Yang half of Kurama. If another energy enters the seal, it will begin to break," Naruto explained to his father.

.

The cracks began to appear when he infused the Yin chakra of Kurama into the seal.

However, this seal was not designed to contain the full power of Kurama.

When Minato sealed Kurama into his infant body, he crafted the seal to only accommodate half of Kurama's power.

.

It was evident to Naruto that he couldn't contain the entirety of Kurama within the seal without causing it to break

If the seal were to break, he would die. It was a clearly defined rule that when the bijuu is separated from the jinchuriki, the jinchuriki's life is forfeit.

"I have no intention of dying," Naruto said to himself.

.

Kurama observed this and was certain that if Naruto were to infuse more chakra into the seal, it would break, resulting in Naruto's death.

Kurama couldn't bear to lose his only friend.

Let's stop, Naruto. I don't want the Yin half," Kurama said to his friend.

He didn't want to lose his friend.

In centuries, he had found someone who didn't hate him. Naruto was his one and only true friend, and he couldn't let him die.

If Naruto died and he became whole again, he didn't want it.

.

Naruto sensed Kurama's emotions.

.

"Haha," Naruto laughed. "You don't have to worry about me, Kurama...

I'm not going to die that easily." Naruto spoke to his friend.

How could he die? He hadn't become the strongest in the entire elemental nations, and he hadn't accomplished his goals. How could he die without fulfilling his aspirations?

There was someone waiting for him, after all.

.

Minato and Kurama were puzzled. They didn't know how he would go about it.

Minato's gears started to spin in his head.

He gazed at his son. 'Naruto, are you planning to do that?' he asked, his concern evident. He didn't want his son to execute that jutsu—it could harm his soul.

.

"Naruto had a grin on his face as he glanced at the man bound by his chains.

The man felt a chill run down his spine when he met Naruto's crimson and intense eyes.

"Be ready, Kurama. You're getting out of this seal," Naruto spoke.

.

Kurama was confused by his remark. He wasn't going to risk Naruto's life by getting out of the seal.

But before Kurama could speak, Naruto grabbed the Shinigami mask and placed it over his face.

.

He was going to summon the Shinigami again.

He intended to extract Kurama from the seal with the Shinigami's assistance, without succumbing to death.

This was reminiscent of when Minato had summoned the Shinigami during his birth to split Kurama into two parts—one sealed inside Naruto, and the other sealed within Minato.

.

But during that time, Minato didn't utilize a Shinigami mask or require any sacrifice.

He had summoned the Death God without the Uzumaki mask and sacrificed himself.

But this time, Naruto didn't intend to sacrifice himself.

.

As Naruto put the mask on his face, the temperature dropped and cold winds began to blow. The aura of death descended upon Naruto.

But this was his second time summoning the Shinigami, and he wasn't as intimidated as before.

.

Naruto began to perform hand signs, and a grayish figure with white hair and a dagger in its mouth started to materialize behind him.

Mentally, Naruto conveyed his intentions, giving commands to the Shinigami.

.

One of the Shinigami's hands pierced Naruto, while the second hand reached toward the man.

Inside the mindscape, Kurama felt chills running down his spine.

He had experienced this sensation once before.

Before he could react, a hand emerged in the mindscape, grabbing Kurama and pulling him towards the outside.

.

As Kurama began to exit the seal's space, cracks started to appear within the mindscape.

In a matter of seconds, the mindscape was completely destroyed.

.

Thud.

Naruto fell to his knees, his hands hitting the ground. The mask dropped from his face with a thud.

Everyone could see that his face was as pale as a sheet.

"Huff... huff..." he breathed heavily.

"Naruto," a heavy and raspy voice spoke.

Naruto lifted his head, a smile appearing on his face.

.

The wind was howling, and the ground shook. Kurama's nine tails

swayed in the forest and the majestic figure of

Kurama looked down on Naruto. The aura of imminent danger was

clearly palpable in the air.

If anyone were to witness the swaying of Kurama's nine tails, they would

likely succumb to a heart attack.

.

But Naruto was accustomed to his friend. He gazed at Kurama and asked,

"How do you feel?"

"Hahaha," Kurama laughed heartily, his laughter echoing through the

forest.

"This is refreshing," Kurama said.

He could feel the cold air on his fur. Despite being made of chakra, he

could experience all the sensations.

.

"Good," Naruto nodded.

He glanced at his father and then at Kurama.

Both of them understood the implication.

.

Kurama raised one paw, and a large nail touched Minato's abdomen.

The Yin chakra began to seep out from Minato.

As Kurama received his Yin chakra, he grew larger and larger.

The surroundings became distorted, and the temperature began to rise.

.

In a matter of minutes, Kurama successfully absorbed all of his chakra from Minato.

"RAAAAWWWWRRRRRR," he lifted his head and roared towards the sky. He was completely free and complete.

.

His size had grown larger than mountains, with his chakra immensely potent and his overall powers doubled. He glanced at Naruto.

Naruto looked up and their eyes met.

"I have my promise," he said to his friend.

"Even if you are complete, don't get cocky because I still have more chakra than you." Naruto said with a grin.

"Tch... you are such a mood killer Naruto..." Kurama's voice echoed in the surrounding but he didn't deny the fact.

Naruto placed his hand on his belly and murmured to himself, "I feel empty here."

.

Kurama glanced at his friend, yearning for liberation and fulfillment, but unable to find happiness.

.

As he observed his friend, a profound sadness engulfed him. Fear arose within him, wondering if he would once again be trapped in loneliness.

Naruto looked at his friend, and he could feel his emotions. He knew that his friend was feeling sad.

"You know, I can always visit you. And when you feel bored, you can come to visit me," Naruto said.

.

"What's your plan now that you're free?" Naruto asked Kurama.

Kurama looked back at Naruto and replied, "I don't know. Just send me to my lair so I can sleep peacefully."

Naruto laughed at his friend's antics. "Goodbye, Kurama," Naruto said.

Kurama looked away as Naruto began to perform a series of hand signs.

Slamming his right hand onto the ground, black markings started to form beneath Kurama.

With a puff of smoke, Kurama disappeared.

Now there was only Naruto and Minato were present. Naruto looked at his father, having mixed feelings.

On one hand, he didn't want to send him back. He had spent 15 years alone without his parents, and now his father was in front of him. He hardened his heart and looked at his father.

"You don't have to spend your time in Shingami's belly. You are free from him," Naruto spoke to him.

"You can now finally unite with Mother. Tell her that I am fine and I have a girl that I love the most. Tell her that her son is fine," Naruto spoke, his voice getting dry.

"Thank you, Naruto... I will tell her," he said and hugged Naruto.

Naruto stood there and closed his eyes, embracing the moment.

"If everything goes well, I will meet both of you," he said, before parting ways with his father.

With some hand signs, he released the jutsu, and Minato's body crumbled.

Naruto looked at the empty space, now alone. He leaned against a

boulder.

"Huff...." He breathed heavily.

.

He was very tired when Kurama was extracted from his body; his body and mind took damage and he experienced constant pain.

However, he couldn't show this to his friend and father because he didn't want Kurama to feel guilty.

"This will take some time to heal," Naruto said in a low voice.

If it weren't for his perfect Uzumaki and Hyuga bloodline, he was certain that he would have sustained even more damage.

.

It will take a maximum of 6 to 7 hours to fully recover from his injuries.

And then he will be at his peak again, more powerful than ever, even though his chakra reserves have far exceeded to Kurama's chakra. But the extraction took its toll.

"If someone sealed me into Kurama it will be like, Kurama the nine-tailed fox is became the jinchuriki of Naruto," he laughed at his thoughts.

Leaning against the boulder Naruto closed his eyes, longing to get some rest.

An~Naruto's current chakra reserves are more than Nine tails, because of his perfect bloodline.

Kurama is now official summon of Naruto

And Kurama's extraction was important because now there was no way he could die, first, he could die if someone like(ten-Tails) could rip off Kurama from him as it did in canon.

Next chapter~ Pain above Konoha.

Give me some power stones man...

chapter~ This world shall know

Pain

Chapter ~ This world shall know Pain

=====

Konoha.

The bustling village lay under the brilliant midday sun, its golden rays beating down from directly overhead.

The streets were alive with activity, as villagers went about their daily routines, casting long, vibrant shadows that danced across the cobblestone paths.

.

A gentle breeze wafted through the air, causing the leaves on the trees to sway gracefully.

The temperature was pleasantly mild, making it easy for everyone to find comfort.

In the heart of this idyllic scene, children laughed and played in the park, their voices carrying on the wind as they enjoyed the perfect weather.

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People bustled back and forth, entering and exiting the shops lining the streets.

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However, a stark contrast could be felt within the Hokage's office, where a heavy sense of gloom hung in the air.

The faces of those present were marked by shadows of concern and seriousness.

Tsunade's eyes glistened with moisture as she gazed ahead. Two elderly toads occupied the chairs before her.

.

Additionally, another toad was present, There was some text written on its back.

Tsunade's voice quivered slightly as she addressed the elderly toads, her question carrying a mix of hope and apprehension.

" Is Jiraiya really died?" " Tsunade inquired, her voice steady despite the emotions welling up within her. She clenched back her tears, determined not to appear vulnerable before her subordinates.

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Present in the room were Kakashi, Sai, Sakura, Shikamaru, Shikaku, and her apprentice, Shizune.

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Shikamaru and Shikaku were engrossed in deciphering the text that Jiraiya had inscribed in his final moments.

"Yes, you are correct Jiraiya, the boy died in battle," the elderly toad affirmed.

.

"Where is Naruto?" Tsunade inquired, her concern evident in her voice. Both toads wore troubled expressions as they exchanged glances.

"We have been unable to summon him. A red line appears across his name in the summoning scroll," the toad explained, its voice tinged with worry.

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"You mean to tell me that you can't summon him?" Tsunade's voice carried a mixture of disbelief and anxiety.

With everything else already weighing heavily on her mind, the revelation that Naruto couldn't be summoned added another layer of complexity to the situation.

"We're not sure how, but his name has been severed from the summoning scroll. And now that I think about it, he hasn't summoned any toads in the last seven months," the toad explained with a touch of concern in its voice.

This time, the female toad spoke, "Perhaps Naruto has found a more powerful summoning creature than toads, one that could potentially replace his name on the summoning scroll," she speculated.

Tsunade clasped her hands tightly, her composure wavering in the face of this crisis.

With Jiraiya's recent death and the inability to summon Naruto, the situation felt increasingly dire.

She was acutely aware that she had dispatched Naruto and Sasuke on their mission, but the gravity of the circumstances now demanded their immediate presence.

At that moment, Shikamaru spoke up, breaking the tense atmosphere.

"We have decoded the text," he announced.

All eyes turned toward him, anticipation evident on their faces.

Shikamaru gazed at the group, then began relaying the deciphered message.

"The text reads," he paused briefly, gathering their attention,

"Pain possesses the Rinnegan."

All eyes remained fixed on Shikamaru, several members of the group clearly uncertain about the significance of his revelation.

"Rinnegan?" Sakura questioned, seeking clarification.

"It's an ocular jutsu said to have been possessed by the Father of all shinobi, 'The Sage of the Six Paths'," the elder toad elaborated, shedding light on the matter.

"What..." Kakashi exclaimed, his eyes widening in astonishment.

*

At that moment, in the park nearby, children were engrossed in their play.

Amid their laughter and games, one child's attention was drawn to the sky above.

"What's this?" the child queried, directing the question to their friends, curiosity evident in their tone.

All of them turned their gazes skyward, focusing on the anomaly that had captured their attention.

"It's like a black dot," one of the children observed aloud.

"No, it's more like a person," another child chimed in, their sharper eyesight allowing for a clearer view than their friend's.

"Huh... What do you mean by 'a man'?" they asked, curiosity piqued by the description.

In the sky, a black cloak fluttered.

The figure extended his arms wide.

His purple eyes emitted an eerie glow, casting an otherworldly hue upon his enigmatic form.

"This world shall know pain," the man spoke in a chillingly cold tone, his words carrying a weight of ominous certainty.

He extended both of his hands, fingers splayed wide as if preparing to unleash a force beyond comprehension.

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!!!Shinra Tensei!!!

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An~ short but good chapter I guess.

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Random Trivia~ what if somehow Naruto Swaps his body with Hinata...

will you like the story, Hinata as a main lead I mean Naruto...hehe... my mind sometimes turns strange

chapter 65

Chapter 65~Fate

It was noon.

The wind gently swept from left to right, carrying a soothing breeze that enveloped the surroundings in a comfortable atmosphere.

Birds filled the air with their cheerful melodies.

The distant murmur of flowing water added a serene undertone to the natural orchestra, creating a tranquil backdrop for the scene.

Deep within the forest, situated about 50 kilometers away from Konoha, a solitary boulder served as an unlikely resting place. Upon it lay a teenager, his breathing steady and measured.

In the heart of the forest, none other than Naruto himself lay, having recently extracted Kurama. His body and mind bore the weight of exhaustion, evident in his worn expression.

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A distance away from that spot, a group of individuals was making their way in Naruto's direction.

Their appearance was rugged and tough, exuding an air of wildness and lack of refinement.

Each member carried an array of weapons strapped to their bodies.

At the forefront of the group strode a tall and muscular man, his commanding presence making him the leader.

A lengthy axe rested on his back, a testament to his strength and prowess. His features boasted a mane of black hair and eyes that mirrored the same shade.

His gait exuded confidence as he walked with a deliberate pace, his followers trailing behind him in a respectful formation.

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"Hey, boss... when are we gonna go after some rogue ninjas? It's been a while since we collected a bounty," one of the men spoke up, addressing their leader.

They comprised a band of mercenaries, a faction of ninja unaligned with any specific village.

Their source of income stemmed from pursuing bounties detailed within the bingo books, enabling them to accumulate earnings through their endeavors.

"Don't be impatient," the leader responded firmly. "I have a gut feeling that today, we will indeed cross paths with someone worth our attention."

.

All the men behind him nodded in agreement, a testament to the trust they placed in their boss's instincts.

Their reliance on his gut feelings had proven profitable over time, resulting in a substantial accumulation of funds that afforded them a comfortable lifestyle.

The group consisted of ten individuals, a tightly knit team whose synergy had propelled them to a record of flawless assassinations.

Whether the target was an A-rank or an S-rank ninja, their exponential teamwork ensured their success remained unwavering.

As they pressed forward, the landscape around them underwent a dramatic transformation. Trees lay shattered and uprooted, while the earth itself bore signs of rampant destruction.

"What's going on, boss?" one of the men asked in disbelief. "How can the land be laid to waste to such an extent?"

The boss surveyed the surroundings, his gaze sharp and analytical.

Soon, all of them followed suit, leaping into the one-meter-deep trench in the ground and proceeding on foot.

As they ventured forward, they observed the ground dividing into five distinct paths, each leading in a different direction.

An unsettling unease began to creep over them inexplicably.

Hastily, they clambered out of the pit and resumed their journey on foot.

Before long, their eyes fell upon a boy soundly asleep against a boulder, nestled within the heart of the forest.

If one were to observe from above, the pit from which they had emerged was none other than a colossal paw print left behind by Kurama.

"Hehe... how reckless," one of the men chuckled upon spotting the boy before them.

"What's the plan, boss? Should we kill this brat?" another man inquired with a nonchalant tone.

The boss narrowed his eyes, a furrow forming on his forehead as he scrutinized the boy.

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"Wait a minute," he said, his voice tinged with recognition. "His face feels familiar."

With that, he retrieved the bingo book from his pocket, flipping through its pages in search of a matching visage.

Flipping through several pages, he eventually stopped at a specific entry.

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His gaze shifted back and forth between the book and the boy before him. A widening grin crept across his face.

"We've hit the jackpot, boys," the boss proclaimed with a mix of excitement and satisfaction.

"What's the jackpot, boss?" one of the men queried.

"Naruto Uzumaki," the boss answered, his grin growing wider as he spoke the name.

"Wanted by Iwa and Kiri. Total bounty of... ????" He let the words hang, his expression resembling that of a delighted trickster.

Excitement painted their faces as they envisioned themselves reaping the rewards of the bounty.

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"Surround him," the boss commanded, a determined edge to his voice.

His orders were met with unanimous nods of agreement.

Positioning themselves strategically around Naruto, they brandished their

weapons, their goal clear - they only needed his head to collect the prized bounty.

Naruto, who had been peacefully sleeping for over twelve hours, suddenly sensed a foreign presence nearby.

Reacting instinctively, he activated his Byakugan, his vision piercing through the surroundings. He saw that ten men had encircled him, their awareness of his vigilance nonexistent - to them, his eyes remained closed.

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"What should I do with these lowlifes? Should I toy with them or let them leave?" Naruto contemplated silently within his thoughts.

"If they make the first move, there's no turning back," he reasoned further, assessing the situation.

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Impatience got the best of one of the men, prompting him to hurl a kunai with breakneck speed.

The ripples in the air caught Naruto's heightened senses, and he tracked the trajectory of the kunai with his Byakugan.

To him, the events unfolded in slow motion, allowing him to anticipate every nuance.

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When the kunai was mere inches away from his heart, a chain burst forth from Naruto's chest, coiling around the projectile and halting it in mid-air.

The men's collective actions froze in shock; their initial perception of an easy kill was shattered as they gazed upon the crimson chain Dread crept into their hearts at the unexpected turn of events.

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Naruto rose to his feet with deliberate grace, his gaze sweeping across each of them in turn.

As their eyes met his, an uncanny sensation overcame them — it was as if his stare pierced through their very souls, leaving them exposed and vulnerable in his presence.

Observing their reactions, Naruto couldn't help but grin.

He relished in the realization that they were clearly unnerved; this was a sensation they had never experienced before. For the first time, they were encountering someone who possessed an aura that left them feeling truly intimidated.

Naruto's smile remained, his tone playful. "I'll offer you one chance: withdraw or Die," he cleared.

He was no irrational killer, but if someone wants to die what can he do.

"Haha..." The boss's laughter resounded, echoing through the tense air.

"Don't get too cocky, brat. Take a good look around you. You're surrounded by us," the man retorted, his tone laced with a mocking confidence.

"Hehe... don't blame your ignorance on me," Naruto responded.

Without hesitation, they lunged at him from every angle, converging on him in a coordinated assault.

As Naruto observed their movements, their actions seemed to unfold in slow motion through his heightened perception.

He closed his eyes briefly, and in the next instant:

Puchi

Ten chains burst forth from his body with astonishing speed. They didn't

even know what hit them.

.

Blood spurted from their mouths as each chain found its mark, piercing through their heads swiftly and decisively.

Their deaths were swift and painless, their lifeless bodies collapsing to the ground with a resounding thud.

Naruto's gaze settled on the fallen men, he had given them a chance but they didn't appreciate it.

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"Worthless fools died without reason," he muttered in a low voice.

Naruto began to walk towards the Uzumaki shrine, his steps measured as he left behind the aftermath of the encounter.

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boom

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Suddenly, a powerful tremor rocked the ground beneath him, sending a surge of vibrations through Naruto.

Reacting swiftly, he activated Kagura's Mind's Eye, his consciousness reaching out to perceive his surroundings.

"What's going on? That explosion originated from Konoha," he muttered in a hushed voice.

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Activating his eyes, Naruto's vision pierced through the vast expanse of trees and distance.

With remarkable precision, he focused on a point 50 kilometers away, where the condition of Konoha came into view before him.

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" Fuck... this shit happened so soon," he muttered under his breath.

Without wasting a moment, Naruto disappeared toward the village, his movements becoming a blur as he surged forward.

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Shinra Tensei!!!

.

BOOOOMMM

A massive crater dominated the heart of the village, its diameter spanning around 1000 meters.

The ground beneath it had upheaved, the land contorted as thousands of houses were reduced to rubble.

The shockwaves emanating from the impact site rippled through the village, leaving devastation in their wake as they obliterated everything in their path.

Dust billowed into the air, creating a suffocating haze as a tsunami of debris and stones surged from the depths of the yawning crater.

The devastation was overwhelming, leading to the loss of thousands of lives in mere seconds.

.

From the sky, the Deva Path of Pain gazed down upon the scene below.

A crater spanning 1000 meters in width and 15 meters in depth had emerged, leaving destruction in its wake.

The landscape lay barren and desolate, with nothing remaining but the empty expanse of the devastated ground.

.

"AHH...."

"HAAAA...."

"MY LEG...."

"MY BODY CAN'T MOVE"

.

The village was engulfed in a chorus of mournful voices, a haunting lament echoing through the air.

The iconic faces of the Hokage statues were shrouded by the swirling dust,

.

In the confines of the Hokage's office, Tsunade's gaze swept across the view before her. The sight of the expansive crater from her vantage point weighed heavily on her heart, sinking it with a sense of foreboding.

"What has happened?" she murmured, her voice edged with concern. Her eyes searched the room, seeking answers amidst the uncertainty that hung in the air.

"Summon all available ANBU and ninja," she ordered, her directive clear and urgent.

"Yes, Hokage-sama," the ANBU acknowledged with a nod before vanishing in a swirl of smoke.

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"Kakashi, gather a team of ninjas and head to the battlefield," Tsunade commanded, her tone carrying the weight of the situation.

"Yes, Hokage-sama," Kakashi acknowledged. Pulling his headband slightly to reveal his Sharingan, he vanished in a whirl of leaves, setting his course for the impending conflict.

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The land lay in ruin, marked by destruction and chaos.

Lifeless bodies were strewn amid the rubble, trapped between shattered rocks and massive boulders.

The cries of pain and grief filled the air as survivors mourned their lost loved ones.

.

The Deva Path touched down at the center of the sprawling crater.

Surrounding him were the other Paths, each radiating chakra levels equivalent to or surpassing those of S-rank ninjas.

This time Nagato was not injured, he was in his prime. which in turn elevated the chakra levels of all the Paths, rendering them even more formidable than before.

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The Human Path touched down amidst a group of shinobi, his eerie power emanating from him.

He extended his hand towards one of the ninjas and with a swift motion, yanked out the unfortunate soul.

A frustrated click of his tongue followed as he spoke in a low voice, "Tch, he didn't possess the knowledge of the Jinchuriki's whereabouts."

.

The Animal Path descended upon the western outskirts of the village.

With a series of hand signs "Summoning Jutsu," he uttered, and a plume of smoke materialized on the horizon.

From within the smoke, various creatures began to emerge, their presence adding another layer of chaos to the village.

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roooooorrrrr

kwwweerrrrr

kttccchhhheeee

.

The resonating roars of beasts reverberated through the surroundings, filling the air with a cacophony of primal sounds.

From within the summoned creatures emerged a multitude of animals,

each embodying its own unique menace.

.

The Three-Heads Hound, an eagle with wings spanning like buildings, crocodiles lurking, apes swinging from rooftops, serpents slithering through streets, hawks soaring overhead, and bulls charging recklessly - all of them ran amok through the village, mercilessly attacking anyone unfortunate enough to cross their paths.

The chaos and destruction escalated as the once peaceful village became a battleground of survival.

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The Petra Path unleashed mayhem as it systematically targeted and slew the unsuspecting shinobi.

"Fire Style: Fireball Jutsu," "Water Style: Water Bullet Jutsu," "Earth Style: Earth Spikes" - a barrage of jutsus were hurled at the path in a desperate attempt to repel the threat.

However, the scene took an unexpected turn as the Path extended his left hand, effortlessly absorbing every ninjutsu directed at him.

"What?" The startled cries of the shinobi resonated in panic, but their terror was far from over.

With a swift motion, the Path lowered his left hand and raised his right, causing all the absorbed jutsus to surge back with intensified force.

The shinobi caught off guard and defenseless, met their demise in a torrent of devastating power, leaving a trail of destruction in their wake.

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Across the village, the Asura Path was wreaking havoc, firing off missiles that tore through the ranks of the ninjas.

Its extended arms, each adorned with spinning blades, became instruments of death as they mercilessly cut down any unfortunate soul

that crossed their path.

Meanwhile, the Deva Path stood resolute in the center of the crater, his presence an ominous symbol of the destruction that had unfolded.

Before him, a group of defiant shinobi had gathered.

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"Why are you attacking our village? What do you want?" the man spoke with.

This man was none other than Iruka Umino, his voice reflecting the collective worry of the village's defenders.

"What do I want... Tell me, where is Naruto Uzumaki?" the Deva Path demanded.

.

Upon hearing Naruto's name, Iruka's eyes widened in surprise. The gravity of the situation became palpable.

Deva Path, also known as Pain, extended his hand, his tone resolute.

"Bansho Tenin," he uttered, invoking a powerful attractive force that seized Iruka and lifted him from the ground.

Helpless in the grip of the force, Iruka was drawn inexorably towards Pain, his struggles proving futile against the overwhelming pull.

.

As Iruka was hurtling towards Pain, his descent abruptly halted, and he was slammed to the ground mid-air.

Gasping for breath, he found himself on his knees,

"Tell me, where is Naruto Uzumaki?" his demand echoed through the tense atmosphere.

.

"I won't tell you, even if I die" Iruka declared with a steely resolve.

"Then die," Pain responded coldly. Extending his hand, a black chakra

rod formed in his palm. With a decisive thrust, he unleashed the power within...

.

[Author's Note: Let me know your thoughts on the chapter in the comments!

What do you speculate about Iruka's fate - will he survive or not?

And Gauss who's gonna die in the next chapter.

And if you enjoyed the read, don't forget to give some powerstones, or else be prepared for the Naraka Path to make an appearance and jestingly yank out your soul! ☹ Just kidding...

...Your devoted author,

...Devils_hand

chapter 66

Chapter 66 ~Dead...Dead as Hell

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"Then die," Pain declared, his tone unwavering. He extended his hand, and in his palm, a sinister black chakra path materialized. With a forceful thrust, he unleashed the power contained within...

--Puchi--

.

The black rod pierced through Iruka's heart, a painful and fatal blow that caused him to expel mouthfuls of blood.

He looked up, his gaze meeting the visage of his killer.

Thud

With a heavy thud, Iruka's lifeless body collapsed to the ground. The earth beneath him was tainted crimson by his spilled blood, as he lay still amidst the somber scene.

.

The chill of the wind brushed against his face, and a sense of coldness enveloped Iruka.

He closed his eyes, his final moments arriving on the battlefield he had fought so valiantly for.

This was his last stand, his ultimate sacrifice for the village he held dear.

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A heavy silence settled over the scene, a poignant stillness that permeated the air.

The ninjas who stood before Pain remained motionless, their words held captive by the weight of the moment.

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Iruka, their respected leader, had fallen so easily, and this grim realization settled heavily upon them.

The gap in power between them and the formidable figure standing before them became glaringly evident.

A tremor ran through their legs, the unease causing them to waver.

The weapons they grasped began to emit a low, nervous buzz, a reflection of their own uncertainty and the overwhelming presence of the adversary they faced.

.
Gulp

.
They swallowed hard, the sound of their own salivation echoing their growing apprehension.

This was the pivotal moment, where the trajectory of their lives would be determined.

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"It's futile to escape your destiny, and your destiny is to perish here,"

Pain's words resonated ominously. With a commanding gesture, he extended his hand.

"Shinra Tensei"

Chakra surged around Pain's outstretched hand, forming an ominous aura. The gravitational force he commanded surged forth like an unstoppable wave, its power overwhelming.

Boom

The impact was catastrophic. Their bodies, unable to withstand the force, succumbed in an instant.

Bones shattered, and their forms were reduced to a gruesome pulp as they were slammed into the ground.

The scene left behind was a testament to the sheer destructive might of Pain's ability, marked by another crater, albeit smaller, etched into the earth.

Pain didn't cast a glance at the aftermath of his actions. He remained standing in an unyielding stance, his presence exuding an air of anticipation as if he were waiting for someone or something to arrive.

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In the western part of the village, chaos reigned supreme.

Countless animals ran rampant, leaving a trail of destruction and death in their wake.

Tsunade stood atop a tall building, her gaze encompassing the nightmarish scene that unfolded below. The choices before her were grim, and the dire reality was evident - lives were being snuffed out with each passing second, as the once vibrant village descended into a relentless nightmare of violence and tragedy.

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Six S-rank ninjas had become the agents of mayhem within their own

village

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"All Anbu squads, proceed to secure the western side of the village,"

Tsunade's command rang out with authority.

"Yes, Hokage-sama," the members of the Anbu responded in unison. In a synchronized motion, they vanished in a blur of speed, their mission clear.

The Anbu squads were tasked with quelling the threat posed by the rampaging animals.

Perched atop a lofty building, Tsunade was flanked by Inoichi Yamanaka and his team.

Her gaze swept over them, her question laden with purpose. "Are you ready?" she asked, her voice holding a determined edge.

In response, each member nodded in affirmation.

Tsunade bit her thumb and slammed her hand onto the ground.

"Summoning Jutsu," she called out, her voice carrying through the air.

With her summoning complete, a voluminous cloud of smoke materialized before her.

Fixing her gaze on the summoned creature, she issued a clear directive, "heal anyone who is in need." Her command was resolute, a call to utilize the summon's restorative powers for the wounded.

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"Yes, Lady Tsunade," the summoned slug responded, its compliance immediate.

Dividing into numerous smaller slugs, they dispersed in a wave, spreading to all corners of the village to offer their healing aid.

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Taking her place within the circle formed by Inoichi and his team,

Tsunade seated herself.

Focusing her energy and resolve, she established a connection to every ninja within the village.

Through this intricate link, she began guiding and coordinating their efforts, uniting their strengths towards the common goal of repelling the crisis that had befallen them.

Channeling her formidable chakra, Tsunade directed her energy towards the network of slugs she had summoned.

Her chakra flowed through them like a lifeline, empowering them to aid the ninjas in their battle and tend to any wounded comrades.

With each infusion of chakra, the slugs became beacons of healing, their presence a source of hope amidst the chaos.

Amidst the heart of the battlefield...

Kakashi, Choji, Shikamaru, and Choza appeared before Pain.

As their gazes fell upon the lifeless form of Iruka, their eyes reddened with a mixture of grief and anger.

Kakashi's disappointment was palpable, evident in his tongue click and his self-blame.

"Late again," he muttered, his voice carrying the weight of regret.

Pain's attention shifted to Kakashi, his tone laced with a peculiar formality. "Kakashi Hatake the copy ninja..." he addressed Kakashi, his words delivered with an eerie calmness.

In the span of a heartbeat, Pain materialized directly before Kakashi, a black chakra rod clutched in his hand.

With a swift and precise motion, Kakashi seized the rod with his unguarded hand, his grip unyielding. A subtle movement of his wrist, and the chakra-infused rod snapped in two.

Pain's eyes narrowed, With a fluid swish of his body, he directed a powerful kick aimed straight at Kakashi's head.

Anticipating the oncoming strike, Kakashi swiftly ducked and planted both his hands on the ground.

"Earth Style: Earth Walls," he invoked, his jutsu summoning multiple walls of earth that sprang forth from the ground, encasing them within a protective barrier.

Chirp, chirp

echoed like the harmonious chorus of countless birds, Kakashi's hand enveloped in a dense shroud of lightning-infused chakra.

His Sharingan spun with a fiery intensity, and in a split-second decision, he unleashed the forceful technique.

"Chidori!" his voice rang out with determination, punctuating the impending surge of electrical power.

With a resounding shout, Kakashi thrust his hand forward, directing the ferocious Chidori toward Pain's head.

Yet, Pain's countenance remained eerily impassive. In a swift and calculated movement, he tilted his head ever so slightly, allowing the Chidori to sear through the air beside him, its intensity obliterating the

wall in its wake.

In a sudden leap, Pain propelled himself away from Kakashi's immediate range, evading the deadly strike with an almost effortless grace.

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As Pain's gaze surveyed his surroundings, he registered the impending danger in the form of two rapidly approaching boulders.

From the right, Choza had transformed into a spinning behemoth, hurtling towards him, while from the left, Choji mirrored the same transformation and trajectory.

The determined duo aimed to converge upon Pain, their spinning forms transformed into formidable projectiles, their intent clear - to break through Pain's defenses and deliver a crushing blow.

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Pain's response was swift and resolute. Extending both of his hands, he invoked his jutsu with unwavering focus.

"Shinra Tensei"

The force of his technique struck the spinning boulders, halting their advance abruptly.

The impact of the attack was undeniable as Choza and Choji were forcefully propelled backward, their momentum abruptly disrupted by the sheer might of Pain's power

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"Shadow Possession Jutsu!" Shikaku's command resonated, and in the midst of Pain's engagement with Choza, a shadow extended from Shikaku's form, connecting with Pain's own shadow and effectively immobilizing him.

Trapped within the confines of the technique, Pain's movements were abruptly halted.

Gazing upon his ensnared shadow, he directed his attention toward Sikaku.

"Do you believe this could truly stop me?" he questioned, his words steeped in an air of defiance and curiosity.

Witnessing their opportunity, Choza and Choji surged forward with unyielding determination, propelling themselves like relentless boulders towards Pain.

The moment seemed ripe for their strike.

Yet, Pain remained the same. Channeling his chakra with a powerful surge, he exerted his own energy to overpower the grip of the Shadow Possession Jutsu that had entrapped him.

The shadow's hold loosened, and Pain's movements were restored, allowing him to confront the charging pair head-on.

Acting swiftly, Pain's gaze darted to his left and right, In a decisive motion, he extended his hands, channeling his power.

"Shinra Tensei"

An invisible force, now amplified to a formidable magnitude, surged forth from Pain's outstretched hands.

The wave of energy crashed into Choza and Choji, their progress instantly halted as they were forcefully repelled by the overwhelming might of Pain's technique.

Struck with unforgiving force, Choza and Choji collided with the remnants of broken walls, the impact jarring their already wounded bodies.

Blood spurted forth, a visceral testament to the severity of the blow.

Their bones shattered under the crushing power of Pain's attack, leaving them incapacitated and incapable of rising again.

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Pain remained unwavering as he materialized a chakra rod within his grasp, his intent clear. The rod, a harbinger of suppression and death, was directed with precision toward Choji.

The rod sliced through the air with a sharp swish, its trajectory aimed unerringly toward Choji's vulnerable form.

Frozen in the face of impending doom, Choji's widened eyes mirrored his desperation, his immobility cementing the sense of helplessness that gripped him.

It seemed as if the weight of fate hung heavy upon him, with the rod's lethal approach signaling a grim end.

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His heart started to sink, and in his desperate moments a portal opened in front of the black rod, and the black rod disappeared.

Pain tilted his head, and saw Kakashi had used his mangekyo sharingan in order to protect Choji.

"oh... I see..." pain speaks. And extended his hand, "bensho tenin" he spoke.

Kakashi's sense of control over his own body was abruptly wrenched away.

As if seized by an invisible force, he was lifted off the ground and propelled through the air with astonishing velocity.

His limbs moved against his will, his body hurtling toward Pain with a speed that defied comprehension.

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As Kakashi hurtled toward Pain with inexorable momentum, the brink of

impact loomed.

Yet, once more, Pain's commanding voice intervened, invoking the same formidable jutsu. "Almighty Push."

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With those words, an unseen force surged forth from Pain's outstretched hand. Kakashi's involuntary flight came to an abrupt halt, suspended in mid-air as if ensnared by the invisible grip of an otherworldly power.

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boom

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The overwhelming gravitational force crashed into Kakashi with unforgiving brutality, shattering bones upon impact. His body became a mere puppet to the relentless power, hurtling through the air like a missile.

The trajectory of his flight was marred by collisions with debris and stone, each impact adding to the agony he endured.

Finally, his tumultuous journey came to a jarring halt, his broken and battered form coming to rest amidst the devastation that surrounded them. Blood-soaked and grievously wounded,

Kakashi's feeble coughs released more crimson evidence of his dire condition. In the aftermath of Pain's assault, he clung to a thread of life.

.

Pain's gaze fixated on the broken Kakashi, a display of cruel intention in his eyes.

With a simple gesture, he summoned forth a needle that had been concealed within the wood below.

The needle broke free from its wooden prison, poised between two of Pain's fingers, gleaming malevolently in the dim light.

.

As if orchestrating a macabre performance, Pain extended his fingers, presenting the lethal needle to his intended victim.

The needle hung suspended a harbinger of impending doom.

The air seemed to quiver around it, as if recoiling from the sinister energy it held.

In the blink of an eye, the needle was set into motion, propelled with deadly accuracy towards the gravely injured Kakashi.

The needle cut through the air like a bullet, a silent harbinger of devastation hurtling toward its target with unnerving swiftness.

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A minuscule portal materialized in front of the hurtling needle, abruptly drawing it into its enigmatic depths.

Kakashi's head snapped back violently as if struck by an invisible force, crimson liquid spewing forth from his left eye.

His body slumped, lifeless and devoid of the vitality that had once defined him.

The legacy of Kakashi Hatake, known as the Copy Ninja, came to an end, a victim of the harrowing toll that chakra exhaustion had exacted upon him.

*

Amidst the chaotic battlefield, Tsunade's heart sank as her senses locked onto the lifeless form of Kakashi.

He had been one of the pillars of their village, a mentor, and a skilled ninja.

The weight of his loss added to the burden she already bore as Hokage, overseeing the devastation unfolding before her eyes. With each passing moment, the situation seemed to worsen, eclipsing even the challenges

posed by the previous wars.

Her fingers clenched on the rooftop's edge, torn between her responsibilities and the need to act.

The village was bleeding, her people falling like leaves in a storm.

She understood that stepping away from the communication circle would mean breaking her connection to her ninja, leaving them disoriented and vulnerable.

But she also knew that the loss of Kakashi had further tilted the scales against them.

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If she initiated a battle against Pain, it was certain that numerous lives would be lost.

To prevent this, she extended her chakra to aid in the healing of those injured.

" what should I do, is there no way to solve this problem?" Her words were a quiet murmur, barely audible.

*

Simultaneously, on the northern outskirts of Konoha, a resounding battle cry of "Rasengan!" heralded Konohamaru's fierce attack.

His Rasengan collided with the Naraka Path of Pain, yet the strike narrowly missed its mark.

The intended target adeptly sidestepped at the critical moment, evading the impending impact of the Rasengan.

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The sound of an explosion reverberated through the air.

The buildings directly in the path of the Rasengan were reduced to rubble.

The Naraka Path raised an intrigued eyebrow; had he not evaded the attack, he was certain it would have spelled his demise.

Swiftly retaliating, he delivered a forceful kick to Konohamaru's abdomen, causing the boy to expel a mixture of saliva and air before colliding with the wall behind him.

The Naraka Path seized Konohamaru by the neck, fixing a stern gaze upon him.

"tell me boy where is naruo uzumaki," he demanded.

At the utterance of his name, Konohamaru met the Naraka Path's gaze head-on. "I am not going to tell you." he retorted steadfastly.

"Oh, is that so?" the Naraka Path responded. Suddenly, a tentacle materialized in his hand, snaking its way to seize Konohamaru's tongue. With a forceful tug, he began yanking at it.

Poof!

In an instant, Konohamaru vanished into a dissipating cloud of smoke.

"Shadow Clone Jutsu," the Naraka Path muttered, realization dawning upon him.

Before he could react, a voice reverberated from behind him. "Rasengan!"

Instinctively, he ducked, narrowly evading the impending Rasengan attack.

Swiftly, he lashed out, delivering a precise kick to Konohamaru's abdomen as he reappeared. The impact forced Konohamaru to collide with the ground, blood trickling from his mouth.

"Do you truly believe you could deceive me?" the Naraka Path inquired

coolly. The tentacle in his hand swayed ominously in front of the wounded Konohamaru.

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AN` ~gauss who is going to save Konohamru.

1. Naruto

2. Hinata

3. he will die

give me your power stones....

chapter 67

Chapter 67

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Within a dimly lit cell, shadows stretched and danced.

A solitary candle cast flickering illumination, its feeble light pushing back the encroaching darkness.

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Tak-Tak

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The rhythmic sound of the needle meeting the needle resonated through the confined space, creating an eerie cadence within the cell.

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This room belonged to none other than the Hyuga princess.

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Hinata sat within, diligently sewing a black scarf for Naruto.

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A gentle smile graced her features as her thoughts drifted to Naruto.

"Hmm... hmm..." she hummed softly, the melody accompanying the fluid motion of her hands. Clearly, she was in a good mood.

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But some time ago she felt an explosion. With her byakugan, she had seen the event occurring in Konoha.

But this had nothing to do with her.

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With a heart full of happiness, she continued her humming and dedicatedly sewed the scarf for Naruto.

As long as it wasn't connected to Naruto she didn't care even if the world burned in front of her eyes.

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tak

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With the final stitch, the scarf was complete. She gazed at the black fabric before her, a tangible manifestation of her love and dedication for Naruto.

"Hmmm... this will look good on Naruto," she said in a low voice and giggle while imagining him wearing the scarf that she made lovingly.

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he delicately folded the scarf and placed it on the bed.

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Seated upon the chair, the candle's flame danced, casting a gentle glow that illuminated her flawless, alabaster complexion.

Her white eyes remained fixed ahead, their gaze piercing through the veil of distance, observing the unfolding events in Konoha.

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"Hmm... Iruka has died... this will not make Naruto sad." She murmured

in a low voice.

In Konoha no one knew Naruto better than her, there were no secrets between them.

"Kakashi is also dead... things are getting pretty rough... but it didn't concern us..." she said in a low voice while looking at empty space.

.

"This brat... what's he doing in the midst of that battlefield?" She

observed the clash between the Naraka Path and Konohamaru.

She knew Naruto like the boy, she couldn't let him die like this.

"This will make Naruto sad..." she said in a low voice. Everything was tolerable until it came to Naruto or her pride.

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In that instant, Konohamaru lay sprawled before the Naraka Path on the ground.

"Tch... this brat," she clicked her.

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She stretched her arms, a sense of anticipation building within her.

"It's been a while since I've faced someone truly formidable. The time has come to unveil my strength to the world... hehe," an evil grin crept on her face.

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In the next instant, her eyes shifted from the Byakugan to the Jogan.

Extending her right arm, a purple portal began materializing before her.

"Let me have some fun until Naruto comes," she spoke, a grin adorning her face as she stepped into the portal, vanishing from sight.

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Meanwhile in Konoha.

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Konohamaru lay on the ground, his form sprawled. Before him, the Naraka Path held the swaying tendrils in its hand. Fear coiled within his heart. 'Am I going to die here? Big brother Naruto, where are you?' he pondered silently in his thoughts.

But in the very next moment, his eyes caught sight of a purple portal beginning to take form.

However, as his gaze settled upon the figure emerging from the portal, a smile graced his features.

"Big sister..." he murmured, a sense of relief washing over him. He recognized her well

Upon hearing Konohamaru's words, the Naraka Path narrowed its eyes, a flicker of uncertainty crossing its features.

Simultaneously, an icy wind brushed against the Naraka Path from behind.

Hinata emerged gracefully from the portal, her gaze fixing on the scene before her.

"Hehe, you are dead now..." Konohamaru said with a mockery in his words.

Flexible lightning crackled to life upon her fingertips, and with a fluid motion, she unleashed a swift strike against the figure before her.

In a matter of moments, two well-placed strikes brought the man to a crumpled collapse upon the ground.

Extending her left hand, a portal materialized before her.

With a decisive kick, she propelled the collapsed man towards the portal.

The resounding crack of something breaking reverberated in the vicinity as the man shot through the portal like a rocket.

Hinata clenched her outstretched palm into a fist, causing the portal to close.

The Naraka path was sealed into some unknown dimension, there was no coming back.

Konohamru looked at her, he was in the life and death situation while fighting the man, but she dealt with the man in just two strikes. He didn't know where the man was sent but he was sure he was not coming back.

He felt the power difference between them.

Hinata directed her gaze toward him. "Head to the shelters on Hokage Mountain," she instructed him.

With a nod, he swiftly executed the Body Flicker technique and disappeared.

"One down... five to go," Hinata said, her attention now focused in a specific direction.

*

At that very moment, the Deva Path had successfully dispatched Kakashi and was on the verge of sealing the fate of Shikaku and the rest.

However, its connection with the Naraka Path was abruptly severed; any trace of its presence vanished as if it had been erased from existence

The final image etched into his sight was that of a girl with dark blue hair.

The paths, intricately linked, came to a simultaneous halt as if guided by an unseen force.

With synchronized precision, they surged forward towards the Deva Path.

Tsunade was engrossed in the task of guiding civilians and tending to injured ninjas when a potent surge of chakra signature registered within Konoha's bounds.

"Hinata..." she whispered under her breath, a note of surprise in her voice.

Having previously declared her a missing ninja, Tsunade was puzzled by her unexpected presence in the village.

"Is she also going to take advantage of this situation?" Tsunade thought silently to herself.

Yet, in the very next moment, a message reached her via one of her summoning slugs, revealing that Hinata had eliminated one of the adversaries.

Relief washed over her as she realized that Hinata wasn't causing havoc as she had initially suspected.

Turning her attention to her left, Tsunade sensed a disturbance in the air.

Soon enough, a purple portal began to materialize before her.

Reacting swiftly, she tensed and raised her guard in anticipation.

Hinata stepped out from the portal. She had a grin on her face while she looked at Tsunade.

Observing Tsunade's state of tension, Hinata couldn't help but chuckle

"What are you doing here?" Tsunade inquired, her tone laced with tension. The surrounding ninjas immediately assumed defensive postures,

their readiness evident.

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Seeing the gathered ninja, Hinata pointed to herself with a playful smile.

"Me? Oh, I'm just out for a little stroll," she replied with feigned innocence.

Hinata's response caused a vein to visibly throb on Tsunade's forehead, her patience wearing thin. Such an explanation in the midst of such a situation was simply unacceptable.

"Enough of this nonsense," Tsunade snapped, her tone now edged with anger.

"Tell me why you're truly here." As she spoke, Tsunade shifted into a fighting stance, prepared for any possible confrontation.

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Tsunade stood poised, prepared for combat should her opponent make any aggressive move.

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Hearing her tone, the smile vanished from Hinata's face and her face became cold. Lightning flickered on her body, and the heat increased in the atmosphere.

'this bitch... I came here to solve her problem, but look at her... fuck it...

If she behaves like this... I will not restrain myself... hehe...' her cold face regained a smile again.

"I advise you to evacuate everyone from the village... don't blame me if anyone dies in my fight." She said to her.

Hinata began walking towards Tsunade, who instinctively tensed in response.

However, before any action could be taken, a portal materialized between them, and Hinata vanished from sight. [an~ flexing her Jogan]

But before she could ask what she meant the portal had already closed.

Tsunade looked at empty space in front of her.

"Evacuate everyone and clear the village," Tsunade commanded with urgency. The assembled ninja nodded in swift acknowledgment before promptly disappearing to carry out the task.

*

Once more, the purple portal materialized within the heart of the extensive crater, and Hinata emerged from its depths.

The remaining five paths of Pain stood side by side, having congregated at the same location in the center of the village where the Deva Path was stationed.

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The Deva Path's gaze fixated upon Hinata.

She appeared before them, adorned in a white kimono embellished with delicate snowflake patterns. Her hair danced in the breeze, and a mischievous grin adorned her face as she surveyed the five paths gathered before her.

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"So, you're the one who possesses the dojutsu superior to the Rinnegan," the Deva Path spoke, his curiosity evident.

Hinata remained silent in response. Instead, she tilted her head slightly and directed her gaze towards a specific direction.

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"Come out. I have no interest in battling puppets," she said.

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"We shall see if your actions force my hand," the Deva Path retorted

"Oh, is that what you think?" Hinata replied with a playful tone, even as her gaze shifted towards the real body of Nagato.

Her true intentions were clear - she had no desire to engage with these puppet-like avatars.

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'First, let's raze this village to the ground... That bitch will pay for her arrogant words,' she thought while her gaze swept all around the village.

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Deva path extended his hand.

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"SHINRA TENSI!!!"

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Clifanger-kun

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[An~ what do you think who will win...

1. Pain

2. Hinata

.

Could you give me your power stones?

.

Do 50 comments and I will post the next chapter.

chapter 68

The atmosphere around them seemed to shudder as a potent, invisible force surged toward Hinata, leaving a wake of destruction in its path.

The ground split open, hurling debris into the air as a cloud of dust billowed upward.

"Rotation"

A dome of rapidly spinning chakra with incredible speed manifested around Hinata, creating a 10-meter-wide crater at the spot where she had been standing.

boommm

The forces of gravity and the ultimate defense of the Hyuga clan collided.

A blinding flash occurred.

The rotating chakra dome slid three meters, while Hinata stood safely in the center of the dome.

Pain looked at her, surprised. She was the first person to emerge from his jutsu unharmed. This Jutsu was capable of destroying half of a village in a matter of seconds.

"Now it's my turn," Hinata spoke.

creak

The ground beneath her feet cracked. Streaks of lightning started to appear on her feet.

Two black lion heads began to materialize in her hands.

swish

Pain blinked in surprise. Hinata vanished from his sight and reappeared in their midst.

She assumed the Gentle Fist stance, the two lions in her hands flickering.

"8 Trigrams 128 Palms."

Hinata's hands became a blur, each strike landing precisely on one of Path that were within her field of vision.

In just 5 seconds, the assault was over.

As the assault ended, the Animal Path and Human Path crumbled into the ground.

They couldn't muster any of their chakra, completely immobilized. With

a puff of smoke, they were ultimately destroyed.

With her Jougan, Hinata could discern weaknesses in the chakra pathways. If she struck the vulnerable points, a person might perish in just a few blows.

She could perceive red spots within every person, signifying their vulnerabilities.

Likewise, she could detect these red spots within any jutsu, allowing her to pinpoint weaknesses in each technique. This was one of the abilities of the Jougan.

This was the primary reason why the Animal Path and Human Path were destroyed.

She could effortlessly identify weaknesses in her enemies, and when she observed the red dots on them, she could easily exploit and eliminate those vulnerabilities.

Now, only the Deva Path, Asura Path, and Preta Path remained. When Pain realized that things were taking a turn for the worse, he began hovering in the air.

He looked down at Hinata from the sky, extending his hands and aiming them towards her.

"Shinra Tensei," he spoke, and a tremendous gravitational force emanated from his palm. The force was potent enough to obliterate mountains.

Hinata understood Pain's intentions. She clicked her tongue, unwilling to bear the full force of the attack.

When possessing an overpowered dojutsu like the Jougan, why would she?

A smile graced her face as she gazed at him, and a portal materialized between them. As the gravitational force descended, it collided with the portal, causing it to descend along with the force, ultimately engulfing

Hinata.

Boom

The ground quaked, sending dust billowing into the sky. Another crater emerged in the heart of the village, obliterating everything in its trajectory.

'Did I hit... No, this cannot be this easy,' Pain thought to himself as he hovered in the sky. His senses picked up on something.

He tilted his head westward and witnessed a portal rising from the ground.

As the portal emerged, it revealed Hinata standing within it.

She wore a mocking grin on her face as she looked at him.

He remained silent, merely extending his hand in her direction. In a low voice, he uttered, "Shinra Tensei"

Another invisible force began descending toward her, reducing everything in its path to dust. Houses, shops, buildings—everything crumbled to the ground in pieces.

Just as the force was about to strike Hinata, a portal materialized in front of her. Upon impact, the force was redirected towards the portal, engulfing Hinata as it did. She vanished once again.

The rampaging animals in that area turned into piles of meat. With a puff of smoke, they all vanished from the scene.

Pain gazed at the devastation left behind. In Konoha, three significant craters now marred the landscape, with 75% of the buildings reduced to rubble.

He tilted his head and observed a portal beginning to materialize behind the Preta Path and Asura Path.

Two hands emerged from the portal, surrounded by dancing streaks of lightning. This lightning possessed the fluidity of water and emitted a

dangerous aura, capable of obliterating everything in its path.

"Storm Release: Palms of Death," a cold voice emanated from the portal.

Before the Asura Path and Preta Path could shift from their positions, the lightning struck them.

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The lightning bolts, resembling serpents, began to pierce through them.

The blue lightning bolts, like veins, ensnared them, searing their bodies.

boom

With a resounding blast, their bodies exploded into pieces.

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Hinata emerged from the portal.

The Preta Path couldn't absorb the kekkei genkai; this was the reason for its destruction. Storm Release was one of the most dangerous kekkei genkai. It possessed the attributes of intense heat, the fluidity of water, the speed of lightning.

Hinata had mastered Storm Release. With her Jougan and unparalleled attack power, she could practically eliminate anyone. Now, only one path remained, and it was currently hovering in the air.

He extended his hand. "Bansho Ten'in,"

The ground around Hinata began to crack, and stones started to be pulled towards the sky.

She felt an attractive force tugging at her, and soon she was flying towards Pain. Her body was out of her control, but upon realizing her situation, a smile appeared on her face.

As she drew near Pain, a portal materialized between them. The portal remained stationary, not budging an inch. Due to the force of attraction, Hinata was drawn directly into the portal.

Then, a purple portal manifested on the ground, and Hinata emerged

from it.

Pain was becoming increasingly annoyed by her teleportation ability, as it directly countered him.

"Enough of it," he said in annoyance, extending his hand.

A black sphere began to materialize in his palm as he poured an immense amount of chakra into it. "Chibaku Tensei," he spoke and hurled the black sphere above her.

The overwhelming suction force began to pull everything towards it.

The earth shattered, the ground split open, and stones and fallen houses were lifted into the sky.

Gradually, the black sphere started to expand, growing bigger and bigger.

Hinata stood beneath the gravity ball, having infused chakra beneath her feet to anchor herself to the ground.

However, the ground she stood on was rapidly ascending, and if it continued, she would be crushed.

Remarkably, there was no trace of panic on her face. As she ascended with lightning speed, she performed a series of hand signs.

A powerful chakra pulse emanated from her, and she clapped both of her hands together.

"Storm Release: Thunder Dragon," she uttered softly. The surroundings began to transform as a dragon comprised of Storm Release energy materialized, coiling around her and letting out a resounding roar in the sky.

She raised her hand toward the gravity ball. The thunder dragon spun around her, then shot towards the sky. As it ascended, its size grew larger and larger. The mythical creature expanded to such an extent that it became visible from miles away.

The dragon opened its mouth and swallowed the gravity ball.

Gulp

Lightning cracked, and a flash of light blossomed in the village. The radiance was so blinding that even the sun's light paled in comparison. Debris began to rain down upon the ground, shattered stones impacting with a thud, and a cloud of dust billowed upward.

Silence—there was an eerie silence all around. Everyone observed the awe-inspiring scene from various vantage points on the mountain shelters.

Tsunade watched as Hinata obliterated the gravity ball, feeling uncertain if she herself could handle such immense power.

As she gazed at Hinata, she couldn't help but feel like she was looking at a monster. After all, Hinata had faced six S-rank ninjas singlehandedly, a feat her entire village had struggled to achieve.

But before she could dwell on her thoughts, the skies began to darken. Thunder rumbled, and lightning bolts impatiently struck within the brooding clouds. She recognized this ominous scene, having witnessed it before.

Hinata's gaze was fixed on Pain, who hovered in the sky. While she couldn't yet fly, if she couldn't reach her enemy, she would certainly bring them down.

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"Storm Release: Downpour," she spoke, lowering her hand.

*boom *

crack

The entire sky darkened as the first strike hit the ground, creating a deep crater. Then, thousands of lightning bolts began to rain down upon the earth, annihilating everything in their path.

Craters began to appear across the village as the rain of lightning poured

down relentlessly.

Pain, who hovered in the sky, struggled to evade the lightning strikes, but the confined space offered him no escape.

It was a nightmare. How could he possibly elude the speed of lightning?

And then, "boom," a lightning strike struck his body, obliterating his Akatsuki cloak.

*bang *

With a resounding crash, he plummeted to the ground. Yet, his torment didn't cease there. Hinata fixed her gaze upon him, and the relentless bombardment of lightning commenced.

boom

boom

Every second a lightning bolt hit him.

puff

With a puff of smoke, he disappeared. This jutsu fell under the forbidden category—the Downpour—an ability with the potential to reduce a village to ashes. And there was no escaping its devastating effects.

First, the entire village would be shrouded in dark clouds. Then, the torrential rain of lightning would commence. This jutsu harnessed the element of natural lightning, and when a bolt struck the ground, it would leave destruction in its wake.

Now, envision thousands of lightning strikes relentlessly pounding the earth, continuing for a span of ten minutes. There was no doubt that the village would be leveled after the downpour.

In reality, Hinata inflicted greater harm upon the village than Pain did.

Did she care? Nah!

Hinata gazed at her handiwork, a satisfied smile gracing her face. There was no way she would lose to the puppets; it didn't matter how strong

the puppet was, after all, a puppet was still just a puppet.

She directed her gaze outside of Konoha, murmuring in a low voice, "Are you not willing to come out.?" Though spoken softly, her words were heard by the other party.

She averted her gaze, shifting her attention to another direction, and a beautiful smile graced her face. She seemed almost like a fairy

Her smile was incredibly radiant. It had been quite some time since she had been reunited with her love.

Without a care for anything else, she extended her hand, causing a portal to materialize in front of her. With a swift motion, she leaped into the portal.

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An~ And there you have it! I hope you enjoyed the chapter. I put in my best effort to write it neatly. Let me know whether you liked it or not.

Random trivia

Will Naruto fight Pain

Or

Manipulate him

chapter 69

Chapter 69~ R-16

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In Konoha, everything was devastated. The rubble was everywhere, the land was torn apart, and the village that was once so beautiful that everyone praised it was now nothing but piles of stones.

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Thousands of people had died; their corpses lay on the ground. No one knew the exact number of casualties.

The people on Hokage Mountain were mourning the deaths of their loved ones.

Just two hours ago, everything was fine. People were chatting, and children were playing.

Everything was going smoothly, but suddenly a loud bang was heard and everything was destroyed.

The people of Konoha didn't even know what their fault was. They were just normal civilians doing their duty.

As they looked at their village from the Hokage mountain, there was nothing left.

They saw two monsters fighting with each other without caring about anything else. They had destroyed their homes. Now, where would they go?

Tsunade Senju stood on a destroyed roof, gazing at her once precious village that was now nothing but piles of stones.

"Why did this happen so suddenly? There was no warning or anything. They just attacked and left. What was their motive?" she said in a low voice while looking at the destroyed village.

The working ninjas were now digging through the corpses and calculating the casualties.

She was furious. She clenched her fist so tightly that blood was dripping from her hand. This was the first time that Konoha had been destroyed,

and she was the Hokage. How could she have let this happen?

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She looked all around, and soon her apprentice appeared in front of her.

"Sakura, what are you doing here?" she spoke to her. Her voice was empty. Sakura looked at her teacher; she had never seen her so sad.

"I helped out at the hospital," she replied. Actually, there was nothing much to do at the hospital. The number of people who had injuries was very low because Pain had killed them on the battlefield, and the remaining ones were in shelters.

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"Do you think he was the one that Master Jiraiya had told us about?"

Sakura asked her.

"Yes, he was the one with the Rinnegan," she answered. She was the strongest kunoichi, but now she was powerless in front of that monster. But then she remembered how Hinata had fought him. She didn't know what to do.

"Do you think he was here for Naruto?" Sakura asked her. She knew Naruto was the jinchuriki. And she had heard from the conversation that some people were collecting all the beasts.

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"Maybe you are right," she answered. But there was no news about Naruto;

she had sent him on a mission with Sasuke. She didn't know how much time it would take for them to return to the village. She wasn't sure whether they would be safe or not.

.

But to her misery, this was not enough. She looked at the sky, where an eagle floated overhead. She knew the eagle was sent by her spies in other

villages.

She extended her hand, and the eagle landed on her hand. She reached out with her other hand and looked at the scroll that was tied to the eagle's leg.

She started to read it, and her expression grew uglier as she read.

Sakura saw this and asked, "What is written in the letter, sensei?"

Tsunade snapped out of her shocked state and looked at her. "You go and inform all the shinobi to gather. This is an emergency," she ordered Sakura.

Sakura nodded and used sunshine to disappear from her sight.

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Tsunade clenched the letter in her hand. "The Kage summit," she murmured to herself.

She had received news from one of her spies that there would be a Kage summit in the Land of Iron. And it was about Konoha; they were planning to attack their village.

.

She looked at the village, which was already destroyed, and now this. If they were to attack her village, there would be no Konoha left.

She was truly desperate. "What should I do?" she said to herself. Jiraiya, her teammate and closest friend, had died. Kakashi Hatake, one of the best ninjas in the village, had also died, along with hundreds of her ninjas.

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Now, Konoha couldn't even be considered in the top 5. Its power had been significantly reduced.

Tsunade looked at the shelters in the mountains. "What should I do about them? They've just endured a dark day today, and there is already a war

at their doorstep,' she thought to herself.

She had to appear powerful in front of her people; after all, she was the Hokage. She disappeared from sight.

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In the midst of Konoha's gloom and darkness, there was one person who found a glimmer of happiness.

A portal suddenly opened in the heart of the forest, and Hinata stepped out, her face adorned with a genuine smile

* whose*

She directly jumped on the back of Naruto. She looked at him with a wide smile on her face.

"Whoa! Hinata," Naruto said in a happy voice and balanced himself.

He was rushing towards Konoha while looking with keen eyes. He was not worried because Hinata was there. And now she was on his back, riding him like a piggyback.

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She wrapped her hands around his neck, and her legs locked onto his waist. She rested her chin on his shoulder and whispered in his ear, "You have waited for me for too long Let's go on a date," she said in a sweet voice.

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Naruto, upon hearing her voice, laughed and gently placed his hand on her thighs, lifting her in a comfortable manner.

"Alright, we can go on a date..." Naruto's words flowed with a mix of playfulness and warmth.

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As Naruto's hands settled on her soft thighs, a subtle blush tinted Hinata's cheeks.

The warmth radiating from his touch caused her cheeks to flush, a delightful sensation spreading through her.

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"Umm..." a soft, melodic sound escaped her lips in response to the gentle touch.

Upon hearing her sweet voice, Naruto playfully chimed in, "You sound so sweet, my love." His teasing tone carried affection and a hint of amusement.

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Her cheeks turned even redder. "Don't tease me like that," she whispered in his ear, though deep down, she loved his teasing; she wanted more. And Naruto knew this.

.
He started to walk slowly towards the now-destroyed Konoha. Hinata was on his back, her smooth skin against his back. Naruto slightly tilted his head and looked at Hinata. "You are so soft, Hinata-chan," he said, gazing into her beautiful eyes.

.
Before she could react, Naruto deftly shifted his body, and suddenly she found herself facing him, their gazes locked in an intimate connection. With a gentle motion, he leaned her back against a nearby tree, his eyes fixated on hers.

Time seemed to slow as their surroundings faded into insignificance, and in that suspended moment, their lips came together in a tender, passionate kiss.

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As he deepened the kiss, his tongue gently intertwining with hers in a dance of shared desire.

Hinata's hand found its way to the back of Naruto's head, her fingers threading through his hair as she pulled him closer, reveling in the intensity of their connection.

Hinata delicately parted her lips from his and gazed into his eyes. Within her gaze, an unmistakable blend of pure love and deep desire shone. He represented everything to her: her love, her life, her world. He encompassed her heart and soul.

Naruto's eyes held an equal intensity. To him, she was his everything, The destruction of Konoha paled in comparison; in that moment, all that mattered was right in front of him, held in his arms.

Without the need for further words, their lips met once again, drawn together by an insuppressible longing.

"Ummm..." her sweet voice resonated in the shared space of their kiss. Her delicate hands pressed against his head, while his own hands held her waist with a possessive tenderness.

As the minutes ticked on, their fervent kissing came to a breathless halt.

They parted, both gasping for air, their labored breaths intermingling.

Hinata's eyes glistened with a mixture of happiness and desire as she looked at him, her emotions laid bare.

"You are so sweet, Hinata," Naruto murmured, his gaze fixed on her hazy, adoring eyes.

A seductive playfulness crept into Hinata's voice as she teased, "How about you eat me... You know what I mean... hehe."

Naruto's smile grew wider as he looked at her, a hint of mischief in his eyes. "That's why I love you so much," he replied, his fingers lightly squeezing her thighs in response to her moan.

His gaze lingered on her face, appreciating the beauty that he held so close.

'Beautiful'

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AN~

Do you like the chapter, tell me do you want more...

YES!!!

NO!!!

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if you like the chapter give me your powerstones....

chapter 70

But suddenly, Hinata spoke, "You know it's rude to look at others when they are making love," her voice turned cold in an instant. Naruto gently put her down. He had noticed the intruder and was on guard, but at that moment, the intruder wasn't his primary concern.

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"You took your time," the man spoke, his gaze fixed upon them.

Hinata stared at the man standing before her. He had rudely interrupted their intimate moment, and her face displayed unmistakable anger. Her gentle eyes transformed into the Jougan, and eerie black lion heads started to materialize on her hands. Faint crackles of light emanated from under her feet, a clear indication of her readiness to attack the man before her. Her confidence was unshaken; she believed herself to be the strongest, especially with her beloved Naruto standing beside her.

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Just as Hinata was about to unleash her attack, Naruto placed a calming

hand on her shoulder, restraining her impulse. Sensing his touch, her tension eased, although the chill in her eyes remained.

Naruto stepped forward, his gaze locked onto the man standing opposite them. This man shared the same crimson hair as Naruto, and his eyes were ringed with an enigmatic shade of purple. His black cloak, adorned with red clouds, hinted at his identity. The chakra emanating from the man was on an entirely different level.

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Upon seeing the man, a faint smile tugged at the corners of Naruto's lips. "Nagato Uzumaki," Naruto spoke, his words carrying a mix of recognition and depth as he locked eyes with the intruder.

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In the outskirts of the now-devastated Konoha, Naruto and Hinata stood facing the man responsible for the destruction of their village. However, the shattered village was not at the forefront of their minds. Hinata's irritation simmered, her focus directed toward the man who had callously disrupted her precious time with Naruto.

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On the other hand, Naruto had thoughts running in his hands. First of all, he was sensing his cells in the man in front of him. And secondly, his chakra was off the charts, but that didn't concern him. Naruto had two things on his mind: should he fight the man, or should he recruit him to his team?

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The danger was brewing, and he knew about it, now that he had released the Nine-Tails into the world. The Ten-Tails would appear soon, and the war was about to happen. He was not concerned about the war, but the Ten-Tails was a different thing.

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Now he realized that he was lucky enough that he had successfully pulled out Kurama from his body. If someone had forcefully tried to extract Kurama from him, he would have died.

He gazed at the purple eyes of the man in front of him and said, "Nagato Uzumaki."

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They were both from the same clan, and they could feel the connection with each other.

"The Jinchuriki of the Nine-Tails," Nagato addressed him.

"What do you want?" Naruto asked him, knowingly full of himself.

Nagato looked at him. "You seem so calm even though your village has been destroyed," he asked, slightly curious about how he was so composed in this situation.

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"Haha," Naruto just laughed at him. Nagato looked at him, not understanding why he was laughing.

"Look at her," he pointed at Hinata and continued, "The person who matters to me is with me, so why should I care about anything?" he said to him. Hearing his voice, Hinata blushed and a proud smile appeared on her face. She knew Naruto loved her unconditionally, but hearing it from his mouth made her heart melt.

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Nagato had a somewhat unreadable expression on his face. The boy in front of him wasn't even slightly worried about his village. But it didn't matter to him; the thing that mattered to him was the Nine-Tails, and the Jinchuriki was in front of him.

"Tell me, Nagato, why do you want to collect all the Biju?" Naruto asked

him.

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"It's for the peace," he said to him. He was not in a hurry to capture him; he had all the time in the world. They had collected the chakra of all the tailed beasts; only the Nine-Tails was remaining.

"Oh... for peace..." Naruto mused at him. He knew the man was telling the truth. "And how do you know that collecting all the tailed beasts will bring peace?" he asked him.

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"The world will never know true peace until they know pain. And when they know pain and come to fear the weapon of mass destruction, they will not attack each other, and will always fear my weapon, eventually regaining peace," he elaborated to him.

Naruto nodded in understanding. To some extent, it was true. The elemental nations would fear the power of the Ten-Tails and come under the same banner to protect themselves. However, Nagato didn't know that he would bring disaster to the world. It was all part of the bigger plan of Zetsu that Nagato was not aware of.

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And even if all the villages came under the alliance, they would still attack him and more blood would be spilled. There is no way peace could be maintained. Though Naruto care didn't less.

"Peace is never an option," Naruto thought to himself.

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"So, you want to create peace in the world?" he asked, and Nagato nodded.

"So, why do you want the power of the Ten-Tails? Why not use your own power? You might not be able to control the power of the Ten-Tails,"

Naruto said to him.

"I can control the power of the Ten-Tails. I am the chosen one," Nagato said while indicating towards his Rinnegan.

Naruto laughed inwardly. 'The power of the Ten-Tails could not be controlled. Even Hagoromo died after sealing the Ten-Tails inside him, even if he was old, but full-blooded otsutsuki was another matter and the beast has only two uses. The first was for mass destruction...

And second, to use the Ten-Tails to collect the chakra fruit from the God Tree. You cannot control the power of the Ten-Tails if you are not a full-blooded Otsutsuki," Naruto thought to himself.

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While thinking to himself, Naruto looked at his Rinnegan and smiled. "Do you want to know a secret

Nagato became curious. "What secret".

Naruto smiled. "Tell me, how much do you know about your Rinnegan?".

"It's mine... Of course," Nagato said. Hearing his answer, Naruto laughed.

Nagato had a frown on his face.

"To tell you the truth... It's not yours. The eye you possess only appears in the Otsutsuki clan," he answered him. 'After consuming a chakra fruit' he didn't say it loudly.

.
Nagato was puzzled by his answer. What is the Otsutsuki clan? He had never heard of them. Hearing Naruto's response, he became even more suspicious.

He had always been suspicious about how he awakened the Rinnegan. He never showed it on his face, but in his heart, he had always known that things were not as simple as he thought. Now, an opportunity had come in front of him. How could he pass it up? He wanted to know more.

.

Naruto saw the fluctuations in his emotions and knew that the fish had taken the bait. He was waiting for this moment.

"Tell me, what do you know?" Nagato asked him.

Naruto smiled at him. "You know 'Madara Uchiha'.

"Yes... He is in my organization," Nagato told him, not even concerned about the secrets of his organization.

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Naruto gave him a 'are you serious,?' look. "I'm asking about the real deal, not a fake one," Naruto said to him.

Hearing this, Nagato became even more suspicious. He knew something was not right with Tobi; how could he be Madara Uchiha when the man had died decades ago? But now, he was even more interested.

"The eyes you possess are Madara's eyes," he said to him.

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"Madara's eyes..." Nagato had a confused expression on his face. How could his eyes be from Madara?

"Let me tell you a story, Nagato," Naruto said to him, and he slightly tapped the ground. Two chairs made of rocks appeared from the ground.

This was going to be a long story. Naruto and Hinata sat on the chairs, while Nagato made his own chair using Asura Path's powers.

"What story?" he asked.

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"Story of a woman... The story of a Goddess," he said, and started to tell the story. He explained how Kaguya came to this planet and how the current shinobi system came into existence. He spoke about the Sage of Six Paths and the creation of clans like Uchiha, Senju, Hyuga, and Uzumaki. He delved into the story of Black Zetsu. Naruto was not

worried about revealing the story to anyone; in fact, he didn't care.

Nagato listened keenly. He asked some questions and received answers.

Now, all things started to make sense to him: how the original Akatsuki fell, the attacks on his friends, and the death of his best friend.

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Eventually, he came to a grim realization; he was a pawn in the grand schemes of things.

To confirm his heart, he asked Naruto another question. He knew Naruto didn't lie to him; he could sense the emotions of people due to his ability as a sensor and having the Rinnegan.

"Some things are written in the Senju library, some in the Uchiha library, and something deep inside the Konoha library," he told him, a half-lie and half-truth. But the story he told was the truth.

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Nagato nodded to him. He knew Naruto was telling him the truth. 'All of his hard work was planned by others. Yahiko's death was planned, his whole life was planned. He was just a pawn to revive Madara Uchiha,' he thought to himself.

His whole life started to crumble in front of him. His sacrifices made no sense. His village, his plan to capture the Tailed Beasts, all were planned by Obito.

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Sensing his emotions, Naruto smirk, "You want peace..." Nagato looked at him.

"You can achieve your goal. Although everything was planned for you, your hard work, your goal is not delusional. You could achieve it. You have broken free from your shackles," he spoke to him.

Nagato had some hope left in him.

"Come with me... and I will help you achieve your goal," Naruto said to him with a smile on his face.

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Nagato looked at him; he couldn't detect any lies from him.

However, he knew there was nothing free in this world. If Naruto wanted to help him, he also wanted something in return.

"What do you want in return?" Nagato asked him.

Naruto smiled at his question. "You are powerful... and you could become even more powerful if you stand beside me. What I want in return is your help in defeating those white-skinned clan members,"

Naruto replied sincerely, although he was full confident in his capability but having a backup plan didn't harm.

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"Are you telling me the truth? If I help you, will you bring peace to the world?" Nagato asked him.

Naruto shook his head. "Yes, you're right. Help me, and I will also help you,".

Nagato nodded. He had found Naruto to be worth following, and there were no lies coming from him. He could trust him, the first person beside Konan.

"Do you have some friends in your organization?" Naruto asked him, and Nagato nodded.

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"Good... bring them to this location," Naruto handed him a paper.

Nagato looked at him and stood up from his chair. Naruto and Hinata also stood up. Naruto looked at him. "We are family... if we don't help each other, who will help us? Remember, family matters the most,".

.

Nagato looked at him and nodded. There was a connection between them; after all, they were from the same clan, and not many of them remained alive. At this moment, Nagato had fully considered Naruto as his family. He looked at them one last time and nodded before flying away. Many things were going to happen in the future, and if he wanted to bring peace, he had to act quickly.

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Naruto and Hinata looked back at Nagato.

Hinata looked at Naruto and mused. "You don't seem to be bringing peace to the world," She knew him very well.

"Haha... you know me very well, darling. Bringing peace to the world is not my task; Nagato will handle that. I don't care if the world burns; I just want to live a happy life with you of course" he said to her, wrapping his arm around her waist.

Hinata giggled. This was the Naruto she knew.

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AN~ What do you think of Naruto's End Goal...

1. Dominate the world
2. Live a peaceful life with his family
3. Create his own village on the ruins of Konoha and Rule it.
4. None of the above.

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if you like the chapter give me powerstones....

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Naruto and Hinata stood in the middle of the forest, their eyes fixed on Nagato as he flew away. Naruto's gaze then shifted towards Konoha, where Tsunade was presumably dealing with the aftermath of the fallen ninjas.

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She directed the ninjas to calm down the civilians and organize the construction of temporary shelters for the displaced people.

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Naruto, positioned about 10 kilometers away, effortlessly read her lips. His unique combination of six eyes and the Byakugan granted him an unparalleled perception of his surroundings.

Distance held no hindrance for him; his six eyes allowed him to discern even the smallest atoms within any substance, while the Byakugan granted him the power to penetrate through obstacles.

Hell, when he raised his head and gazed at the moon, he could even discern the features of the colossal castle resting upon it.

His extraordinary sight extended to every corner, even to the seal where Kaguya Otsutsuki had been imprisoned. Nothing remained concealed from his all-seeing abilities.

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Naruto turned his gaze to Hinata and offered a warm smile. "My Darling, you mentioned a dimension earlier. Can you tell me more about it?" He inquired curiously.

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Hinata's unique eyes, the Jōgan, also recognized as the 'pure eye,'

possessed the ability to perceive spatial rifts. These rifts are interconnected with distinct pocket dimensions, each a separate realm of existence.

Within this intricate network, countless pocket dimensions existed, ranging from barren ones to those infused with various forms of energy or natural forces.

Empowered by her Jōgan, Hinata possessed the ability to seamlessly enter or exit these dimensions. Her control over space was such that she could establish a link between two points and create a spatial tunnel, effectively enabling teleportation.

Naruto's interest was piqued as Hinata spoke about this unique dimension. He leaned in, his curiosity evident in his expression.

"Tell me more about this special dimension," he urged, eager to learn about the mysterious place she had encountered.

"This dimension is very special...hehe...you will love it." She said with a smile.

"Tell me... what's so special about it" Naruto asked her.

"The time difference between our dimension and this dimension is 1:0.001," She said.

Naruto looked at her, thoughtful. "You are telling me the time ratio is 1:0.001, you know that means the time in that dimension is 100 days equivalent to one day here." He said to her.

"Yes, the time did not flow there as it flow here, more or less when you

enter that dimension your sense of time, your age came to semi-halt." She said to him.

"Are you sure about that?" he inquired, a hint of skepticism tingeing his words, even though Naruto held unwavering trust in her.

Yet, this dimension seemed to defy the very laws of physics,

"100% sure... once you step inside, everything will become clear," she assured with a confident smile.

Naruto's trust in her was unshakable, yet the allure of the unknown began to sow the seeds of unconventional thoughts within his mind.

Ideas, wild and untamed, started to sprout like vines, entwining with his curiosity.

"How many dimensions are there that no one is aware of?" Naruto pondered in the quiet recesses of his mind.

"Where does Todd live? What about slugs? And where do the Rinnegan's summoned animals originate from?" His thoughts raced like a cascade of fleeting stars, each question a glimmering point of inquiry in the vast expanse of his curiosity.

Naruto's mind was a whirlwind of countless questions, yet one thing remained unequivocally clear: these dimensions were anything but simple.

Indeed, gaining access to these enigmatic realms proved to be an intricate puzzle, one that demanded the key of space-manipulating ninjutsu or the rare mastery of specialized ocular techniques like the Rinnegan or the Kamui's transcendent power

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"And the Jougan is the most broken dojutsu in terms of space Ninjutsu.

And this is one of its abilities.

'Truly worthy of being called the God's eye,' Naruto thought to himself as

he looked at Hinata.

His smile widened, "You know what this means," he said to her.

"Yes," she replied with a smile."

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Suddenly, she remembered something and looked at Naruto. "I have a gift for you," she said to him.

"Gift... Where is it..." Naruto asked her curiously.

She extended her hand, and a small portal appeared in front of her hand.

Then, she pulled out the scarf that she had been sewing for him. She had made this scarf for him.

Naruto's eyes lingered on the scarf held delicately in her hand, its intricate patterns a reflection of the care and affection she had poured into every stitch. A smile touched his lips, a testament to his appreciation for her heartfelt gesture.

"It's beautiful," he breathed, his fingers dancing lightly over the fabric as if tracing the invisible threads of their connection.

"Why don't you wear it," she said.

Her question prompted a playful glint in his eyes. "Why don't you wear it to me?" he challenged a mischievous note underlining his words.

A soft blush tinted her cheeks, she nodded in agreement. With a tenderness that spoke volumes, she began to drape the ebony scarf around his neck, the simple act carrying a weight of emotion that words could hardly convey. Her touch was gentle, each fold a silent promise of her feelings.

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As the scarf settled against his skin, their eyes met, a universe of unspoken sentiments passing between them. This was more than just a piece of fabric. In that moment, the blush on her cheeks and the depth in

his eyes spoke of her love.

Naruto gazed at her, his eyes tracing the gentle arc of her hands as she lovingly draped the scarf around him, a gesture reminiscent of a devoted wife.

In that moment, his heart swelled with a warmth that transcended words. This was more than just a gift; it was an outpouring of emotion, a sentiment he had never experienced before.

Amidst the whirlwind of his thoughts, Naruto found solace in the realization that he was truly cherished by someone. The depth of Hinata's affection touched him profoundly.

With the final fold of the scarf, Hinata met his gaze, her eyes shimmering with tenderness. "Do you like it?" she inquired, her voice a soft melody in the air.

A soft smile curved his lips, his eyes reflecting the depth of his emotions as he met her gaze. "I love it," he said softly, the words carrying the weight of his feelings.

Her smile in return was a treasure, a confirmation that his heart wasn't mistaken. In her eyes, he saw a reflection of his own sentiments - a connection that was growing stronger with each passing moment.

"It's time. I will go to the village... hehe, you wreaked havoc there," he said to her.

"That bitch didn't speak to me respectfully, so I had to teach her a lesson, and my pride won't allow me to leave without retaliation," she explained.

Naruto affectionately patted her head, his voice soothing, "Good girl... now let me handle my business with them. You know we will go to that Dimension. Wait until I call you back," Naruto reassured her, his hand

gently stroking her head.

She nodded and opened a portal and reappeared from there.

Naruto was headed to Konoha while some thoughts lingered in his head.

'Separate dimensions... Where is the separate dimension in which

Hagoromo lives?

Why was he in that dimension, and what was he waiting for?

Why has he been waiting in that dimension for so long?

Why do Indra and Asura reincarnate?

Does this have something to do with Hagoromo?

Did he want to revive himself through his sons' reincarnations?

But how...

How do Otsutsuki revive themselves?

'Karma Seals.'

Naruto's eyes widened.

'Now I remember, Hagoromo gave him and Sasuke the 'Sun and Moon' seal. These Sun & Moon seals are, in reality, Karma Seals. He granted them power.

He bestowed upon him the Six Path chakra, and upon Sasuke, he bestowed his eyes. These powers make them compatible to contain his essence.

But what went wrong that he couldn't revive himself? Perhaps all the power within the Karma seals was used in sealing Kaguya.

She was even more powerful than he had estimated.

Ahh... those Fucking Otsutsuki, their genes never change." Naruto let his thoughts run wild.

'I am cursing them, yet here I am, wishing to alter my genetics to

Otsutsuki... Isn't it ironic? Hehe... So what," Naruto chuckled to himself.

In fact, Hinata could see her DNA with her Byakugan. Likewise, he could

also see his DNA.

They simply needed some pure Otsutsuki DNA for reference, allowing them to modify their own DNA to match that of the Otsutsuki.

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And Naruto had a particular person in mind, but his current strength was not sufficient to confront an Otsutsuki, even if the Otsutsuki was in a weakened state.

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And this Dimension would serve this purpose.

There were so many things to accomplish.

'But first, let's visit the village,' Naruto thought as he sprinted towards Konoha.

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AN~ You know, every Otsutsuki has some spatial abilities. What will be Naruto's?

1.Devovering

2.Visnorey

3.Time Manuplation

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if you like the chapter give me Powerstones

72

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Chapter 72 ~ The 4th Great Ninja War Is Brewing

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"Naruto was running towards the village. It didn't take him too long to

enter the village. He stood on the destroyed wall of the village and looked at the devastated village in front of him.

There was no house that remained unscathed. Rubble lay scattered everywhere, forming a chaotic landscape. Amidst the destruction, five large craters punctuated the heart of the village. These craters were no mere indentations; they stretched easily half a kilometer in diameter, their edges overlapping, creating a scene of profound devastation.

"Pain really did a number on the village..." Naruto muttered to himself.

"They really went all out... without me... it's quite the spectacle to fight in the heart of the village," he mused, a fleeting sense of exhilaration crossing his mind.

Hinata and Pain didn't hold back when destroying the village; each had their reasons.

Hinata was giving it her all because Tsunade hadn't spoken to her politely. Yet, it's hard to expect politeness when she herself was a criminal. But that didn't matter to Hinata; her pride didn't allow her to lower herself to anyone other than him.

As for Pain, let's just say he was exacting his revenge for what Konoha did to his village in the past.

Thousands of people died when he unleashed his Shinra Tensei. Poor souls didn't even know what had hit them... This time, they won't get the chance of revival," Naruto thought to himself.

He gazed ahead at the Hokage mountain. There, a shelter had been established to house the remaining villagers and shinobi. Tsunade was

consoling them, assuring them that the ordeal had come to an end.

"Hehe, poor souls," Naruto whispered softly.

With his keen eyes, he could assess the situation there without the need to physically approach.

"Konohamaru, Udon, and Moegi are all safe and sound," Naruto remarked as he stood atop the ruined wall.

Naruto activated his Kagura's Mind's Eye and extended his senses throughout the entire shelter. "Ah... there it is," he whispered to himself, flicking his finger. In an instant, a scroll materialized, landing gracefully on the ground within the shelter.

After providing reassurance to the civilians and ninjas, Tsunade settled into a chair in a separate room. The room housed various individuals, including Shikamaru, Ino, Sakura, Sai, and other prominent figures. Sai was engrossed in reading a scroll that detailed the extent of the casualties resulting from the assault. "Half of our shinobi have perished. Additionally, the initial attack claimed the lives of at least 45,000 civilians. Currently, we have only half of our ninja force remaining and 25,000 surviving civilians," Sai reported, his tone grave.

"So, our strength has been reduced to two-thirds," Shikamaru commented, his voice reflecting the analytical assessment of the data. The toll was staggering. Numerous high-level shinobi had fallen, including Kakashi, Jiraiya, and many other jonin-ranked ninjas.

His father lay in the hospital within the shelter, while his close friend Choji fought for his life against severe injuries. Asuma Sarutobi, his

sensei, had met his end. The village, once thriving, now lay in ruins.

Furthermore, he was left in the dark about the whereabouts of his friend Naruto. Though their conversations had been sparse, Shikamaru held Naruto in high regard, considering him a genuine friend. Yet, even Naruto was now missing.

Shikamaru's life had taken a grim turn. As he ruminated on his absent friend, a sense of heaviness enveloped his thoughts.

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As he dwelled on thoughts of his friend, the scroll held by Sai suddenly vanished, and in its place... Naruto materialized right before him, causing Sai to jump in startlement.

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"I see you're getting rusty, Sai," Naruto jested at his teammate.

"That was unexpected..." Sai responded with his characteristic smile, his honesty apparent.

Naruto tilted his head, casting his gaze over all of them. A pall of gloom and despair seemed to envelop their spirits, their emotions evident to him.

He shifted his attention to Tsunade. Amongst the occupants of the room, she appeared to bear the heaviest burden of brokenness.

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She gazed at him, the weight of a difficult truth pressing upon her. She desired to convey the news of Jiraiya's demise, yet courage faltered within her. Yet, summoning her resolve, she forced her mouth to open.

"Naruto... I am sorry," her voice carried a somber tone.

"Sorry for what..." Naruto's genuine surprise was evident. He couldn't fathom the reason behind her apology.

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Observing Naruto's reaction, Tsunade took a deep breath, her voice lowered as she continued, "Jiraiya is dead... and Kakashi has also passed away..." She struggled to maintain eye contact with Naruto, her avoidance apparent.

A heavy silence settled upon the room. No one uttered a word. The truth was known to all. Naruto had embarked on training with Jiraiya, and Kakashi had been his team sensei. The weight of their absence hung in the air, stifling any attempts at speech.

"Naruto was momentarily stunned. 'Jiraiya is dead,' he thought. He knew he didn't have a deep attachment to the man, but his heart felt a slight pang. After all, he had spent some time with the man, and now he was gone. What was he supposed to feel? There was nothing he could do; this was Jiraiya's choice.

As for Kakashi, he felt a twinge of sadness for the man. Although there wasn't a strong attachment between them, Kakashi hadn't taught him anything. He was biased, but..."

Naruto gazed at the horizon, his head held high. 'I see,' he spoke in a low voice.

Life is unpredictable. The strong win and the weak lose. This was the rule of the world. And this rule proved itself once again—Pain was strong, so he killed them, and they were weak, so they died.

Tsunade didn't say anything more; she knew it was difficult for Naruto to accept their deaths. Unfortunately, she was mistaken about this.

Naruto lowered his head and looked at her. 'I have good and bad news... which one do you want to hear first?' he asked. He knew the woman in

front of him was in a state of depression, but she had chosen the duty of being Hokage, so she had to bear the responsibility.

"I see... I sent you on the mission... is it related to this?" she asked him.

He nodded.

"Fine, tell me the good news first... I want to hear something positive in this bad situation," she said to him..

Naruto looked at her. 'Wouldn't that make you sad when you hear the bad news... women are unpredictable,' Naruto thought and shrugged. 'It's her choice.'

"The two Akatsuki members, Kisame and Itachi, are dead. We encountered them on the way and took them down," he informed them. All the members in the room were shocked, but they didn't interrupt the conversation with the Hokage.

"That's good news. These people are after the bijus, so it's a positive that some of them are dead. Now, tell me the bad news," she said to him, her mood slightly brightening. She wondered what the bad news could be, hoping it wouldn't overshadow the good news.

"The bad news is that... you sent us on the mission where our ninjas were going missing. Is that correct?" he inquired of her.

"Yes... What's the bad news?" Tsunade responded, her curiosity piqued.

"There were 456 Jonin-level ninjas that were killed," he stated, dropping the bombshell.

"What?" she exclaimed. "How can there be so many high-level ninjas

gathered in one place?" she asked him.

The members in the room were taken aback. How could there be so many ninjas of this caliber? Their village had barely a hundred Jonin-level ninjas, and that was the case for all hidden villages combined.

What shocked them even more was that Naruto and his team managed to kill them. This force could easily annihilate their entire village. The casual manner in which they had been dispatched left them in disbelief. They stared at Naruto as if he were a monster.

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As he mentioned that they had killed the high-level ninjas, something clicked in Sakura's mind. Naruto was alone, "Where is Sasuke, Naruto?" she asked abruptly in the middle of the meeting.

"Did he die, or has something bad happened to him?" she wondered silently to herself.

Upon hearing her question, Tsunade also turned her gaze toward Naruto.

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"He's fine... You don't have to worry about him," he assured them.

They all heaved sighs of relief. Tsunade's shoulders slumped down. "456 Jonin-level ninjas... thank God they took care of them," she thought, feeling a sense of relief as one problem was resolved.

Seeing her slightly relaxed posture, Naruto dropped another bomb.

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"We're getting off-topic... I haven't finished conveying the information," he interjected, capturing everyone's attention.

"What... Is there something else?" Tsunade inquired.

"Hehe... Do you think that's all? Those were just clones... And guess what, how many of them..." Naruto's voice took on an eerie quality as he left the sentence hanging,

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"Things cannot be that bad... right," she asked.

"Right... No, you're wrong... There are 90,000 to 100,000 jonin-level clones ready to strike," he dropped another bombshell.

Gasps filled the room, the magnitude of the numbers causing their hearts to momentarily skip beats. Even if the clones weren't of jonin caliber and were mere genin-level strength, the sheer volume was overwhelming.

The realization dawned that resistance would be futile, regardless of their own strength or the combined might of all the hidden villages. The scale of this force was beyond anything they could imagine.

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"We are doomed," one of the ninjas spoke, a tone of despair gripping their words. The enormity of the situation had sunk in, leaving them feeling utterly powerless.

"Are you absolutely certain about this?" Tsunade queried, a glimmer of hope that this might not be entirely accurate.

But Naruto's affirmation extinguished that hope. He had witnessed the reality with his own eyes; he could even see them from where they stood. The grim truth was undeniable.

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"Yes, this is 100% certain, and they'll be in motion soon," Naruto stated, shattering any remaining glimmers of hope.

"The Fourth Great Ninja War is brewing," he declared, the gravity of his words hanging heavily in the room.

"How do you know all of this?" Shikamaru asked, voicing the question that many were thinking. Despite his trust in Naruto, this revelation was hard to comprehend.

Naruto's gaze settled on Shikamaru, aware that all eyes were fixed on

him. "I have seen it with my own eyes," he asserted firmly, leaving no room for doubt or debate.

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A heavy silence settled upon the room, the weight of Naruto's revelation causing a collective heartache. Thoughts raced through their minds, each grappling with the chilling truth.

"Is there no way... Are we going to die?" whispered through the minds of some, the fear of impending doom gripping them.

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"Can't you handle them? After all, you managed to defeat 456 of them," Ino's voice broke the silence, a glimmer of hope in her question. Eyes turned towards Naruto, a desperate hope that he would confirm their desire to have a savior.

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Logic, clouded by their fear, took a backseat; all they wished for was an escape, for someone else to shoulder the burden of this disaster. This was the manifestation of fear, the fear of death that gripped their minds.

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Tsunade glanced at Ino with an expression that seemed to say, "Are you serious, girl?"

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Naruto met Ino's gaze and offered an evil grin at her, then proceeded, "Yes, I can deal with them... but..."

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Ino's expression shifted, a sense of relief washing over her.

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"But... what?" Shikamaru inquired, his mind already formulating a prediction about what Naruto's next words might entail. The room

remained tense, awaiting Naruto's continuation.

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Naruto's smile persisted as he continued, "But the ones behind them are more powerful than the First Hokage..."

Another bombshell dropped, leaving the room in stunned silence. The legends of the First Hokage, the god of shinobi, echoed in their minds. It was difficult to fathom someone being that powerful in the current era.

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Unbeknownst to them, Nagato, with his pure Uzumaki genes and Rinnegan, had already exceeded the prowess of Hashirama and Madara. Yet, Naruto chose not to reveal that there were not just one, but four of these individuals.

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"Now you understand the situation," Naruto stated, his gaze shifting to the individuals in the room. The weight of reality had eroded their resolve, leaving them bereft of fighting spirit.

His eyes then settled on Tsunade. Amidst her despair, regret, and shattered heart, she appeared to be in turmoil. Her gaze met Naruto's, holding a glimmer of hope that he might offer a solution.

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"Do you possess any solution to this predicament? If what you've stated is accurate, then we're in dire straits," Tsunade spoke candidly, her choice of words reflecting her deep concern, regardless of their informal nature.

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"Yes," Naruto replied simply, his words carrying a weight of assurance that seemed to alleviate their anxieties. They refrained from probing further into the specifics of his plan, content for the moment that he had a solution.

"But first, let's fix the village," he said, his gaze drifting toward the village as seen through the small window behind Tsunade.

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Puzzled expressions filled the room, their confusion evident.

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Naruto's thoughts silently assessed their reactions, realizing that these individuals might not truly comprehend the depth of true power. His eyes settled on them, observing the ignorance that colored their expressions.

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"I have to become more powerful, learn all the practical jutsus that are possible to master. Things are getting interesting... hehe... this war is going to be the 'battle between gods'... Hinata, my darling, just wait for a moment. Once I deal with this mess, we are going to become strong, powerful enough to shatter the world," Naruto whispered to himself.

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He looked at Shikamaru and smiled. "Do you want revenge, my friend? If you do, don't hesitate to ask your friend," Naruto said to his friend. In reality, it was a genjutsu, and only Shikamaru could hear his voice.

"Yes... I want to kill that man," Shikamaru replied to him.

"Be ready. We'll go after I deal with the village," Naruto said, then looked away.

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Slightly startled and bewildered, Shikamaru blinked, his attention directed towards Naruto's back. The sight of Naruto's response caused him to raise an internal question, 'What was that?' His gaze met Naruto's, and in response, Naruto tilted his head and winked at him.

'Genjutsu...' Shikamaru realized, his understanding dawning. He glanced around the room, his surprise mounting as he comprehended that no one

else had detected anything unusual.

A smile formed on Shikamaru's lips. The path ahead was clear: he would avenge his fallen sensei by eliminating the one responsible.

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Naruto's mind was set on mastering the shadow-related jutsu. In his view, the Nara clan had merely scratched the surface of this intricate branch of techniques. He saw the potential for these skills to become unstoppable, and he knew that to achieve this, he needed Shikamaru's expertise.

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AN~ Things are getting heated, and the training arc is coming soon.

Comment the jutsus that you want to him learn...

And give me power stones...

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

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