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Minato-Namikaze-SI

Аніме/Манга

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Наруто

Наруто - Минато Намикадзе СИ

Автор:

RaccoonLeague

Трансмігрював в Самовставку Минато Намикадзе с бонусом Пика

Пика Но Ми, а также особым телом из мира One Piece с Чакрой.

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1. Chapter 1

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Third Person POV

Somewhere in the training fields, Konoha, Year 32.

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"Hm?!" A boy with yellow hair suddenly awakens in a forest clearing.

"What a darn headache..." He mutters as he scratches his head, trying to alleviate the pain. A few seconds pass, and he stands up, particularly disturbed, looking around, trying to figure out where he is. It seems he's even lost the knowledge of his own name.

His eyes scan the area, unsure of what to do, and he ends up looking at his small hands with some wounds on them.

"My hands hurt a bit? And I don't remember having such tiny hands..."

Hm?! Wait! I'm starting to remember... Is this real? Did it really happen?

So, I've truly come to this fictional world!" The boy, who was quite lost until now, starts jumping and shouting as things fall into place in his mind.

"Now I need something to see my face, and fast!" He seems excited, searching for anything that could show his reflection to confirm some things.

It doesn't take long for him to hear the sound of rushing water from one corner of the forest, and he immediately runs in that direction. The six-year-old boy runs as if his life depends on it, but he's laughing and excited about what he'll see in his reflection.

He sees a river with a strong current and jumps from the highest hill he can find with his child's body to reach it. As soon as he reaches the riverbank, the first thing he does is look at his reflection in the water.

Even with the water flowing, he can see himself there: spiky and stylish blonde hair, blue eyes, and a big smile on his face, expressing his current joy. Despite having a child's face, his identity is unmistakable. He's one of the most significant characters in this universe, and he has earned the right to be that character!

"I... I am Namikaze Minato! Hahahahaha!" The boy laughs by himself on

the riverbank.

While laughing, he can't help but think that he's no longer the Minato Namikaze from Naruto's original story, but a transmigrator who has been given a new chance to live in this world. His purpose is to satisfy a bored cosmic entity called ROB, who wanted to see a new story to escape his boredom. So, he sent a new soul here to replace a key character and have fun with the changes this new arrival would bring to the world, complete with a few privileges.

"My cheat is simple; I have the Pika Pika no Mi without its water weakness and a One Piece world body, along with the ability to use chakra. That's really good and gives me a potential far greater than canonical Minato!" He exclaims in his mind while still jumping on the riverbank.

"Besides having Minato's talent, I can become the world's greatest taijutsu expert with the six styles. I also have a body made of light and destructive abilities with the fruit. Best of all, I didn't even have to eat it and experience its horrible taste, as it's always described! There are other cool things too, like Haki, which is like Uzumaki abilities and sensors compared to Observation Haki or how Raikages would deal with their Lightning Chakra Cloaks against an even more powerful attack and solid defense with Armament Haki!" The young Minato can already envision his future battles.

"Unfortunately, that ROB limited me to Conqueror's Haki. He just said that I couldn't end a war solely by using my aura, so he limited me to 1% of my potential with this Haki. But I can still use it to stun some people, which is still pretty good. I hope that changes in the future..." The young Minato is still happy, very happy with everything, ready to show his power when the time is right in the future.

"I'm sure the First Ninja War has already passed, but I'll still be involved in the Second, Third, and Fourth Ninja Wars. They'll all fall before Minato Namikaze! And I don't plan on becoming a puppet Hokage for those old folks, or dying during the birth of my first child!" He shouts happily, making promises about what won't happen to him.

"Although I believe the Second War must be happening now... Strange, I still can't remember anything about Minato before this point..." He murmurs a bit.

"Can I see his memories if I try to search his mind? Let's try to see what's happening in young Minato's life..." He begins to focus on his memories, and they respond by giving him a headache, just like before. But his curiosity and hunger for information override the pain, and he continues to force his memories.

Now he knows that Minato was an orphan in one of Konoha's orphanages, having arrived in the village two years ago and being in the orphanage ever since. He had friendships with all the children. This was the time when Minato used to share with his orphan friends. However, he discovered that tomorrow would be his first day at the ninja academy.

So, he left the orphanage and came to one of the training fields near the village to train. He trained until he hurt his hands, much like they are now, with wooden kunai. It was during the next moment when his personality changed, and his powers were transferred to his altered body.

This body not only possessed chakra but had superhuman potential beyond any ninja in the world, maybe second only to jinchuuriki in terms of physical potential.

"So, tomorrow, the academy will begin... The Second Hokage ruled a few years ago, and Hiruzen is now wearing the Hokage hat. The Second World War hasn't started yet, Mito is still alive, and Kushina won't come

to Konoha for a few more years. But I must get stronger by then because I have to protect her from the Cloud Village people, and maybe I can save Uzushioagakure in the future." He thought.

"First, I should start my personal training. Maybe I should begin with Observation Haki and prepare my body with weights before starting training with the six styles." He thought while organizing and mentally listing his next steps.

"I need to master fuinjutsu... Learning from Mito-Sama is the best option, but I doubt I could ever reach her. I can't just show up at the Senju residence and say, 'Hello, I'm just an ordinary orphan and I want to see the village's most powerful weapon and the person with the highest authority in the country, where even the Hokage and the Daimyo of the country should be respectful in her presence.' Minato thought ironically.

"It's not the time for me to meet her yet. For now, it's just training and buying some weight seals when I have some savings. So, I'll focus on what I can do now..." Minato thought internally.

Unable to do much, Minato decided to return to the place where he woke up in this world and picked up some ugly and crooked wooden kunai that the old Minato had used for training since it was the only thing an orphan could acquire. He only had three of them, so he gathered them all on the ground and prepared to train.

"Let's start with this. Tomorrow, I'll begin my real training after the academy!" Minato thought as he started throwing some kunai at various forest targets.

Author's note:

I've always wanted to write a Naruto fanfic, and I was inspired to include a Devil Fruit with an SI of Minato, one that can have a happy ending for his story. I hope you enjoy it. Here begins a new saga in the world of

chakra users!

I'm open to feedback and criticism, so feel free to share your thoughts.

In the auxiliary chapters, I wrote about the main characters and their personalities with images of them as young and adult.

Help this story grow with reviews and PowerStones, if possible!

Thank you in advance, and I hope you have a good read.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter Size: 1752 Words.

Third Person POV

Somewhere in the training fields, Konoha, Year 32.

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"I'm exhausted, my body doesn't seem to have much endurance yet. I have a long and challenging journey ahead for more intense training..."

Minato said to himself dissatisfied as he returned to the village center after his intense training.

The sky had an orange hue at this moment, indicating that it was nearing the end of the day, and the sun was losing its shine to make way for the rising moon on the other side. In Konoha, nighttime activities were beginning.

But not nighttime activities like gambling houses or brothels; Tobirama, the Second Hokage, never wanted those in the village. However, he couldn't prohibit them either, so he pushed these establishments away from the main streets, and these types of places seemed to act as a black market within the village. This was beneficial for many ninja and civilians because their actions could be more discreet in these places without tarnishing their family or wife's reputation.

As Minato walked, he couldn't help but notice something.

"Strange, the village looks as developed as it did in the anime. I thought it would be less developed since we're about 30 years before the TV series..." Minato thought as he passed Uchiha ninja patrols, acting as the village's police force.

Putting aside thoughts about Konoha's urbanization, Minato couldn't help but marvel as he saw people going about their business, traders opening their shops, families with children, civilians in plainclothes, and some leaping between rooftops silently. Others passed by like a flash so fast that Minato couldn't keep up with them using his current eyes. All of this seemed to be a pretty normal sight within Konoha.

"This place is so active at dusk, and it's just beginning. This world is incredible!" Minato laughed internally, thinking that all of this would be part of his life.

He continued walking through the village center, admiring everything and everyone, to finally leave the bustling area and enter a more modest region. But even here, there were activities in some shops and people outside their homes.

Minato moved forward through the somewhat poorer area of Konoha until he reached a two-story building, his orphanage. It wasn't very well maintained, and the building looked old, even though it was only a little over 30 years old. Yet, this orphanage could accommodate more than 30 children, and Konoha's administration financed and took care of it to ensure they could support these children.

Minato sighed and went to the door. There was no one playing in the yard at this time, and the young boy with blond hair knew what was waiting for him.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

With his knocks on the door, he heard someone with heavy steps

approaching, appearing to be in a hurry.

"Did you find the boy?!" The first thing Minato heard before a middle-aged woman, in her 40s, opened the door and exclaimed these words with a worried expression.

The woman quickly looked at him and fell silent, which lasted for 10 seconds before she made sure he was alone and showed a stern face from there.

"Minato! Where were you?! I asked some Genin to look for you when you weren't among the children at curfew! Now you show up alone, so you came back on your own, but still, you better tell me where you were!" She said sternly while analyzing him, all sweaty, with dirty clothes and some calluses on his hands from throwing kunai after hours of training. Minato had to shrink his shoulders a bit, knowing how severe this woman was, but she still cared for him.

"Madame Gorete, I was training, and I lost track of time while doing so on one of the training fields..." Minato said a bit reluctantly. He had to let her know.

"I know you want to be Hokage and all, and you're excited to start the academy tomorrow, but you shouldn't go out like this and come back so late, boy. I'll let it slide today since you and a new batch of children will be going to the academy tomorrow, but there won't be a next time, so you better be more careful!" She warned him, and Minato gave her an apologetic smile.

"Thank you, Madame Gorete! I promise to be more careful next time," he said, and she made way for him to enter and go past her.

"Go to your room and get some clothes. You need to take a bath before dinner." She requested, and he nodded, heading to the orphanage's stairs since the children's rooms were upstairs.

Minato climbed the stairs and entered one of the doors in the hallway.

There was a shared room for the children with several beds, and it was still too early to sleep, so everyone was awake, gossiping, and playing with each other.

Minato's arrival didn't go unnoticed, and many raised their eyebrows when he entered, looking disheveled...

"Where were you, Minato?" one of them raised their voice, gaining the attention of the other 8 children.

"I was training in the forest," he said simply.

"Hm? Training? Well, you'll need it, as you'll be behind me tomorrow," one of the boys said arrogantly, wearing a mocking smile.

"Good luck with that. As you can see, I'm dirty, and Madame Gorete asked me to take a bath before dinner, so I'm heading to the bathroom. See you later." Minato simply said, reaching his bed, grabbing his towel and some clothes, and leaving through the same door he entered, leaving the children quickly bewildered.

He didn't want to pay them any attention. Minato had a much more mature mindset now, so why bother responding to a bunch of kids? He didn't even care and continued taking care of his own business.

Minato quickly took a bath in the communal tub and, once clean and fresh, went to the first floor where the large communal kitchen was located.

The 30 orphanage

children were already eating at this time. They ranged in age from 4 to 14, and by 15, they had to leave the orphanage and find a job to carry on with their lives. In a world where 8-year-old children were taught to kill like emotionless machines, the age of majority was 15 for those who weren't ninja.

"Hey, Minato went to train in the forest, can you believe it!" one of the children suddenly shouted these words to the older kids.

"Hm?! Is it true? Do you think you'll pass the tests tomorrow? I can even show you some cool jutsu I learned at the academy if you want!" One of the boys, about 3 years older, said, seemingly showing off in front of him and the other children.

Minato rolled his eyes. He knew the boy was lying. In the academy, you only learned the basic techniques, which were 3 E-rank jutsu, or at least that was how it was in the anime. This boy just wanted to show off to the younger ones.

"Really?! Big brother, please teach me!"

"You're so cool!"

"It seems your trick to look cool worked..." Minato murmured internally but didn't care any further. He grabbed his bowl of stew to replenish the energy he had spent during his training that afternoon.

"Enough chit-chat! Finish your meals before bedtime!" Madame Gorete quickly told them to stop gossiping and focus on their food.

Minato remained silent after that, not wanting to talk much, and ate in silence while savoring the stew at the end of his plate.

They returned to the room afterward and went straight to bed.

Minato could hear the children's chatter about going to the academy tomorrow and the younger ones complaining about having to wait one or more years.

The blond let his consciousness fade as he closed his eyes and quickly fell asleep, not caring about the outside world.

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"WAKE UP! LET'S GO TO THE NINJA ACADEMY! WAKE UP, LET'S

BECOME NINJAS!" Minato woke up with all that noise being made by one of the children.

"Stop yelling! I'm trying to sleep!" someone said, but the boy in question seemed quite excited and kept shouting.

The future Yellow Flash got up after that, yawning, and started preparing to return to the center of Konoha. He had never been to the academy in these two years, so he needed to get ready.

After having a quick breakfast, Madame Gorete asked the other orphanage staff to take care of the other children who would stay behind.

There were children who had already gone to the academy to study earlier since they had passed the academy's ninja test in recent years.

Meanwhile, Madame Gorete would take a group of six children to fill out the forms and take the admission tests. This group was the only one available in this small orphanage to have a chance to enter the life of a ninja this year.

"I'm so excited! I'm going to be ahead of all of them!"

"I'm going to be! Not even the big clans can beat me!"

"You're just talking fantasies. Everyone knows that we civilians don't stand a chance against them."

"I refuse to be a cannon fodder like you say! I'm going to be Hokage!"

Minato ignored this kind of conversation and continued following the orphanage caretaker through the streets of Konoha. People looked at the group of children with some smiles, as everyone knew that today was the test day.

They walked a long way since the village was quite large and finally arrived near the Hokage building and the wall with the statues of three men. This was where the academy set up by the Second Hokage was located.

"This place is immense!" Minato exclaimed as they arrived in front of the gates. The place really looked like a college with an area of at least 200 square meters.

"Well, I guess it's fair since Konoha should have between 10,000 to 20,000 active shinobi, and replenishing these ranks is extremely important after a war and performing missions with such a deadly profession and a high mortality rate, which is being a shinobi." Minato thought silently.

As they entered, they saw a large crowd of people gathered, and Madame Gorete pushed them into the large crowd. There must have been about a thousand children there, with many parents accompanying them and other groups like theirs, as Konoha had hundreds of other orphanages in the village.

3. Chapter 3

[Chapter size: 1581 Words]

Third Person POV

Madame Gorete's Orphanage, Konoha, Year 32.

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Minato and his group reached the crowd with Madame Gorete, blending in as more people continued to gather.

"Madame Gorete!" They had just found a spot in the crowd to wait for further instructions, and a man dressed as a chunin approached and spoke to Madame.

"Hello, Irlon! How are you?" She said with a polite smile.

"I'm fine, Madame Gorete. Some genins told me that you lost one of your kids yesterday, but he came back on his own." He said as his eyes scanned the group of kids.

"Yes, one of those little rascals gave us quite a scare yesterday. It was that blond one over there, running off to train in some training field." She said with a wry smile, clearly dissatisfied with what had happened the day before.

"Hahaha. Don't be too mad at the kid; he's just excited about the prospect of entering the academy. Do you want to be a great ninja, kid?" He asked Minato.

"Of course, I do!" Minato replied with a warm smile, though not as exaggerated as the other children. He remained calm, just like the Minato from the original series, who always had an easy smile but was also calm and analytical.

"Then I'll be looking forward to great results from your tests, just like with the other children!" He encouraged Minato, who nodded in gratitude. He truly appreciated those words.

Minato began to think about how Madame Gorete had strong connections among the ninja. Not a jonin, but she knew some chunin and a handful of genin. He now realized that most of them had been raised by her, which was quite evident.

The children next to Minato started shouting at the ninja who was Madame's friend, saying they would do better and come in first.

Minato ignored the chaos from the other groups, as seeing a thousand children gathered in one place was unbearable. He began to imagine what the tests would be like, knowing that they would involve kunai throwing, but it would not be something to fail the kids on, as that could be developed in the middle of the academy. Minato wasn't worried about that, even though he had to improve his accuracy over the rest of the year.

There should be two more tests: one physical, which had to be done on a

circuit, and another, the last test, which Minato believed to be the main one.

"The one to test the children's chakra affinity, of course. Konoha will want to nurture children who have an easier time molding their chakra."

Minato thought while the crowd continued to grow.

He was lost in his own thoughts when he felt a certain commotion coming from his surroundings.

"Look, it's Princess Senju!" Someone yelled as if they had seen the Hokage himself.

Curious about this title, which he only remembered from his few years in the village, belonging to someone named Senju Tsunade, Minato quickly looked to that side, wondering why Tsunade would appear here.

The boy noticed how the crowd was parting to make way for a trio that entered, as they opened a path through the crowd. This demonstrated that the people had great respect for this little group.

Minato was amazed by this sight. There were three people in the group, but it was something he never expected to see here, especially the other two people beside the First Hokage's granddaughter.

"Tsunade-Sama brought her daughter to the academy! I hope my son can study with her!" A woman near Minato, presumably someone's mother, quickly shouted.

Yes, Minato was amazed that Tsunade had a daughter and that she was walking in front of her mother and father.

"Tsunade had a daughter with Dan? This is very unexpected, especially since I thought she would be around 18 years old now, but it seems she is a few years older than I thought, maybe around 25..." Minato reasoned, looking at Tsunade in her prime and accompanied by her husband.

"But seeing the girl walk in front of her parents like this, she seems as

arrogant as her mother was in those flashbacks from the anime..." Minato murmured, thinking that Tsuna, despite looking cheerful and smiling, walked with an air of arrogance among the crowd, her nose held high. He concluded that he should avoid getting on her bad side.

He didn't realize he was caught up in his own thoughts, and he didn't see the shadow blocking the morning sun in front of him. More precisely, three shadows were in front of him.

"Hey, kid! I heard you say some strange things. I have to ask you, who are you talking about, and are you saying it's as arrogant as her own mother?!" He heard someone with an annoying voice in front of him.

Minato quickly raised his head, snapping out of his thoughts, and realized that the trio that had attracted attention until a while ago was now standing in front of him.

Minato seemed to have gotten in their way without realizing it, as everyone else moved aside to let them pass. The family had stopped for the first time, and a boy had been standing in their way, and he had heard what Minato had said. The women in that group looked at him with fierce eyes.

"I..." Minato was taken aback by this, the young blonde girl, very similar to her mother, glared at him with deep annoyance.

"Tell me, I hope you're not referring to us!" She asked again, annoyed.

"Kid, you'd better not be talking about us!" Tsunade, the woman behind the girl, spoke with arrogance, crossing her arms as well. Mother and daughter looked so alike that even Minato was surprised.

The entire crowd had their eyes on them now. They had been watching the trio since their arrival, but now the little orphan who had apparently irritated the women in the group was also receiving everyone's attention, some with sympathy, and others thinking they were watching an

entertaining show.

"Can we keep going? I'm sure the kid wasn't talking about us..." Dan, the white-haired man, tried to calm the situation. He saw the boy in a difficult situation and knew it was better than making enemies of the women in his life, with all the experience he had dealing with that at home.

"Dan, you're too soft on kids. Let's just leave this stinky brat this time. I want to see that old man when he shows up." Tsunade said, still with her arms crossed, and she pushed Tsuna to keep walking. Minato quickly moved aside to get out of their way and this commotion.

"I hope we can meet again, kid!" Tsuna said before continuing her way, leaving Minato somewhat confused about the kind of trouble he had gotten into without even entering the academy yet.

"What kind of person is this girl... and what have I gotten into with just a few thoughts spoken aloud..." He still couldn't believe the situation he found himself in, but it was clear that the girl was vengeful, and Minato knew they would encounter each other many times in the years to come.

"Minato, you're so brave. I wonder why the Senju princesses looked so irritated with you," one of his orphanage peers teased him.

"Minato, show some more respect for people!" Madame Gorete quickly scolded him, showing her displeasure with the boy.

"I... I'm sorry, Madame. It wasn't my intention..." That was all Minato managed to say, a bit lost.

Minato was now thinking about how to get out of this situation, but another group seemed to arrive, pushing everyone aside as they made their way through, even more so than the previous group.

"Look, it's the Uchihas!" Someone shouted from the other side of the

gathered crowd.

Minato looked once again to the entrance of the academy and saw a group of people with stern, almost expressionless faces, leading some children in front of them.

"They look like some kind of mafia; they're all so proud..." Minato thought as he noticed they made a point of displaying their emblem on their clothes, the fan with flames.

Minato spotted a young girl among them, her hair unique.

With a ribbon tied above her head, similar to the young Sakura's, she had her hair tied in the back, with two strands falling in front of her, giving her a unique hairstyle.

"That girl is Mikoto Uchiha, the eldest daughter of the clan leader. It's a shame that the Uchihis are so closed off, so you'd better not get close to her or any of them to avoid trouble, understand?" A father seemed to be advising and warning his son next to Minato.

"The mother of Itachi and Sasuke? She's certainly very traditional, but even so, she's so different from what I imagined... It seems she will study with me, which is not strange, as Kushina and Mikoto were friends in the original work..." Minato reasoned.

He was alone, lost in thought, listening to the gossip from the adults, which turned out to be quite reliable here.

But that didn't last long, as a while later, whether it was the other children or the adult ninjas and civilians, everyone stopped talking because on a stage in front of the huge crowd of thousands of people, a middle-aged man entered with a red hat on his head. The Hokage himself had arrived.

4. Chapter 4

[Chapter Size: 1639 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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"...Today we will begin a new phase for the Leaf, what I see when I see all these children is our future, the future of Konoha, with the Will of Fire, I see the success of our village with these new leaves and sprouts!" Sarutobi Hiruzen, the Third Hokage, spoke easily for all present to hear him; he made a 20-minute speech, emphasizing the importance of Konoha and the Will of Fire.

Minato heard that, but his eyes were rolled. He knew it was just a way to introduce an ideology that everyone must sacrifice for the village and obey their superiors like killing machines without questioning orders. He didn't want that, and he didn't like how the village and the Hokage manipulated children with these words.

'I promise to change this when I become Hokage!' He said to himself. Looking around, he saw how the children had shining eyes, while the adults seemed to agree with all these words.

The Hokage looked at the crowd with satisfaction; the situation among the nations is becoming critical, and a new war may break out in the coming years. A new batch of ninjas must be nurtured before, hoping to pick good sprouts here. He saw the boys looking at him with eyes shining with adoration for the most part, except for a few. Many of the prominent clans didn't have that look; Tsunade and her daughter particularly just rolled their eyes. The Uchihis had expressionless and scowling looks, while the Naras just looked at him with boredom. But Hiruzen couldn't do anything about it.

There were many people gathered, while the Hokage surveyed the place with a sense of accomplishment. He didn't know that among the civilians,

there was a certain blond boy looking at him with eyes different from the others, and it would intrigue the Hokage if he had noticed, as it is expected from clans but not from a civilian.

Anyway, after the motivational and manipulative speech, he stepped down from the stage, leaving the academy chunins to take over the organization of the tests among the crowd, handing out forms for the guardians to fill out with the children's data before conducting the tests. Madame Gorete took a stack of them with her fellow ninjas and began filling them out for the children.

This took many hours, once all the papers were handed in and the final hour closed, dozens of ninjas took a group of children to lead them to the largest testing field, dividing them into their groups.

Minato was among the boys from the orphanage, being led by one of the examiners to the first test, which turned out to be kunai throwing.

When his turn came after a short wait, he picked up the iron kunai for the first time in his life. He felt the weight significantly different from the wooden ones he trained with yesterday and began throwing them at the designated targets after getting a little familiar with the weapon. He didn't achieve a great result with a score of 40% on the targets, but he didn't find his result as bad as he expected.

"Minato got more points than me!" One of the children, the one who claimed to be ahead of everyone, only scored 30% of the targets, feeling quite dejected.

"I think this test is not as important as you think; I believe you should focus on the upcoming tests," Minato advised him calmly.

"Yeah, I think you're right. Thank you, Minato," he said.

The next test was as Minato predicted, a circuit to assess the children's physical conditions. With the same group as the previous test, they

started running together. Most children thought it was a race to see who could finish first, so chaos ensued at the starting line. The children burned all their energy to stay ahead.

Meanwhile, Minato ran rhythmically to conserve his physical energy. He was naturally stronger than the others with his otherworldly body, so he ended up finishing first after passing the exhausted children on the way. Even though it wasn't his initial intention, as he thought the result wasn't very important.

"Kid, good physical fitness, I'm impressed!" The Chunin said, jotting down the results on his clipboard after seeing Minato arrive first, surprising the examinee who didn't seem very tired.

'Yesterday's training was much worse than a simple obstacle course where the children had to jump and crouch as they went through the test,' Minato thought.

He didn't start the circuit in the first place, but the children in front quickly tired, and he passed them while maintaining his own effortless pace.

The orphanage children wanted to talk to him after that, but he ignored them and continued to the next test.

'What can I say to them? They'll keep screaming that it's unfair for me to be better than them and stuff. I'm not in the mood to answer stupid questions,' he thought as he walked to the next test.

Now there was another Chunin in front of them, and they formed a large line in front of him. The test was designed for each to be tested with the release of chakra in their bodies and the affinities that the children possess, something that surprised Minato to hear since, in the original work, the ninja academy didn't seem to care about that. It was quite strange from his other life; elemental affinities should be something

important.

He wasn't the first in line, so he had to wait his turn as they walked to the Chunin who placed a chakra finger on the child's chest to release it, and then the child had to place their newly released energy on a special paper next to it.

All children so far had a single affinity, ranging from fire, water, earth. Rarely did someone have a lightning affinity, and none had wind, the rarest of elements.

After waiting for dozens of minutes in line, Minato was called for his turn. He walked up to the ninja, who did it calmly and let him put his finger on Minato's chest to pull his chakra.

"Hm!?" Minato felt the energy overflow his body in the next moment effortlessly.

'This is incredible, it's so warm and comforting. Is this my spiritual energy they call chakra?!' Minato said internally, feeling all that energy.

"Hm! Kid, that's astounding. I've never seen a child pull their chakra so effortlessly, and you have so much of it at such a young age!" The Chunin couldn't help but comment with a lot of surprise. Minato had an amount that could be compared to a newly graduated genin. He might not be the child with the most chakra, as there was a Senju among them, but he certainly shocked that ninja with this civilian orphan.

"Well, I'll fill in your data here. Try channeling the energy you just felt onto this small paper here. They're called Chakra Conducting Sheets," he instructed, and Minato nodded.

Taking the seemingly ordinary paper on the table, Minato internally focused on the energy he felt before and tried to put it on the paper between his fingers. In the next moment, the paper emitted a small blue light and went out, undergoing some changes in the next moment.

The paper split into three aspects. One of them made a cut on one side of the paper, another burned, and in the last part, small electric currents appeared.

"What?! 3 elements!" The man, who was already surprised by his chakra, was even more shocked by this. He never expected three elements from the boy, considering most had only one element, with the exception of some clans that had 2 elements among their members. Witnessing a common orphan boy with three different elements left him stunned, drawing everyone's attention around him.

"Is that true, Greg? Does the boy have an affinity for 3 elemental affinities?" Another Chunin approached after hearing this and asked the instructor leading that group of children at the moment.

"Yes, fire, lightning, and the rare wind are in this child. He also has chakra reserves much higher than the other children; I would say he has more chakra than all the children this year," he said.

"I doubt the chakra reserves will be greater than the daughter of Princess Senju, but still, 3 elements and a higher amount of chakra are enough to put him in class A. How were the other tests with this boy?" He asked, and the current examiner looked at the papers in front of him and said.

"Kunai throwing is well below a satisfactory result, but he certainly hasn't received training before, so it's not a surprise. But the physical test already shows great potential, as he came in first without any problem or exhaustion like the other children," he said.

Minato was getting a bit uncomfortable; they seemed to be talking about him like a rare species at an auction. It bothered him a lot, but there wasn't much he could do.

"Stamp your resume as a recommendation for the prodigy class. I'll talk to the organizers later," said the man, and he walked away, not forgetting

to congratulate Minato.

Minato thanked him, despite his annoyance.

He thought the chakra paper from the test was common; if it were more special, they could see his high affinity with the Yang element too, which is even rarer than the wind element.

"Speaking of this element, I've never tested my fruit, and I don't even know how to activate it yet. I should go back to the forest and start training when things are finished here," Minato reasoned.

5. Chapter 5

[Chapter Size: 1256 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

...

"Three chunin have come to talk to me in the last 10 minutes. Tell me, what did you do, boy?!" Madame Gorete spoke sternly when she saw Minato arrive with the other children in that group.

"I...to be honest, I didn't do anything..." Minato said, scratching his head, but he was a bit calm. It was true; he just took the tests.

"Many examiners were questioning me, especially about your origins and personality..." She said, crossing her arms.

Minato was about to respond, but he was interrupted by his classmates.

"Aunt Gorete, they said Minato has 3 elements. Is that so amazing?!" One of the girls, who was with Minato and his group during the tests and also part of the orphanage, asked curiously, as in the commotion between the two examiners, they had mentioned it out loud.

"3 elements?! I'm not deeply knowledgeable about ninja ways, but 3 elements are quite rare, so it's understandable that they want to know about you..." She said, a little stunned, but she quickly composed herself.

"Is that really so good?" One of the boys grumbled with a bit of envy in his voice.

She looked at the children and sighed, then began to explain.

"Yes, with this, they can measure Minato's potential. Look at our Hokage; he has an affinity for earth and fire, although I heard he can use all the other elements as well." She said, crossing her arms and with a certain approval in her gaze. She wanted to see all the children with a guaranteed future, and Minato seems to be doing well in that regard.

"WHAAT?!" the children exclaimed.

"Now enough talking; let's go back. It's past lunchtime, and the results will only come out at the end of the day. I'll come by myself and give you the news before dinner. You are free to return to the orphanage and have your proper meals after that." She said.

"Really? I thought we had to stay..." Minato asked curiously.

"No, this time will be used for them to classify the results and divide them among this year's classes." She explained, and Minato understood.

All the boys returned after that.

Meanwhile, in the administration.

A group of chunin and a special jonin were approving who would go for the 30 spots in the prodigy class, the group of children they would invest the most in this year and the following years.

They had to review who would be classified before passing it on to the Hokage, the village leader may not be able to take care of 1000 children, but 30 prodigies would be meticulously passed by his eyes in this report, so they would review all the results and pay the most satisfactory among the top qualifiers.

They classified the grades as follows:

Bad - Considerably Worse - Average - Considerably Better - Superior/

Perfect.

"Name, result, and classification."

"Mikoto Uchiha. Kunai test: superior, physical classification: superior, chakra affinity and chakra reserve: considerably better, fire affinity.

Classification: prodigy class."

"Okay, approved. This passes without surprise, being an Uchiha. It's the third one we've approved in this class."

"Yes..."

"Next! Name, result, and classification."

"Shikaku Nara. Kunai test: average, physical classification: average, chakra affinity and chakra reserve: considerably... average, affinity for fire and earth. OBS: Very lazy but extremely intelligent. Classification: prodigy class."

"What could we expect from a Nara? Update your data with the Yin (Darkness) element as well, a specialty of your clan. He is approved."

"Yes."

"Next."

"Tsunas Senju. Kunai test: considerably better, physical classification: superior, chakra affinity and chakra reserve: superior, affinity for water and earth. Classification: prodigy class."

"Approved, there's nothing to say about the great-granddaughter of the first Hokage."

"Yes."

"Next."

"Minato Namikaze. Kunai test: considerably worse, physical classification: superior, chakra affinity and chakra reserve: superior, affinity for fire, lightning, and wind. Classification: prodigy class."

"..."

"..."

"Say the name again."

"Minato Namikaze."

"Is there any clan with the name Namikaze in the village?"

"No, sir."

"Who is the boy then?"

"Sir, I classified him; he is an orphan from one of the orphanages in the lower regions of Konoha."

"An orphan? That's very unexpected. Any other information?"

"We asked the caretaker about the boy and his history. He came to Konoha two years ago as an orphan at the age of 4. It seems his family was destroyed in the first war; some members survived, and it appears this boy is the last of them."

"I see. Conduct a search on the Namikaze surname and record everything you find for the Hokage to know about the boy. He will want all the information on why the boy has such potential."

"Yes, sir."

"It looks like this year will be a good batch, huh?"

"Yes, if we can get someone like the third Hokage's disciples or our current rising prodigy, Sakumo Hatake, our village will be blessed."

"True, now, next!"

...

While they were classifying the prodigy class, Minato was running through the village at this moment. He was heading back to the same training ground he was at yesterday; he just ate and escaped from the orphanage and the kids with many questions since it was quite obvious that he was classified as one of the top results among the new batch this year.

Minato didn't want to waste time on this and went to train immediately; he had a lot to learn still. Arriving at the location, Minato sighed and made sure he was alone without anyone else passing by or training nearby.

"Let's first try to release my Logia energy..." He thought, raising his hand and attempting to make it turn into light, then squinting his eyes and focusing on it.

10 minutes later.

"..."

"No result... I can't even feel the energy, and I can't touch myself to prove if I'm really a Devil Fruit user. But I know my body is much more powerful than my peers; maybe I only lose to that Senju girl..."

Minato knew that no one started strong in the world of One Piece, but the potential was always immense for everyone in that world, only that 99% of the population didn't know how to harness it. Even so, compared to the ninjas, especially children who couldn't use chakra to strengthen their bodies, Minato had a significant natural advantage.

"Nothing with my Logia; maybe I should train something else..." He thought frustrated. So, as Minato had a brilliant idea to start his Observation Haki yesterday, he brought a blindfold, tying it around his eyes. He planned to run to try to activate his Observation Haki while dodging trees in the forest.

"Let's get started!" He said and began to run.

"HM!?"

Thud

"OUCH! That hurt!" Minato grumbled; he took five steps and hit a tree.

"I can't even have my light body to avoid damage. I'm completely screwed here..." He grumbled.

"But it doesn't matter; let's do it here. I have many years to develop still, and I want to start with Observation Haki, so this pain is necessary. I'll continue until I learn!" The boy muttered to himself in the middle of the forest while trying to ease the pain in his forehead after hitting that tree. Minato stood up, and even with his eyes blindfolded, he still showed determination and began to run again.

Thud

"Damn! That hurts too much!"

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6. Chapter 6

[Chapter Size: 1163 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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The afternoon was nearing its end when a large crowd of parents invaded the academy once again. There were at least 10 boards with the approval of 30% of the children who took the test to enter the shinobi life.

Among these 10 boards, there was one specific board that was the main focus, but it was largely ignored by civilians since it was for the top 30 children. This board was visited only by clan members and some ninjas who wanted to find out how their children performed.

"Mom! Look, I'm in the main class!" A blonde girl shouted to her mother with crossed arms.

"I see, congratulations, Tsuna."

Mother and daughter looked at the board of those approved in the academy along with a crowd as soon as the results were released.

Tsunade's daughter was quite anxious and wanted to see the results quickly.

In the main board, where there was the class of prodigies, many names of children from clans appeared. The mother-daughter duo easily recognized most of them, thanks to their last names. It was no surprise that all kinds of clans appeared in this class, especially some listed as heirs.

"Tsunade, you're here too!" Tsunade heard a familiar voice and turned to its source.

"Jiraiya? What are you doing here?" Tsunade looked at her teammate with narrowed eyes, wondering why a character like Jiraiya would appear on the academy's result board, although she already had an idea of why.

"I'm checking a name." He said, waving and greeting both Tsunade and little Tsuna.

"Are you still looking for the perfect student? As you always say?" She asked.

"That's right, I heard about someone mysterious in the prodigy class this year..." He said excitedly.

"Someone mysterious? Who could that be?" She asked curiously.

"Let me see here... M... Here! Minato Namizake! Found the kid." Said a young Jiraiya with the hope of fulfilling a certain prophecy. He always looked at the new buds of the village after receiving the prophecy from the old toad, so he had some contacts within the academy to know when someone extraordinary would appear.

"Minato Namizake, never heard of..." This time, it was little Tsuna who said.

"It's no surprise, little Tsuna. This boy came out of nowhere. He's from an orphanage, but his chakra is incredibly dense, and he has 3 elemental affinities!" Jiraiya said with some excitement, maybe he finally found the

disciple of his prophecy.

"That is truly remarkable..." Admitted Tsunade.

"Well, anyway, it was great to see you again, Tsunade. See you later, I'll just keep an eye on the boy in the coming years and pick him up for myself when he graduates." Jiraiya started to leave after that.

"No matter who that boy is, I will be in first place!" Said a determined Tsuna.

"I'm sure you will, Tsuna." Said Tsunade. What these mother-daughter did not know is that they had already met as a boy on this same day and exchanged some words, but they had no idea that the name of that little rascal is the same as the one who performed excellently, even catching Jiraiya's interest.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the village, a limping boy walked toward the center of the village from the training area to return to the orphanage.

"Hey, look at that boy!"

"For the deceased Hokages, did someone attack this child?"

"Who does something like this? Where are the Uchiha police?!"

In front of them, Minato walked through the village looking very disheveled and injured.

"Damn, this got way out of hand! I must have dislocated some bones and lost a baby tooth..." Minato was frustrated. His first training with Observation Haki was a disaster; he couldn't do anything but bump his head into every obstacle or stumble over low objects.

His clothes were in tatters, his face battered, especially the forehead with some dried blood, his arm seemed to hang on his shoulder, the boy literally looked like he had gone through a violent beating.

Minato wouldn't be late for curfew like yesterday, but Madame Gorete

would certainly scold him for his current state.

The boy limped, ignoring all the stares he was getting, and continued walking to the orphanage without caring if someone asked what happened to him.

"Tell me, who did this to you?!" Madame shouted at him as soon as he arrived and saw his current condition.

"I'm fine, it was just training," he said.

"Training? You call this training, or you don't want to tell me who beat you up?" She said sternly.

"It was training. I tried running through the forest blindfolded; this was the result," he said simply.

"Why did you train like that... Anyway, sometimes I don't understand you, kid! Anyway, I must congratulate you. I went to the academy again and saw that you entered the main class this year. Keep working hard, kid. Now clean up, and let's put some ointment on those wounds." She said with a tone between pride and severity.

"That's great! Hahaha, thank you!" Minato smiled with some missing teeth and entered the orphanage.

"Anyway, make a bright future," she said.

"You got it!" Minato said and went to his room to get clothes for a shower and change out of the worn-out clothes.

The children questioned him all night, but Minato simply replied that he didn't know most of the things they asked about his performance on today's test.

And he really didn't know; the only things that had an influence were the supposed Devil Fruit and his body, but chakra and affinity were natural from the original.

The next day, he woke up excited. Finally, he would go to the academy

with three other children who passed the test; some didn't make it, remaining stuck in civilian life. But it wasn't like their lives ceased to exist there; they would have some classes in the coming years without becoming a shinobi.

After breakfast, Minato left with them and their papers to be presented to the academy.

When they arrived, they separated as instructed to their respective classes. Minato went to Class A, the main class of that year.

"Who are you?" A Chunin was in front of the door, taking the papers and preventing any child from entering the wrong room.

"Minato Namikaze, here, these papers indicate this room." The blonde handed the paper to the adult.

"Let me see... Hmm... You're correct. Well, you can enter. Welcome to Class A. Go in and find a seat; I'll introduce myself as your teacher once everyone is inside." He said, and Minato nodded.

He then entered for the first time. The place was almost full, but he could already see many people he knew from the future of the work here.

7. Chapter 7

[Chapter Size: 1527 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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Minato entered the classroom calmly.

The place was almost entirely filled, as the children seemed quite excited about their first day at the ninja academy.

The room resembled the one from the anime with not much difference:

three rows with four tables arranged diagonally, with the back row

higher and descending to the teacher's floor. Each row accommodated 12

students, with 3 students at each table, making a total of 36 spaces for the children to sit.

Initially, Minato didn't know anyone, as everyone was a child for him to try to recognize someone, while the other part seemed to be getting along quite easily. They already knew each other, as all the clans had bonds with each other. Many children knew each other before entering the academy, thanks to meetings and parties organized by their parents. Some seemed lazy but chatted, others were arrogant, nodding as they listened to their classmates.

Some looked at Minato with curiosity, trying to figure out if they knew him, but seeing that Minato didn't wear sophisticated clothes like the others, it was obvious that he didn't belong to Konoha's clans, earning him disdainful glances from many.

But the boy didn't care about that; he didn't care about being approved by others as their future child. So, he calmly walked to one of the emptier tables at the back and intended to sit there.

He didn't even notice a little girl looking at him like a hawk at this time from the first rows.

She quickly got up and followed Minato from behind.

"Tsuna? Why is she going after that stranger?" Someone asked.

"Do you know who he is? I don't know him."

"That's no surprise; look at his clothes, he's a civilian and a poor one at that..." Someone said disdainfully.

"So why is Princess Senju following him..."

"Who knows, maybe he'll get a beating; I heard her mom used to beat all the boys back in school..."

"Hahaha. I feel sorry for the newbie then."

Minato sat calmly before feeling a shadow over him, quickly realizing it

was Tsunade's daughter, looking at him with crossed arms and a small smile without taking her eyes off him.

"Hm? You? Can I help you?" Minato said a bit cautiously, seeing that the other part was right behind him without him noticing.

"Yes, you're the boy from yesterday! I said we'd see each other again!"

She seemed excited, but Minato had a cautious and nervous look about it.

'I don't want to get involved with a character like her, definitely not!'

Minato protested internally.

"About yesterday, it was a misunderstanding..." He said with an apologetic tone.

"I see, but I'll sit here; maybe we can be friends!" She said excitedly, but for Minato, she somehow wanted to beat him up for yesterday, and he knew this little girl was a kind of vengeful girl.

'Okay, let's act normally; she'll leave at some point.' Minato adjusted his seat, looking ahead, making Tsuna look at him with a twisted look.

"You should at least introduce yourself!" She protested because the boy is ignoring her at the moment, and many are watching the interaction between the two.

"Ah yes, my n..." He was going to say out of politeness, but he was interrupted by the teacher's voice.

"Children, everyone has finally arrived; it's time to start our introductions and begin the lesson right away." The teacher announced as the last students passed by him.

A Uchiha girl, being one of the last students, went to the last vacant spot, where Minato and Tsuna were sitting at the moment. Tsuna had to sit urgently next to Minato since her old place in the front rows was filled by another child, while Mikoto sat stoically on the other side.

'Wow, a Senju and an Uchiha on each of my sides? This is surprisingly

bizarre...' Minato couldn't help but think about this situation in a rather strange way.

"Now that everyone is in their seats, let's begin with our introduction."

"My name is Maki Fuuma; I enjoy reading in my free time and spending time with my family. I dislike people who don't endure with their full potential. I am a Chuunin specialized in ninjutsu, and my big goal is to make you shine in the coming years. I will be your teacher this year, and if all goes well, in the following years as well. All of you here today were chosen to be in the best class this year, and Konoha expects good results from you, as do I. I will try to guide you in the best way possible." He concluded and continued speaking when he saw everyone paying attention to him.

"Now, onto your introductions. I want your name, likes and dislikes, finishing with your dreams or goals right after." He said, and the first children at the front began to introduce themselves.

Minato didn't know any of them, so the introductions reached the middle of the class, making Minato raise his eyebrow at the first one to introduce themselves there.

"Shikaku Nara; I like to rest and sleep and don't like being awake or having too much work. I don't have much ambition; I want to have a wife with one or two children and live an average life." He said, yawning.

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

' Shikamaru's father is quite a character in his youth; at least he will be

quite competent in the future...' Minato couldn't help but think.

"Well... that's kind of surprising, I guess... next!" The teacher replied, a bit taken aback by the sleepy child's honesty.

Next to him, a blond boy introduced himself.

"Inoichi Yamanaka; I like to learn, and I don't like doing nothing. My goal is to master my clan's techniques and make its name great in the future!"

"Very good, next!"

"Chōza Akimichi; I like to eat barbecue and don't like going hungry. My goal is to open a great barbecue place so I won't go hungry!" He announced.

'The Ino-Shika-Cho trio from the future is in this room... that's surprising.' Minato thought.

"Another odd one... Next!"

"My name is Ibiki Morino; I like instant food, and I don't like being bored. My goal is to become a competent Jonin!" The boy spoke, and Minato looked at him, also surprised.

'This is Ibiki; how does he have so much hair! And to think he will become a torturer in the future.' Minato thought.

"Next."

"Hiashi Hyuuga; I like to follow rules and control situations. I dislike rebellious and weak people. My goal is to lead my clan one day!" He spoke proudly.

"Next."

"Hizashi Hyūga; I like and dislike the same things as my brother. My goal is to serve my clan in the best way possible." He said, and Minato was surprised to find these brothers here.

"I'm Gurin Uchiha; I like to become strong and dislike weak people. My goal is to make the Uchiha name proud," he said with a huffing tone.

"Yes, next."

"I'm Akame Uchiha; I like my fire-style jutsus and dislike being weak. My goal is to bring pride to my family!" He had a neutral expression like the last.

"Fire-style jutsus? That's surprising for a child, next."

'These Uchihases are really proud...' Minato couldn't help but murmur as he looked at the presentation of the two Uchihases in the class; this was the clan with the most members here, with a total of 4 members.

The children continued with the presentations and finally reached Minato's table, starting with Tsuna next to Minato.

"My name is Tsuna Senju! I like the time I spend with my family and dislike lazy people. My goal is to be a powerful Kunoichi like my mother and even surpass her in the future!" She said proudly.

"Very well, Princess Senju, next."

"My name is Mikoto Uchiha; I like being strong and dislike people taking care of my life. My goal is to become a powerful Kunoichi so that I have control over my own life."

"Great, a worthy goal. Next."

"My name is Minato Namikaze; I like to train and become strong, dislike wasting time, and arrogant people. My goal is to be the strongest ninja in the village and become Hokage!" He announced.

"Hahahahahaha!" Some laughed at the civilian's goal, as no one believed in Minato.

The two girls looked at him with mixed feelings. Mikoto glanced at Minato, who didn't seem bothered by the mocking attention and appeared firm in his goals, while Tsuna didn't care about his dreams, but his name came to mind in yesterday's conversation with Uncle Jiraiya.

"Are you Minato Kamikaze?!" Tsuna shouted beside him when she

realized.

"Yes...?" Minato seemed cautious.

"Children and Tsuna, don't disrupt the class!" The teacher immediately warned.

"Yes, yes!" The children stopped laughing, and Tsuna said a little embarrassed and fell silent while looking at Minato strangely.

"Anyway, I expect great things from all of you; now let's continue with the lesson."

8. Chapter 8

[Chapter Size: 1500 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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As the class proceeded, Minato tried to concentrate on the lessons, ignoring the glances and whispers of his classmates around him. He knew it would be difficult to be accepted as a civilian among so many aspiring ninjas from renowned clans, but he was determined to ignore this initial reaction and prove his own worth over time, as he is the protagonist of this story.

"Let's start our lesson with the history of Konoha and the will of fire passed on by the first Hokage!" Professor Fuuma began.

Minato had to look up, while most of the children seemed excited about this, he knew this was the beginning of the brainwashing they did to children, yet Minato put on a neutral face and began to listen to the professor start to tell the Hokage-chosen version of Konoha's creation.

"This isn't right..." Minato heard a voice beside him and found Mikoto Uchiha murmuring as she listened to the professor.

"Well, at least they didn't remove the Uchiha clan from the founding

clans..." Minato commented, and Mikoto looked at him in surprise.

"Do you know the real history of the founding of Konoha?" She raised an eyebrow at Minato.

"It's not like I was really there, but I know a lot of the history, for example, Uchiha Madara was the one who named Konoha in a room with Mito Uzumaki, Hashirama Senju, and Tobirama Senju." Minato whispered to her.

"Really?" She asked in surprise and looked at Minato with some astonishment still.

"Yes, the creation of Konoha was mainly a union between the Senju and Uchiha clans, not like the professor is saying over there, he's including other clans like Sarutobi just to invent some privilege with the Hokage. And this stuff about the third Hokage being the strongest is nonsense, even Tobirama can beat him easily." Minato whispered.

Mikoto began to laugh softly at this.

"Hey, can you stop gossiping during class? Pay attention!" Next to Minato, Tsuna seemed dissatisfied hearing the whispers of Minato and the other Uchiha girl.

"TSUNA, don't disrupt the class!" The teacher shouted with Tsuna's little outburst.

"Sorry..." She had to admit and turned her face to Minato.

"See what you did?!" She said dissatisfied.

"I didn't cause you to yell beside me, you have to be discreet. You'll be a ninja, remember that..." Minato spoke, scratching his head.

But Tsuna had veins on her forehead, thinking she would hit this blue-eyed boy at the first opportunity.

"Now that we've talked about the will of fire, let's move on to our first practical lesson, I want to know how many of you have not released

chakra before coming to take the test." The teacher asked, and only Minato raised his hand, since he was the only one who hadn't trained his chakra for not being in any clan.

This earned some laughs and mockery from his classmates, but Minato didn't care, he wouldn't lie about it.

As the laughter and mockery continued, Professor Fuuma looked directly at Minato, his eyes sharp, but not devoid of a certain understanding.

"Well, you shouldn't laugh at your classmate, although he is a civilian, he has more chakra for his age than most of you, only losing to Tsuna Senju in this class." This immediately silenced all his classmates. The teacher turned his attention to Minato. "Minato, it's important to be honest about your abilities. That's the first step to overcoming them." He said with a tone of approval, and Minato nodded.

The teacher then turned to the rest of the class again, changing the subject. "Today, we'll do chakra concentration exercises. I'll form pairs, and each of you will try to keep a leaf on your forehead using only chakra. This will not only help with chakra control but also concentration and focus."

A buzz of excitement passed through the room as the children prepared for the challenge. The teacher began calling names, forming pairs. Minato was paired with Tsuna, the girl who had been annoyed with him earlier. She looked at him with a frustrated expression, but there was a spark of determination in her eyes.

"Don't think I'll go easy just because you're a civilian," she whispered to him.

Minato just smiled, his calm and confident expression contrasting with Tsuna's fierce determination. "I wouldn't expect any less from a ninja in training," he said, acknowledging her strength and seriousness.

Sitting opposite each other, the air was charged with focused tension. A thin leaf rested on each of their foreheads, fluttering gently with every movement. Professor Fuuma, with a serene and authoritative voice, instructed: "Focus on your chakra. Imagine it as a stream of energy flowing from the center of your being to your forehead, holding the leaf in place."

Minato closed his eyes, trying to follow the instructions. Internally, he sought the calm and focus needed, but the chakra within him seemed like a wild animal, restless and untamable. The leaf, like a boat on a stormy sea, repeatedly fell from his forehead. He could feel the frustration bubbling within him, but refused to let it show.

On the other side, Tsuna, with her eyes firmly closed, displayed intense concentration. She seemed naturally more skilled, yet still, the leaf on her forehead danced dangerously. Noting Minato's struggle, she murmured, surprisingly offering guidance: "You need to relax more, Minato. Don't force the chakra, guide it as if you were conducting a gentle melody."

Grateful for the unexpected advice, Minato nodded slightly. He took a deep breath, trying to dissipate the tension in his muscles and mind.

Visualizing his chakra as a calm river, he tried again. This time, when he opened his eyes, the leaf trembled but remained in place, sustained by a more stable and controlled flow of chakra.

Around, the room was divided between those who laughed with each fallen leaf and those who, like Mikoto, held the leaf firmly in place, demonstrating the skill of future ninjas. She cast an approving glance at Minato, acknowledging his progress.

"Great work," Professor Fuuma praised, walking among the pairs. "Chakra control is fundamental for a ninja. Today is just the beginning. With practice and patience, you will become masters of it, and it will reflect in

your skills."

Tsuna, with an eyebrow raised, asked Minato: "You're good, haven't you done this exercise before?"

Minato shook his head, a humble smile on his lips. "No, I've never released my chakra before coming here to take the tests. It's the first time I'm trying, but it's still very difficult..." He admitted, his voice carrying a mix of frustration and determination.

They continued, each attempt bringing them closer to mastery, one step at a time on their journey to become capable and controlled ninjas.

As he focused intensely on his chakra exercise, Minato noticed a shadow approaching. Looking up, he saw Mikoto Uchiha walking toward him, her expression serious but her eyes curious. She had a natural elegance and a presence that didn't go unnoticed, even among the other talented children. What set her apart was the depth in her gaze — she observed the world around her with an intensity that suggested an understanding beyond her age.

"You are brave, Minato Namikaze. Most here don't believe in you, but I like people who have bold ambitions," Mikoto said, her voice calm and somewhat respectful, breaking the barrier of silence that had formed around them. Her recognition was not just words; there was a genuine weight behind them, as if she truly saw potential in the civilian boy before her.

Tsuna, in turn, did not take well to Mikoto's approach. "What do you want, Uchiha?" she asked, crossing her arms defensively. Her posture displayed a mix of irritation and challenge, a clear demonstration of her Senju pride.

"I'm talking to the boy, Senju," Mikoto responded without hesitation, facing Tsuna's challenging gaze with an unflappable calm.

"He's my partner. Go take care of your own," Tsuna retorted, the rivalry between the Senju and Uchiha clans transpiring even in this childish interaction.

"He's my first friend, so it's okay to talk to him!" Mikoto replied, sitting down next to Minato with a naturalness that indicated she was not easily intimidated.

Minato, sitting between the two, felt as if he were in the eye of a small hurricane. He knew the stories and rivalries between the Uchihis and the Senjus, legends and realities that intertwined in the foundation of Konoha. But seeing these tensions manifest in his classmates was a completely new experience. It was intriguing, confusing, and a bit intimidating.

The civilian boy looked from Tsuna to Mikoto, trying to understand the complicated dynamics unfolding before him. He knew that each of them, in their own way, was strong, determined, and carried the weight of their respective clans on their shoulders. And now, here they were, interacting with him, a boy without a clan, without the same legacy, but with dreams as big as theirs.

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9. Chapter 9

[Chapter Size: 1832 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

...

The discussion between Tsuna and Mikoto had quickly escalated, both with inflamed pride and looks that cast sparks at each other. Minato, sitting between them, felt like a boat adrift between two colliding storms.

Their voices rose, each word sharp as a kunai, until the attention of the entire room was turned to the trio.

It was the voice of Professor Fuuma, strong and unmistakable, that broke

the tension. "Girls, can you stop this! Respect the class!" He shouted, the veins in his forehead pulsing with the frustration of an educator trying to maintain order. Tsuna and Mikoto immediately fell silent, but still glared at each other, the challenge clear in their eyes.

Minato, feeling the weight of the silence that followed, tried to intervene.

"Can you both calm down a bit, you're still drawing attention!" he whispered, trying to appease the situation. However, his attempt was met with a simultaneous and severe "Shut up" from both girls, leaving him stunned and a little more cautious about intervening in future disputes.

As the teacher resumed the class, discussing details about chakra control techniques, Minato sank into his own thoughts. 'My chakra control is still horrible, and I'm at a disadvantage compared to the other students who have been training even before the academy,' he reflected, recalling the teacher's words about his surprising amount of chakra. 'But I'm surprised I have more chakra than everyone here, except Tsuna... that's an advantage, but I hope not to have the same control difficulties as my future son.'

His mind, always working and planning, began to trace a path to follow.

'I have to train chakra control, observation haki, and my pika pika no mi... it's so much for me when I'm only 6 years old...' The magnitude of his goals and the skills he needed to master seemed overwhelming, but Minato's determination did not waver, and he would master these techniques in due time.

He thought further ahead, beyond the academy and to the larger events he knew were to come. 'It's good to be prepared before the second ninja war breaks out. I might even save the Uzumaki, which should happen before the third ninja war... they will be valuable allies...' He pondered the future, knowing that many of his plans would take years to

materialize. But time was a resource he was willing to invest in intense training.

"Anyway, I still have plenty of time to prepare, so I'll focus on the now and leave the future for later..." Minato murmured to himself, trying to reorient himself after the torrent of thoughts and concerns about the future.

"What are you mumbling there, Minato?" Tsuna asked, leaning closer with a curious expression. Beside him, Mikoto also looked at him, her sharp eyes indicating a similar interest. Minato sighed internally, 'Damn... forgot I'm between these two. My years in the academy can't be as quiet as I imagined before Kushina's arrival with these two by my side...' he lamented silently.

"It's nothing, Tsuna, I'm just thinking out loud..." He tried to deflect, hoping the conversation wouldn't deviate into another clash between the two.

"I see... just pay attention in class. We've been drawing a lot of attention from the teacher lately. I don't want to draw any more attention from him..." Tsuna grumbled, clearly worried about the image they were projecting to the teacher and the rest of the class.

Mikoto, however, didn't miss the opportunity to snipe. "Tsk. The teacher calls you out because you're scandalous! The secret is not to get caught..." she said, her tone laden with typical Uchiha arrogance.

"What did you say, Uchiha?!" Tsuna retorted, her voice increasing in volume and irritation.

Minato rolled his eyes, foreseeing the start of another heated argument.

"I'm saying you're too scandalous for a ninja," Mikoto replied, keeping her voice expressionless, but her words were like fuel to the fire.

"I'll show you that with my fists!" Tsuna growled, clearly provoked

beyond her limit.

"Come at me, Senju. I'll show you the power of the Sharingan!" Mikoto challenged, even though her own Sharingan wasn't activated yet.

"You haven't even unlocked your Sharingan yet, girl!" Tsuna retorted, mocking Mikoto's threat.

BANG!

The entire room trembled with the sound of a book slamming on Professor Fuuma's desk. The noise echoed like thunder, immediately capturing everyone's attention. Minato, Tsuna, and Mikoto, together in the last row, turned abruptly to face the source of the sound. The professor was staring at them with eyes sparkling with frustration.

"You two, stop arguing again! You are disturbing the class. I swear next time I will put you both in detention!" Fuuma spoke, his tone serious and impatient cutting through the air like a blade. The threat was clear, and for a moment, a heavy silence fell over the room.

The other students, witnesses to this confrontation, looked toward the corner of the room with a variety of expressions. Some glances were tinged with envy, not just for the attention Minato received from Tsuna and Mikoto but also for the beauty and promise the two kunoichis exhibited. Other students whispered among themselves, questioning how Minato, a mere civilian, managed to stand firm and even mediate between two such dominant forces from such renowned clans.

"Why are they always together now?" a boy whispered, unable to divert his gaze from the intriguing trio.

"He must be trying to use their connection to climb up the ranks," another boy speculated, his voice laden with poorly disguised jealousy.

For Minato, Tsuna, and Mikoto, however, these murmurs were little more than distant background noise. They were far more concerned with the

immediate consequences of their actions.

"Can you stop arguing all the time? It's the first day of class!" Minato finally said, his voice firm and somewhat exasperated. He knew he needed to intervene before things escalated further.

"Hm." Tsuna turned her face away, clearly annoyed, but recognizing the seriousness of the situation.

"Tsk." Mikoto, equally frustrated, looked the other way, the tension still evident in her expression.

Minato could only sigh, feeling the weight of the day on his shoulders.

He wished the class would end soon so he could escape from that battlefield.

As the class proceeded, a tense silence prevailed in the last row where Minato, Tsuna, and Mikoto were seated. The two girls, having been reprimanded by Professor Fuuma, kept quiet, but the atmosphere around them was still charged. However, Minato felt the weight of the looks directed at him, an uncomfortable sensation he couldn't ignore.

'Great, I'm drawing attention thanks to these girls...' Minato grumbled to himself, feeling a mix of irritation and concern. He noticed different types of looks coming from his classmates. Some, like Shikaku Nara, looked at him with an expression that mixed pity and a desire for distance, as if proximity to the troublesome trio was a kind of contagion they wanted to avoid.

Members of the Uchiha clan, on the other hand, cast looks laden with resentment and anger. Minato couldn't say for sure if their anger came from seeing him close to the chief's daughter or if it was because he, a civilian, had somehow surpassed or offended their pride. Either way, he knew these looks were not good.

The class dragged on, with Professor Fuuma continuing to lecture on the

fundamentals of the village and chakra. Minato tried to focus on the class, but the sensation of stares upon him was a constant distraction. Tsuna was eyeing him, her gaze firm and resolved. He knew what that meant. She wanted to "talk to him" after the incident on the test day. As soon as the bell rang, signaling the end of the class, Minato, already anticipating Tsuna's imminent approach, acted quickly. With agility that surprised even some of the more experienced ninjas, he grabbed his things and leaped off the counter in a single fluid motion. "Wait, Minato!" Tsuna called, but he had no intention of stopping. His only focus was to get away from the "blonde maniac" and the uncomfortable situation he knew was approaching.

With agile movements, he weaved through the other students, passing by them as if he were running on a well-practiced track. Upon reaching the corridor, he found himself surrounded by students from all classes, a sea of faces. But that didn't stop him; he used it to his advantage, quickly blending into the crowd and disappearing from sight. "Damn! He vanished!" Tsuna murmured frustratedly, sweeping the corridor with her gaze, but Minato was already far away, indistinguishable among the other students.

Beside her, Mikoto appeared, a mocking smile on her lips. "Seems like even men run away from you..." she teased, enjoying the growing irritation of Tsuna. "Who's running from me! What do you think you're saying?" Tsuna retorted, veins popping on her forehead, her patience clearly running thin. "I'm saying you'll never find a man that way since they're already running from you!" Mikoto continued, her taunting sharp and direct.

"You talk as if you're better than me, blood-eye. No one wants a woman like you!" Tsuna returned, her words laden with anger and challenge. The

exchange between them was like a verbal battle, each word a strike aimed to wound.

Meanwhile, far from the tension and irritated glances, Minato ran through the streets of Konoha, his breathing rhythmic and focused. He knew he had narrowly escaped and that the break would be brief. "It's time to train again!" he said to himself, his voice full of determination. He skipped going to lunch at the orphanage to train, not wanting to waste any time.

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10. Chapter 10

[Chapter Size: 1500 Words.]

Third Person POV

Training Camp, Konoha, Year 32.

...

Minato finally arrived at the location he had chosen for his training in recent days, an isolated and quiet area, perfect for concentration and the development of his skills without anyone interfering, at least he didn't even notice an Anbu in the area. With a wooden kunai in hand, he headed to the nearby river. This kunai, despite not being made of metal, was an instrument he had been practicing throws and maneuvers with, and its tip was still sharp enough to be effective in fishing.

Arriving at the river, Minato assumed a focused and balanced posture. He patiently observed the water, looking for signs of movement. After several frustrated attempts, adjusting his technique with each mistake, he finally managed to catch a fish manually. It was a moment of modest triumph, but significant, demonstrating his growing skill and patience with the blade.

With the fish in hand, Minato quickly prepared a small fire on the bank. He cleaned and roasted the fish with his experience from a past life, creating a simple but nutritious lunch. While eating, his thoughts were

focused on the training ahead. 'I have the rest of the afternoon to train. I'll try to develop my Haki and my ability with the fruit,' he thought, referring to his ambitious goal of mastering skills that would make him formidable for the future.

Finishing his lunch, Minato prepared for the next phase of his training. He placed a leaf on his forehead, a traditional chakra control training method that required him to keep the leaf attached to his forehead using only his chakra. To increase the difficulty and effectiveness of the training, he blindfolded himself. This would not only force him to rely on his other senses but was also preparation for his Observation Haki training.

With his eyes blindfolded, Minato began to move through the forest, trying to dodge trees and natural obstacles as on the previous day. He knew this would be a challenging task, requiring full focus and deep attunement with his environment. At the same time, he tried to manifest his body of light, an ability of his fruit that, if mastered, would allow him to avoid damage and move at incredible speeds. It was a challenging and exhausting 3-in-1 training, but Minato was determined.

With every step Minato took, every collision with the trees and natural obstacles of the forest, he absorbed a lesson. The sounds of the forest became a sonic map, each bird singing, each branch cracking under his feet, provided information about his surroundings. The smell of damp earth, the aroma of leaves and wood, all filled his senses, keeping him grounded in the present moment. The wind caressed his skin, a gentle caress that brought with it the direction and speed of potential obstacles. He used these natural clues to orient himself in his blind run.

"OUCH!" He couldn't help but groan as he hit his forehead on a tree, but he quickly got up and continued his training.

Once again he hit another tree, his leaf was placed back on his forehead, even without hitting, he could still feel the leaf struggling to remain on the skin. Each time the leaf threatened to fall, he adjusted his focus, channeling a precise amount of chakra to keep it attached. It was a delicate balance between keeping divided attention and yet being fully focused on each aspect of his training.

Above all, Minato sought that deep and intuitive feeling, the premonition that preceded danger, the key to his Observation Haki. He knew that this ability was more than just a heightened sense; it was an almost supernatural perception of the world around him. Each time he hit a tree or stumbled, he came a little closer to activating this latent ability, learning to feel the world in a way his blindfolded eyes could not see, even if it was a skill that would take up to a year to awaken, he would still continue.

This intensive training was not just physical; it was a test of his will, patience, and perseverance. Each bruise, each scratch, were marks of his progress, symbols of his unwavering determination. He knew that the path to becoming the ninja he aspired to be was fraught with challenges, but each step, each fall, each success, brought him closer to his goal.

After three hours immersed in this rigorous regime, his body was covered in bruises and scratches. Recognizing the need to shift focus, Minato decided to continue his training with kunais. Despite the fatigue, he knew he needed to hone his throwing skills and precision. Picking up his wooden kunais, he began to practice his throws, aiming at specific targets he had marked on the trees. With each throw, he adjusted his aim, his strength, and his chakra control, refining his technique with each kunai he threw.

As the sun began to set, casting long shadows through the forest, Minato

continued, tireless in his quest to achieve the extraordinary and refine his skills.

Minato returned to the orphanage in the late afternoon, walking through the village streets in a visibly worn state, similar to the last time he had undergone similar training. His clothes were dirty and crumpled, and small cuts and bruises adorned his skin like the last time. Despite this, there was a glow of determination in his eyes, a clear sign that he did not regret the effort expended, as he walked through the streets of Konoha and people wondered if the boy had been attacked again.

Madame Gorete, the person in charge of the orphanage, was waiting for him as expected, as if she already knew about Minato's training escapades. With her arms crossed and a reproachful but concerned look, she watched him approach. "So you were training again? I hope you've eaten," she said, her tone was stern, but there was a hint of affection in her words.

"I was training, yes, I need to get stronger," Minato replied, his voice carrying a tone of apology. He knew that Madame Gorete was concerned about his health and well-being, but he also understood that his training was essential for his future goals.

"As long as you are well-fed, it's fine. It looks like tomorrow you will start full-time classes, so I doubt you can do these trainings again," she commented, a gentle reminder that Minato's life would soon become more complicated with the increase in school responsibilities.

Minato nodded. He knew that his days of free training were about to become rarer, and he would need to adjust his routine to balance school and personal development.

Ignoring the other boys who were excitedly talking about their own training and the first day of school, Minato headed directly to his space.

He was physically and mentally exhausted, and he knew that the only thing that could really help him now was a good rest.

Lying in his modest bed, Minato closed his eyes. The next day, with the sun still shy in the sky, Minato walked towards the academy for another day of classes. Upon arriving at the entrance, he met Tsuna, waiting for him with her arms crossed and an expression that left no doubt she had something to say.

"Hello, Tsuna..." Minato greeted, trying to keep the tone light.

"Did you run away from me yesterday?" She interrogated him, an eyebrow arched in suspicion.

"I don't know what you're talking about, I just went to train," he replied, maintaining a small smile, trying to steer away from the subject.

"Minato, if I find out you're running away from me, I'll catch you! I won't allow that girl to mock me if boys are running away from me..." Tsuna said, frustration coloring her words, and the pout on her face revealed more than she would have liked.

"What did you say?" Minato raised an eyebrow, surprised by her admission without understanding what she meant by that.

"It's nothing! Now let's go to class, we can't be late, can we?" She quickly changed the subject, grabbing him by the arm resolutely.

"Wait, I know how to go to class by myself..." He protested, but received only an intense look from the girl, who clearly was not willing to let him escape again. With little room to argue, he let himself be led by her to the classroom.

As they walked, Minato couldn't help but think about the dynamic unfolding. 'This year is going to be quite intense...' he murmured to himself, half resigned, half amused by the situation. The blonde Senju by his side was a force to be reckoned with, and he knew that his

interactions with her and the other students would bring challenges and, possibly, unexpected opportunities. The path ahead was uncertain, but Minato was ready to face whatever came, inside and outside the classroom.

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11. Chapter 11

[Chapter Size: 1500 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

...

Sitting at the back of the room, Minato found himself once again in the company of Tsuna and Mikoto. The atmosphere among the trio was mixed, alternating between conversations and a subtle rivalry between the two girls, while Minato wished to be anywhere but in the middle of these two troublemakers, as he classified them. Suddenly, Mikoto broke the silence with a sharp observation.

"I noticed he didn't run away from you this time... Did you threaten him?" She inquired, casting a perceptive glance toward Tsuna.

"He never ran away from me! My mother said that's just how boys are," Tsuna quickly responded, crossing her arms defensively, a hint of pride tinting her words.

"What kind of talk is this, you're only 6 years old, you should be talking about dolls, not these more adult things..." Minato murmured, a bit exasperated with the direction the conversation was taking. He was more comfortable discussing techniques and training than navigating the complexities of his female peers' interactions with the opposite sex.

"Spoken like the 6-year-old boy who's learning to be an assassin..."

Mikoto retorted with a sarcastic look toward Minato.

"I guess that's fair..." He admitted, recognizing the irony of the situation.

"You're hurt, your hands are also quite worn, this means you weren't in a

fight, but in training..." Mikoto continued speaking after Minato's remark, her analytical eyes observing the signs of wear on Minato.

"It's true I was training. I want to improve my control and my skills with kunais, so I'm training after school," Minato openly admitted, seeing no reason to hide his efforts and dedication.

"What kind of training is it that you come all bruised..." Tsuna questioned, a tone of concern mixed with mockery in her voice.

"I don't have a large clan behind me. I have to make do with what I have; I train in the public fields..." Minato confessed. He didn't have the luxury of resources or private training that many of his classmates had, but that didn't diminish his determination.

"I see... It must be good, since there's no one watching you all the time and criticizing every mistake..." Mikoto commented, a glimpse of envy in her voice. She never liked the constant pressure and high expectations her father and the Uchiha clan placed on her, especially regarding training. It was a weight she carried every day, and the idea of training freely, away from judgmental eyes, seemed appealing to her.

"But having some guidance is good..." Minato pondered aloud, recognizing the advantages of having a mentor or someone experienced to guide and correct mistakes. While he valued his independence, he knew that proper guidance could speed up his progress and help him avoid common pitfalls on the path of a ninja.

"Minato, do you train chakra control and kunais?" Tsuna asked, curious about the details of Minato's training.

"Yes, but I use wooden kunais. I need to earn some money to buy better equipment. I have a plan to have an income, but I want to learn Fuuinjutsu... Maybe I can make some money in the future if I can get a master to create some seals," Minato commented quietly, sharing his

goals and the limitations he faced due to a lack of resources.

"Fuuinjutsu... so boring..." Mikoto grimaced, expressing her personal opinion on that particular area. She preferred more direct and impactful methods of combat.

"I have to admit that it's kind of boring, but my mother is forcing me to learn some seals, especially the one she uses as her main weapon..."

Tsuna shared, a bit of resentment in her voice.

"I envy you, Tsuna. You can have contact with Mito-sama. What I wouldn't give to become her apprentice..." Minato expressed his deep desire to learn from the best, especially in the field of Fuuinjutsu. Mito Uzumaki was known for her proficiency in that area, but Minato knew that accessing her as a master was beyond his current possibilities.

"Yes, great-grandmother is the best, there's no one more powerful in the world than her, even among the Uzumakis in Uzu!" Tsuna spoke with pride, her eyes shining as she spoke of her famous great-grandmother.

"I imagine..." Minato lay back in his arms while murmuring.

"If you want, I can talk to great-grandmother, she always listens to me!"

Tsuna continued, the pride in her voice clearly evident. Her offer was sincere and reflected the closeness and respect she had for the powerful matriarch of her family.

"I would appreciate it..." Minato replied quietly, his voice tinged with a mix of hope and skepticism. He knew that despite Tsuna's generous offer, the chances of being accepted as an apprentice to Mito Uzumaki were slim. He had a feeling that fate would lead him to learn from Mito through Kushina, not directly through Tsuna.

As they talked, the class was suddenly interrupted by the teacher, who brought up a new fascinating topic for the rest. "Did you know that you can master all the elements of chakra?" he asked, immediately capturing

everyone's attention, which left aside the conversation with the girls to focus on the class.

"Really, can we learn all 5 elements?" a student asked, clearly excited by the possibility.

"It's true, but it requires dedication. The Hokage-Sama is a man who mastered all of them, that's why he is considered the greatest Hokage!" the teacher explained with pride in his voice.

"Greatest Hokage... He wouldn't last 5 minutes with Hashirama in his prime..." Minato murmured to himself, unable to resist mocking the statement. In his opinion, the Third Hokage was far from being the most powerful, especially when compared to the legendary figure of Hashirama Senju.

"Anyway, we're going to have a lunch break. This afternoon we're going to the training track to do some exercises, so get ready for the workout." the teacher announced, to the delight of many children in the room who were eager for a change of activity at last.

Minato picked up the food container that Madame Gorete had prepared for him and headed to a quiet spot under a tree. As he ate his lunch, his thoughts wandered about what he had learned and the possibilities the future might bring. Meanwhile, 3 shadows dimmed the sun in front of Minato.

"Hey, are you Minato Namikaze? The civilian who hangs out with Tsuna Senju and Mikoto Uchiha?" Said a slightly older boy with a disdainful air as he approached Minato. His posture was challenging, and he looked at Minato as if expecting the mere fact of being a year older to give him some authority.

"That's my name. What can I do for you, brat?" Minato responded without hesitation, an eyebrow arched in challenge. He was not willing to be

intimidated or looked down upon just because someone had decided to confront him.

"Brat? What did you call me?" The boy immediately shouted, his voice full of indignation and anger. Minato, on the other hand, shrugged while opening his food, clearly uninterested in a pointless quarrel.

"My name is Kai Inuzuka! You better stay away from those girls, civilian! Hm?" He said, trying to threaten Minato, but he just continued eating, enjoying the meal Madame Gorete had prepared.

"Madame Gorete always knows how to make great food..." Minato praised, more interested in his meal than in the growing frustration of the Inuzuka.

"Hey, I'm talking to you!" The Inuzuka shouted, trying to capture Minato's attention, who looked at him with an interrogative gaze, clearly indifferent to the supposed threat.

"Sorry, I didn't hear. Who are you again?" Minato asked, scratching his head, genuinely confused about what that boy wanted from him at such a delicate time as lunch.

"I said I am...!"

"Get out of the way!" A new voice interrupted with a punch to the Inuzuka boy's head, sending him flying to the side as he fell knocked out.

"Mr. Inuzuka!" His classmates quickly ran to where he fell, concerned about the sudden attack.

"Tsunas?" Minato was surprised by the sudden appearance of the blonde girl, who approached him with her hair swinging in the wind.

"I saw you here alone and it looked like you were in trouble," Tsuna said, crossing her arms while staring at Minato with a concerned look, but at the same time strong and determined.

"I didn't need help, I could handle some brats," Minato responded with a

shrug.

"Tsk. You're also a brat, Minato." Mikoto appeared right behind Tsuna.

"What are you doing here too?" Tsuna looked at her suspiciously, clearly not expecting Mikoto to join them.

"I wanted to see how the fight would unfold, but you protected your boyfriend so quickly..." Mikoto said calmly, provoking Tsuna with a comment she knew would irritate her.

"Who's my boyfriend!? And you didn't answer why you're here. You should be with your clan," Tsuna retorted, frustration and anger growing within her.

"I'm not. They're so boring and arrogant, so I came here with you,"

Mikoto replied with a small smile.

"She calls them arrogant..." both Tsuna and Minato murmured about the girl who is arrogant herself.

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12. Chapter 12

[Chapter Size: 1500 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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In the afternoon, with the sun high in the sky and the heat permeating the air, the teacher gathered the elite class at the training track in the courtyard, a spacious and well-equipped space designed to test and develop the physical and mental abilities of the young ninjas. The children gathered, some excited, others nervous, but all aware that this training was a crucial part of their ninja journey.

"Today we will test your physical fitness. Don't worry about the initial result. We have years to train you, and you're in the elite class for a reason. So just strive to improve from today onwards," the teacher said, offering words of encouragement. His voice was calm and steady, conveying the seriousness of the training, but also an underlying

confidence in each student's abilities.

As everyone familiarized themselves with the track, looking at the various obstacles that included walls to climb, beams to balance on, and areas designated to test agility and speed, the air was charged with a mix of anticipation and determination. Some students stretched, others exchanged words of encouragement or strategies, and some, like Minato, quietly observed, mentally preparing for the challenge ahead.

"I want everyone to line up at the start of the obstacle course. We're going to do an initial circuit to assess your physical level," the instructor announced, and all the children began to line up at the starting line. They positioned themselves side by side, some with confident postures, others a bit more hesitant, but all ready to begin.

Minato took his place in the line, next to Tsuna and Mikoto, his already common partners. He could feel their tension, the friendly but intense competition between the girls. He knew that, despite being together, each one was focused on their own goals and desires for improvement.

The teacher raised his hand, ready to give the start signal. A tense silence fell over the track as all eyes focused on him, waiting for the moment to begin. And then, with a decisive nod, the race began. The students took off, each with their own pace and style, facing the obstacles with determination and courage. It was the beginning of not just a simple circuit, but a long and challenging path toward mastery and excellence with parkour and speed.

As the young ninjas raced towards the obstacle circuit, the track was a tangle of challenges designed to test strength, agility, and speed.

Minato, although a civilian, had exceptional physical characteristics, a result of his origins in the world of One Piece. His body was naturally more powerful and resilient, and he moved with an agility and strength

that surprised many of his peers. The first obstacle was a series of tall walls that needed to be climbed. While some students struggled to find a foothold, Minato used his superior strength to propel himself upward, almost with ease, his movements fluid and precise.

"Incredible, he's really a civilian...?" Someone asked.

"He's not even sweating chakra..." Tsuna reflected with some surprise.

"Yes, he's using pure physical strength, but how is that possible..." Mikoto also murmured.

Moving forward, there was a narrow beam that required balance and concentration. Here, many students faltered, their bodies swaying uncertainly. Minato, however, crossed the beam with the confidence of someone accustomed to high-sea battles and maneuvers on rocking ships naturally. His posture was firm, his eyes fixed on the goal ahead.

Next, the circuit led to a series of barriers and tunnels that required agility and flexibility. Minato stood out, his speed almost a blur to the onlookers. He moved with a grace that belied his power, sliding under barriers and twisting through narrow tunnels with ease that made it clear his training and origin were not as ordinary as many thought.

But what really impressed was his endurance. While others began to show signs of fatigue, Minato's breathing remained controlled, his movements as efficient at the end of the circuit as at the beginning. He treated each obstacle as an opponent to be overcome, a chance to prove to himself and others what he was capable of.

At the end of the circuit, while other students arrived panting and exhausted, Minato completed the course with a breath that surprised even the teachers. He didn't reach first place, as he was competing with students who had been training since birth for their clans, but he certainly surpassed most of the other students.

Minato's performance did not go unnoticed. Murmurs and looks of admiration, envy, and surprise ran through the crowd that arrived after him at the finish line. Even Tsuna and Mikoto, who knew Minato better than most, couldn't help but be impressed with the demonstration of skill and strength.

As Minato caught his breath, his thoughts were already on the next challenge, the next chance to improve and grow. After the completion of the circuit, while the young ninjas recovered, panting and exhausted, the teacher walked along the finish line, holding a clipboard and carefully noting the results of each student. He observed each one with an attentive eye, marking the times, highlighting the strengths, and the areas that needed improvement.

The teacher approached Minato, looking at the clipboard before fixing his eyes on the young ninja.

"Minato Namikaze," he began, his voice carrying a tone of respect and a bit of surprise. "Your time and ability on the circuit were remarkable. Your strength, agility, and endurance are exceptional, especially for a civilian and you did this with physical capabilities. This speaks volumes about your commitment and potential."

Minato just nodded, listening attentively. He was aware of his abilities, but he knew that praise from the teacher was not the ultimate goal. It was just the confirmation that he was on the right path.

The teacher made a special mark next to Minato's name on the clipboard and then continued to speak. "However, the path of a ninja is not just about physical ability. Tactics, strategy, chakra control, teamwork, and many other aspects are equally important. I hope you continue to develop in all these areas."

"Understood, professor," Minato responded, his voice firm and

determined. He knew that the original Minato would have already been breaking all the academy records at this time before Kakashi, so he must do even better.

As the teacher moved away to continue his notes, Minato looked around at his peers. He saw Tsuna and Mikoto discussing their own results, some students expressing frustration, others joy, and still others silent determination.

'These two are always fighting all the time...' Minato looked at the girls with a lost gaze.

After the obstacle course, the teacher guided the students to a new training area, aimed at improving precision in kunai throwing. It was a crucial skill for any ninja, useful both in combat and on missions that required discretion and accuracy. Minato joined his peers, each receiving a set of kunais to practice.

'The wooden kunais I use have the same weight as these, but it's still quite different to hold a real one compared to a copy.' Minato murmured, balancing the weapon for the first time.

Lined up in front of targets fixed at various distances, the students began to throw their kunais, one after the other. There was a palpable tension in the air, a mix of concentration and competition among the children.

Minato positioned himself, briefly observing the others before focusing on his own target.

He took a deep breath, seeking to find a state of calm and focus.

Throwing kunais was never his strong point; he knew that his precision was mediocre compared to some of the other skills he possessed. With a fluid motion, he threw the first kunai, watching as it spun through the air and hit the target, but not exactly at the point he was aiming for. It hit the target, but far from the center.

Minato threw one kunai after another, each time adjusting his aim, his strength, and his control. Despite his efforts, only 40% of his kunais hit a satisfactory area of the target. Frustration began to form within him, but he refused to let it take over. He was determined to improve, no matter how many attempts it took.

Beside him, Tsuna and Mikoto also practiced. Tsuna, with impressive precision, threw her kunais with confidence and skill, while Mikoto, even more adept, showed her mastery with each throw.

"Focus, Minato. Visualize the exact point you want to hit," the teacher advised, noticing Minato's struggle. He offered some additional tips on posture and throwing technique, hoping to help the young ninja improve. Minato nodded in acknowledgment and took another deep breath. He remembered the intense training he had undergone, the hours of practice, and the burning desire to improve. With a new sense of determination, he threw another kunai, watching closely its flight and impact. The kunai hit closer to the center, a small but significant progress.

"I'm on the way, but I need to improve a lot with my training..." He murmured, still not satisfied with the result.

?Raccoon here:?

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13. Chapter 13

[Chapter Size: 1900 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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After the kunai throwing session, the teacher decided to shift the focus of the training to hand-to-hand combat. It was an essential part of ninja

training, teaching not just fighting techniques but also how to react under pressure, assess opponents, and quickly adapt to varied situations. The children gathered, some eager, others apprehensive, but all aware that this would be a test of their physical and mental abilities.

"Let's test your combat skills," announced the teacher. "It's not just about strength, but strategy, agility, and effective use of your environment. Remember, the goal is not to severely injure your opponent, but to demonstrate control and technique."

The students were paired up, and the training field quickly transformed into a whirlwind of activity. Minato was paired with a classmate he only knew by sight. Although not as physically imposing as some of the other students, there was a clear determination in their eyes.

As the fight began, Minato focused on observing and reacting. He knew his physical abilities were strong, but he was also aware that hand-to-hand combat was unpredictable and that any overconfidence could be quickly undone. He moved with agility, defending against his opponent's attacks and looking for opportunities to counterattack.

Around him, the training area was full of action. Some fights were quick and decisive, while others were prolonged tests of endurance and skill. Shouts of encouragement and frustration could be heard mixed with the sound of rapid footsteps and strikes.

Minato, using his superior strength and speed, began to gain an advantage in his fight. He dodged attacks gracefully and responded with controlled strikes, always careful not to cause serious injury. He could feel fatigue beginning to affect his opponent, but instead of using that to end the fight quickly, he slowed down, allowing both to have a longer, more analytical training.

At the end of the exercise, Minato emerged victorious, but his spirit of

camaraderie remained intact. "It was a good fight," he said, extending his hand in a gesture of friendship and respect.

"Thank you... I guess..." the classmate responded, still catching their breath, but clearly grateful for Minato's consideration.

It was then that the teacher intervened, deciding to raise the level of challenge for Minato. "Minato, fight against Shikaku," he announced, referring to Shikaku Nara, known for his intelligence and strategic skills, as well as his characteristic laziness.

"Such a drag... Go easy. I don't want to go home hurt," Shikaku spoke in a typically bored tone of his clan. Minato sighed, understanding the reluctant nature of his new opponent, but also recognizing the opportunity to learn from someone whose skills were more mental than physical.

The ensuing fight was an interesting contrast to the previous one.

Shikaku, despite his lazy demeanor, was a cunning opponent, using his shadow jutsu to try and control and predict Minato's movements. Minato, in turn, had to adapt his fighting style, relying less on brute force and more on speed and strategy to overcome Shikaku's deceptive techniques.

Eventually, the cat-and-mouse game began to wear on Shikaku, who clearly preferred activities that required less physical effort. With an exaggerated yawn and a look conveying a mix of boredom and mild irritation, he finally backed off.

"Such a drag... That's enough," Shikaku announced, his voice laden with boredom as he put his hands in his pockets and slowly walked away. "I'm not interested in getting hurt just to prove a point. You win, Minato Namikaze." His casual attitude and lack of interest in continuing the fight didn't surprise Minato, who knew the Nara clan's reputation for preferring mind over muscle.

Minato, watching Shikaku walk away, sighed lightly, a mix of relief and disappointment in his chest. He understood and respected Shikaku's decision, but at the same time, longed for a challenge that would truly test his abilities. His attention, however, was quickly diverted by a commotion around.

"Oww, look at them!" An excited child's voice cut through the air, followed by murmurs and glances pointed towards another part of the training area. Curious, Minato turned to see what was attracting so much attention.

At the center of the training track, Tsuna Senju and Mikoto Uchiha stood face to face, ready to begin their own fight. It was a scene that captured attention: on one side, Tsuna, known for her physical strength and the fierce determination that ran in her Senju blood; on the other, Mikoto, with her speed and agility that made her a formidable opponent, distinctive traits of the Uchiha clan.

As the fight began, the difference between their approaches became evident. Mikoto moved like a blur, her steps quick and light, almost dancing around Tsuna, who, in turn, responded with powerful and decisive movements. Each of Tsuna's strikes was a demonstration of pure strength, while each of Mikoto's dodges was a testament to her exceptional speed.

The fight between them was like a ballet of contrasts: strength against speed, power against agility. The other children watched in silence, some cheering, others merely absorbing every move, every tactical decision.

Minato, in particular, also watched the fight attentively, hoping to absorb something from the different fighting styles, even though his style was more like Mikoto's, favoring speed.

The fight made all other bouts stop to watch the exchange of fists

between the girls, each strike, each dodge was made by two of the class's leading geniuses.

In the end, the fight ended in a draw with the interference of the teacher.

"You managed to get out unscathed this time, Uchiha," Tsuna spoke arrogantly.

"You were lucky, Senju. Next time won't be so easy..." Mikoto spoke with a small smile.

Meanwhile, the teacher continued the fights.

"Let's continue the fights. Minato, fight against Chōza Akimichi," the teacher instructed, and Minato nodded.

Chōza Akimichi would not just be a member of the renowned Akimichi clan, known for their ability to manipulate their size and weight, which gave them a significant advantage in terms of strength and defense, but also the future patriarch of the clan like Shikaku. Minato knew that this fight would be a true test of his abilities, facing an opponent with such unique and powerful potential and capacity.

As they positioned themselves, Minato assessed Chōza, trying to plan a strategy. He knew brute force wouldn't be enough and that he would need to use his speed and agility to try to circumvent Chōza's defense.

The fight began with Chōza immediately utilizing his body strength, jumping on top of Minato to slow his movement. Minato, moving quickly, tried to find a weak point, a moment of opening. He dodged Chōza's powerful blows, each capable of causing serious damage if it hit. Minato managed to land a few strikes, but soon realized that his damage was minimal due to Chōza's impressive natural defense. Each attack Minato made seemed only to make Chōza more determined. The Akimichi used his strength trying to unbalance Minato and force him into a vulnerable position.

The fight continued, with Minato striving to maintain agility, but fatigue began to set in. Each dodge and run consumed his energy, and he could feel his pace slowing down. Chōza, noticing this, intensified his attacks, becoming increasingly confident of his victory.

Finally, in a critical moment, Minato stumbled, a fraction of a second of hesitation that was enough for Chōza to take advantage. With a quick and powerful move, Chōza managed to hit Minato, sending him to the ground with a surprising impact.

Minato lay there, panting and defeated, but not discouraged. He knew that each defeat was a lesson, a moment of learning to become stronger. Slowly getting up, he faced Chōza with a look of respect. "Good fight," he said sincerely, acknowledging his opponent's skill.

Chōza offered his hand to help Minato up. "You fought well too," he replied, a sign of mutual respect between the two.

The teacher, observing the end of the fight, noted the results and moved on to the next combatants.

Minato's next opponent had a mocking and confident look. "I'm Akame Uchiha, I'll defeat you easily as any Uchiha would, civilian!" The boy taunted, clearly underestimating Minato due to his lack of a renowned clan and by his natural Uchiha pride. Minato, in turn, rolled his eyes, not letting himself be intimidated by Akame's provocative words.

Both positioned themselves in the makeshift ring for the fight, under the watchful eye of the teacher and peers. The fight began, and immediately it was clear that Akame had more training. His stance was firmer, his movements more fluid and confident. He advanced quickly, trying to dominate Minato with a series of agile moves. Minato, in turn, remained focused, dodging Akame's attacks and trying to find an opening.

Despite his lack of formal training, Minato had an iron determination and

a natural ability to adapt quickly. He observed every move of Akame, learning and anticipating. However, Akame's skill and confidence were palpable, and he seemed to have control of the fight.

But then, in the heat of the moment and perhaps due to overconfidence, Akame made a mistake. In a particularly arrogant move, he attempted a bolder strike, hoping to finalize the fight with style. It was the slip that Minato was waiting for. He saw the opening created by Akame's arrogance and, with a quick movement, took advantage of the chance. Minato, using his agility, circled around Akame and, with a surprisingly strong push for a boy his age, launched Akame out of the ring. It was a simple but effective move, executed at the exact right moment.

Akame fell to the ground with a dull thud, his expression mixing surprise and confusion. For a moment, the ring was in sepulchral silence, all those present absorbing the unexpected outcome of the fight. Minato, standing, still catching his breath after the effort, felt a wave of realization. He had faced a considerable challenge and emerged victorious.

"It was a good fight," the teacher finally broke the silence, praising both competitors. His voice carried a tone of respect and a slight touch of surprise, reflecting the reaction of the spectators.

"I should have won that fight!" Akame protested, his voice tinged with arrogance and a touch of resentment. He was still on the ground, looking incredulously at Minato.

"Yes, but you're very careless..." Mikoto commented, an evident mockery in her voice as she watched the scene with crossed arms. She couldn't help but point out the flaw that had cost Akame the fight.

"Tsk." Akame clicked his tongue in frustration, clearly dissatisfied with how things had unfolded.

The teacher, seizing the moment as a teaching opportunity, addressed all

the students. "Remember, a ninja always has to be attentive, Akame. I hope you learn from this. And Minato, congratulations on using the disadvantages of a stronger opponent," he praised. His words served as a reminder that cunning and perception were as important as brute strength on the path of a ninja.

With that, the class came to an end. The students, still discussing the fights and their outcomes, began to go their separate ways. Minato, with the fresh victory in his mind, decided to use the rest of the afternoon for further training. He knew that each victory was just one step in his journey and that there would always be more to learn and more challenges to face. Determined and focused, he headed to the training field, ready to continue honing his skills and preparing for the future.

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14. Chapter 14

[Chapter Size: 1300 Words.]

Third Person POV

Hokage Tower, Konoha, Year 32.

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As the sun began to set, painting the sky with vibrant colors, Minato headed to his favorite training spot. He was determined to make the most of the last moments of the day to improve himself, especially after the day's events. The victories and defeats he had endured had given him a new sense of purpose and determination. He knew he needed to grow much more to reach his ideal.

While Minato focused on his training, practicing his senses to develop his haki, and working on his taijutsu with his technique based on agility and strength, something important was happening in the Hokage's office. The village leader, a man of great wisdom and power, was receiving a detailed report on the students of class A, the elite class of the academy

this year.

"This is this year's batch... interesting..." He murmured, spreading papers with various profiles across his desk.

Among the various names, some he knew very well either by the name of their clan or by knowing their parents, the main children had potential that could bring changes to the village and to the ninja world as a whole. Hiruzen reflected on each of them, thinking about how he could guide and support their growth.

Tsuna Senju, with her renowned lineage and impressive physical strength from the first and second Hokage, already showed signs that she could have as much talent as her mother, a powerful kunoichi. Her connection to the legendary First Hokage and the heritage of her clan brought great expectations, but also immense responsibility.

Mikoto Uchiha, with her speed and the promise of an early Sharingan, carried the legacy of one of the village's most powerful clans, but was also someone the Hokage should keep an eye on if she showed too much potential.

And then there was Minato Namikaze, the clanless boy who impressed everyone with his large amount of chakra, multiple elemental affinities, and notable physical aptitude. The Hokage was particularly intrigued by him. Minato didn't have the backing of a powerful clan, but his abilities and potentials indicated that he could one day become an exceptional ninja, perhaps an elite jonin or something more.

Hiruzen was still skeptical about Minato's potential, but he could not deny the potential that this child represented.

The Hokage read carefully the notes about Minato. "Large amount of chakra, three elemental affinities, naturally high physical aptitude..." he murmured to himself. "It seems Namikaze was a small clan that

disappeared with the first war, they specialized in space-time techniques... interesting..."

He read about a few more children and was pleased with what he saw.

"Interesting," the Hokage commented, putting the report aside. He knew that the village's future had promising sprouts, seeing that peace is cracking every moment and soon war will break out, so it's better to have capable ninjas for the future.

As the Hokage lost himself in his thoughts about the future of the young ninjas of the village, a familiar and laid-back voice emerged from one of the open windows of the office. The Hokage sighed, a mix of resignation and affection in his gaze.

"I see you're thinking again... maybe about a hot spring?" Jiraiya, one of the legendary Sannin and one of the Hokage's most notorious students, appeared with his mischievous smile and playful gaze.

"You like to show up every day, Jiraiya," the Hokage commented, a slight smile forming on his lips despite his attempt to maintain a serious demeanor.

"I just came to say hello..." Jiraiya approached with interest, his eyes quickly turning to the Hokage's desk, where the report of the new students was.

"This is the report of the new students..." The Hokage confirmed, noting Jiraiya's sudden interest.

"Interesting, I'm interested in one too, here it is!" Jiraiya pointed to the name of Minato Namikaze on the report.

"The Namikaze? Perhaps because he's a civilian like you?" The Hokage raised an eyebrow, intrigued by his student's choice.

"Maybe, but there's no denying the boy has potential. I want him when he graduates," Jiraiya spoke with a firm and determined tone, a rarity for

the normally jovial Sannin.

"You? Why are you so interested in the boy, by the way, I don't know if I can do that, Danzō is recruiting for his new division, the Root, and he needs new talents," Hiruzen commented, starting to smoke his pipe, the concern evident in his voice.

"Sorry, sensei. But I want him, no matter who I have to fight with... I'll become this child's teacher," Jiraiya declared, his usually playful tone now replaced by an unusual seriousness.

"Well... if you're so insistent, I can grant that to you, but I want to know about your latest research," the Hokage spoke, a smile forming on his lips at the mention of Jiraiya's notorious interest in "research."

Jiraiya beamed at this, clearly pleased with his master's concession. "Oh, sensei, you're going to love hearing about this," he responded, already preparing to recount his adventures and "discoveries."

While Jiraiya spoke animatedly with the Hokage, young Minato was engaged in his training in the dense forest that surrounded the Leaf Village before the sun completely set. He was determined to make some progress in Observation Haki.

Minato ran through the forest, his eyes blindfolded as always to increase his reliance on other senses. "I just need to concentrate," he murmured to himself, trying to tune in and trust his instincts about the world around him. But the task was not easy. Several times he stumbled over exposed roots or collided with low tree trunks.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed, hitting a tree with his face. He fell to the ground, holding his sore nose. For a moment, he considered giving up for today. However, the image of the future he aspired to began to appear to him, "I need to keep going!" He murmured. He got up, shook the dirt off his clothes, and prepared to continue.

Taking a deep breath, Minato started running again, trying to open himself to the sensations around him. He felt the wind whispering among the leaves, heard the chirping of the birds at the end of the day calming down with the approach of night, and even the slight crackling of a branch breaking under his foot. Then, something changed. For a brief moment, it seemed like the world around him slowed down. He felt something... a presence, an imminent danger coming from his right. Instinctively, he turned to the left, a sudden and clumsy move, but effective. He felt the rough bark of the tree brush lightly against his shoulder instead of colliding head-on as before. He stopped, panting, trying to understand what had just happened.

For a brief moment, Minato felt a clarity, a perception beyond his normal senses. "Could it have been Observation Haki?" he wondered, his heart racing with excitement at managing to feel the ability for the first time. He knew he still had a long way to go, but this small success was a sign that he was on the right track.

"This is amazing! I need more of this sensation!" Minato spoke excitedly. He continued his progress again, trying to dodge the trees and obstacles in front of him, but still couldn't get the same feeling again, causing him to hit his face against various trees.

"I think I just got lucky... I don't think that's going to happen again anytime soon..." Minato murmured, giving up on today's training since the sky was already dark, and he had to return before Madame Gorete sent some chunin after a missing child.

Even though he hadn't made any more progress, Minato was satisfied with the sensation he had at that moment, as it was proof that he was indeed developing the ability that would be better than any sensor at that time.

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15. Chapter 15

[Chapter Size: 1400 Words.]

Third Person POV

Konoha, Year 32.

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Minato's routine had become a series of rituals and strict disciplines, each day starting with the journey to school in the early hours of the morning and ending with intense training sessions in his usual field after classes on history, math, and other subjects. The academy was a mix of theoretical and practical learning, where he spent most of his day, always attentive and seeking to improve. In class, Minato was an exemplary student, but it was in the training field that he truly felt at home.

His relationship with Tsuna Senju and Mikoto Uchiha continued the same. The two girls, continuing their own disputes from their renowned clans, still sat by his side and accompanied him during lunch. Despite the clan differences, the three formed a peculiar trio. Minato fought a few times against them in combats during practical classes, and despite always having lost in technique and skill in his fights against the girls, he always stood out in physical conditions, being among the first in terms of strength and endurance in the circuits that the teacher put the class through.

In the kunai throwing classes, Minato observed a slow but steady improvement. His accuracy had increased by about 10%, a modest progress, but encouraging for his condition. Still, it was far from the level he aimed for. He spent extra hours practicing, each throw an attempt to refine his aim and control every day.

Outside the academy, Minato dedicated himself to developing chakra control and improving Observation Haki. Slowly, he began to notice more moments when the ability manifested, allowing him to anticipate and dodge obstacles more effectively.

However, the manifestation of his body of light, an ability he eagerly

awaited, still proved elusive. Despite his incessant efforts, he couldn't trigger this elemental transformation, which left him frustrated and often injured after more intense training sessions with him hitting the trees in his way. Each night, he returned to the orphanage with new scratches and bruises, a testament to his dedication and determination.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks into a whole month since his entry into this world of ninjas. Minato had made remarkable progress, but he knew he still had a long way to go. He felt himself getting stronger, closer to what he aspired to, as his path was just beginning and he had many challenges that his future held.

As the sun gave way to the shadows of dusk, Minato was intensely focused on his training. With his eyes blindfolded, he ran among the trees, trying to refine his perception and reaction through Observation Haki. He was about to dodge another tree when an unexpected voice cut through the forest's silence.

"So this is where you train?" The childlike, curious, and somewhat amused voice made Minato lose concentration at a crucial moment.

Pow! Minato's forehead collided with the tree he was about to dodge.

The sharp pain made him crouch down and hold his head.

"Ow, ow, ow!" Minato murmured, a mix of pain and frustration in his voice as he rubbed the spot where he had hurt himself.

"HAhahahahahahaha!" The clear and unmistakable laughter of Tsuna Senju echoed through the forest. She found the scene hilarious, seeing Minato with his eyes blindfolded colliding with the tree.

"Don't laugh, what are you doing here?" Minato demanded, a little irritated but more embarrassed than anything. He quickly removed the blindfold from his eyes to face his friend, who was still having fun with the situation.

"I wanted to see how you create all those wounds, but what kind of training is this? It's kind of sadistic!" Tsuna said, still laughing, but also with a touch of genuine curiosity in her voice.

Minato sighed, the initial embarrassment giving way to a slight resignation. "It's a type of training to increase my perception and reflexes," he explained, trying to regain some dignity. "It's not sadistic, it's... a challenge."

Tsuna, still smiling, approached and examined Minato's forehead. "You always try so hard. But be careful not to hurt yourself too much, okay? I don't know how this training is supposed to help you..." she said, her voice now softer and more concerned.

Minato nodded, silently thanking her for her concern, but still spoke with a bit of frustration.

"Tsk. This is my training; it improves the senses, it's very effective for the future," Minato argued, trying to explain the importance of his method to Tsuna, who still seemed to find the situation more comical than serious.

"I've never heard of anything so self-harming, you had to see the booth you shocked with that tree, I still don't understand... Hahahahahahaha!"

She laughed again, genuinely finding the situation amusing, her hand pressed against her belly in an attempt to contain the laughter.

"If you're here to laugh at me, I'll continue my training," Minato murmured with a frown. He began to ignore Tsuna, preparing to put the blindfold back on.

"Hey, don't ignore me, wait!" Tsuna stopped laughing when she saw Minato adjust the blindfold and start running through the forest again, clearly willing to continue despite the collisions and ignoring the little girl's presence.

Minato ignored her and continued his run, focused on honing his

perception beyond sight. *Pow!* With another dull thud, he fell to the ground after colliding with another tree.

"Bffffur! HahahahahaHahaha!" Tsuna began to laugh again, unable to contain her amusement at seeing her friend trying so hard but continuing to crash into trees one after another.

Despite the pain and embarrassment, Minato did not give up. He got up and continued his run through the forest, each collision, each bruise, bringing him closer to his goal.

"HEY, why do you keep doing this? It seems to be quite painful..." Tsuna was no longer laughing. The initial fun had given way to genuine curiosity and a hint of concern. Why would Minato persist in something so clearly painful?

"I need to become stronger," he said as he started running again, his voice mixed with determination and a hint of frustration before colliding with another tree. *Pow!*

Tsuna watched him silently for a moment, her expression now serious and thoughtful. She realized there was more to that determination than she initially thought. She saw, perhaps for the first time, the depth of Minato's resolve and began to respect him even more for it. Even as he continued to collide with trees, Tsuna knew that somehow, each collision was forging Minato into something stronger, something greater.

Pow!

Another collision, followed by a brief sigh of pain and determination. Minato didn't stop, his determined figure advancing and falling, but always getting up to continue.

Pow!

Tsuna furrowed her brow with each sound, each thud a reminder of the brutality of the training Minato chose for himself.

Pow!

And then, amid the cycle of collisions and determination, Tsuna finally broke the silence. "Why do you want to become stronger and why do you strive so much?" she asked softly, her voice carrying a mix of genuine curiosity and concern.

Minato stopped for a moment, panting. He turned to Tsuna, removing the blindfold from his eyes to face her directly. "Because the path of a ninja isn't easy, and this is my path," he began, his voice full of a conviction that went beyond his age. "I intend to live my life without regrets in this world!" he continued, firmly. Minato was aware of the challenges and dangers the future might bring, and he intended to overcome all of them. "A life without regrets..." Tsuna murmured, echoing Minato's words. She looked at him with a unique expression.

Minato finally paused his training and turned to Tsuna.

"I'm done for today, I'll wash off a bit of my dirt in the river and head back to the orphanage, you should go back to your house, your parents must be worried." Minato reminded her, making Tsuna snap out of her thoughts as he walked away.

As Minato washed his face in the river and bid Tsuna goodbye to head home, the girl walked back to the village in a different direction from Minato towards the Senju clan headquarters with many thoughts on her mind, as Minato's words had touched her in some way.

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16. Chapter 16

[Chapter Size: 1400 Words.]

Third Person POV

Konoha, Year 32.

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Minato returned to the orphanage as he had for a month in his routine every late afternoon, each day bringing new marks from his relentless training. The night had fallen, and the warm light of lamps illuminated the entrance when Madame Gorete greeted him with a watchful look at

the boy's arrival.

"You finally came back..." she said, observing the new scratches and bruises that decorated the boy's skin. "Let's go inside..." She said, making room for him to enter.

"Minato, he's back! All bruised as always..." One of the children dining pointed out Minato entering the place.

"You need to take a bath first, then join the other children, Minato."

Madame Gorete instructed Minato. Minato nodded and, without saying a word, went to the room to get some clean clothes and headed to the bath. After washing away the pains and dirt of the day, Minato joined the other children at the orphanage for dinner. It wasn't long before curiosity and questions began to arise.

"Minato, what's it like being in the elite class this year? You've been there for a month now, and everyone says only the best are in it, and it's full of future clan leaders." A child asked, his eyes shining with the idea of being among the notables of the academy.

"Jealous, how many contacts I could make if I were in it..." another murmured, more interested in the connections they could form.

"I heard that Minato has a group made up of two more girls!" the conversation began to take on a gossip tone.

"Really? Who are they?" a younger child asked, clearly intrigued.

"You don't know, it's Mikoto Uchiha and Tsuna Senju! They're quite famous at the academy," someone replied, and a murmur of admiration swept through the table.

"What? A Senju and a Uchiha? That's amazing, Minato."

"I bet he's just a servant for them, so don't be surprised that Minato can walk with them," a skeptical voice sounded, mocking Minato.

"Tsk. You talk too much..." Minato murmured, his patience running out

with the gossip and assumptions about his life. He wasn't interested in proving anything to these children.

"Minato, let's fight any time, I'll show you how a real ninja fights!" one of the older ones challenged.

"Hey, you're in the third year, how do you want to fight against a first-year..." another child intervened, trying to defend Minato.

"Minato's in the elite class, it's fair!" the challenger insisted.

"It's not fair, you're just jealous!" the discussion continued, each child taking a side, defending or challenging Minato.

"I'm not!" "Yes, you are!" The voices mixed in chaos of arguments and accusations.

Minato moved away from the discussion, finishing his meal in silence and going to rest, ignoring all those childish voices.

On the other side of Konoha, at the Senju clan headquarters, very different conversations were taking place. Tsuna, usually lively and full of energy, was visibly distracted that night, sparking the curiosity of her family around the table.

"Tsuna, what's wrong? You're so focused today..." Tsunade looked at her daughter with concern and curiosity.

"I'm just thinking..." Tsuna responded softly, her thoughts still on Minato's words.

"Hohoho! What is my great-granddaughter thinking about..." Mito, the venerable matriarch of the clan, gently teased, trying to lighten the mood with her typical good humor.

"Tsuna, I heard you left the academy and went to one of the public training fields," Dam, observing his daughter's behavior, tried to understand the reason behind this sudden behavior.

"I went to see a friend training..." Tsuna admitted, somewhat reluctant to

share her thoughts and feelings.

"A friend... it usually starts like that... Hohohoho!" Mito joked once more, casting a knowing glance at Tsuna, who quickly became defensive.

"It's not that!" she defended herself. "I saw him train, and he was so determined in his training that it surprised me. Despite his failures, he never gave up, and I asked why he was so insistent. He told me he wants to be strong to live a life without regrets..." Tsuna murmured, her words carrying a mix of admiration and reflection.

"Oh? Who is your friend?" Tsunade asked, raising an eyebrow, intrigued by the effect this friend apparently had on her daughter.

"It's that one from the test day, Minato Namikaze. We've been friends since the first day," Tsuna stated.

"Little Tsuna, you're only 6 years old, you can't think about getting a boyfriend so early!" Mito laughed, teasing Tsuna even more, who immediately blushed and protested against the implication.

"It's not that, grandma, I'm sure Tsuna doesn't have that kind of relationship with any boy, otherwise, that boy wouldn't survive the next day!" Tsunade spoke, the intensity of her words cracking the table and causing a brief silence.

"I'm sure it's nothing like that, Tsunade, you need to calm down..." Dam tried to calm the mood, his serene voice contrasting with the tension that was beginning to form in the atmosphere.

At that moment, Nawaki, proudly wearing his genin clothes, appeared. "I heard everything, if a boy thinks he can date my little umbrella, he can just wait for his death!" he declared.

"It's not like that uncle! I was just surprised by it!" Tsuna shouted, clearly embarrassed by the direction the conversation had taken. She quickly changed the subject to something that really mattered to her. "I thought

about what Minato said and I also want to live a life without regrets!" she said, determination shining in her eyes.

"That's very good, Tsuna." Mito acknowledged Tsuna's words with a warm smile and a nod of approval.

"Mom, I want to learn everything about being a powerful medic! Teach me everything." She looked at Tsunade with expectation and hope.

"That's good, daughter. I'll start your more rigorous training from tomorrow after the academy when I'm not in the hospital," Tsunade replied, a glint of pride in her eyes.

The next day, Tsuna arrived at the academy with a new determination. She was ready to absorb all the knowledge and skills she could, not just as a kunoichi but also as a future medic.

"Hey, what's up with you?" Mikoto asked with a raised eyebrow as Tsuna opened a medical book her mother had lent her.

"I'm following my dream, I'm going to learn everything about medicine, Uchiha," Tsuna replied firmly, closing the book and looking directly at Mikoto.

"What's this change...?" Mikoto looked at Tsuna suspiciously, noticing the difference in her attitude.

"Yesterday I went to see Minato train and discovered some things. I want to live my life without regrets too!" Tsuna said with a smile, her voice carrying a mix of determination and inspiration.

"Minato training? Where does he train?" Mikoto asked.

As Tsuna and Mikoto discussed, Minato entered the classroom, completely oblivious to the girls' conversation about him. He settled in his usual place and focused on the day's lessons, dedicating himself to absorbing as much as possible from both theoretical and practical classes. During practical classes, Minato once again stood out in combats against

some of the less experienced fighters. His physical strength and agility were notable, but when facing more experienced ninjas, the lack of technique and experience became apparent. Despite the defeats, Minato accepted each result as a valuable lesson, analyzing where he needed to improve and planning how he could overcome his own limitations.

At the end of the day, as Minato left the academy toward his training site, he noticed a familiar presence following him. Mikoto Uchiha, curious about the training that had so influenced Tsuna, decided to see for herself what Minato was doing.

Minato, initially surprised to have company, soon resumed his usual training without caring about the Uchiha girl. He ran between the trees, his blindfold on, intensely focusing on each movement, on each sensation.

Mikoto watched in silence. She didn't laugh like Tsuna did; instead, there was a look of reflection on her face. After some time observing Minato colliding and getting up repeatedly, she finally approached.

"Why do you do this?" Mikoto asked, her voice carrying a mix of curiosity and newfound respect.

Minato stopped, removing the blindfold and facing Mikoto directly.

"Because I need to be stronger. Because I have goals that I can only achieve through effort and pain," he replied earnestly.

Mikoto nodded, understanding. At that moment, she recognized Minato's determination not as an act of madness but as a sign of his dedication and willpower.

When they parted that night, something had changed. Mikoto looked at Minato not just as a classmate but as someone who, despite their differences, shared a similar determination to change their fate.

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17. Chapter 17

[Chapter Size: 1400 Words.]

Third Person POV

Konoha, Year 32.

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As tensions between the Five Great Nations increased, threatening the fragile peace that had been maintained for years, life in Konoha continued. Concerns about a possible imminent conflict were present in the minds of all the world's military forces, from the most experienced leaders to ordinary ninjas. The possibility of a Second Ninja World War loomed like a shadow over the villages.

In the midst of this whirlwind of preparations and uncertainties, a boy with golden hair stood out for his unwavering determination in Konoha. Minato, at six years of age, continued his rigorous training in his usual field in the forest over the months since he joined the ninja academy.

Every possible day, he was there, running with a blindfold over his eyes, dodging trees and obstacles on the ground. It took months of constant effort and many collisions and falls with some lost baby teeth, but he finally began to feel the initial sensation of what would be the development of his Observation Haki.

Now, he was honing his ability with mastery in its first stage, feeling everything around him as he passed through natural obstacles. Every movement, every breath, every sound, and sensation became part of his expanded consciousness. The world around him, which was once a sequence of disjointed images and sensations, was now becoming a living map in his mind, each element a note in a complex symphony that he was learning to interpret even without his eyes.

With one last effort, Minato ran through the final stretch of the forest before finally stopping, panting but triumphant. "Finally, I have developed this Haki!" he celebrated, a feeling of accomplishment filling his young being.

"Although it's just the initial stage, I can predict attacks and sense objects,

something even more powerful than the Byakugan," Minato reflected, his thoughts racing as he considered the implications of his new ability. "To start, I don't need to expend chakra on an activated dojutsu to have this ability. Second, it's much more powerful than that. It's just the first stage, and I'll be able to develop it to see as far as a Byakugan, feel people's emotions, and even predict seconds into the future!" Minato mused alone in the forest as evening fell, his spirit uplifted by the possibilities his new ability brought, considering it the best haki for the ninja world.

After successfully mastering his technique at this initial stage, Minato returned home, his face lit with a satisfied smile. He knew there was still much to learn and improve, but that moment marked a turning point in his journey since entering this world.

"I need to focus on my chakra now. I still haven't released my body of light, so it's better to focus on my control of spiritual energy for now..."

Minato reflected as he walked back to the orphanage. He knew that mastery of chakra was fundamental for any ninja, and without refined control, he would never reach the level of skill he desired, as he didn't want to rely only on his other unusual abilities in this world.

"Today you are much better... It seems you at least know how to take care of yourself now, unlike the last few months, you are coming back less and less injured..." Madame Gorete, as a daily ritual, always came to greet Minato arriving from his training. She watched the boy with a mix of maternal concern and admiration for his determination.

The boy preferred to train alone in his training area rather than interact with the other children. Madame Gorete always found Minato's behavior strange but accepted it, seeing how he strived to become stronger and was in the most privileged class of the academy that year.

The next day, in the training class, Minato was paired with Tsuna for a

fight. "Minato, I won't go easy on you!" Tsuna spoke with a smile, her posture full of confidence and anticipation for the fight.

"Bring it on, Tsuna. But how about a bet?" Minato suddenly spoke, a sly glint in his eyes.

"Hm? A bet with you? Why would I do that, I'm not addicted to gambling like my mother!" Tsuna crossed her arms, a challenging expression on her face.

"If I win, I want a jutsu that you have access to, how about that. If you beat me, you can ask anything from me, it can even be something that can be charged in the future!" Minato proposed, his voice calm, but full of determination.

"Fine, but don't regret it since you've never won a fight against me!" Tsuna spoke, accepting the bet with determination and a touch of excitement. They then began the fight.

As the fight between Tsuna and Minato unfolded, an air of anticipation hovered. The classmates, accustomed to seeing Minato being outdone by Tsuna, watched with renewed interest. Minato, now with his Observation Haki more developed, positioned himself with unusual confidence, his eyes focused and determined.

"Ready, Minato?" Tsuna asked with a confident smile, ready to demonstrate her usual superiority.

"Always," Minato replied, his posture calm and focused.

As soon as the signal was given, Tsuna launched into a fast and powerful attack. Her movements, usually a blur to her opponents, were strong and precise. But this time, Minato was prepared. With the aid of Observation Haki, he could sense Tsuna's movements before they happened, like a prediction, dodging with a grace and accuracy that surprised everyone, including Tsuna.

With each dodge and fluid movement of Minato, Tsuna's frustration grew. She increased the pace, unleashing a series of quick and varied attacks, but Minato continued to dodge, each of his movements synchronized with her attacks. The spectators watched, stunned, as the fight took a turn no one expected.

"How are you doing this?" Tsuna exclaimed, her frustration turning to surprise. She had never seen Minato fight like this.

"It's the training you laughed at me for one day," Minato simply replied, maintaining his focus.

The fight continued, and with each move, Minato not only avoided Tsuna's attacks but also began to counter-attack, pressing her back. Then, in a decisive moment, he saw an opening. With a quick and precise move, he pushed Tsuna, using her own strength and momentum against her.

Tsuna, caught off guard, stumbled backward, unable to recover in time. With one final effort, Minato pushed her even further, and with a look of surprise and disbelief, Tsuna stepped out of the designated fight area, marking the end of the combat.

For a moment, there was shocked silence. Then, a wave of surprised murmurs and exclamations ran through the crowd of students. Minato had won, overcoming Tsuna in a way no one expected.

"Winner... Minato Namikaze..." The teacher announced still a bit stunned, he didn't understand how Minato became so agile and predicted all of Tsuna's attacks, one of the best when it comes to a fight.

Tsuna, still out of the fight area, looked at Minato with a mix of surprise and a twinge of frustration. "You've improved, Minato," she admitted.

"Wow Senju... He got you there!" Mikoto spoke and didn't miss the chance to tease Tsuna.

"Shut up, Uchiha! He might beat you too." Tsuna said with a tone of frustration.

Minato approached Tsuna at that moment with a satisfied smile, still catching his breath, reminded of the bet they had made before the fight started. "Do you remember our bet, Tsuna?" he asked, a sly glint in his eyes.

Tsuna nodded, an expression of reluctance mixed with the acceptance of her defeat. "Yes, I remember. What do you want?"

Minato looked around, ensuring only Tsuna could hear him. "I want to learn the Shadow Clone Jutsu," he revealed. This jutsu, a B-level technique, which allows the user to create real clones of themselves, was something Minato considered extremely valuable for his development as a ninja.

Tsuna's eyes widened, surprised by the request. The Shadow Clone Jutsu wasn't a simple technique; it was categorized as forbidden, "Are you sure? This jutsu isn't easy to master and is quite dangerous!"

Minato nodded with determination. "I know. But that's exactly why I want it. It will help me get stronger and reach my goals as I don't have access to jutsus like you do."

Tsuna sighed, a smile forming on her lips. "Alright, Minato. I'll ask my mother or Great-grandmother to deliver the scroll."

Minato was satisfied with this; he would finally learn something powerful. He might not be as powerful as Naruto to create hundreds of clones, but having a dozen of them at this time would help him develop his jutsus and body several times over.

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18. Chapter 18

[Chapter Size: 1400 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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On the following day, Minato was already seated in his place, with

Mikoto by his side, discussing something intensely. "What was that technique?" Mikoto looked curiously at Minato. "Something I've been training for many months, over half a year," Minato calmly replied. "Does it have to do with that strange training you've been doing after class, isn't it? Dodging trees blindfolded helps that much in improving your reflexes?" Mikoto asked curiously. "More or less, I managed to develop a technique in the midst of that..." Minato calmly responded. "Well, everyone is quite curious about it, they're still figuring out how you managed to defeat that Senju..." Mikoto said, pointing towards the classroom. All the students were looking at Minato while murmuring something about him among their groups. 'Great... I hope I don't attract too much attention... I just won a fight...' Minato murmured, looking at his classmates with a raised eyebrow.' Minato thought a bit frustrated. The conversation between the two was interrupted with Tsuna entering the room and going to her usual place next to Minato. The girl was carrying an almost palpable excitement as she approached. "Good morning, Minato, Good morning, Uchiha!" Even Tsuna didn't make her usual grimace when she spoke to Mikoto.

"Someone seems happy..." Mikoto murmured, and Minato looked at the Senju girl curiously. "Let me tell you, it was hard... But my great-grandmother gave me the scroll!" Tsuna spoke, barely containing her enthusiasm. She knew how important it was to get that scroll.

"Really? That's great! Where is it?" Minato replied, equally excited. The possibility of learning the Shadow Clone Jutsu made him eager to start.

"I'm not just going to give you the scroll like that!" Tsuna said, a mischievous glint in her eyes. She couldn't help but have a little fun with the situation.

"What? Why?" Minato asked, his expression becoming a mix of surprise

and suspicion. "Because we're going to train together!" Tsuna revealed with a small smile. She knew that training together would benefit not just Minato but also help her improve her own skills, and she didn't want to fall behind Minato after yesterday's fight.

"Hm... okay... I'm fine with that then..." Minato replied, he had nothing against training with this girl. "Hahaha! You don't think I'll let you surpass me that easily! Besides, I want you to show me that training of yours; I still can't believe you beat me like that, we need to have a rematch!" Tsuna grumbled. Minato nodded in agreement. "Sure, we can train together. It will be good to have someone to practice with," he said with a small smile.

"HEY, what are you mumbling over there..." Mikoto spoke from the other side of Minato, interrupting the conversation and showing her usual curiosity. "Just training, Uchiha!" Tsuna replied in a slightly displeased tone.

"Oh? After Minato defeated you, you finally stopped being lazy?" Mikoto teased, a mocking smile on her lips. "When was I lazy? If you want to provoke me, at least speak the truth, I'm going to do training that will knock you down!" Tsuna retorted.

"I want to see that!" Mikoto challenged, clearly amused by the exchange of barbs. She then turned her attention back to Minato, quickly changing the subject. "Speaking of training, I have something for you." "For me?" Minato raised an eyebrow, surprised by the sudden change of focus.

"Yes, take this!" Mikoto extended a box to Minato. Curious, he opened it and was surprised to see a dozen real kunais inside. "This!" Minato couldn't hide his surprise and gratitude. The wooden kunais he had been using were limited and didn't reflect the reality of a ninja combat.

"You keep complaining about using wooden kunais, here's a set for you to

train with!" Mikoto said with a wink, clearly pleased to be able to help her friend. "How suspicious, you giving a gift to him... You're not interested in Minato, are you?" Tsuna tried to provoke.

"Unlike you, I don't need to make a bet to give a friend a present!" Mikoto retorted arrogantly. "What did you say!" Tsuna didn't like that comment and was ready to respond in kind.

"Hey, calm down... Thank you, Mikoto, this will help me a lot!" Minato intervened before the discussion between the two escalated further.

After a day full of theoretical and practical lessons, the bell finally rang, announcing the end of the activities at the academy. Minato and Tsuna bid farewell to Mikoto and the other classmates. As they left the room, they went directly to the training site to study the scroll Tsuna had obtained from Mito with the jutsu created by the second Hokage.

As soon as they arrived at the training field, a familiar and isolated area surrounded by trees and dense vegetation, both prepared to begin. Tsuna took out the scroll and carefully unrolled it. The instructions for the Shadow Clone Jutsu were there, written with detail and precision.

"Are you ready?" Tsuna asked, looking at Minato with a serious expression. She knew that mastering this technique would not be easy and would require impeccable concentration and chakra control.

"Always, let's start..." Minato responded.

Tsuna began by explaining the fundamentals of the jutsu, the way the chakra should be shaped and divided. Minato listened attentively, absorbing every word. After the explanation, they began to practice, trying repeatedly to shape their chakra correctly to create a clone with the crossed finger seal.

In the beginning, their attempts were frustrating. Creating a clone that was more than a mere illusion was more difficult than they had

imagined. But Minato didn't give up. With each attempt, he adjusted his technique, learning from his mistakes, and striving to better understand the jutsu's complexity.

Tsuna, in turn, also tried focusing her chakra with her seal, but she still had as much difficulty as Minato; she was learning while correcting Minato when necessary and encouraging him to keep trying. The sun began to set, casting long shadows over the training field, but the two children still persisted, driven by determination and the desire to master the Jutsu.

As night fell and the stars began to appear in the sky, Minato finally made a breakthrough. With a concentrated effort, he shaped his chakra more successfully and, to his surprise, a clone collapsed on the ground appeared beside him. "What is this?! HAHAHAHAHAHHA!" Tsunade began to laugh at Minato's small clone; it was a copy of the clone Naruto created in the first episode, if that could even be called a clone. "That was terrible..." Minato had to admit, looking at his clone.

They tried for a while longer, but they reached their limits, exhausted but not discouraged; they finally agreed to end the training for that day.

"Let's try again tomorrow. It's our day off from the academy, so we'll have the whole day to practice," Tsuna suggested.

Minato nodded in agreement, seeing that it was pointless to continue and everything was dark. "Tomorrow, without a doubt, we'll make more progress," he said, confidence in his voice bringing a smile to Tsuna's face.

The next day, with a break from the academy, both met at the same training field in the morning. The sun was still low in the sky, casting a soft light over the forest. They began immediately, picking up where they had left off and striving even harder to master the technique.

"I did it!" Tsuna was the first to make a clone.

Finally, as the afternoon progressed, Minato made a new attempt to form a clone. He shaped his chakra with precision, and this time, a stable and solid clone appeared beside him. The clone stood firm, an almost perfect mirror of Minato, before dissipating calmly.

"You did it, Minato! I knew you could!" she exclaimed, running to hug him in a spontaneous gesture of celebration.

Minato, surprised by the hug, hesitated for a moment before reciprocating, a genuine smile forming on his face. "Thank you, Tsuna. I think we finally managed to master it!" he said.

"Shall we start sending clones to school now?" Tsuna asked curiously.

"I don't think that's a good choice; we might have only been able to create these clones because we have more chakra than the other children, but it's still risky for a newly learned technique. Maybe at the beginning of the year, what do you think? Our chakra will be more stable to leave the clone in class while we train somewhere else." Minato suggested and Tsuna nodded, understanding the situation.

"I think you're right, but I want to see the face of that Uchiha when she finds out that who's beside her are just clones. Hahahaha!" Tsuna had a devilish face at that moment.

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19. Chapter 19

[Chapter Size: 1300 Words.]

Third Person POV

Training Camp, Konoha, Year 32.

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In the last months of the year, Minato's routine solidified into a continuous cycle of what he had been doing all year. Each morning, he would rise before the sun to train his body before heading to the academy. He continued to attend the academy, where his skills visibly improved, and his classmates and teachers began to recognize the boy's growing competence in areas where he had been weak. He quickly began

to outperform everyone in circuits with physical tests, and his body rapidly adapted to any challenge. His kunai accuracy shot up from 40% to 70% after he began training with the real kunais that Mikoto gifted him. In the tests with the rings, Minato dominated the class, almost never losing a duel since he activated his observation haki. It wasn't a surprise how everyone was stunned by how the boy could simply predict all the opponents' attacks, even in blind spots, making even the Hyuga brothers of the class, Hiashi Hyuga and Hizashi Hyuga, ask if Minato had his own byakugan. Even the arrogant Uchihas couldn't escape their defeats against the civilian's incredible prediction ability, making him the number one student when neither Tsuna nor Mikoto could defeat him. Minato had changed from the odd civilian to the rookie of the year, surpassing all the future leaders of the clans.

But Minato didn't limit his dominance to just the academy. The training field in the forest became a second home for him. He spent hours there, tirelessly working on his chakra control, perfecting the Shadow Clone Jutsu, and advancing in the mastery of Observation Haki even when it got dark, he was still training. With each passing day, he became more agile, stronger, and more attuned to the world around him.

In these training sessions, Tsuna became a frequent visitor. She participated in his training sessions, even risking doing the strange training of running blindfolded in the forest, but that didn't end very well for her in the first weeks and she ended up giving up that training, limiting herself to just fighting Minato in their sparrings that they did all the time.

Minato and Tsuna seemed to have developed something more over time, even though neither admitted it, there was something growing between the two, as they spent every day together in recent months. Mikoto was a

girl who wanted to be with them, but her clan prohibited any training done outside of the clan, so her visits were very limited.

With the freedom of Minato and Tsuna together, they laughed, shared stories and challenges, and occasionally competed in friendly training fights. Tsuna, in turn, was developing her own abilities, perfecting the hereditary techniques of the Senju clan, and exploring new areas of ninja knowledge, such as medical ninjutsu, inspired by her mother, Tsunade, in the following months.

That day, the training field in the forest was a scene of effort, determination, and friendly rivalry. While tensions between neighboring nations grew and rumors of imminent conflicts spread through Konoha, Minato and Tsuna continued to focus on their development, preparing for whatever the future brought.

Minato and Tsuna had spent the last hours in intensive training, practicing their techniques, improving their reflexes, and testing each other. It was a routine that had become familiar but never monotonous, each session bringing new challenges and learning opportunities.

"I give up!" Tsuna's voice, mixed with exhaustion and a hint of frustration, echoed through the open space. She fell to the ground, breathing heavily, looking at Minato with an expression that had more to say.

"Already, Tsuna? You gave up quicker than yesterday..." Minato commented, a playful smile on his lips, but his eyes showed genuine concern for his friend.

"You have a damn weird ability that can predict all attacks, that's not fair!" Tsuna murmured, referring to Minato's Observation Haki, an ability he had developed and perfected over the months.

"You shouldn't say that, you have an incredible lineage in your veins,

you're the second-best student in the class," Minato replied.

"I'm not the first, even though I'm satisfied to show that Uchiha that I'm the best, I'm not the first in the class, Minato! My great-grandfather was the First Hokage! I should be more than this!" Tsuna exclaimed, standing up abruptly.

Minato looked at Tsuna, his blue eyes reflecting a deep understanding. He knew how difficult it was for her to deal with the expectations and pressure of being the great-granddaughter of the First Hokage. "Tsuna, you're amazing just the way you are. You don't need to be first in everything to prove your worth. Your great-grandfather would be proud to see the kunoichi you're becoming."

"I'm sorry for that, I shouldn't be talking to you like this, it's just that two members of the Senju clan died on a mission yesterday..." She murmured with a bit of sadness.

"Died?" Minato repeated with a concerned look, already imagining what might have happened.

"Yes, the Senju clan is disappearing, Minato. There are only a few of us left, even assuming my mother's name, I'm still worried. I should be stronger..." Tsuna murmured, her voice laden with a mix of sadness and determination.

"Being strong is good, Tsuna, but don't let it consume you..." Minato spoke, placing a hand on her shoulder in a gesture of comfort and continued his speech.

"If it's to protect those you love, it's important, but don't let it spoil your relationships. Get strong, but always keep people around who can celebrate your strengthening together." Minato's words were sincere, inspired by what Naruto might say to someone at this moment. "I think you're right... thank you, Minato..." She murmured, a slight blush of

gratitude and shyness coloring her cheeks.

"You should... Hm?!" The intimate conversation was abruptly interrupted by sudden danger. Kunais flew towards them from the surrounding forest. Minato, reacting instinctively, drew a kunai and defended himself and Tsuna from the projectiles.

Metallic Sound *Metallic Sound*

The metallic sound of impacts echoed through the air, a sharp reminder of the dangerous world they lived in.

"Oh? You're good," an unknown voice commented from the forest, and an older boy, apparently about 12 years old, emerged from the shadows of the trees. His presence was imposing, and there was a glint of challenge in his eyes.

"Nawaki!? What are you doing here?!" Tsuna expressed her surprise and slight discomfort at seeing her uncle suddenly appear after attacking Minato.

"What? I just came to see if my niece is alright! There have been many deaths in our clan, and you're here until this time. How can I not be worried?" Nawaki responded.

Tsuna knew that Nawaki had good intentions but felt a bit suffocated by the constant protection. "I think I have to go..." she turned to Minato with an apologetic look, indicating that their training together would have to be interrupted.

"It's okay, it's already dark," Minato replied with understanding but kept a watchful eye on Nawaki.

"Don't forget to come to class tomorrow. It will be our last day," Tsuna reminded Minato, who nodded in agreement.

"Is he your boyfriend? I heard he's the number 1 rookie of your class," Nawaki asked as he walked away with Tsuna from the site.

"He's not my boyfriend!" Tsuna responded promptly, a bit flushed by Nawaki's assumption.

Meanwhile, Minato walked away, leaving Tsuna and Nawaki behind. He reflected on the last day of the year approaching. It was a day when not only parents would be watching their children but also future teachers, masters, and maybe even members of the high ranks of Konoha like the Hokage himself. Everyone would be assessing the abilities and potential of the first-year students.

Minato was prepared to break all the academy's records the next day, as was naturally expected of him.

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20. Chapter 20

[Chapter Size: 1500 Words.]

Third Person POV

Training Camp, Konoha, Year 32.

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On the last day of school, the Konoha Ninja Academy was filled with an unusual energy and anticipation. The first-year Class A, known for having the most exceptional students of the year, was the center of attention, and the presence of a crowd of spectators — proud parents, respected ninjas, and important figures from the Konoha clans — only increased the tension and excitement.

The morning began with a summary of the lessons taught throughout the year by Professor Fuuma. He went through a detailed review, ensuring that the fundamentals were firmly established in each student's mind. Then, all the students were given a written test, which they completed quickly as their theoretical exam for the year.

During the break, Minato was surprised to see Madame Gorete accompanied by some students from other classes. She approached him with a warm smile and words of encouragement. "Minato, you will have an important test this afternoon. I heard that the Hokage himself will appear, so good luck to you." Minato thanked her, feeling a mix of

gratitude for the woman who had always taken care of him.

The academy courtyard began to fill even more. In addition to the parents and clan members, Jonins began to infiltrate the crowd, their presence signaling the importance of the day. And then, with an entrance befitting his status, the Hokage, Hiruzen Sarutobi, arrived. His presence immediately attracted everyone's attention, and he gathered the crowd for a speech.

Minato, while somewhat respecting the Hokage, felt a certain boredom during the speech. He was more interested in locating his friends. Mikoto was somewhere with her clan, the Uchihas displaying their usual pride. Tsuna was next to her parents, listening intently to the words of the Hokage. The speech, filled with words of encouragement and hope, ended with respectful applause from the crowd.

After the speech, while some students returned to their classrooms, Class A remained in the courtyard. It was time for the practical tests, and all the spectators were eager to see the young ninjas' skills in action. Minato felt some of the pressure and expectation, but also a firm determination. He had prepared for this moment, and now was the time to show the results of his hard work.

Quickly the children were called for the first test, while all others took a place as spectators on the platform set up for the viewers. Among the spectators, the Jonins and the Hokage, Hiruzen Sarutobi, watched with keen interest, ready to witness the potential of the new generation of ninjas. The academy courtyard had been transformed into a complex training field, with various testing stations set up under the supervision of Professor Fuuma and other experienced Chuunins who took care of the boys' evaluations.

The first test of the day was the obstacle course. The students were called

in groups, each positioning themselves at the starting line with a mix of nervousness and determination. The circuit in front of them was a series of physical challenges designed to test their agility, speed, and strength. As soon as everyone lined up, the teacher gave the signal to start the test. "Begin!" With the command from one of the teachers, the group of students took off. They ran, jumped, and climbed with all they had, each trying to outdo the others and, more importantly, overcome their own limits.

Minato, with his usual calm and focus, quickly took the lead. He moved with a grace and efficiency that set him apart from the others. Even without using chakra to enhance his performance, his natural speed and agility were evident. He climbed the walls with ease, jumped the pits with precision, and maneuvered through the nets as if he were dancing. "That boy... He's the famous Minato Namikaze, the civilian who entered Class A?" a Jonin questioned, watching Minato overcome the obstacles with a skill rarely seen in someone his age or someone using only their physical strength without chakra to enhance their power.

"Interesting... He's not even using chakra, but his body is naturally very fast..." another evaluator commented, impressed with Minato's performance. Murmurs of admiration spread among the observers, many of whom were now focused exclusively on the young Minato.

Hiruzen, the Hokage, watched with a keen and thoughtful gaze. "Hokage-Sama, we have good fruits this year," one of the Jonins commented beside him.

"It's true... I cannot deny that..." Hiruzen replied, his gaze still fixed on Minato. He saw a talented young man with a bright future ahead.

As Minato crossed the finish line, a wave of applause and exclamations of surprise ran through the crowd. He had completed the circuit in an

impressive time, setting a high standard for the other students.

On a rooftop near the academy, a figure watched the unfolding events attentively. It was a man with white hair, looking at Minato with an interest that went beyond the casual. His eyes followed every movement of the young student, analyzing and evaluating with the precision of an experienced ninja. "Good job, boy..." he murmured to himself, a slight smile forming on his lips as he assessed Minato's potential.

Then the first stage ended with Minato claiming first place, an impressive result for a civilian amidst so many renowned clans.

"Let's move on to the second stage. Kunai throwing," announced Professor Fuuma, taking charge of this part of the test. He instructed the children to prepare, distributing kunais and designating targets.

One by one, the students threw their kunais, aiming to hit the center of the targets positioned in front of them. The evaluators watched closely, quickly noting the results. As expected, members of the Uchiha clan proved particularly proficient at this task, their natural abilities and intensive training quickly taking the lead in the group.

"It seems the boy isn't so good with kunais..." commented a Jonin, noticing that Minato wasn't among the best in this stage.

"This is his first year, remember he's a civilian who's never received formal training. You should give some credit to the boy..." a Chuunin murmured at his side, defending Minato's effort and progress.

Minato, for his part, had hit 70% of the targets, a result that placed him in twelfth place. It wasn't the best, but for him, who had spent a year striving and training, it was a satisfactory outcome and a starting point for future improvements. He nodded to himself, already planning how he would surpass this result next year.

As the kunai test came to an end, the atmosphere in the ninja academy

became electric, with palpable excitement and anticipation among both students and audience. The most awaited moment of the day had finally arrived: the fights in the ring. It was time for each student to prove their worth not just in physical and technical skills, but also in strategy, adaptability, and emotional control under the watchful eyes of the spectators.

Students, one by one, were called to the center of the ring, each name announced generating murmurs and expectations. The fights promised to be the highlight of the day, a spectacle of young developing skills. Some of the first fights announced were:

Tsuna Senju vs. Mikoto Uchiha: A confrontation that already promised to be one of the most exciting fights of the day, pitting two of the most talented kunoichis against each other, representatives of legendary and rival clans.

Shikaku Nara vs. Inoichi Yamanaka: A battle of intellects and strategies, a clash that would bring to the fore the sagacity and creativity characteristic of these clans.

Chōza Akimichi vs. Hiashi Hyuuga: Strength against precision, brute power challenging the skill of control and keen vision. A duel of opposite styles, but equally respected.

Ibiki Morino vs. Kaito Aburame (OC): Ibiki, with his ambition to become a competent Jonin, would face Kaito, a representative of the enigmatic Aburame clan with their insect-based techniques.

Hizashi Hyuuga vs. Arata Sarutobi (OC): Hizashi, with his Byakugan ability, against Arata, a promising young member of the Sarutobi clan known for their tenacity and potentially fire-related skills.

Other fights also promised to be exciting:

Gurin Uchiha vs. Ryohei Inuzuka (OC): The clash between the refined

technique of the Uchiha clan and the ferocity of the Inuzuka clan.

Tsume Inuzuka vs. Haruto Kurama (OC): The agility and savagery of

Tsume would face the creativity and illusory powers of Haruto, a young

talent from the Kurama clan known for their genjutsu skills. This

confrontation would test not just physical strength but also mental

endurance and the ability to adapt to unexpected strategies.

And, finally, the duel that many awaited with great anticipation:

Minato Namikaze vs. Akame Uchiha: The talented civilian, known for his

ambitions and notable skills, would face Akame, a member of the

prestigious Uchiha clan. All eyes would be on this confrontation, to see

how the young Minato would fare against such a formidable opponent.

All the spectators watched attentively for the unfolding of these fights.

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21. Chapter 21

[Chapter Size: 1800 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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"Tsun Senju vs. Mikoto Uchiha! Please... Enter the ring!" One of the examiners took the paper and asked the girls to step into the circle under everyone's watchful eyes for the first fight.

The atmosphere in the Konoha academy was electrifying. The chatter stopped, and all eyes were fixed on the central ring. It was the moment many had been eagerly awaiting: the fight between Tsuna Senju and Mikoto Uchiha. Two young kunoichis, both with powerful heritages and promising futures, were about to face off.

After the Chuunin called their names, the two girls stood up. Tsuna, with her confident and determined posture, walked to the ring displaying the characteristic strength of the Senju clan. Her fists were clenched, ready to defeat her year-long rival. Mikoto, on the other hand, displayed an almost disconcerting calm, a serenity that hid the agility and precision the Uchiha family was known for.

As soon as they faced each other, the examiner started the fight, "Begin!" announced the referee.

Tsuna advanced first, her movements powerful and direct. She sought to close the distance quickly, aware that her strength was her greatest advantage. With each step, she tried to impose her presence, as if to say that the legacy of the First Hokage ran in her veins.

Mikoto, however, was not intimidated. She danced around Tsuna, her movements fluid and graceful, a battle dance that confused and frustrated her opponent. With each of Tsuna's thrusts, Mikoto glided to the side with the elegance of a leaf in the wind, her agility was her weapon, and she used it masterfully.

Tsuna's strikes were strong, each one loaded with the intention to end the fight. But Mikoto was always a step ahead, anticipating and avoiding, her mind as quick as her feet. But Tsuna's patience was not infinite, and with each of Mikoto's dodges, her frustration grew.

"You are not Minato, you can't run forever!" Tsuna shouted, launching an even more fierce attack.

"I don't intend to," replied Mikoto, her calm voice contrasting with the intensity of the fight.

And then, in a move that surprised all who were watching, Mikoto stopped retreating. Instead, she advanced, meeting Tsuna's strength with her own speed and precision. It was a clash of styles, a collision of legacies.

The two kunoichis clashed in the center of the ring, the sound of their blows echoing like little thunders. Tsuna, with her brute strength, delivered powerful blows that promised to end the fight with a single hit. On the other hand, Mikoto, with her feline agility, dodged and counter-attacked with precise and quick strikes, aiming to unbalance her

opponent.

The fight was tied, each one exploring the weaknesses and resisting the strengths of the other. Tsuna launched a powerful punch that Mikoto dodged at the last second, responding with an agile kick that Tsuna barely managed to block. The spectators were on the edge of their seats, amazed at the skill and determination of the young children.

"This won't be easy," Tsuna whispered, panting, but with a glint of challenge in her eyes.

"I expected no less from you," Mikoto replied, equally panting, but smiling. "But I am not going to lose!"

They stepped back and, almost as if they had agreed, charged at each other with everything they had. Tsuna with a determined yell, Mikoto with concentrated silence. Their fists were on the way to a clash that would decide the fight.

However, at the last moment, both attempted a risky maneuver. Tsuna used her strength to try to throw Mikoto out of the ring, while Mikoto used her agility to try to dodge and counter-attack. The result was unexpected: both lost their balance and fell out of the ring almost at the same time.

The referee looked surprised, trying to determine who had fallen first, but it was impossible. The onlookers exchanged glances and nodded to each other.

"Technical draw!" announced the referee, raising his hands to signal the outcome.

The audience burst into applause. Some were disappointed not to have a clear winner, but most were thrilled by the skill and fighting spirit the two girls had shown.

Tsuna and Mikoto got up, both a bit surprised but satisfied with the

outcome. They exchanged a look of mutual respect.

"Good fight," said Tsuna, extending her hand.

"You too," replied Mikoto, shaking Tsuna's hand.

"But next year, I will win," Tsuna declared.

"We'll see about that..." Mikoto responded with a hint of arrogance.

As Tsuna and Mikoto left the ring, the buzz of the crowd was still alive with comments and discussions about the fight they had just witnessed.

The examiner, a man with a firm posture and attentive gaze, called the audience's attention back to the present with his clear and authoritative voice. "The next fight will be between Shikaku Nara and Inoichi

Yamanaka. Please, enter the ring!"

The conversations quieted down, and all eyes turned back to the fighting area. Shikaku, known for his intelligence and tendency toward laziness, slowly rose from his place. He yawned openly, showing an apparent lack of interest, but his eyes were sharp and observant. Inoichi, on the other hand, stood up with an energy and enthusiasm that strongly contrasted with Shikaku's relaxed attitude. He was known for his ambition and desire to learn more and more.

Both boys positioned themselves, Shikaku with his hands in his pockets, a casual posture that some might interpret as disinterest, but those who knew him understood it was just his way of being ready for anything.

Inoichi, more upright and focused, analyzed his opponent, trying to anticipate the moves and strategies he might employ.

"Begin!" announced the referee, and the fight started.

Shikaku was the first to act, moving with a laziness that belied his intent, trying to corner Inoichi with a move that seemed casual but was calculated. Inoichi, however, was not easily fooled. He responded with a series of maneuvers aiming to unbalance Shikaku.

It was a cat-and-mouse game, each trying to anticipate and counter the other's moves. As the fight between young Shikaku and Inoichi unfolded, it was clear that, despite their young age, both had a remarkable understanding of tactics and strategies. Shikaku, with his casual posture and hands in his pockets, advanced with a calculated slowness, each step a test for Inoichi's defenses. Inoichi, energetic and focused, responded with quick and decisive movements, trying to find a gap in Shikaku's seemingly relaxed defense.

The fight continued, each boy anticipating and reacting to the other's moves. Shikaku, with his sharp intelligence, made lazy moves that concealed his true intention of cornering Inoichi. Inoichi, in turn, used his energy and enthusiasm to keep Shikaku moving, seeking to tire him out and create an opportunity for a decisive blow.

As they progressed, fatigue began to show. Shikaku, realizing that Inoichi's energy and vigor might overcome his strategy of patience, began to reconsider his plan. Inoichi, sensing Shikaku's hesitation, pressed even harder, his eyes shining with the prospect of an imminent victory.

Finally, after an intense cat-and-mouse game, Shikaku found himself cornered, Inoichi's cunning and relentless energy prevailing. With a sigh of resignation and a smile acknowledging his friend's skill, Shikaku stepped back and admitted defeat. "You won, Inoichi," he said.

"I won!" Inoichi cheerfully celebrated, and many spectators clapped for him.

"The next fight will be between Chōza Akimichi and Hiashi Hyūga.

Please, enter the ring!"

The crowd stirred with renewed anticipation. First, Chōza Akimichi made his entrance, his imposing and confident figure immediately capturing everyone's attention. Known for incredible physical strength and abilities

that represent the tradition of his clan, he walked with an air of determination and serenity, ready to face his opponent.

Next, Hiashi Hyuuga entered the ring with calm grace and piercing eyes. His posture and sharp gaze reflected his dexterity and the perfect control he possessed over his abilities. Representing the prestigious Hyuuga Clan, he emanated a silent confidence and an aura of intensity that promised a memorable fight.

As the two ninjas positioned themselves face to face, the anticipation was palpable. Chōza with his brute strength and Hiashi with his lethal precision, both at the age of 6, were ready to prove their abilities and honor their clans. The examiner stepped back, and silence took over the arena. All eyes were fixed on the center, waiting for the start of a fight that promised to be an incredible display of power and technique.

As the examiner retreated, a tense silence fell over the arena. Chōza and Hiashi, despite being only six years old, faced each other with the seriousness of seasoned veterans. Chōza, with his size and impressive strength, even for his age, took the initiative, advancing with firm and determined steps towards Hiashi.

Hiashi, in turn, remained motionless, his penetrating eyes watching every move of Chōza. As Chōza was about to reach him, Hiashi dodged with agility, his lightness contrasting with Chōza's brute force. The crowd watched, fascinated by the dexterity and speed of the young Hyuuga, who dodged Chōza's advances with surprising grace.

Chōza, undiscouraged, attempted several times to hit Hiashi with quick and powerful blows, each capable of changing the course of the fight if connected. But Hiashi, with an almost supernatural perception, anticipated and avoided each attack, his calm expression never wavering. Then, in a defining moment of the fight, Hiashi did something

extraordinary. With a focused look and deep breath, he activated his Byakugan, a feat rarely seen in someone his age that left everyone stunned. His eyes took on a new intensity, the veins around them becoming visible as he looked directly at Chōza.

With the Byakugan activated, Hiashi clearly saw Chōza's chakra points, predicting his movements with even more precision. He began to counter-attack, each move calculated to avoid direct contact while targeting points that would reduce Chōza's strength and mobility. The young Akimichi felt the pressure, his attacks becoming more desperate as he struggled to keep up with the precision and agility of his opponent. Finally, with a quick and precise move, Hiashi struck a crucial point, causing Chōza to stagger and fall to his knees. The silence was deafening as everyone absorbed what had just happened. Hiashi, with his Byakugan still active, offered Chōza a look of respect and a hand to help him stand. Chōza accepted the help, his face showing a mix of disappointment and admiration. The examiner announced Hiashi as the winner, and the crowd erupted in applause and exclamations. Despite his young age, Hiashi Hyuuga had demonstrated remarkable skill and the promise of becoming an exceptional shinobi, bringing honor and prestige to his clan as a member of the main family.

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22. Chapter 22

[Chapter Size: 1700 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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As the previous battle reached its impressive conclusion, the arena was filled with murmurs and exclamations. "Incredible! Byakugan at this age?" a voice stood out among the spectators, clearly amazed by Hiashi's early ability. Admiration was palpable, surprise and respect mingling in the words echoing through the space.

A Jonin, with an assessing and experienced gaze, nodded in agreement,

adding his voice to the conversation. "The future of the Hyuuga clan looks promising with a young one like this," he stated, his words conveying not only an assessment of Hiashi's potential but also a prediction of what his growth could mean for the clan.

Around the arena, various members of the Hyuuga clan, with their characteristic eyes and dignified postures, nodded in approval. Looks of satisfaction and a hint of pride adorned their faces as they considered Hiashi not only as a talented young individual but also as a future leader, someone who could one day stand out as a patriarch of the clan, especially considering his direct lineage from the main branch.

Even the Hokage, observing from his honored position, expressed his acknowledgment. "A promising young one, indeed," he murmured, a slight smile outlining his words. His confirmation served as a seal of high expectations and belief in Hiashi's potential.

As this exchange took place, the focus began to shift to the next battle.

"Now, step forward, Ibiki Morino of the Morino clan versus Kaito Aburame of the Aburame clan. Competitors, please enter the ring!" the examiner called, his voice clear, bringing the attention back to the present.

Ibiki made his entrance with fierce determination, his expression serious and focused, an image of determination and the ambition of a future Jonin. His eyes swept the arena, every detail, every shadow and light, analyzed as possible advantages in his imminent battle. Anticipation grew among the spectators, all feeling the tension and promise of another memorable fight.

Shortly after, Kaito Aburame entered, his presence almost enigmatic with the characteristic hood of his clan covering most of his face. The aura of mystery surrounding him became more palpable with the subtle, almost

imperceptible buzz of the insects that formed the basis of his techniques.

He stood before Ibiki, the confrontation of their gazes promising an intriguing battle.

The examiner stepped back, and the arena fell silent, all eyes fixed on the two young shinobi. "Begin!" he ordered.

The fight began almost instantly. Ibiki advanced, his movements quick and decisive, but Kaito remained still, a subtle signal from his hand releasing his insects. In the blink of an eye, a swarm of them enveloped Ibiki, disorienting him and obscuring his vision. Ibiki struggled to fend them off, but with each move, Kaito controlled the insects with precision, anticipating and countering every attempt by Ibiki to break free.

And then, as quickly as it began, it ended. With one final coordinated move, Kaito's insects struck key points, causing Ibiki to yield. The examiner quickly announced Kaito as the winner, and the crowd, still processing the speed and effectiveness of the fight, erupted in applause and exclamations.

"Let's continue," the examiner began, his voice projecting clearly throughout the arena. "Next up, Hizashi Hyuuga and Arata Sarutobi, step forward."

Shortly after, Arata Sarutobi made his entrance. With a confident demeanor and a gaze reflecting the fiery ambition of his clan, he walked to the center of the ring, acknowledging Hizashi with a respectful nod.

The examiner took a step back. "Begin!" he declared, and immediately, the battle commenced.

Hizashi advanced first, his swift and precise strikes a demonstration of his skill and intense training. Arata, however, was prepared. He skillfully dodged, his agility allowing him to stay out of Hizashi's reach. With each move, Arata observed, learned, and adapted, a quality inherent to the

Sarutobi clan.

As the fight progressed, Arata began to take the initiative. With agile maneuvers and smart use of his surroundings, he started to put pressure on Hizashi, who, without the Byakugan, struggled to anticipate and react to the fast and varied attacks.

Finally, at a decisive moment, Arata executed a series of moves that unbalanced Hizashi, followed by a final strike that brought him down. Silence fell for a brief moment before the examiner announced Arata Sarutobi as the winner.

The crowd applauded. "Hokage-Sama, your clan has a great talent, defeating a Hyuga," a Jonin spoke to the Hokage.

While many members of the Hyuga clan looked grim, others congratulated the Sarutobi clan.

The examiner appeared with the next matchup. He proclaimed, "Gurin Uchiha versus Ryohei Inuzuka! Enter the ring!"

Gurin Uchiha entered first, his small stature not diminishing the aura of determination surrounding him. Even at just six years old and without the Sharingan, his confidence and training were evident. His eyes carefully watched the ring, calculating every possible move as he walked with a seriousness that defied his age.

Next, Ryohei Inuzuka advanced with palpable energy and enthusiasm.

Without a canine companion by his side, he relied on his own innate fierceness and agility. His expression was fierce, a reflection of his clan's combative nature, and he bounded back and forth, barely containing his youthful fervor.

The examiner stepped back, and silence filled the arena. "Begin!" he ordered.

Ryohei was the first to act, advancing toward Gurin with a series of fast

and unpredictable movements. His actions were wild and instinctive, attempting to disorient Gurin with his speed and energy.

Gurin, on the other hand, remained calm. He watched, learned, and adapted to each of Ryohei's moves. With careful and precise steps, he dodged the attacks, using his intelligence and training to anticipate where Ryohei would be next. Each defense and counterattack by Gurin was a demonstration of his innate ability and the training he had received from his clan.

The fight continued, a test of agility and strategy. Ryohei pressed on with all the fury and energy of his youth, but Gurin responded with a calmness and technique that were almost surprising for someone so young. And then, in a decisive move, Gurin managed to dodge a particularly fast attack from Ryohei and lightly touched him on the shoulder, a symbolic but clear gesture, causing his opponent to fall out of the ring.

The examiner announced the end of the fight, declaring Gurin Uchiha the winner. The crowd applauded, impressed by the young Uchiha's skill and composure.

"Tsume Inuzuka and Haruto Kurama, please step into the ring!"

Tsume Inuzuka was the first to enter, her energy and determination radiating throughout the ring. She didn't yet have her canine companion, but the tenacity and inherent fierceness of her clan were evident in her posture and fierce eyes. She bounded back and forth, clearly eager to begin.

Shortly after, Haruto Kurama entered calmly, his presence almost ethereal in contrast to Tsume's vibrant energy. His clan is known for their genjutsu ability and creative nature. Haruto walked with serene confidence, his intelligent and observant eyes analyzing the ring and his opponent.

The examiner took a step back and gave the signal. "Begin!"

Tsume wasted no time, immediately advancing toward Haruto with impressive speed. Her movements were fast and direct, each one reflecting intense training and her clan's fierce nature.

Haruto, on the other hand, remained calm and focused. He began to execute moves to slow down his opponent. But she was too fast, as she had been trained by her clan in the arts of Genjutsu, and the agility of the girl from the Inuzuka clan was faster than he could anticipate.

The fight turned into a game of cat and mouse, with Tsume trying to overcome Haruto's defenses and Haruto attempting to create an opening with his physical abilities. With a combination of agility, instinct, and an impressive understanding of Haruto's tactics, he managed to get close enough to strike Haruto, signaling the end of the fight.

The examiner announced Tsume Inuzuka as the winner, and the crowd erupted in applause.

As Tsume and Haruto left the ring, the atmosphere of excitement and anticipation did not diminish. There were more than a dozen fights left among all 36 students in Class A who hadn't fought yet.

As the day progressed, the arena witnessed a variety of exciting matchups. Each fight revealed a new layer of skill and spirit in the young competitors. Some duels were quick and decisive, while others were long and tactical, but all showcased their talents for their respective clans.

The techniques varied greatly: some competitors relied on speed and agility, others on strength and endurance. Some showed promise in advanced tactical skills, while others surprised with creative and unexpected moves.

As the sun began to set, casting long shadows over the arena, the tournament was approaching its climax. The crowd, though tired from

the children's long sequence of fights, grew in excitement and noise. They knew that the event everyone had been waiting for was about to happen. "Ladies and gentlemen," announced the examiner, his voice rising above the crowd. "We have reached the last fight of the day, a matchup that promises to be one of the most memorable of this tournament. On one side, we have the number 1 newcomer, Minato Namikaze, who has demonstrated resilience and growth throughout the year in most tests. On the other side, Akame Uchiha, a talented young one from one of our most powerful clans."

A murmur of excitement ran through the crowd as Minato entered the ring. His expression was calm, but his eyes gleamed with fierce determination. He was not just a newcomer; he was a shinobi who was already beginning to stand out, even among his talented peers from various clans.

Akame Uchiha entered with an almost majestic presence and an arrogant gaze. The expectation surrounding his abilities was high, and he carried that weight with quiet confidence. His eyes, though calm, reflected the intensity and fire of his clan.

The examiner stepped back. "Let the final fight of this tournament begin!" he declared.

A tense silence fell over the arena, all eyes fixed on the two young individuals in the center of the ring.

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23. Chapter 23

[Chapter Size: 1400 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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As Minato and Akame, both only 6 years old and in what would be the final fight of their first year at the academy, entered the ring, the crowd was eager to see how both would perform. Minato, the number 1 rookie, had earned an enviable reputation among everyone in the past few months, although no one knew of his special and unique ability in this world.

Akame, however, had an arrogant look plastered on his face. He was determined to defeat Minato and prove that he was the best in his class. He would not allow a nameless civilian to take the place he believed was his by right.

The examiner, sensing the tension in the air, stepped back and declared, "Begin!".

Minato immediately took a fighting stance, his expression focused and his body agile. He was ready to demonstrate his skill and show why he was considered the number 1 rookie. His confidence was palpable, and the crowd knew they were about to witness something extraordinary.

As the last and most anticipated fight of the day began, Akame Uchiha, representing one of the most respected and feared clans, did not hesitate. With fierce determination shining in his eyes, he advanced toward

Minato with a speed and confidence that could only come from deep training and an unwavering belief in his abilities. Each of his steps was charged with clear intent, a promise that he would live up to his clan's legacy.

The crowd watched, holding their breath, as Akame launched into a series of quick and precise attacks. But Minato proved to be a formidable opponent. Somehow, he anticipated and dodged Akame's attacks with a grace and precision that defied understanding.

Spectators exchanged looks of surprise and admiration. "How can he do this...?" ninjas around murmured among themselves, unable to understand how Minato could predict each of Akame's moves without the aid of a famous doujutsu from some special clans. Curiosity and astonishment spread through the crowd like waves, all fascinated by Minato's apparent foresight of Akame's movements.

The Hokage, with his calm expression, yet clearly impressed, watched every detail of the fight. Beside him, a jonin, unable to contain his curiosity, questioned: "Hokage-Sama, can you tell how the boy is doing this?"

The Hokage turned slowly, his gaze still fixed on the fight. "I am as surprised as everyone," he began, his voice reflecting his amazement and admiration. "I heard that the boy might do something similar from his teachers, but seeing it in person is truly astonishing. The boy is predicting the attacks without even looking at his opponent. He seems to have an exceptional mastery of his perception and instincts, almost as if he could sense the young Uchiha's intentions before they materialize."

Minato switched from defense to attack, pressing the Uchiha and making him retreat at that moment.

As Minato dodged and counter-attacked with a skill that defied logic, the

confusion and fascination among the spectators grew.

"He's using that ability again..." Tsuna spoke with crossed arms among the other children.

"It's like he has my clan's Sharingan. But it's strange..." murmured Mikoto Uchiha, her forehead furrowed in confusion each time she looked at Minato in the ring. She was not alone in her thoughts; many around began to whisper comparisons, trying to understand the source of Minato's almost supernatural ability.

While Akame launched a series of quick and precise attacks, Minato responded with agility and foresight, counter-attacking the Uchiha and making him receive hits from Minato.

Applause and exclamations of admiration echoed through the arena, the crowd vibrating with each fluid and precise movement of Minato. He was the favorite in this fight. However, Akame Uchiha, refused to be overshadowed. Feeling the pressure of the fight and the need to respond to Minato's exceptional skill, he did something no one expected. With a burning determination and intense focus, he activated his Sharingan, a tomoe standing out in his red eyes. A murmur of surprise immediately swept through the crowd, gazes fixing on Akame's intense and shining eyes.

"The Sharingan..." Minato murmured, his eyes fixed on the determined visage of the young Uchiha before him. The recognition in his voice was mixed with a hint of surprise.

"See, civilian, this is the power of the Uchiha clan, the power that will defeat you!" Akame exclaimed, his confidence inflated by the activation of his Sharingan. The determination in his voice and the glint in his eyes revealed a deep pride in his legacy and abilities.

The crowd reacted with surprise and admiration. "At just 6 years old, he

activated the Sharingan? That's incredible!" a spectator exclaimed, their voice laden with shock and admiration.

"Indeed, impressive for an Uchiha, as expected from this clan..."

commented the Hokage, a subtle acknowledgment in his voice. Though his words were calm, there was a certain gleam in his eyes.

Meanwhile, among the members of the Uchiha clan, surprise was mixed with satisfaction. Many looked at Akame with newfound regard, while others, already aware of his potential, nodded with quiet pride, seeing in him a potential elite shinobi of the clan.

With the Sharingan active, Akame now possessed supernatural vision. He began to read and anticipate Minato's movements with a precision that rivaled Minato's intuitive ability. The fight, once dominated by Minato's agility and foresight, now became a balanced clash of extraordinary skills.

Spectators followed with wide eyes, the tension and excitement growing with each movement. Both young fighters were now on equal footing, each using their unique abilities to outdo the other, the blows and counterblows occurring at an impressive speed.

Minato, feeling the pressure of Akame's Sharingan, murmured to himself, acknowledging his opponent's skill. "My Haki is even better than your Sharingan, but he has a far superior style of taijutsu than me, this is getting bad for me, I need to end the fight as quickly as possible..." As he dodged a kick from Akame, his eyes sought an opening, a moment to reverse the tide of the battle that now balanced precariously on the edge of a thread.

Each moment a testament to the talent and potential of two of the most promising young fighters of the year. As the battle between Minato and Akame intensified, the crowd watched, completely captivated. Akame

moved with lethal precision, his red eyes tracking every movement of Minato, anticipating and responding with quick and accurate physical blows.

"Damn it... How can he compare to my Sharingan?" Akame couldn't help but murmur in frustration as the fight continued to be balanced.

Minato, in a spectacle of agility and grace, danced around Akame as if he were as light as air. His movements were a blur to the onlookers, fluid and unpredictable, each step and dodge so harmonious and calculated that it seemed part of a complex dance. Even in the face of the Sharingan's predictive power, Minato's ability to sense Akame's intentions and move accordingly, a mastery he called 'Observation Haki,' allowed him to be always one step ahead.

Akame, feeling the pressure to maintain his Sharingan active, which required a constant amount of chakra and focus, launched into a frenetic assault. Each of his attacks was quick and precise, a determined effort to corner and defeat Minato. But Minato, with a dexterity that defied belief, dodged each attack, his form gliding through the ring with the ease and grace of a leaf in the wind.

Then, in a critical moment, Minato noticed the opening he had been waiting for. Akame, in his determination to end the fight and under the strain of maintaining his Sharingan, became slightly more predictable. Minato, with impressive agility, slid under a particularly aggressive blow. In a movement swift and lightning-fast, he kicked to the side of Akame's head, a non-lethal blow but sufficient to make the boy fall unconscious, ending the fight.

The crowd, which had been held in collective suspense, erupted in applause and exclamations of admiration and respect.

"Victory for Minato Namikaze!" the examiner announced, his powerful

voice echoing over the clamor of the crowd. That announcement sealed the outcome of the fight but also marked the beginning of the legend of Minato Namikaze, a name everyone knew would one day be synonymous with greatness both within and beyond the village's boundaries.

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24. Chapter 24

[Chapter Size: 1400 Words.]

Third Person POV

Ninja Academy, Konoha, Year 32.

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As the dust from the last fight settled, the crowd's energy shifted from vibrant excitement to animated and reflective conversation. The day's fights had ended, and now was the time to analyze the results, discuss the displayed skills, and ponder the future of these young shinobis.

The spectators, still in their seats, began to discuss among themselves.

"Did you see Minato's agility?" one asked, still impressed. "And Akame's Sharingan, so young and already so powerful!" another responded.

Groups of Jonins and instructors gathered, speaking in lower tones but with equal enthusiasm, analyzing the abilities and potential of each child, making mental notes on how to guide and train them in the coming years.

"Very impressive for first-year children, the Leaf Village is surely blessed with this generation." Someone said.

"Interesting is Minato Namikaze, will he break all the academy records in the coming years?" Another asked curiously.

"A Byakugan and an early Sharingan, it's a year full of talents..."

The Uchihis, in particular, surrounded Akame after he regained consciousness, impressed with his early activation of his Sharingan at such an age. Despite his defeat, he was still seen as a prodigy, someone who would certainly bring great prestige to the clan.

The Hokage, along with other leaders and high-ranking ninjas, remained a bit longer, discussing what they had witnessed. They talked about how to cultivate and direct these emerging talents, ensuring that each child received the proper guidance and training to reach their maximum potential in the coming years.

As the crowd left the arena, the atmosphere of excitement and competition gave way to a calm reflection. The children, now free from the uniforms that marked the intensity and seriousness of the tournament, began their journey back to their homes, accompanied by their guardians.

Madame Gorete walked alongside him, observing him with a look that mixed pride and maternal concern. "You put up a good fight in the end," she said, breaking the comfortable silence that surrounded them.

The sun, now touching the horizon, bathed the village in golden tones, casting long shadows and softening the lines of the day. "I managed to win in the end, but I was lucky, fighting against the Sharingan is not easy..." Minato replied modestly.

Madame Gorete smiled, her expression lighting up with admiration and a touch of pride. "Even so, you received the title of Rookie of the Year,

Minato. I'm proud of you, you have a bright future in your military career." Her voice was firm but carried a softness that spoke of her affection for the boy.

"Thank you... But next year I'll do better! I'm going to train all vacation!"

Minato replied, his determination shining through his words, his posture a reflection of his unwavering will to improve and grow.

Madame Gorete, however, offered a gentle sigh, concerned about the boy's well-being beyond his abilities as a shinobi. "That's good, but don't focus only on training, you missed much of your relationships with the other children at the orphanage this year." She warned him.

Minato knew she was right. Though dedicated to his training, he felt the growing distance between him and the other children. Besides Tsuna and Mikoto, with whom he shared mutual respect, he felt an increasing discomfort in his social interactions with children his age. He was no longer just a boy and it was uncomfortable to act as such.

As Minato walked back to the orphanage, his mind a web of thoughts and plans. "I'll train more," he murmured to himself, a silent promise cast into the evening wind. "I can try now to use my shadow clones, if I have Tsuna with me, I can improve my taijutsu during the vacation." He reflected.

"Speaking of physical fighting style, I'm going to look for Day... I need to strengthen my body to learn the six styles of the navy and Armament Haki which requires a stronger body to develop these skills... Having him as a partner despite that he hasn't developed the eight gates, is still very useful." Minato murmured, hoping to improve his performance even more for the next year.

As Minato pondered his future, the Hokage, Hiruzen Sarutobi, returned to his tower to end the day with some final paperwork. The tower, a symbol

of leadership and responsibility, was quiet, but this calm was interrupted by the arrival of an expected, but always intriguing visitor: Danzou Shimura.

Danzou, with his imposing presence and calculating eyes, entered the room. "Hiruzen..." he greeted, his tone neutral but carrying layers of unspoken intention. "I've seen the children," Danzou began, getting straight to the point.

Hiruzen, aware of the implications, replied calmly but with an unwavering firmness. "Yes, but as I've already told you, we'll review this in the coming years." He sat down, his posture reflecting the authority and wisdom of his position. The ANBU, always vigilant, positioned themselves discreetly, a constant presence of protection and service hidden around the room.

"Even so, I want to reserve some of them, especially that Minato Namikaze," Danzou declared, his voice revealing a specific interest in the young prodigy.

"Minato is out of the question, as are the future leaders of the clans. Someone made me reserve Minato, so he won't be able to enter your division," Hiruzen responded.

Danzou raised an eyebrow, surprised and visibly frustrated. "What? That was not our agreement. The Root needs talents," he growled.

Hiruzen, however, remained unshakable. "Our most promising talents need to be nurtured for the benefit of the entire village, not just a single division. Minato and the others will be fundamental for the future of Konoha," he declared, ending the conversation with a note of finality that left little room for argument.

"But I need talents, Hiruzen, I want the best!" insisted Danzou.

Hiruzen Sarutobi, the Hokage, maintained a serious and determined

expression as he faced Danzou. "Yes, and you will have yours, but Minato won't be part of it," he stated, his voice firm and resolute.

Danzou, in turn, was clearly frustrated. "You saw his abilities, we need to study them, Hiruzen. No one should predict attacks as he did without a doujutsu like Sharingan or Byakugan. He even proved superior to that Uchiha's Sharingan!" He argued, his voice carrying a greed.

Hiruzen, however, remained unmoved. "Yes, but we know nothing about this ability. So, I won't waste a talented young man with your studies."

Danzou, impatient, tried once more. "Think about it, Hiruzen. The boy must have some Kekei Genkai in his body, something we can benefit from!" His insistence revealed a desire to possess and control whatever power Minato might have.

"My answer is no, Danzou!" Hiruzen raised his voice, a rare tone for him, who usually maintained his calm. "Jiraiya has taken an interest in the boy and I've already promised him to him when the young one graduates, so let's end this matter here!" His decision was final, and there was no room for further discussion.

"As you wish, Hokage..." Danzou growled, the last word laden with bitterness as he left the room, but before he exited the door, he turned back. "And the Uchiha who opened the Sharingan?"

"We'll keep an eye on it, our teacher always said that the Sharingan could open from trauma, we can't assume a 6-year-old will be the next Madara." The Third Hokage spoke and Danzou continued walking and closed the door.

Hiruzen sighed deeply as his old friend left, his thoughts concerned with the future. "It's just one year... Let's see how they fare until they graduate..." He murmured, gazing at the moon, pondering the fate of Minato and the other talented children.

The next day, well before the sun rose, Minato left the orphanage with a fervent determination. It was December, and he had just over two months before the start of the next academy year. He was resolved to dedicate himself entirely to becoming much stronger physically and even to improve his Haki, if possible.

The child ran to his usual training spot. The world was still quiet, and the streets were empty, but Minato's heart was full of an unquenchable fire. He knew the next few months would be crucial in further improving his strength, wanting to reach new heights!

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25. Chapter 25

[Chapter Size: 1700 Words.]

Third Person POV

Training Camp, Konoha, Year 33.

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The morning was just beginning to lighten, casting a soft glow over the training field where Minato was already in action. His clothes were drenched in sweat as he practiced his taijutsu techniques, each kick and punch echoing with the sound of his concentrated breathing while his eyes were blindfolded. He was fighting against his own clone while his copy fought one another with limited vision, relying solely on his unique

ability.

His goal was clear: to become stronger, faster, more resilient. As he moved at an almost frantic pace, while battling his clone, a figure approached silently from where Minato was fighting his clone. Tsuna, with her blond hair gently swaying in the cold January wind, watched Minato for a moment before calling out to him. "Minato! Stop this fight!" she called out cheerfully.

Surprised, Minato interrupted his training with his clone, removing the blindfold, dispelling the shadow clone, and turning to find Tsuna holding a box wrapped with a simple yet elegant bow. His face expressed a mix of surprise and curiosity. "Tsuna? What are you doing here so early?"

Tsuna stepped forward, a shy but warm smile on her face. "I know you probably forgot, but today is January 25th... your birthday." She extended the box to him. "I wanted to be the first to give you a present." Minato was visibly surprised, his eyes widening a bit as he realized the date. "My birthday? You knew?" He accepted the present, his expression a mix of gratitude and admiration.

Tsuna's smile was contagious, and the playful light in her eyes reflected the joy she felt in surprising Minato. "Yes, I picked up the date at the academy some time ago," she explained, her voice soft and friendly. "You are always so focused on training that I thought you might have forgotten." There was a tone of admiration in her words, an appreciation for Minato's dedication and determination.

Holding the box with an almost ceremonial reverence, Minato felt a wave of warm emotion flood his heart with his friend doing this for him. It was rare to receive such gestures of consideration, and Tsuna's surprise touched him deeply. "Thank you, Tsuna. This... this means a lot to me," he murmured, and his voice, usually firm and confident, carried a layer

of emotion that he rarely showed. His words were simple, but the gratitude he felt was immense and genuine.

With hands following anticipation, he opened the present, and his eyes lit up to see what was inside. "This... Are these weight seals? Incredible!" he exclaimed, his surprise quickly turning into enthusiasm as he saw the papers tinged with Fuuinjutsu. The weight seals were exactly what he needed to take his training to the next level, a tool he had long desired but never had the means to acquire, as they were very expensive.

Tsuna laughed, pleased with Minato's reaction. "Yes, you were always complaining that you needed them. My great-grandmother made them when I asked," she said, her tone brimming with pride and joy. The mention of her great-grandmother added an extra layer of meaning to the gift.

Minato looked at Tsuna, his expression now a mix of surprise and gratitude. "I... don't know what to say, Tsuna. This will help me a lot," he said, his words sincere and full of appreciation.

Minato quickly returned to the training spot with the seals placed on his clothes, leaving behind a stunned Tsuna.

"So, are you going to spend your birthday stuck in more training?" Tsuna asked a bit dissatisfied.

"Yes...?" Minato responded with a raised eyebrow, ready to recreate the shadow clone.

"Stop that! Let's go to the river!" Tsuna exclaimed, grabbing Minato by the arm and dragging him to the nearby stream before he could react.

"Hey, what are you doing bringing me here?" Minato demanded, realizing he was being dragged away without the ability to react by the Senju girl.

Tsuna pulled Minato with cheerful determination, ignoring his mild protests. "Today, you're going to do something different, Minato. No

clones, no training. Today, you're going to relax, even if it's just for a little while," she said, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

As they approached the river, the soft sound of flowing water filled the air, a calm and steady melody. The sun, now higher in the sky, reflected off the water's surface, creating sparkling patterns of light. Tsuna released Minato's arm, pointing to the smooth stones on the bank. "Let's have a contest to see who can make a stone skip the most times on the water, my great-grandfather used to do this with his best friend..." she suggested with a smile, recalling stories she heard about Hashirama with Mito, but never imagined that best friend would be Madara Uchiha.

Minato looked at her, a bit disconcerted but curious. "Skipping stones on the river?" he repeated, his voice mixing disbelief and a bit of interest. It was such a simple activity, so far removed from his rigorous training, it seemed almost alien.

"Yes!" Tsuna exclaimed, carefully selecting a smooth stone. "Watch, like this." She demonstrated, throwing the stone with an elegant wrist movement. The stone bounced several times before sinking, leaving concentric circles in the water.

Minato watched, the corner of his mouth curving into a half-smile.

'Maybe today is a day to just relax...' He murmured internally. Minato chose his own stone, feeling its weight and surface. With a focused look, he threw it, watching it bounce repeatedly on the water. "This is... strangely satisfying," he admitted, a feeling of relaxation beginning to take over him.

Tsuna laughed, happy to see Minato engaging in the activity she suggested. "See? Not everything has to be about training and being the best. Sometimes, just being, just enjoying the moment, is enough."

They continued, throwing stones, competing in a friendly manner, and

laughing when one or the other made a particularly good or bad throw.

Over time, Minato allowed himself to truly relax, the laughter and the soothing sound of the water easing the constant tension he usually carried.

While Minato and Tsuna continued their simple but joyful stone-skipping contest, a new figure approached the river. It was Mikoto Uchiha.

"So, this is where you two have been all this time..." She murmured, approaching.

Mikoto walked with quiet elegance, carrying a picnic basket in her arms.

The sunlight filtered through the leaves of the trees danced gently over her black hair as she approached, a soft smile on her lips.

"I didn't expect to find you two here," Mikoto said, her tone calm and friendly. She placed the basket on the ground, revealing an array of snacks, fruits, and refreshments carefully prepared. "I heard it was Minato's birthday and thought a picnic would be a nice way to celebrate."

Minato looked surprised at Mikoto. "Mikoto, even you knew about my birthday? You didn't have to bother," he began but was interrupted by Tsuna.

"Of course she had to! It's your birthday, Minato. Even for an Uchiha, she's still your friend, isn't she? And today, you're going to enjoy every moment!" Tsuna exclaimed, clearly pleased with Mikoto's addition to the small group, despite their usual rivalry.

Mikoto laughed, waving them over to sit around the basket. "Come on, Minato. Today is a day to relax and have fun, and I'm willing to spend a day with this Senju to celebrate your birthday. No training, no worries, just a good time with friends."

Reluctantly, but curiously, Minato joined them, sitting on the soft grass by the river's edge. As they began to enjoy the snacks, the conversation

flowed naturally, revolving around funny stories from the academy, plans for the future, and even some friendly teasing. Minato, who usually kept to himself and focused on his training, found himself laughing and participating more than he expected with his best friends in the last year. While Minato, Tsuna, and Mikoto settled around the picnic basket, the peaceful environment of the river provided the perfect backdrop for an afternoon of relaxation and camaraderie. Minato, still a bit displaced from the situation, sat cross-legged listening to the girls holding the seals won by Tsuna.

Tsuna, always observant, noticed the subtle tension in Minato and decided to break the ice. She picked up one of the sandwiches prepared by Mikoto and lightly tossed it towards Minato, hitting him gently on the arm. "Hey, Minato! You can't eat weight seals. Try this, it's much better!" she said, laughing.

Minato, caught off guard by the playful act, couldn't help but smile. Picking up the sandwich, he took a bite and nodded in approval. "You're right, Tsuna. This is really good," he laughed.

Mikoto, who had been more reserved, watched the interaction with a slight smile. Deciding to join in, she extended a bowl of fruit to Tsuna and Minato. "I tried to make something that all of us would like. I think we need a bit of sweetness after all this talk about training," she commented.

The conversation flowed more naturally now, with laughter and shared stories. Tsuna, feeling inspired, proposed a game. "How about we play 'Truth or Dare'? It could be a fun way to get to know each other better," she suggested, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Minato and Mikoto exchanged a look, a mix of hesitation and curiosity on their faces. "Alright, but nothing too extreme," Minato agreed, and

Mikoto nodded, reluctantly agreeing.

The game started innocently enough, with questions about favorite foods and childhood memories. However, as it progressed, the questions and challenges became more personal and revealing. This resulted in some red cheeks admitting some things about Minato from both girls.

As the day came to an end, Minato looked at Tsuna and Mikoto, a feeling of gratitude and camaraderie filling his heart. "Thank you for today," he said sincerely. "I didn't realize how much I needed this."

Tsuna smiled, and Mikoto nodded, both feeling a similar connection.

They began to gather their things, preparing to return to the village.

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Notice: We now have 3 more active fanfics! -

New Fanfics - (They will stay on until reaching 30 chapters)

! Naruto - Light Ninja! (A version of Naruto without chakra and with the Pika Pika no mi in an alternate universe, Minato and Kushina are alive in this fanfic.)

! The Witcher - As Uchiha Madara! (A boy gaining a system modeled after Uchiha Madara)

! Harry Potter - Shadow Monarch! (A soul enters the body of Snape.)

With the exception of One Piece with daily chapters, all fanfics are updated 3 times a week, taking just one day for drafting the week's chapters.

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26. Chapter 26

[Chapter Size: 1400 Words.]

Third Person POV

Training Camp, Konoha, Year 33.

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The orphanage was quiet and welcoming, illuminated by soft lights as the day came to an end. Minato, with thoughts of the meeting he had with Tsuna and Mikoto, was greeted by an unexpected and warm scene.

Madame Gorete, with a maternal smile and a cheerful laugh, extended to him a carefully decorated cake as soon as he entered.

"Happy Birthday, Minato!" she exclaimed, her eyes shining with affection.

Minato's surprise was evident, his face taking on an expression of shock and admiration. He didn't expect anything, accustomed to simple or nonexistent celebrations over the years in his memories, so he was surprised by this.

"Don't look at me like that, it's your birthday. Congratulations!" Madame Gorete continued, encouraging him to accept the celebration. The other children from the orphanage, drawn by the sweet smell of the cake, joined the chorus. "Happy Birthday, Minato!" one of them said, pulling the chorus of childish voices that echoed through the room.

"Well... thank you, I guess..." Minato muttered, his voice low but filled with unexpected gratitude. He was accustomed to being the forgotten one, the one who trained alone and focused only on becoming stronger. But there, surrounded by other children and the careful attention of Madame Gorete, he felt differently in his heart—a sense of belonging and joy.

The night unfolded with laughter and conversation as everyone ate the cake. Madame Gorete, always attentive, watched the children with a satisfied look. As soon as they ate and celebrated, everyone went to bed with the curfew.

Minato, lying in his bed, couldn't help but smile slightly. The day had been different from any other birthday he had had. Not only had he spent the day with Tsuna and Mikoto, his best friends, but he also felt the warmth and celebration at the orphanage, something he rarely experienced.

Minato reflected on the last few weeks since the end of the first year at the academy. He had dedicated himself to refining his chakra, practicing tirelessly with the leaf on his forehead. He was not yet ready for more

advanced techniques like walking on trees or over water, but he knew his time would come.

More impressive was his ability with shadow clones. Now, he could create three, each an extension of himself, training and learning simultaneously. This technique had become a vital part of his regime, allowing him to multiply his training time and experience. With the knowledge that this technique provided him, it was the biggest cheat in this world, in his opinion.

Thus, Minato went to bed satisfied that night. The training field was filled the next day with Minato for his training regime again.

However, this day was different. Minato arrived at his training spot and immediately felt the presence of someone hidden among the trees.

'Since the last day of the academy ended, I have been watched by someone...', Minato reflected as he did his usual stretches to train as any other day. His Haki allowed him to sense the hidden presence in the nearby trees. It was a Chunin, at least in ability and discretion that he felt in his senses.

'He might be some agent of Danzou... That damn...', Minato pondered with a twinge of irritation. He knew of Danzou's ambitions and it wouldn't be long before that man would be interested in unique abilities like his, as it was no longer a secret that he had a unique ability.

Deciding not to give these spies the show they desired, Minato put on his usual blindfold and began his taijutsu training as he would normally.

He moved with blind precision, each punch and kick a dance of strength and control. The recently added weight seals to his training made each movement demand more of him, but also made him stronger, more resilient. He didn't summon his shadow clones, aware of the constant gaze on him and the B rank jutsu would attract unwanted attention, but

worked with fierce intensity, as if fighting against an invisible opponent.

As the morning gave way to afternoon, Tsuna appeared. Her announcement of arrival broke the tension in the air, "Minato!" she greeted, her voice strong and clear cutting through the quiet. She walked up to him with firm steps, her presence always as imposing as it was friendly.

"Hello, Tsuna!" Minato greeted her, "Ready for another day of training?" He said and quickly moved a finger as a sign, making Tsuna slightly raise an eyebrow and nod discreetly, maintaining her normal expression and posture, recognizing that signal from Minato. It was a gesture they had previously agreed on, a sign that they were not alone. Tsuna, always attentive, immediately grasped its meaning.

They began a small sparring, a routine both were well accustomed to. To any casual observer, it seemed like just another training session between two dedicated students. However, beneath the surface, there was a palpable tension, an awareness that they were being watched.

When the hidden agent finally withdrew, Minato let out a sigh of relief.

"So he's gone..." Tsuna commented, her voice low, a rhetorical question hanging in the air.

"Yes..." Minato confirmed, his tense expression softening slightly. Tsuna, noticing the concern on his face, decided to touch on a subject that was on her mind.

"You know, Minato, you are a skilled sensor. No child should recognize things like this at your age, no matter how skilled they are. My great-grandmother said that you must be special." Tsuna murmured, a tone of admiration mixed with concern in her voice.

"What? You spoke of my abilities to Mito-Sama?" Minato asked, a glimpse of surprise and a sense of betrayal appearing in his eyes.

Tsuna raised her hands defensively. "Don't get so upset. I had to say we were being watched, so I had to mention your strange ability that could recognize an observer from a short distance," she explained as if it were the most obvious thing to do.

Minato sighed, the frustration disappearing as quickly as it came.

"Whatever, now that he's gone, let's train with clones!" he declared. In an instant, he formed three shadow clones, while Tsuna, with more chakra and control, created five.

This was a common scene, thus they spent their days, training together, developing their skills, and facing challenges in sparring. Over time, Mikoto also joined them when she could escape the watchful eyes of her clan.

The weeks of intense training had passed like a blur for Minato and Tsuna. Each day brought a new challenge, a new opportunity to hone their skills and strengthen their bond. They had become stronger, faster, and incredibly synchronized in their movements and strategies. The atmosphere of friendly competition between them only added fuel to their determination.

Now, sitting together by the river's edge, skipping stones on the calm water, they shared a moment of tranquility before the return to their academic routine. "Ready to go back to class?" Tsuna asked, her stone bouncing several times before sinking.

"Of course, I'm the top rookie, I intend to keep being that this year too," Minato replied with a confident smile. He picked up another stone, throwing it with his perfected technique to beat the girl at their little game.

Tsuna laughed, a glint of challenge in her eyes. "Just wait for me to surpass you, smarty-pants!" she said, delivering a light but surprisingly

powerful punch to Minato's chest. He didn't have time to react, caught off guard.

"That hurt, you're increasing your strength a lot lately..." Minato murmured, rubbing the spot she hit. He was impressed, but not surprised. Tsuna always had incredible potential.

"I've been training with my mom. You have no idea how strong she is, she broke a stone in front of me with just a punch, it was incredible!"

Tsuna spoke, her admiration and pride for her mother evident in her voice.

"I believe it, trust me..." Minato replied, thoughtful. He had memories of Tsunade Senju as one of the most powerful shinobi in Konoha, especially when she fought with the other kages against Madara.

"You? You never really met her!" Tsuna looked at him with a suspicious gaze, curious about Minato's familiarity with her mother.

"Well, who doesn't know Tsunade Senju, the disciple of the third Hokage..." Minato replied, trying to deflect Tsuna's scrutinizing gaze.

"Hm... whatever. It's getting late, I better be going, see you tomorrow.

Bye, Minato!" Tsuna stood up, the energy and joy always present in her farewell. She ran off, her figure quickly disappearing among the trees.

Minato watched her leave before getting up. The sky was tinged with the colors of twilight, and he knew it was time to return to the orphanage.

Tomorrow would begin his first day of class in the second year!

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!Important Notice! Changed from Dazeraccoon to RaccoonLeague!

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Naruto - Minato Namikaze SI!: 30 extra chapters!

Notice: We now have 3 more active fanfics! -

New Fanfics - (They will stay on until reaching 30 chapters)

Naruto - Light Ninja!

The Witcher - As Uchiha Madara!

Harry Potter - Shadow Monarch!

Game of Thrones: DragonBorn!

Except for One Piece with daily chapters and DragonBorn once a week, all fanfics are updated 3 times a week, there's just a pause in updating in the week, only to create drafts for the week's chapters.

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27. Chapter 27

Hello everyone, I'm here to pass on some information about some changes I am making in my publications. First, as I am now working with double the number of fanfics, 8 in total, I am quite overwhelmed and having a bit of difficulty in publishing the most recent chapters on my on the agreed days, which ends up causing significant delays.

Thinking about this, I decided to establish a publication routine to work for the rest of the year. All my fanfics will have an ending and I intend to finish them all in this same year, before starting new adventures in some projects I am thinking about for the future.

My new posting routine is as follows, within the timezone of my country.

Sunday -

One Piece: I am a Different Luffy!

Danmachi: Infinite Mana System!

Game of Thrones: The Legend of Jon Artica!

Naruto: Light Ninja!

Game of Thrones: DragonBorn!

Monday -

One Piece: I am a Different Luffy!

Naruto: Minato Namikase SI!

The Witcher: As Uchiha Madara!

HP: Shadow Monarch!

Tuesday -

One Piece: I am a Different Luffy!

Danmachi: Infinite Mana System!

Game of Thrones: The Legend of Jon Artica!

Naruto: Light Ninja!

Wednesday -

One Piece: I am a Different Luffy!

Weekly Drafts!

Thursday -

One Piece: I am a Different Luffy!

Naruto: Minato Namikase SI!

The Witcher: As Uchiha Madara!

HP: Shadow Monarch!

Friday -

One Piece: I am a Different Luffy!

Danmachi: Infinite Mana System!

Game of Thrones: The Legend of Jon Artica!

Naruto: Light Ninja!

Saturday -

One Piece: I am a Different Luffy!

Naruto: Minato Namikase SI!

The Witcher: As Uchiha Madara!

HP: Shadow Monarch!

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One Piece: I am a Different Luffy! (7 Chapters/Week)

Danmachi: Infinite Mana System! (3 Chapters/Week)

Game of Thrones: The Legend of Jon Artica! (3 Chapters/Week)

Naruto: Light Ninja! (3 Chapters/Week)

Naruto: Minato Namikase SI! (3 Chapters/Week)

The Witcher: As Uchiha Madara! (3 Chapters/Week)

HP: Shadow Monarch! (3 Chapters/Week)

Game of Thrones: DragonBorn! (1 Chapter/Week)

I will be setting aside every Wednesday (Today), to create drafts so that I can update all the fanfics according to the day, which I am quite behind on, as I need to draft and then edit immediately to post on the agreed day. Sometimes it doesn't come out with the quality I want, so I will start this method this week. I will release at least one chapter of One Piece to keep its daily update going.

Note, if you want advance chapters, I am posting on a few hours before posting on other sites. You can access them for free or contribute to get extra chapters and sponsor our community receiving access to extra fanfics and advanced chapters of existing and published stories.

28. Chapter 28

[Chapter Size: 1700 Words.]

Third Person POV

Konoha, Year 33.

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As the dawn of a new academic day approached, the bustle and anticipation filled the air at the orphanage. Madame Gorete, always the maternal and encouraging figure, stood at the door, wishing each child success and good luck. "Good luck on the first day of school!" she exclaimed with a warm and genuine smile.

"Yes, Madame Gorete!" came the enthusiastic chorus from the children, their faces aglow with a mix of nervousness and excitement. Minato, among the second-year students, was in the midst of the group. He was not alone; beside him were new students, eager and hopeful after going through the start-of-the-school-year trials as Minato did last year. Minato had become a small idol among the younger ones after his achievement

of being first in class A. Now, all the classes at the academy were united by the shared beginning of another academic year.

Upon arriving at the academy, the familiar buzz of animated conversations and laughter filled the air with all the children. The building was as crowded as Minato remembered from the previous year, with a sea of new and some familiar faces.

As he entered the room indicated on his new schedule, Minato noticed that despite the small changes in the room, much remained the same. The students had already occupied their usual places, creating a familiar pattern of voices and colors as they chatted among themselves. He headed to the back of the room, his preferred spot, and noticed with a smile that Mikoto was already there, settled in.

"Hello, Minato!" Mikoto greeted, her smile a rare but sincere expression of welcome coming from the Uchiha.

"Hello, Mikoto. Is Tsuna late?" Minato asked, looking toward where Tsuna normally sat, finding only the empty space.

"I'm here!" Tsuna's voice suddenly rang out, and Minato turned in time to see her emerge from behind a cloth she used to camouflage against the wall, a typical trick of her mischievous and unpredictable nature. She advanced for a surprise attack, trying to hit Minato with a quick punch. Minato, for a moment, was stunned by the similarity of the scene to something he remembered from another life, a memory of a blonde boy named Naruto hiding from his pursuers with the same trick in the original work's first episode. But the surprise soon gave way to instinct, and he skillfully dodged Tsuna's punch. With an awkward movement, she lost her balance and fell to the floor.

"Always trying to surprise me, huh, Tsuna?" he teased, as she accepted the help and got back on her feet.

The classroom, which normally buzzed with the murmur of conversations and laughter typical of the first day of school, suddenly focused on the small spectacle provided by the trio. Mikoto, always ready for a sharp remark, didn't miss the chance to mock Tsuna's failed attempt.

"Hahahahaha! You even made her fall to the floor! I told you it wouldn't work, Senju..." Mikoto spoke, a mocking laugh accompanying her words. Tsuna, now standing thanks to Minato's help, shot an annoyed look at Mikoto before addressing Minato.

"Damn, you and that weird ability!" Tsuna murmured with frustration over Minato's capacity to always evade her pranks.

"Tsuna, these pranks are dangerous, you could get hurt..." Minato warned with a concerned expression. He was used to coming out unscathed from Tsuna's antics, but he didn't want to see her injured.

"I don't want you worrying about me!" Tsuna replied, a blush appearing on her cheeks as she moved away to sit on the other side, leaving Minato no choice but to sit between her and Mikoto.

The attention of the class gradually returned to their own conversations, and Mikoto took the opportunity to question Minato about his plans for the year. "So Minato, what are your plans for this year?" she asked curiously.

"Study, train, and get a job, I need some money," Minato replied, his voice carrying a mix of determination and realism. He knew that the upcoming year would demand more from him, not just academically, but also personally.

"Interesting, are you going to start sending clones to school?" Mikoto asked, intrigued by the strategy Minato mentioned during the holidays.

"Yes, this year it's possible since we'll only have two days of practical classes per week. I can send clones to attend the theoretical classes, with

the original working or training elsewhere," Minato explained. It was a bold and risky tactic, but he had carefully considered his options.

"But if you get caught, you could be in trouble, you know that?" Tsuna intervened, her voice laden with genuine concern.

"I'll only be in trouble if I get caught, Tsuna. So I'll do it without getting caught," Minato responded, his confidence instilling a respectful silence in his friends.

"Well, if that's the case, I'll do the same as Minato!" Tsuna replied, crossing her arms, a spark of challenge in her eyes. The idea of being left behind was unthinkable to her, always so fierce in her determination to excel.

"You, Senju?" Mikoto raised an eyebrow, surprised and somewhat skeptical of Tsuna's declaration.

"Of course, Uchiha. I won't be left behind! You should worry about yourself since you'll be increasingly left behind by us." Tsuna spoke with typical arrogance.

"Tsk! You think I won't do it. I'm with you guys, then. I don't know the shadow clone, but Minato will teach me, and I'll show you that I'm superior to you, Senju!" Mikoto responded with a firmness that made it clear she wouldn't accept being underestimated.

"Oh? You're full of yourself, Uchiha..." Tsuna retorted, but before the conversation could escalate further, Minato intervened.

"Tsuna, let's talk about this later, the teacher is coming in." Minato said and pointed to the door, where a new instructor entered the room.

The man who entered wore sunglasses and discreet clothing, a marked change from the more familiar style of Professor Fuuma. "Isn't that Professor Fuuma, has he been replaced this year?" Mikoto asked, confirming everyone's surprise.

"Hello everyone, my name is Kuy Aburame, I'll be the chunnin in charge of you this year. Professor Fuuma is taking care of the first year, I will take his place this year." the man announced calmly, his voice low but clear.

"A new teacher... What a drag..." Tsuna murmured, clearly less enthused by the change.

"He's from the Aburame clan, but he doesn't seem to be as shy as all the others..." Minato observed. He noticed the classmates from the Aburame clan, usually reclusive and reserved, appearing equally surprised by the new teacher.

The first day of Minato's second year at the Konoha academy was marked by the introduction of a new teacher, Kuy Aburame, whose approach was noticeably different from that of Professor Fuuma. Without the usual discussions about dreams and ambitions, the room filled with notes and focused attention as the teacher shared the theoretical classes of mathematics and ninja world history that followed, demanding the students' complete attention.

At the end of the day, Minato headed to his usual training spot. He was committed to improving his taijutsu and chakra control, and for that, he used the basic taijutsu scrolls he had acquired at the academy.

"If I have the six styles of the navy, I'll have my own style," Minato murmured to himself, reflecting on his aspirations and limitations. "But, for now, I'll have to make do with the basic techniques from the academy." Despite his closeness to Tsuna, he was aware of the barriers his lack of affiliation with a powerful clan brought, he would never achieve a taijutsu style as good as the great clans had and could never acquire a scroll. He knew that, although his speed and strength were notable, his techniques were still inferior to those of students from the

great clans.

The next day, committed to his rigorous routine, Minato created a clone to attend classes in his place, while his original body headed to the training spot. Hours passed as Minato dedicated himself to training throughout the day. He alternated between taijutsu exercises and meditation to improve his chakra control.

At sunset, exhausted but satisfied with the day's progress, Minato returned to the orphanage. As Minato's clone dispersed, the memories of the day's theoretical classes flowed into him. Tsuna and Mikoto, though curious and impressed, still hesitated to use the same strategy as Minato. But surprised by Minato's audacity, they finally gained the courage needed to follow in his footsteps. However, before they could implement the plan, Minato needed to teach Mikoto the shadow clone technique.

The next day, repeating his method, Minato sent another clone to school while his original body headed to the training spot. Tsuna was already there, practicing diligently, waiting for him. Together, they dove into an intense training session, honing their techniques and strength.

As the sun reached its peak in the sky, Mikoto joined them, having discreetly escaped from the academy. She asked Minato to teach her how to create shadow clones. Patiently, alongside another clone of his, Minato guided Mikoto through the complex steps. After a few hours of practice and guidance, Mikoto finally mastered the technique, albeit limited to one clone.

With this new ability, the trio began to skip theoretical classes, opting to send clones in their place, while reserving their physical presence for practical sessions where the risk of unmasking the clones was high. This tactic allowed them to maximize training time and personal growth during theoretical days.

Meanwhile, Minato looked for a source of income to support his needs and perhaps save for future resources. He found a job at a warehouse of a local grocery store, where his tasks included noting inventories and carrying heavy items for the owner. It was a discreet job, away from watchful eyes that might recognize him as an academy student, and it paid enough to get by for the next few months.

He began to divide his chakra between two more clones — one at school and another at work — while his original body trained with Tsuna and Mikoto; it was exhausting. Minato arrived at the orphanage each night feeling every muscle protest from fatigue. However, he persisted, knowing that each day of work and training brought him closer to his goals.

This routine extended over the days, weeks, and months. Minato, Tsuna, and Mikoto became increasingly synchronized and strong for their ages, as Minato balanced his school responsibilities, work, and personal ambitions.

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29. Chapter 29

[Chapter Size: 1700 Words.]

Third Person POV

Konoha, Year 33.

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As the months unfolded, Minato solidified his position as the most prominent student in his class once again. His unmatched dedication and skill made him unbeatable in sparring and practical exams. In theoretical areas, Tsuna emerged as a formidable competitor, especially with her knowledge in medicine, a passion she cultivated under her mother's tutelage over the past months. However, even with her intensive studies and undeniable talent, Tsuna still remained in second place, with Minato maintaining the lead.

Minato's precision with kunais had also notably improved. He was now among the top five in his class in this skill. His status as the number one rookie was undisputable, and his reputation only grew with each new achievement.

Tsuna and Mikoto, too, had made significant progress, surpassing many of their peers thanks to the secret training with Minato. The three formed a formidable team, pushing each other beyond their limits and sharing techniques and strategies within their bounds. They had created an efficient system, sending clones to theoretical classes while dedicating their original bodies to intense training and personal improvement.

However, Minato had his doubts about how safe his secret was. He had noticed the presence of bugs at his training location and wondered if Professor Kuy Aburame was aware of his escapades with Mikoto and Tsuna. Despite never having confronted Minato or mentioned his suspicions, the uncertainty remained, leaving Minato cautious and always on alert.

With the money he had accumulated from his job, Minato had invested in

additional weights and seals to enhance his training. These new tools not only increased the intensity of his sessions but also boosted his physical development and ninja skills.

When Madame Gorete inquired about how he had acquired these resources, Minato was honest. His revelation about using clones for both school and work surprised the old lady, but she didn't express many objections. She saw that, despite his unconventional tactics, Minato continued to excel academically and maintained an honest source of income. His impeccable performance and conduct reassured her, and she recognized that Minato was doing what he thought necessary to enhance his future potential.

The months followed, and Minato, Tsuna, and Mikoto continued their journey, each growing, learning, and overcoming challenges. As time passed, Minato noticed significant changes in his body. The rigorous training routine, combined with the weight seals and the development of his skills, was shaping him into an increasingly capable shinobi. He could feel his strength increasing, a testament to the latent potential residing in his young body.

However, he was conscious of his current limitations with his young age. At seven years old, his body was still developing, and more advanced techniques like the six styles of the navy were beyond his reach for now. Yet, this reality did not discourage him; on the contrary, it encouraged him to excel in other areas and prepare for the moment when he could learn these techniques.

On a day of practical class, Minato joined Tsuna and Mikoto at the academy. "Minato, what are you going to do?" Tsuna asked, curious about Minato's plans for that day.

"I'm going to study Fuinjutsu. I heard there are some beginner books in

the library, so I plan to study that, in addition to some other chakra techniques," Minato responded with a thoughtful expression. He was always looking for ways to expand his knowledge and skills.

"Why haven't you used the library before? What's changed this time?"

Mikoto inquired, noticing the change in Minato's approach.

"I'm developing my body and refining my chakra control. Now I can make three clones, but my seven-year-old body has a limit. I'll focus on absorbing knowledge while my body matures..." Minato explained.

"Well, I can't say you're wrong. That's why I'm studying a lot. My mother says this is the best time to read because later it's going to be much harder for all of us," Tsuna shared, agreeing with Minato's strategy. She was also taking advantage of this crucial period to absorb as much knowledge as possible under her mother's tutelage.

"Good for you. Most of my clan only have fire jutsu scrolls, it's hard to find anything useful," Mikoto said.

Minato, always the optimist and encourager, tried to cheer her up. "You should focus on your strengths. You can cast the shadow clone jutsu and even the fireball. At 7 years old, you're very cool, Mikoto." His tone was sincere, trying to highlight the impressive abilities that Mikoto already possessed.

"But I don't have as much chakra as you and Senju over there. I can only cast one clone, and I get tired quickly after launching a few jutsus," she murmured, expressing her frustration.

"But you have a powerful lineage; there are still positives in your blood. I heard that you Uchihis received the physical strength of Rikudou Sannin! Isn't that fantastic?" he encouraged, referring to one of the most legendary stories in the ninja world.

Tsuna, overhearing the conversation, showed her skepticism. "What story

is that, Minato?" she murmured, clearly doubtful of the claim's veracity.

"It's true," Minato affirmed with conviction, not minding sharing one of the world's most important secrets with his friends.

Mikoto, skeptical, rolled her eyes. "Yeah, you're going to tell that fanciful story about a man who possessed the legendary Rinnegan and that his lineage divided into Uchihas, Senjus, and Uzumakis... You said you read this in a book, right?"

"Yes, and I believe in the book," Minato affirmed, even if he was slightly lying about the origin of his knowledge.

Tsuna, with her arms crossed, expressed her disappointment. "That's a children's story, Minato. I expected more from you, honestly."

"Whatever... I'm going to lunch, I'll send a clone to the library to see what I can find." He walked away, creating a clone that headed to the library while he himself went to the practical class.

The practical class that day went as usual, with Minato standing out among his peers. He ran the course with impressive agility and dexterity, finishing in first place once again. His precision with kunais was notable, hitting 85% of his targets, and in all the sparring, he emerged as the undisputed winner. His commitment and skill were evident, and he was quickly becoming an example for the other students.

As the class ended and the students began to disperse, a familiar voice caught Minato's attention. "Minato," called Professor Aburame, his voice calm but authoritative. Minato, a bit surprised, approached the professor while the other students continued to leave the room.

"Yes, professor..." Minato replied, maintaining a respectful posture and waiting to find out what had caught the teacher's attention.

"I've seen that you're interested in learning Fuinjutsu," Professor Aburame began, catching Minato completely off guard. The revelation left him

momentarily speechless; only Tsuna and Mikoto knew of his interest in the art of seals and that he had sent a clone to the library.

"What? How did you know?" Minato couldn't help expressing his shock.

The idea that his secret escapades and studies had been discovered was something he hadn't considered, despite some suspicions.

"Don't think that I don't know about your escapades throughout the year, Minato. You're a great student, but you still have a lot to learn, as you're only a 7-year-old child," the teacher continued, but there was a certain pride in his tone.

Minato waited, nervous, anticipating some form of punishment or reprimand. "So..." he murmured, uncertain of what was to come next.

"Then, I'm proud of you," the professor declared, to Minato's surprise.

"Can you imagine how it is to split your chakra into four parts, creating three shadow clones? No genin should do that, but you do and stay all day with it. I was expecting something like this from a Senju like Tsunade's daughter, but you are surprising."

Minato felt a wave of relief and confusion. "So you knew about all my clones all this time?" he asked, still stunned by the revelation.

"Of course, I knew. I may seem like an ordinary chunin, but in the Aburames, we are specialists in tracking. I knew you were a clone in the second week of your escapades," Professor Aburame explained, his expression calm and inscrutable.

Minato, with a mix of anxiety and caution, stared at Professor Aburame, searching his eyes for any indication of what the future held for him.

"What's going to happen to me now?" he asked, the concern evident in his voice.

Professor Aburame observed him closely before responding. "What do you want to do? You know I can recommend you for early graduation.

You know how to use a forbidden jutsu, learning the other basic techniques should be quite easy for you," he said, presenting Minato with a path few had the opportunity to traverse.

However, he continued, as if he already knew Minato's answer before asking. "But I feel that you don't want that, do you?" The question was rhetorical, a confirmation of what he had already perceived about the young shinobi in front of him.

Minato hesitated for a moment before responding. "No, I don't want early graduation. I need to further increase my knowledge and improve my strength. I feel I wouldn't have the time I have now if I become a genin."

His answer was firm.

"Even if it makes you famous? Graduating at 7 would make you have a famous name in the military records, I don't doubt you will break all the academy records, but graduating at 7 will open many doors for your future," Professor Aburame argued, presenting Minato with the tempting prospect of recognition and opportunities.

"Sorry, professor, but I'm not ready yet," Minato replied. He had his reasons, his own goals and ambitions that transcended the mere pursuit of fame or early recognition. Moreover, he wanted to be in the academy when Kushina arrived in the village, wishing to see the future Jinchuriki. Understanding Minato's determination and thoughtful thinking, Professor Aburame nodded in approval. "I understand, I can relate to that. But I'll leave something for you," he said, taking out a basic Fuinjutsu manual from his clan. "I made sure to send a clone to my house and get it. I noticed your clone didn't find anything in the library, so here's a manual for beginners."

Minato, surprised, took the book. He quickly deactivated a clone to confirm Professor Aburame's words and discovered that indeed the

library didn't have what he needed. "Thank you, professor!" he exclaimed, the joy evident in his voice as he held the manual.

"I'm counting on your bright future, Minato," Professor Aburame murmured, watching the young boy leave the room. He saw in Minato not just a talented student, but a shinobi who promised to shape the future.

With the manual in hand and a new sense of purpose, Minato left the room, his mind buzzing with the possibilities that Fuinjutsu could offer him.

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30. Chapter 30

[Chapter Size: 1400 Words.]

Third Person POV

Konoha, Year 33.

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Minato held the Aburame clan's Fuinjutsu manual as if it were a treasure as he returned to the orphanage. He was eager to dive into the pages and absorb every bit of knowledge he could. With a new goal in mind, he dedicated himself to learning the basics of Fuinjutsu that late afternoon,

an ancient and complex art of sealing. Minato sent a clone for training while he focused with the original on learning Fuinjutsu.

In the following days, whenever he was not at the academy or training his body and chakra, Minato could be found with his nose buried in the manual. He studied each chapter and seal diagram meticulously, understanding the theories behind the seals and how they manipulated chakra in various powerful ways. He learned about different types of basic seals, their functions, and applications, and began to understand how he could incorporate them into his own ninja style.

Aware that practice was as crucial as theoretical study, Minato knew he needed suitable materials to start practicing his calligraphy and seal creation. Thus, with the money he had saved from his job, he purchased regular ink and a fine brush. These materials were not cheap; he had to learn first to improve his calligraphy before using chakra ink.

With his new materials in hand, Minato began practicing the calligraphy necessary to create effective seals. He found he was terrible with writing, but this only strengthened his determination to improve quickly. After getting used to this type of training, Minato began to put a clone to practice while the original would do more intense training.

His clone spent hours practicing, repeating the same characters over and over, perfecting his technique. He filled pages and pages with seals, comparing each attempt to the book's examples, seeking to achieve perfection. Over time, his hands became steadier, his lines more precise, and his seals more potent.

Minato also began experimenting with simple seals, applying them to small objects and observing the effects. He started with basic tasks, like making an object glow or emit a sound when activated with a bit of chakra. Each success was a small victory, each mistake a valuable lesson.

He was determined to master this art, knowing that Fuinjutsu could be an incredibly powerful tool in his arsenal.

On a sunny day after school, Minato met Tsuna at their usual training spot, a secluded area where they often practiced and discussed their skills and progress. Tsuna was curious about Minato's recent activities, especially after noticing that he was carrying something different with him - a book and inks with brushes.

"Hi, Tsuna," Minato greeted with a wave, his face lit up with an animated smile. "I've been working on something new."

Tsuna, with an intrigued look, asked, "What is it? You're always full of surprises."

"It's a Fuinjutsu manual," Minato began, displaying the book he had received from Professor Aburame. "I'm learning the art of seals. It's fascinating, but I'm still stuck on the calligraphy."

Tsuna's eyes widened in surprise and admiration. "Really? That's amazing, Minato! How did you get it?"

"Professor Aburame gave it to me," Minato revealed. "He knows about our clones and, instead of reprimanding me, offered me this book to delve deeper into Fuinjutsu when he discovered my interest in the area. He thinks I can make good use of it."

Tsuna was impressed not just with the professor's generosity but also with the trust he placed in Minato. "That's a big deal and a great opportunity, Minato. What have you learned so far?"

Minato opened the book to the pages he had been studying and discussed what he had learned - from the basic principles of Fuinjutsu to the calligraphy techniques and the first attempts to create functional seals, but he could not execute anything since fuinjutsu needs better chakra control and calligraphy than he possessed.

Tsuna listened attentively, absorbing every detail. "That's really complicated, but if anyone can learn this quickly, it's you. My great-grandmother made me practice calligraphy since I was 4, it was horrible!" she said in her usual way.

"Actually, I have some tips that might help you practice," she continued.

"When you're training with kunais and shurikens, you need precision and control. Maybe you can apply the same concentration and precision to drawing the seals with your calligraphy."

Minato nodded, acknowledging the smart suggestion. "That makes sense. I'll try to incorporate that technique into my practice." They spent more time discussing possible applications of Fuinjutsu and how Minato could improve his chakra control and calligraphy to apply to the seals.

A few days later, there was an odd sight at the training field. Minato had sent one clone to school, another to work, one to learn calligraphy, and his original body took the day to train and hone his observation Haki, which seemed to be reaching a new threshold.

Minato's clone dipped the brush into the normal ink and moved it with meticulous precision, forming seal characters one after another in a corner of the place where the trio was at that moment. Tsuna, curious and always ready to help, offered suggestions and encouragement. "Try to keep your hand a bit firmer here," she said, pointing to a particular curve in the seal.

Meanwhile, Mikoto was throwing shurikens with deadly precision in a corner, each embedding exactly in the center of the target. However, she couldn't help but get involved in the conversation, especially when she saw an opportunity to tease Tsuna.

"Do you really think you're going to make him improve with those obvious tips, Tsuna?" Mikoto called out, a teasing smile on her face.

Tsuna rolled her eyes, a reluctant smile appearing on her lips. "At least I'm trying to help, unlike certain people who just know how to throw shurikens all day, Uchiha."

Mikoto laughed and responded, "Throwing shurikens is an art, Senju. Maybe you should try to improve your skills instead of giving tips about calligraphy."

Although the argument between Tsuna and Mikoto was a common occurrence, Minato knew that deep down, they respected and cared for each other. It was this camaraderie and mutual support that made their training days not only productive but also enjoyable.

In the following months, Minato dedicated himself to a rigorous routine that balanced his education at the academy, intensive training, and work. Every day, he attended classes at the academy, where he continued to excel, maintaining his position as the top student.

To support his needs and invest in more materials for his Fuinjutsu study, Minato continued to work hard at his job in the grocery store. He saved every penny earned to buy more quality ink and brushes.

"Minato, we're finally going to finish the second year! I heard from my father that the conflict is ready to burst into the world," Mikoto spoke to Minato as they trained.

"It's true, we're about to enter the second ninja war..." Minato spoke, in a few years the war would break out, Minato never had precise knowledge about the events before Naruto and the fanfics he read were not official events made by the original author, but by the writers and their logic, so he could expect most things to happen in an unknown way to him.

"Do you think we'll graduate early?" she asked.

"Honestly, I think so, maybe not at 8 years old since it's forbidden to send children to war, but we won't have the same privilege of graduating at 13

years old," he spoke sincerely.

"And to think we're going to the next year, these months have passed so quickly..." she murmured, looking at Minato in a somewhat strange way.

"Well, at least we are getting stronger to survive, that's going to be our survival," he said, referring to the war, which would not be easy for them.

Now, after months of relentless dedication, tomorrow would mark the last day of class for the year. Minato felt a mix of relief and anticipation.

The academic year had been a time of constant training for Minato, Tsuna, and Mikoto, incredibly productive.

"Well, I'm going back, my father will send ninjas after me if I don't return. So, see you tomorrow, Minato!" Mikoto said and got up to leave.

"See you later, Mikoto!" Minato began to pack up his materials and started to return to the orphanage, tomorrow marking the last day of the second year.

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