

Addict

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Things settled down in the Elemental Nations after the end of the war. But, that doesn't mean everything is normal. In fact, for Uzumaki Naruto it was the opposite -- there was one unalienable fact about the blonde hero that would change his life forever: he was a sex addict. The threat of the Akatsuki had kept his libido at bay, but with the battles over his sex drive is kick started... and the effects of that are to be felt throughout the world. NarutoxHarem,details inside.

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0 - Arc I - Chapter I

This is an idea that I've been kicking around for quite a while now. I've been revising it, scrapping parts of it, revisiting some old ideas I had for it and implementing new ones... all sorts of stuff. It's all been in the works for a few months, but now I think it's time I put pen to paper and get this party started.

First and foremost: I'm willing and able to add just about any girl to the story. Who and when they get included is up to how I want the story to evolve... your guys's feedback is important here. A lot of times a story's direction will be steered by what the readers want, so I'd recommend you keep that in mind when you decide whether you want to leave feedback or not.

Another thing I'd like to mention is the issue of questions, and I want to be clear with this: I will be happy to answer any questions I receive, however, I advise you to *join my discord* if you want to sit down and have a conversation with me and ask me multiple questions. There's a link to it at the end of the chapter.

This story will include, but is not limited to: mind break, something that might resemble (voluntary) slavery, pregnancy, harems, some genderbending, a total lack of monogamy, some humor, and more importantly a lot of juicy smut.

And with that we can get started. Buckle in, grab your popcorn and most importantly...

... *enjoy!*

The sweltering heat of the desert was something Naruto was sure he would *never* get used to.

He pressed a palm against his forehead, groaning as the sun's heat continued to beat mercilessly down on him. If he wasn't tanned already, Uzumaki Naruto was sure that he'd be looking positively *bronze* by now had he been as pale as someone like... Hinata, or Sakura-chan.

Naruto was a rather good looking boy with his lightly tanned skin, though — bright blonde hair, the color of sunflowers; watery blue eyes that could be mistaken for sapphires in the darkness of a cave; and, on top of that, a rather tall and broad frame. He was certainly a man by now, a far cry from the boy that had become a shinobi at the fresh age of twelve.

Naruto groaned. For a brief moment he fumbled helplessly, hand searching for the drink of cool soda that was on top of the table in front of him; his slippery, sweaty fingers hardly able to grip the cup. Once he did manage to secure a grip however, he pressed the glass against his lips and drank greedily, relishing in the sweet taste that clung to his mouth even once he'd put the drink down.

A slight laugh was elicited from the person sitting opposite him.

“Feeling a little hot under the collar?” Temari said teasing, a smirk curling her lips as she sipped at her mug of tea.

“That’s an understatement,” Naruto grumbled. “For God’s sake, how the hell does your village deal with this *all year long*?” His tone was exasperated, blonde spikes of hair falling in his eyes.

Temari laughed a little more. “It’s not like you, you know, chose to visit *Sunagakure* in *July*,” she said, that teasing tone growing a tad stronger. She shifted how she sat a little, crossing her legs.

He opened his mouth to say something — then closed it. Then opened it again. “Ugh,” Naruto groaned, picking up his glass of soda and taking another long sip of it. “Next time I come to visit Gaara, it’s gonna be in December; or January. Stupid summer months...”

A sly smile curled her lips.

They were seated just outside a cafe, at a comfortable circular table — the kind with an umbrella to shroud the people underneath it. The heat was so extreme that the umbrella only provided a tiny bit of shade, but Temari felt quite comfortable under it; actually, nearly everyone around seemed relatively content despite the temperature. Only Naruto — unused to the climate — was sweating so profusely.

“It’s probably about time we return to the tour,” Temari said, taking one last sip from her glass of tea before setting the empty mug back down. “We don’t have any time to waste.”

“Yeah, sure,” Naruto mumbled. “Just let me finish my drink.”

“Fine with me,” she told him.

He grabbed his cup and downed the rest of it in one go — setting it back down on the table with a refreshing gasp. “We already paid, right?” Naruto asked.

“Mhm.”

“So we can just go?”

“Yup.”

“Alright,” Naruto said, standing up. He grimaced as he stepped from underneath the umbrella’s shade. “Let’s go, then.”

Temari stood up as well, brushing off the front of her kimono. Naruto stared at her for a moment... swept away by her looks. The desert beauty was the kind of woman that could take someone’s breath away...curves in all the right places, sandy blonde hair, a tight black kimono draped across her body that accentuated her breasts and her wide hips... and her delightful rump. And the best part of that last one is that Naruto was spending quite a lot of time staying directly behind her as he followed her around the village, Temari taking him to sightsee the various landmarks.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” Temari said. Naruto shook his head, ears turning pink --- but then again, as he looked Temari dead in the eyes... were... were her cheeks a little red? The corner of her lip quirked upward, as if she knew exactly what he had been looking at.

“Sorry,” he muttered, averting his gaze.

Temari laughed.

As she turned and began to walk, Naruto couldn't help but notice that extra sway to her hips — one that hadn't been there before.

He followed after her.

“You know, I can't help but find it funny,” Temari said.

“Find what funny?”

It was evening now — not quite dark, since it was summer and the sun stayed in the sky far longer than it would otherwise. The streets were emptying of married couples and single mothers, the former crowd being replaced with the youth and young adults that populated the village at night.

Temari turned toward him, that same smirk on her lip.

“The fact that you've been staring at my ass all day and haven't even *tried* to hide it. Most guys... well, they would have at least made an attempt at being subtle.”

Naruto's ears turned pink once more — but... he'd been caught redhanded; and he had never been the type to try and lie his way out of a situation.

“It is a nice ass,” Naruto mumbled, a feeble attempt to lighten the mood.

“Thanks. I made it myself,” Temari jested. Naruto laughed — both of them leaned back in their chairs, sighing. Over the course of the day they'd worked themselves around in a big circle... they had ended up at the same cafe that they'd visited earlier; the only difference was that they were at a different table.

“I'm surprised,” Naruto admitted, after a moment of comfortable silence. “Most women... well... they would have gotten pretty pissed at me if they knew I was looking at them all day.” His mind drifted to a certain pink haired kunoichi — who meant well, but whose distaste for perverts didn't mesh well with Naruto at all. To be fair, she had cooled a little bit in recent times... all the stress from the threat the Akatsuki posed hadn't helped anyone.

“Well, I can't speak for other women. But me? I'm flattered. The only guys I talk to on a regular basis are my brothers, and that idiot Shikamaru when I visit Konoha.” Naruto couldn't help but notice the fond smile she wore when she'd said Shikamaru's name. “Most of the other men here... well, you know how intimidating Gaara can be.”

Temari laughed, and Naruto chuckled nervously — he loved Gaara and knew that the Kazekage was a different man now... but the memory of Rock Lee having his leg and arm near pulverized was a less than fond memory for the blonde.

“Anyway, having a bunch of mother hens swirling around the nest doesn’t help my social life in the least. Getting a compliment from a man — even if it’s a non verbal one — feels pretty damn good.”

“Makes sense, I guess,” Naruto said. “And don’t worry. Your ass is nice enough that even if I had Gaara breathing down my neck I’d probably still sneak a look.”

She smirked. “I’ll have to keep that in mind,” Temari said.

A pause.

Temari swirled her finger in the cup of tea she’d ordered, waiting for the sugar she had added to properly dissolve.

“You know...” Temari murmured. “It has been a while.”

“Since what?”

“Since I had a nice lay.”

Naruto’s mouth went dry... was she...? “What are you saying?” he asked.

“Last time was when I was in Konoha, with that idiot Shikamaru,” Temari murmured. “He’s got some technique but the laziness isn’t endearing when you’re trying to cum before he falls asleep.” She laughed slightly, a smile spreading her cheeks.

“You slept with Shikamaru?” Naruto said, eyes widened. “What- are, are you guys like an item or something?”

“An item?” Temari said, smirking. “Just because you have sex with someone doesn’t mean you’re in a committed relationship, Naruto. Shikamaru’s a nice guy, but... he’s a bit of a handful.” She sighed. “And besides, I doubt he’d ever want to be in an actual relationship regardless.”

“Oh.” That lessened the feeling of guilt on Naruto’s chest — for a moment there, he thought he’d been leering at his friend’s girlfriend. “What are you suggesting then?”

She sighed. “Well,” Temari murmured, leaning forward slightly. “How about we extend the tour a little?”

“What more can you show me here? I thought we pretty much covered everything,” Naruto said, eyebrows scrunching with blatant confusion.

“I’m saying we should extend the tour to my apartment,” Temari murmured, leaning even closer to Naruto, a sultry smile on her lips. “More specifically to my bed; I think I could give you a *proper* welcome

to Sunagakure. God knows I need a good tumble and I've heard of your stamina..."

She looked at him expectantly, cheeks a tad red, but her eyes sparkling and crackling with anticipation. Naruto had known his answer *yesterday* — it was damn obvious to the blonde what he would say.

"Well, sure!" Naruto said. "I'd love to. You're beautiful, Temari — how could I say no?"

She grinned. "Keep saying that and your night is going to be *very* enjoyable," Temari said. The blonde took a swig of her tea — making quite the show of leaning back in her chair; Naruto wasn't daft enough to think she was jutting out her chest like that on accident, either.

He could only lick his lips as he stared at those delicious breasts pressed up against her black kimono.

"Finish your drink," she murmured. "Gaara should be done by now; you can talk to him for as long as you like... but afterward, I'll show you where you'll be staying tonight. Understand what I mean?"

"I think so," Naruto whispered. "And I'm looking forward to it."

Temari flashed him a wink, before taking another sip of her tea.

Naruto couldn't help but notice the thumping of his heart in his ears as they allowed an otherwise comfortable silence to build between them.

Gaara was an interesting guy. He didn't talk much; he was quiet, withdrawn, serious... but he and Naruto could really get along. They sat in the Kazekage's office for what felt like hours, just talking. About their villages, about how Naruto's stay in Sunagakure so far had been, about how the world had adjusted since the close of the Fourth Shinobi War.

It was nice.

"I'm afraid I have more work to attend to," Gaara murmured, leaning back slightly. "Temari will show you where you'll be staying here in Sunagakure — I've ensured that you've received the best accommodations possible."

"You wouldn't have to go *that* far, Gaara," Naruto said, grinning as he stood up from his chair. "You could shove me under a cardboard box and I'd love it here."

Gaara's lip didn't even twitch. "I refuse to allow nothing but the best for you, Naruto," he said, tone solemn.

Naruto's grin morphed into a bright smile. "Thank you," he murmured. "Hope you have fun with your work."

"Of course. I will see you tomorrow."

Gaara returned to his papers, picking up a pen and returning straight to work. Naruto gave him a fond smile. Turning around, the blonde wordlessly made his way out of the office, opening up the door and stepping into the hall outside.

On a nearby bench Temari sat; her legs were crossed and Naruto just couldn't stop himself from gazing at those *amazing* legs — they seemed endless, and he could just catch a glimpse of her mouthwateringly beautiful thighs.

"It's about time you two finished," she said, smirking.

"You were out here the whole time?" Naruto asked.

"I went to go get some things done for a bit," Temari murmured. "I got back about ten minutes ago, actually. Still — I've been waiting for quite a while. Are you ready?"

"For you? Damn right I am."

Naruto grinned from ear to ear; his mind was already racing with the sinful things he wanted to do to her. The fact that she was Gaara's sister... well, there was a tiny bit of guilt in his gut, but the Suna blonde's sheer sexiness canceled that out quite significantly.

Another woman might have lead him by the hand, but Temari didn't even reach for him. She simply turned and began to walk — *knowing* that he would follow. And knowing that he would stare at her backside the entire way, her hips swaying from side to side, her rump looking so juicy pressed up against the back of her kimono. Naruto could only bathe in anticipation for what was to come.

Temari's apartment wasn't too far, just a few blocks at most. They were there in the blink of an eye, taking a back entrance into the apartment complex and slipping silently up the stair wells so the receptionist wouldn't notice the hero of the Elemental Nations checking into a woman's room.

She seemed to take an eternity to unlock the door — the soft *click* of the lock being opened was like heaven to his ears. She threw open the door...

... and *now*, she lead him by the hand — or more accurately, yanked him into her apartment. The door was shut behind her and then she was upon him, pressing her lips against his and running her hands all along his body. Naruto couldn't bring himself to resist; he could have attempted to turn the tide but instead he allowed himself to be swept up by this luscious blonde.

But that relative submissiveness only lasted for a moment.

"Damn," Temari breathed, cupping his cheek in one hand and just *staring* at him — her teal eyes looked... enamored. "You know, up close, you're like ten times more attractive," she whispered.

"Looks like we'll have to get closer then," Naruto murmured. Taking his first forward action, he tipped his head forward and kissed her — now that her initial burst of dominance had passed, he began to gently twist the knob. He placed his hands on the firm rump he'd been staring at all day long, grasping her firm cheeks and *squeezing*, Naruto letting out a groan at how damned plump and juicy her ass was.

With ease he hefted her up, pulling her taut against his chest as he deepened the heated kiss they shared. Her legs hung limp on either side of him, his fingers still tightly gripping her ass — Temari groaned, able to feel his hardness, his heat, his mighty erection that strained and twitched... easily felt even through several layers of thick cloth.

She endeavored to not be idle, and as he continued to devour her mouth she elected to do *something*. That something ended up being the removal of his shirt — the Suna blonde gingerly unzipping the front, before easing it off of his shoulders and flinging it to the side without a care in the world. She reached her hands down, undoing the sash of her kimono but not quite slipping out of it yet.

Temari chuckled. “Eager, aren’t you?” He transitioned his lips to the tanned skin of her neck, the blonde skillfully suckling and licking and nibbling at her in that perfect way; she angled her head backward, so he had more skin to work his magic on.

“Where’s your bedroom?” Naruto breathed — he was so damned hard that there was only one thing on his mind.

“Second door on the left.”

He carried her in there without question, tossing her onto the bed. Before she could move he was upon her, helping her to shed her kimono with his fingers — opening it up to reveal the bounty of her curvaceous body. He moaned as her wonderful bust came into sight... Naruto proceeded to straddle her, inhaling her delicious scent; he grasped her breasts in his hands, still nibbling and licking her neck. She was already moaning beneath him.

Naruto pulled the kimono out from under her, before tossing it to the side. His mesh undershirt came off; then his pants; then his boxers. Temari was in bliss... she didn’t even notice he was nude until he had repositioned himself in between her legs, and by then it was too late to get a good look at what he was working with, as he’d already gone back to working over her body.

Her breasts were well taken care of: nipples tweaked and licked, her tits squeezed and groped — they were especially sensitive and it was as if he subconsciously knew that.

The Uzumaki eagerly spread her legs, and she grimaced as cool air brushed against her sopping wet folds; she was aroused... so aroused. Just the kissing and light foreplay had brought her to the point where she was *yearning* for cock — his tongue and hands were just so delightfully good. She couldn’t help it.

He pressed something up against her entrance... and she *gasped*.

Temari looked down.

What she saw was-

“Oh fuck,” she whispered.

He kept pushing and pushing, but his cock was just so *big*. Huge to the point where it seemed impossible to take, yet he was more than adamant about trying. He kept pushing and pushing, spreading her pussy lips open with two fingers and continuing to ground his hips forward.

It took a little bit... but eventually, he managed to pop the head of his enormous cock into her.

She let out a **moan**. The kind of moan which seemed exaggerated beyond belief... yet was very much warranted considering the pleasure coursing through her body. It felt as if electricity had shot through her veins — she was *alive*, she was free, she was so full. He was so enormous; almost on the edge of being too big for her. But he had managed to get the tip inside of her, and nothing would stop him from helpfully encouraging the rest of his shaft to penetrate into her hot depths.

“Fuck!” Temari groaned, throwing her head back.

“Am I big?” Naruto asked.

“Ye- yeah you kind of fucking are,” she growled.

He grinned. “You have no idea how much I love hearing that,” Naruto admitted, pumping his hips forward at a relentless pace — he was only easing a tiny bit of cock into her over a relatively long period, but it was *enough*. She was grimacing and biting her lip, the sensation of stretching so quaint; she already felt packed full to the brim with man meat, yet there was still so much *more* to go. All those inches... how could a woman take every last one? It seemed ludicrous to even suggest the possibility.

But he continued to push that glorious erection into her regardless; no matter how hard he had to thrust, no matter how much she had to stretch to take it... he *made* her take it. With Uzumaki force and a bit of elbow grease, Naruto managed to get one quarter of his cock into her before long — which, if you asked her, was enough cock to last for a lifetime.

“Jeez,” Naruto muttered. “You are *really* tight, Temari.”

“T-thanks.” And there was no sly joke this time, as she had made when he complimented her ass. She was too far in bliss to make jokes — that and the quaint feeling of stretching was leaving her mind completely preoccupied.

He gave her a reprieve; the slightest of breaks that she could use to recuperate. But after only a moment of rest, Naruto continued his assault — he drew out of her unfathomably wet pussy, groaning as the smell of her arousal only made him harder. Then, he thrust back into her. The blonde stud granted leniency in a way: he only thrust back and forth into already conquered, already stretched out territory... she took no more than a fourth of his cock, the maximum she'd already taken, for the duration of that phase. But it was...

Fuck.

She was out of her league, Temari realized. That much was obvious — with a guy like Naruto, so sweet and chubby cheeked... she had expected someone with more bark than bite. Plenty of stamina, but not enough technique or finesse to make up for her.

Well, she had been proven wrong. What had to be the biggest cock in the world was now moving its way in and out of her... and accompanied by that was the kind of skill that any of her previous sexual partners would have dreamed to have a quarter of. For all intent and purposes, Temari had been at Naruto's mercy — it was likely only his desire to not forever destroy her pussy that kept her afloat. That, and the rust that had to be knocked off his considerable sexual skills... because it had been a damn while and he still didn't remember all of his techniques.

"God," Temari whispered. "Just stop. Just- just for a moment. Give me a second."

To his credit, Naruto stopped. Not that he wasn't grinding his hips against her in that delicious way, enormous cock twitching slightly inside of her in a way that made her entire body *jolt* like a thousand volts had coursed through her all at once.

She panted, red faced and barely hanging on. Her walls were clenched so tight around his member; her juices continually leaked out from around his shaft, filling the entire room with her scent.

"Are you on birth control?" Naruto hesitated to ask.

"Yeah..." she muttered, an arm pressed against her forehead as her breathing slowly returned to normal. "I- I've got to ask you something," Temari said. "How the hell did you get so good?"

"At what?"

"What do you think? Sex, Naruto, sex. What we're doing right now."

Naruto chuckled. "You think I'm good?" he asked.

She glowered at him; "What do you think?" she mumbled darkly.

The Uzumaki grinned cheekily at her. "Well, you know, my old teacher was a bit of a pervert; he'd always had an open view of sex and that kind of stuff. When I was on my training trip with him, he'd dump me in a brothel when he went to a bar. Gave me a handful of money and told me to pick a girl and spend the night with her."

"Really?" she said.

Naruto nodded. "And this was over the course of *years*. I- I had to have slept with at least a hundred girls before I came back to Konoha. Picked up a few tricks along the way, quite a few of which I'm sure you're enjoying now."

Temari groaned. "If you ever see any of those girls again," the Suna blonde murmured, wiggling her hips from side to side slightly and *moaning* at the feeling of his cock scraping against her walls. "Be sure to tell them I said thanks."

"Will do," Naruto said. "You ready?"

“As ready as I’ll ever be.”

He began to thrust once more, and it quickly became evident that she was *not* ready. Not at all; mostly because he went past his previous limit of ‘one-fourth’ of his cock and began to slide even more into her. She’d thought she had been full before... it was nothing compared to then and there. It was like the feeling one would get after half a dozen plates at the buffett — of being so full that any more would leave someone whimpering. But unlike that scenario, Naruto just continued to push more cock into her depths and she continued to take it, whether her body (and mind) were equipped to deal with it or not.

“I’m not too far now,” Naruto mumbled. “How do you want it?”

“Want- want what?” She’d been so focused on the strain of taking his cock that she’d seemed to lose track of almost everything else.

“Me to cum. Where do you want me to cum?” he asked, hot breath cascading against her ear — he was still *thrusting* into her. Maybe he didn’t realize it, but when he continued to pump that delicious cock in and out of her greedy pussy, she seemed to lose all track of herself.

In fact, she lost track to the point where she forgot that *nobody* had came inside of her yet — not Shikamaru, not any sexual partner she’d had. Temari had saved that one right for the man she felt was *worthy*.

... and she couldn’t even get her lips to form any words. She wasn’t sure whether she wanted him to cum inside of her or not — her body screamed yes, her mind screamed *fuck yes*, but there was the tiniest part of her that realized she’d barely talked to Naruto before that day. Regardless, her eyes rolled back in her head; she moaned and groaned, fingernails clawing at his back as he continued to thrust, and he was left without an answer.

“I guess you’re leaving it up to me,” Naruto said. “Inside it is, then.”

“Wait-”

A overly hard thrust stole the breath from her lungs — she gasped and wheezed as if she had taken a hit to the solar plexus, but in reality, all that had happened was a *fucking thick cock* had hit her G-spot and made her see white.

Naruto grabbed one of her breasts in a hand, groping and squeezing it, twisting her rosy nipple between two fingers. With her other breast, he leaned down... taking it into his mouth, Temari moaning when he did so; his tongue licked and batted at her nipple. Her sensitive bust being so well attended to made her almost quiver with ecstasy.

“Woah. Look at that,” he murmured, directing his gaze downward. Something that Temari had was a *very prominent clit* — it was red and engorged, and as he ran his thumb over it she began to shiver. “You like that?” Naruto asked, pressing a finger against it; she gasped, eyes closed and her hands only clutching tighter to his torso. “Good.”

He sped up his thrusts slightly, still working over her breasts, still nudging and teasing her clit. It was a

cornucopia of pleasure — and quite honestly, Temari simply didn't stand a chance. She was putty in his hands... and it wasn't long before the dyke broke and the water overflowed, so to speak.

Or, in other words, she *came*.

Her inner walls clenched ever tighter; Naruto let out a grunt.

Now, there was something important to realize. Uzumaki stamina didn't mean he lasted longer, though he still lasted a good deal longer than any ordinary man would, surprising considering he was faced with a woman as sexy as Temari. What Uzumaki stamina meant is that he could recover *very* fast, and keep going past the point where anybody else would be flaccid.

He wanted to last longer; he really did. But she was so *tight*, and *wet*, and *hot* — he couldn't help himself. He'd only managed to get about a third of his cock into her, but he drove every inch that he could inside of her and... came.

Temari would never recall the next five minutes.

It was no joke, no exaggeration — her vision turned stark white for five minutes; all she felt was rippling pleasure that flowed through every pore of her body; she heard loud moans, almost screams in volume, and it only took her a moment to realize that those were sounds that *she* was making. Thank God the walls in her apartment were especially thick.

When she finally came to, the white fading from her vision and Naruto's grinning face appearing in its place, all Temari felt was *warmth*.

In her womb; throughout her entire body. She just felt... warm. And full. Why was it that every time she thought she was as full as one could be, he would surpass that feeling with something even more delightful? Only, 'full' seemed to understate what she felt. Something like 'bursting at the seams' seemed more accurate... it felt as if fully one-fourth of the liquid in her body was now his hot, gooey, thick, *hot* cum.

"Oh, you're awake. I thought for a second I might have—" Naruto paused for a moment, shaking his head. "Oh well."

She felt him *twitch* inside of her.

"You're- you're getting hard again...?" Temari whispered, voice hoarse, teal eyes half-lidded and hardly able to remain open.

"I can't help myself," Naruto whispered, tipping his head down and running his tongue against one of her delightfully plump breasts. "I just can't help myself."

Temari whimpered as he began to move in and out of her once again.

What followed had to be some kind of pleasurable torture... Temari's sore, battered pussy was *forced* to take his cock again, it was *forced* to stretch, and she was *forced* to feel the ecstasy that he could so

easily provide. It was the same position; he shoved no more of his cock into her unexplored depths, only thrusting into territory he'd conquered before he had come the first time around. But even then, Temari couldn't withstand it. For a while, everything was little more than a blur of pleasure and slight pain as her sore folds stretched to accommodate his rapid thrusts.

He lasted a few minutes shorter than he had the first time, because just like then, Naruto wasn't infallible. Temari was too tight, too wet, too hot — even with her more or less *lying* there, moaning and taking his cock without any sort of response aside from her hips gently bucking back against him, Naruto was more than ready to cum for a second time.

For Temari, there was a God — after all, it was either Him or a simple impulse that caused Naruto to pull out of her just before he came for a second time.

Regardless of why he pulled out, he did. And he ended up firing an equally massive load across her belly — her belly button was filled with gooey cum, her midriff was coated entirely, and the strands of jizz shot far enough up that some of his jizz even stained the underside of her breasts. She just laid there, idle, unable to do anything but groan.

“Whew!” Naruto rubbed his forehead, finally, blissfully, easing that massive cock out of her. He was sweaty and flushed, but he wasn't panting — he pushed himself off the bed with a grin, and Temari couldn't help but look down and notice that he was half-hard already just from eyeballing her nude body. “I think I'll go take a shower. Which way is the bathroom?” he asked.

“First- first door on your right,” Temari murmured.

“Awesome.” He went and bound out of the room without another word.

Temari tried to move — but she couldn't. Her legs ached; her pussy felt as if had a train had been run on it... sort of. It didn't hurt... it just felt *strange*. She looked down and visibly watched as her folds had to return to their original tightness after the invasion of Naruto's beyond enormous length. Cum drooled freely out of her now, leaking down her thighs; the jizz on her belly didn't help her terrible state either. She could *smell* it, and it was such an overwhelmingly manly scent that she couldn't make heads or tails of whether she wanted to lap it all up or allow it to remain, so the blonde could continue to inhale the smell of his essence.

“Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck...” She wasn't one to swear like a sailor in most circumstances, but the situation certainly called for it.

This was supposed to be a fling; a one night stand. She was supposed to have sent Naruto on his way the very next morning.

But, right then and there, Temari *knew* that she would drag Naruto back into her bed the next morning if she had to.

She wasn't broken yet; she was still perfectly rational. She *could* say no to him if she wanted to, but the thing was, she didn't. There was still a ways to go before Naruto became an addiction... but at this rate, that day was coming fast.

Naruto showered. By the time he was done, Temari had regained control of her legs... mostly. She went and took a shower of her own — by the time she came back, he had fallen asleep in her living room, snoozing soundly on her couch.

A small part of her was pissed that he hadn't gone to sleep in her bed, but she wasn't about to wake him up over it.

Temari limped into her room, and closed the door behind her.

The next day would be an interesting one, that was for sure.

Thank you very much for reading this chapter, and I hope that you enjoyed it. The Suna arc of this story will span about two and a half chapters, so I hope you enjoy it while it lasts.

If you want to support me financially, it would be great for you to head to my Patreon and help me out. Even a dollar a month can keep me afloat; the less hours I need to work, the more time I can spend writing awesome content like this for you guys. And, of course, you'll get some goodies for being a Patreon as well. Link: <https://www.patreon.com/bige2955>

If you'd like to contact me, you can do so through FanFiction, email, or via discord. Discord invite code: <https://discord.gg/4qdeJcx>

I'd really, *really* appreciate if you left me a comment as well — feedback is amazing. It takes less than five minutes for you to leave a comment, but it makes all the difference in deciding how fast the next chapter comes out. Inspiration is one of the most important things for a writer!

One last thing: I do intend to start an update schedule. I'll try to update every Wednesday and (sometimes) on Saturday as well if I have a good streak of writing. So stay tuned on Wednesdays! :D

Thanks for reading this chapter, everyone. Stay tuned for next time, and as always, have an awesome day!

1 - Arc I - Chapter II

Sorry for the (relative) delay on this chapter. I hit a stone wall of writer's block for a while, and I couldn't push out the rest of this chapter as fast as I wanted to. My apologies, but... it's here now, and I *know* y'all are going to enjoy. Don't forget to leave a comment and give me some feedback!

Temari stared up at the ceiling of her bedroom, an unreadable look in those beautiful teal eyes of hers.

Never had she ever let a boy stay in her apartment before, even if he was snoozing on her couch rather than in bed with her. Well — there was that time Kankuro had gotten blackout drunk and she'd had to lay him out on the bed and she had to sleep on the couch in her own damn apartment... but... that was her brother. He didn't count.

She inhaled, then exhaled; inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale. God damn — she might have been day dreaming, but the sandy haired blonde could almost still feel that piping hot cum stuffed inside of her. That was a feeling she wasn't about to forget any time soon.

It was early, but the sun was already well along its way across the sky. She heard the rudimentary air conditioner in her home kick on; it was an older model, barely chugging along, but it worked. Kept her house cool when the sun's blazing heat was at its worst, because even she could admit that only someone as hardy as Gaara could withstand the summer's heat twenty-four seven.

God, she was sore. Even lying down she could feel that gentle ache in her legs, in her snatch... it wasn't the kind of soreness that would incapacitate a woman, but rather the kind that would leave her limping like a war veteran if she didn't disguise her altered gait somehow.

Temari swung her legs over the bed, placing them down on the floor; the movement made her actually *wince*, a hiss spilling from her lips as she put the slightest bit of weight on her legs.

"Big cocked bastard," Temari muttered, though she couldn't help the slight smile that graced her lips as she pushed herself onto her feet. She stumbled — but a kunoichi never lost her balance, and she was never in danger of falling.

She had gone to sleep naked, and though Naruto had already seen everything she'd had to offer, Temari couldn't help that twinge of privacy that encouraged her to pull out a bathrobe. It was a gentle teal color, the same as her eyes, and rather form fitting. As she pulled it on and wound the sash around her body, she couldn't help but notice how well it fit her curves — and a tiny part of her pondered as to whether the boy sleeping on her sofa would enjoy seeing her in it.

Temari yawned, pulling open the door to her room and stepping out. The first thing she heard was the caw of a hawk, likely delivering a message or something of the sort. The second thing was a loud, near ear-splitting snore that caused her to recoil slightly.

'Well, he's still asleep,' the blonde thought, a smirk tugging at her lips despite the twinges of pain she felt from her sore areas.

And naked. Because the first thing she saw as she walked into the living room was Naruto rolling over onto his side — she watched as his *massive* cock, still flaccid, extended to the point where it quite literally hung over the side of the couch as he lay on his side.

"And it's still soft, too; what the actual *fuck*?" Temari grumbled.

She could tell this was going to get old quick — if she was going to get aroused every time she looked at or thought about his cock, the next few days before he went back to his village were going to be tough ones, indeed.

The sandy blonde let out a drab sigh. Naruto seemed the type to sleep in; she figured that there was plenty of time to get her day started before her fellow blonde arose from his slumber.

Some breakfast would do her well.

Temari had never been a master chef, but as the only woman in a house of four (now three), she'd learned how to cook... somewhat. Enough to make breakfast at least.

Pots and pans clanged as she went about the kitchen — in the end, Temari elected whipped together something simple. Some rice and some left-over fish she'd had tucked away in her refrigerator.

Predictably, the smell of food roused Naruto from his sleep. He was no Akimichi, but considering about a third of Ichiraku's early morning sales were courtesy of him... well, suffice to say he got rather hungry when he woke up.

He yawned; he stretched his arms and eased himself off of the couch, a grin on his face. He felt all loose and relaxed, as if a load of stress had been yanked off his shoulders — the blonde felt at least ten pounds lighter and a lot happier. Even happier than usual.

"Mornin'!" Naruto chirped, stepping into the kitchen. Temari looked around — then looked down — then turned back to the oven with her cheeks tinted pink. God damn... how was he not walking bow legged with that thing hanging between his legs?

"Good morning," she said stiffly, unconsciously pulling her robe tighter around her... well aware that it would only frame her curves better.

"Damn, that smells good," he murmured. "What are ya cooking?"

"Breakfast for the two of us." Temari sighed. "How- how did you sleep?"

"I slept like a baby," Naruto said. "You?"

"I slept alright."

“Your legs feeling alright?” he asked.

“Of course. Why?”

Naruto chuckled under his breath, leaning against the counter. “Well, I’d actually be really surprised if you weren’t the least bit sore,” the Uzumaki murmured. “Didn’t I tell you I fucked a hundred women? They were experienced ones, too — it’s not like prostitutes can be anything *but* experienced,” he said, chuckling again. “But, I can say for a fact that each of them was sore after we were both finished; and that didn’t really matter whether I was soft or rough, whether they rode me or I fucked them from behind... whether it was anal, with their mouth, whatever. They were *always* sore.”

“Always?”

He grinned. “I never stayed with any one woman for more than a day,” Naruto said. “So, who knows? It could be something that a girl just has to get used to.” He came up behind her, looping a hand around her waist and pulling her close — Temari shuddered as she felt his length press against her back. It was so *big*; even soft, even through her robe, she could feel. The size of it. The thickness. The- the *everything* about it.

“I need to finish cooking,” she whispered.

“Oh, I’m sure you can multitask. I won’t fuck you here and now — I just want to... warm you up, for when we’re both finished eating.” He cackled like the deviant he was, a hand worming underneath her robe to rub one of those juicy thighs he’d adore sinking his teeth into.

“Ungh.” Her reply to what he had said caught up in her throat, especially as he undid her robe — he didn’t pull it off of her quite yet, but it allowed him to slip a hand into the depths of it, caressing one of her bountiful breasts. “You’re-”

“Just focus on the cooking,” Naruto purred into her ear. His fingers crept up her thigh — his other hand was busy working over her teat, one of those delightfully rosy nipples between gently twisted and pinched between his thumb and pointer finger.

Temari tried to move her hands, but they just kept shaking — something akin to a gasp escaped her when his hand finally reached the little nub in between her legs. She whimpered; both from pain and from pleasure, as her soreness was not something to be underestimated.

Naruto grinned, leaning forward and gingerly sinking his teeth into that wondrous tanned skin of hers. A few hours later, Temari would find quite a number of hickies there — marks that he loved to leave on the women he routinely slept with. And she was no exception, even if she meant quite a bit more to the blonde (as Gaara’s sister) than your everyday average whore.

“Your body’s real nice,” he mumbled, his finger circling her glistening folds. “That’s the thing — those girls that Jiraiya made me pick from were... boring after a while. They were all the same: all curves, no substance. Soft and cushiony; I had to be careful not to accidentally hurt them with the slightest of things. But kunoichi like you, Temari? Nah, there’s nothing like that. Half-muscle, half-curves... able to stretch, to *bend*, to do whatever while at the same time being... awesome in general.”

Temari laughed, face flushed and her body seemingly on fire from the arousal she was facing. “That—that’s pretty funny,” she said.

“What is?”

“Those women’s entire lives revolve around making their bodies as desirable as possible,” Temari told him, bracing her hands against the counter, because even as she talked he was rubbing and groping and pleasuring her. “Surgery, diets, techniques, makeup, *everything* is a way for them to look better. Yet — yet, *you*, the guy with... with everything a woman wants and more, go after women like me who can’t be bothered to do more in the morning than put up my hair and add a little eyeliner. That’s what I find funny.”

Now Naruto was laughing too. “That’s all you do in the morning? I’m surprised.” The hand clutched around her breast gave the warm flesh a good squeeze. “You’re so damned sexy that I’d imagine you would have a ten hour routine to look this good.”

“Flatterer,” Temari said, scoffing yet grinning at the same time. “Now... now...”

She gulped.

“*Fuck me*,” the Suna blonde muttered, spreading her legs and bending over slightly, pressing her rump against his firm thighs. “Breakfast can wait.”

Naruto... *smirked*.

“Nah,” he said, pulling back and vacating the spot where he’d stood — now he stepped into the living room, tossing himself back onto the couch and putting his hands behind his head. “I’m kind of hungry, Temari. So, that kind of stuff will have to wait. Well... unless...”

“... unless what?” Temari muttered, glaring at him — she’d had to swallow quite a bit of pride to utter the words ‘*Fuck me*’ like that, and he’d just walked away? It wasn’t even as if he was trying to be an asshole by doing so; he really *was* just hungry.

“I mean, there’s nothing quite like an early morning blowjob,” Naruto hinted, pointing down at his crotch, half-hard member twitching slightly.

Temari frowned. “There is *no way in hell* that I’m going to suck something as big as that,” she stated flatly.

“Aw,” Naruto mumbled. “Can’t say I expected anything different. Whatever — just get breakfast done and after we’re done eating I’m sure we can figure out something to do. I *know* you’re sore, so I doubt you’ll be up for anything rough... or maybe even soft.”

She grumbled something incoherent under her breath, pulling the robe back around her and re-doing the sash. ‘*Probably not*,’ she admitted to herself, getting back to work on breakfast.

Thankfully, it was almost done, and the ‘small’ distraction that Naruto had provided hadn’t caused it to burn that much. It was certainly still edible — and Naruto was probably going to eat it either way, she reasoned.

“Come eat at the table,” Temari told him only a few minutes later, two plates in her hands. She set one down, then the other, before dropping herself down in a chair and tucking into her food with chopsticks and a spoon.

“Awesome! It’s been forever since someone cooked for me.” Naruto grinned as he stepped into the kitchen, plopping down into a chair and yanking the plate she’d set out toward him — he dived right in, picking up the cut-up fish on the plate and chomping down on it.

“When’s the last time someone cooked for you?” she asked, curiosity laced in her tone.

“Uh, it was Sakura-chan just after the war.” He tapped a finger against his cheek. “Right after I lost my arm, before they gave me the replacement.” Naruto lifted up his pure-white arm, the replacement for what he’d lost to the war’s ravages. “Trying to make food with one arm is a *lot* harder than you might think... I couldn’t even get a cup of instant ramen made, and that’s with two clones helping me.” The blonde chuckled. “Sakura-chan lended me a hand until baa-chan fixed this arm up for me; her cooking kind of sucks but it was either that or starve, so...”

Temari smirked. “You told her that to her face?”

“I mean — do I *look* disfigured to you?” Naruto said. “No way in hell I told Sakura-chan about her cooking to her face... I might be stronger than her by a long shot, but she can pack a hell of a punch.”

“Fair; I’m no push-over and even I can admit Sakura would probably kick my ass,” Temari said.

“Nothing wrong with that. Everybody can get their ass kicked by someone else — no matter how strong you think you are, someone out there’s stronger, and that’s fine.”

“Wise words from the guy who can’t cook his own food,” Temari teased, a smile blossoming on her lips.

“Hey! I only had one arm!”

“Uh huh. And what *could* you cook with two arms then?”

He grimaced. “Instant ramen?”

Temari chuckled and they both allowed the dining room to fall into a comfortable silence. There was only the sounds of eating, of chopsticks scraping against plates and of Naruto’s relatively loud munching.

Soon, the two were done; Naruto swiped up Temari’s empty plate along with his own, and dutifully set them down in the sink.

The Suna blonde leaned back in her chair. “Why don’t you go ahead and wash them while you’re at

it?" she said, smirking.

"Uh..." Naruto not-so-subtly edged himself away from the sink.

"Jeez, don't be a- *ugh, damn!*"

She'd tried to stand up, putting weight on her feet once more... and in the time since she'd sat down, Temari had forgotten (mostly) about her soreness. But now, it all came rushing back, and she quite literally had to grip the edge of the table to stop herself from falling over.

"Shit! You okay?"

"I'm fine," Temari said, righting her stance after a moment. "It just caught me off guard, that's all."

"Go to the hospital," Naruto told her, standing beside Temari and hesitating to put a hand on her shoulder. "Get them to heal ya up; they won't ask any questions, that's not how they operate."

"My brother's the Kazekage..." Temari muttered darkly.

"So? That means you're the Kazekage's sister. You can find a doctor that'll keep their mouth zipped and who'll heal you up," Naruto said. "Otherwise, we won't be able to have any 'fun' tonight."

She didn't say anything — but Naruto made it clear. Unless she got the soreness taken care of, they wouldn't be able to have sex again that night... and like it or not, Temari *really* wanted to fuck the Uzumaki once more. Her mind was made up: she would have to go to the hospital.

Temari gave him the slightest of nods.

"Awesome," Naruto said. "I'm gonna go ahead and go, once I find my clothes and whatnot. What time do you want me to come back over?"

"Why are you assuming I *want* you to come back over?" Temari bit out — it was more a defensive reaction than anything.

He didn't look fazed; in fact, he was still grinning. "We both know how enjoyable the sex was for the *both* of us," Naruto murmured. "And honestly? I'm not sure if I'd be able to help myself. You're just so damned sexy... fuck me, but it would take everything I have to *not* come back here tonight and sleep with you again."

A slight blush appeared on her cheeks and she looked away. "Alright, fine, you can come over... around eight, let's say. I'll leave my spare key underneath the welcome mat."

"Sweet!" Naruto cheered. "Catch you later then, Temari," he said, stepping out of the kitchen and beginning the search for his clothes.

"See you."

She went to the hospital, having to use some creative maneuvers to hide her limp. And she certainly wasn't able to wear those tight kimonos she loved so much — no, sweat pants were how she was forced to meander her way to the hospital.

Being who she was, a doctor was quick to see her.

“What’s the problem today, Temari-sama?” the doctor asked — a bright eyed, bright haired rather short man asked.

“I have some soreness in my... thighs. And, erm, inner areas.”

“Ah, I see,” the doctor said, wiggling his brows slightly. “I assume you want me to keep this information... confidential?” he asked her.

“That would be nice.”

“Alright,” he said. There wasn't anything complicated to the healing procedure — she set up a leg on the table, he ran those healing hands from her sole to her thigh, and by the time she'd put her leg down and propped the other one up the healed one felt like new. Medicinal chakra was truly a wonderful thing.

Temari's day was off to a somewhat decent start; Naruto on the other hand...

He didn't even knock — he simply pushed the door open, grinning from ear to ear, and meandered into the Kazekage's office. “Mornin', Gaara!” Naruto called, falling into the chair opposite his redheaded friend and kicking his feet up on the table.

Predictably, it looked as if Gaara hadn't even gone home for the night. His desk was remarkably clear, though — one of the perks of chronic insomnia was getting a lot done when other people were asleep. Unfortunately there weren't many perks other than that.

“Good morning, Naruto,” Gaara said. “I trust you slept well at my sister's residence?”

If anything could make the blonde hero stop in his tracks, it was *that*; his cheeks turned red and he sputtered at Gaara, words unable to form on his lips.

Gaara... *chuckled*.

“I went by your apartment last night to see if you wanted to help me with a political problem,” Gaara murmured. “And, quite obviously, you were not there. I recall Temari waiting outside my office for you yesterday evening; and, with that, I also remember that the two of you spent nearly all of yesterday together, and I'm sure the two of you... ‘hit it off’, as I think they say.”

Naruto stared at Gaara. “So- so, you're not angry or something?” the blonde asked.

“Why would I be angry?”

“Well...” Naruto drifted off. Mostly because, no, Gaara wasn’t your stereotypical ‘overprotective, borderline-helicopter’ sibling, and he wasn’t sure what other reason he’d have for Gaara to be pissed.

“I know that the two of you had sexual intercourse, Naruto. It’s a perfectly natural thing, even if I find myself... somewhat ambivalent to it.” Gaara cleared his throat. “Perhaps if it was another man I’d be displeased, but with you? No. I know that you would only have Temari’s best interests at heart if a sort of relationship sprung up, and if one doesn’t... well, I am sure the two of you had an enjoyable time regardless.”

Naruto smiled. “Don’t worry,” he said. “I have no intention of hurting Temari in any way shape or form.”

Ignoring the fact that he had already sent her to the hospital... technically. It wasn’t as if he had hit her or something — he was just *that* well hung. It was a combination of his incredible thickness and incredible length that drove her to that incredible soreness after only taking a literal third of his cock.

Not that he, or Temari, would ever divulge *those* particular details to Gaara.

“I never thought you would,” Gaara said. “Now, about that question I had for you last night...”

Naruto scooted forward, put his elbows on the desk, and listened intently.

For the most part, both Naruto and Temari’s days went just fine. Naruto spent most of it with Gaara, the redhead showing him a few nifty things about being a Kage that Kakashi hadn’t shown him yet. Once Temari was done at the hospital, she ran a few errands and even went on a quick D-rank (delivering a letter to an outlying village about a mile away from Suna).

But, in the end, they ended up in the same place.

Temari got home at approximately five minutes after eight. Naruto wasn’t there... *yet*, but he was close. In fact, as she was twisting the key in the lock, he came around the corner — but he said nothing. He slinked up behind her; she threw open the door.

Then, he ambushed her.

Temari shot straight into ‘fight or flight’ mode — and being who she was, that meant she was going to fight. Naruto stopped the elbow she threw in his direction, pinning her arms to her side; he carted her inside the apartment, throwing the door closed behind him with a foot.

“It’s me,” he muttered into her ear; the instant the sound of his voice hit her, all the tension ebbed from her body. A thousand insults and retorts rested on her tongue... but as his fingers had already begun to undo the drawstring of the sweatpants she wore, Temari decided they could wait for later.

“Just fuck me,” she groaned. “I’ve been waiting for it all damn day.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice.” With the rustle of cloth, her sweatpants fell to the floor, followed soon by her panties. “I’ve been antsy all day thinking about what the two of us are gonna do.” Naruto cracked a grin. “Take off the rest of your clothes; I’ll get mine off.”

“Right..” she murmured.

Temari’s hands went about taking off her shirt remarkably fast, despite how jittery she felt. She pulled it over her head, dropping it down behind her. But, she didn’t move to take off her bra; honestly, she didn’t think she’d be able to keep her fingers steady enough to unhook it. The seafoam colored bra clung to her breasts as her chest heaved up and down.

Naruto stripped nude before long, a grin playing on his lips. He was already sporting a partial erection, the great lump of meat lifting off his thigh, twitching and dripping great pebbles of precum onto the ground. Temari averted her gaze; time hadn’t made his equipment any smaller and she didn’t want to look at it for *too* long, lest she get anxious and nervous all over again.

He swept up to her, wrapping his arms around her slim waist and pulling her close; their lips connected, Temari moaning into his mouth as he seized those plump ass cheeks of hers and squeezed — an action that he figured would soon become a favorite pastime of his.

The blonde hero slipped a hand down, to test how aroused she was. Temari was wet; not quite *soaking* wet, but getting there... he slipped two fingers into her depths, Temari moaning into his mouth for a second time. Her walls were eager to swallow his fingers, trying to prevent him from pumping them in and out of her slit; they squeezed around the digits, so tight and steadily growing wetter and wetter. It was clear how much her body had gotten used to *stretching* already — other men would have strained to get two fingers inside of her that easily, but with Naruto, they simply... slid in. Or perhaps it was a testament to how aroused she was by him, when all he’d done was kiss and grope her ass before he had begun to finger her.

“Fuck,” Temari groaned, resting her head on his shoulder as Naruto eased a third finger into her. “Just... fuck.”

Grinning mischievously, Naruto closed in and began to nibble at her earlobe. There wasn’t much need for excessive foreplay — just the anticipation of what was to come throughout the day had brought them both most of the way; he just needed to get her going before the rest of the ‘fun’ could commence.

And that didn’t take long.

Once Naruto deemed Temari ready, he slipped his fingers out of her...

... and lifted her up, Temari wrapping her legs around his waist on sheer instinct. His first thought was to take her to the bedroom... but really, he couldn’t rein in his considerable lust any longer. He wanted some *pussy* and with Temari more than willing to ease the frustration welling inside of him, Naruto wasn’t going to hold back. Quite the contrary, actually.

He pushed her up against a wall, grasping the hilt of his shaft with one hand and using the other to

spread open her pussy lips. Temari shuddered, hands wrapped around his neck, legs around his waist... her mouth watered with anticipation as she gazed down. His enormous cock didn't scare her; Temari's mind was far too gone with lust and want for her to even consider being fearful.

The well hung blonde pressed the mushroom head of his member against her entrance. She *moaned*, legs and arms tightening, a distinctly needy way in how her chest heaved and her lips parted. If Temari were a different woman, she would have already been begging for him to pump that monstrosity in here; but, of course, there was still plenty of time left in the night for her to reach that point.

Finally, at long last, he eased himself into her. Two inches of cock, slid into her depths. Two delicious, big, mouthwateringly *thick* inches.

"Oh fuck. Oh yes. Oh... oh *fuck*." Coherent sentences were beyond Temari; she didn't move. She laid her head back, resting it against the wall... her lip wobbled, obscenities threatening to burst forth as Naruto pumped a third inch of infinitely fat cock into her. Oh, she had gotten used to that feeling of *emptiness* as she had gone about her day. But now that it was gone, replaced by a fullness that was unmatched, Temari had to wonder just how she would be able to keep herself together without him.

"Damn, you're just so... tight...!" Naruto grunted, bucking his hips wildly against her. He didn't add any inches to the ones already slotted into her cunt, but he thrust in and out of her with what he'd already buried into the blonde's tight, wet slit... and that was more than enough for a lifetime. It was big, thick, jaw droppingly gorgeous, and that went for both his cock and for himself.

He pressed her up even more against the wall; his hands were planted on either side of her head, Temari held up by the death grip she had locked around his waist and his neck. She was grimacing, eyes watery from the sheer *pleasure*. What was this? Was this... completion? It seemed so much better — before she hadn't known what kind of joy he could give her, but now, she'd had to go so many long hours without him. And they said time made the heart grow fonder, but really, in her case it just made her cunt itch for a nice fat cock to fill her up... and conveniently enough, Naruto's cock seemed the perfect size to fill that void.

With brutal force, he began to ease his cock into her. *Inch*, after *inch*. Every damned millimeter making her mewl helplessly. She- she couldn't even think.

She couldn't move.

Sweat soaked her blonde hair; her teal eyes the size of dinner plates.

"G-g-guh..." Her lips tried to form words, but all that came out were inhuman sounds.

He was-

She was-

Naruto began to thrust.

In and out.

Only about a full third of his cock had managed to be stuffed into her... but a third of *his* cock was more than enough for any woman. Her limbs were sapped of all strength, and all she could do was moan like a *bitch* as he thrust into her core. Despite that, she needlessly bucked her hips back against him; she tried to will her weak hands and legs to clutch tighter at him. If her fingers would actually work, she would have clawed at his back.

“Temari,” he moaned into her ear. The room was filled with her senseless groans and moans. “Oh, fuck Temari, you’re too damn *tight*.” Harder, faster. Even he could hardly think — his body had one directive, and that was to fuck this tight piece of ass he had pressed up against the wall.

Every pore in Uzumaki Naruto was more than willing to follow that order.

It was too much for her. It was too... *much*.

She wasn’t broken — but she was well on her way there.

He kept her pressed up against the wall for a while longer, pounding her so hard and fast that she was surprised he hadn’t caved in her wall. But he didn’t, thankfully.

It wasn’t long before he sought a change of position; so, he lifted her up with both hands, still pulling her up and down his shaft, and carted her into her room. Temari clutched at him still, though her arms and legs had not yet recovered any motor function.

She only realized what his intentions were when she was tossed onto the bed, and arranged with his strong, nimble hands onto all fours. Naruto’s arousal-slick cock twitched at the sight of her luscious ass jutting out at him like that; as he came up behind her, pressing his thighs against her ass cheeks, he made sure to give both of them a healthy *smack* before he set back to business.

Temari moaned as he eased himself back inside of her. And then they were off once more, Naruto thrusting away with wild abandon, Temari shoving her head into the sheets in an attempt to muffle her literal *screams* of pleasure.

“Please-” She begged. “Pleeeeeease.” She wasn’t even sure what she was begging for — for him to stop? For him to fuck her harder? For him to *never* stop? She wasn’t sure... all she knew is that there would be a very pissed kunoichi if he pulled out of her.

Harder.

“Fuck!” she hissed.

Deeper.

“Damn!” he grunted, giving her ass another smack as he thrust into her.

Oh god...

“Oh God...” she whispered.

It was important to note that she'd only managed to take about an inch more of his cock than she had the previous night. A little over a third of the full shaft.

And it was probably best that Temari didn't know that. If she'd known that he had so, so much cock to go before he was fully sheathed inside of her, she might have wept with frustration.

What a downfall for the woman who had once laughed and grinned in the face of death — otherwise known as Gaara before Naruto had knocked some sense into him.

“Naruto,” she panted, though he couldn't hear her as her voice was muffled into the sheets. “Oh God, Naruto... please... God...” Her fingers clenched into balls; her entire body felt as if it was on fire with pleasure.

With a yearn and a moan louder than any that had preceded it, Temari came around his cock. Naruto grinned, chest swelling with pride — perhaps to reward Temari, he gave her ass another spank before renewing his assault on her body.

Tears left trails down her cheeks; her blonde hair was grimy, falling in her eyes and obscuring her features. Every inch of her skin was flushed, aside from a hand shaped imprint on her left ass cheek that glowed red.

If there was a picture beside the dictionary definition of ‘well fucked’, it would be Temari in that moment.

And he hadn't come yet, either.

Though, that moment was approaching fast. He was definitely eager to cum inside of the buxom blonde again... more eager than anyone who wasn't in his position could imagine.

There was no other way to leave your mark on a woman than by creampieing her after all.

He grasped at her swinging breasts, squeezing the squishy flesh in his hands, twisting her nipples. Naruto pressed his chest against her back, still thrusting in and out of her with the ferocity of a bull, well aware of what the consistent twitching of his cock, and the spring wounding tight in his gut, meant for what was about to happen.

To put it simply: he was about to cum.

When he did, it was with a groan. A low moan that sounded almost like a feral animal's growl. His cock twitched once, twice, then *exploded* inside of her... wave after wave of bubbling hot cum jettisoned into Temari, and the blonde reached nirvana once more.

She managed to stay... coherent this time. Somewhat. She couldn't do much more than claw weakly at the sheets and moan as his essence filled her up to the brim, but that was a hell of a lot more than before.

Oh God.

So full.

Her womb...

Her mind told her it was impossible for him to pump enough cum in her to fill her womb up to the brim, but if any man could defy logic it was Naruto. It just felt so *warm*. She could feel every ounce of hot cum inside of her. Every milliliter. She couldn't focus on anything else — when he pulled out of her, she only shuddered as his jizz began to leak out of her.

She was laid down on her back. Her legs were spread nice and wide — Temari looked down, cross-eyed, and she could just make out the form of his still hard, absolutely massive cock.

“Please-”

Whatever she meant to say — ‘Please fuck me,’ or ‘Please no,’ — couldn't be articulated. He swept forward, claiming her lips in a deep kiss... and it was only a moment later that he entered her once more.

It seemed that Temari would have to make *another* trip to the hospital before long.

—

Naruto yawned, as he awoke from his slumber.

He'd slept on the couch again; but not after he'd left a dimly twitching Temari — packed full with cum — on her bed the previous night.

Man, he felt *good*. That was the first time he'd slept with a woman two nights in a row, and there was something... quaint about it. Not having to constantly relearn names and favorite positions and body proportions was a nice touch.

She was in the kitchen when he pushed himself onto his feet. If Naruto was a tad more observant, he would have noticed how robotic Temari's movements were — she seemed to be on autopilot. She was wearing that teal bathrobe once more, but the sash was undone.

“Morning,” Naruto said.

“Mor- morning,” Temari mumbled, after a moment. “Did... did you need something, Nar- Naruto?” she said. Her face was a myriad of emotions, though her back was still to him.

“Well, there's nothing quite like an early morning blowjob,” Naruto said in jest, pointing down at his crotch, half-hard member twitching slightly. He was mimicking what he had said the previous morning — a request she had flatly refused.

It was a joke.

Really.

He expected the same response. A good old fashioned no.

What he *didn't* expect was for her to turn around, sink down onto her knees, and gaze up into his blue eyes as she grasped his half-hard shaft with both hands and began to lap her tongue against the mushroom head of his cock.

Naruto blinked.

“Huh...” he murmured. “That’s a surprise.”

Indeed it was.

And that’s a wrap.

Thank you very much for reading this chapter, and I hope that you enjoyed it. The Suna arc of this story will span about two and a half chapters, so I hope you enjoy it while it lasts.

If you want to support me financially, it would be great for you to head to my Patreon and help me out. Even a dollar a month can help to keep me afloat; the less hours I need to work, the more time I can spend writing awesome content like this for you guys. And, of course, you'll get some goodies for being a Patreon as well. Link: <https://www.patreon.com/bige2955>

If you'd like to contact me, you can do so through FanFiction, email, or via discord. Discord invite code: <https://discord.gg/4qdeJcx>. My email and my FanFiction account links can be found on my profile.

I'd really, really appreciate if you left me a comment as well — feedback is amazing. It takes less than five minutes for you to leave a comment, but it makes all the difference in deciding how fast the next chapter comes out. Inspiration is one of the most important things for a writer!

Thanks for reading this chapter, everyone. Stay tuned for next time, and as always, have an awesome day!

2 - Arc I - Chapter III

Well, here comes another chapter of 'Addict', hot off the press and ready to be read... and enjoyed... by all of my fans out there. What can I say? Enjoy the story, and don't forget to leave some feedback when you're done with it.

Naruto had hit a bit of a dilemma.

He wasn't sure whether he wanted to ask Temari to *stop* blowing him, or whether he ought to spare her pride and withstand the... awkwardness that was her handiwork.

It didn't feel bad; it felt pretty good, actually. But Temari wasn't exactly an expert in the realms of blowjobs, and with a cock as big as Naruto's...

Well, she kept *gagging*; borderline choking (and sometimes actually) on his enormous member. Salvia and precum dripped down her chin, her face was red and flushed, her chest heaved up and down with exertion... but she still kept coming back for more. She didn't *stop*. And he wasn't sure if she would stop — she seemed to have fallen under a trance of sorts. Her teal eyes were glazed over; she seemed rabid, feral, whatever synonym for 'wild' he could think up.

It was a little scary, actually.

After a few minutes his mind was made up: he had to stop her.

"Temari!" Naruto cried, reaching down, grabbing her shoulders and pushing her back — she genuinely struggled for a moment, but his sheer strength won out. She was thrown back, sprawled across the floor, panting and spluttering, spitting precum onto the floor.

Lying there on the ground, arousal pouring down her thighs, her entire body on *fire* with how astoundingly horny she was... Temari finally seemed to come to her senses, now that the blonde hero's cock wasn't waving in front of her face like some kind of hypnotic device.

Temari panted. She- oh God, she had thrown herself at him like some kind of common... *whore!* It was as if something had overtaken her — some kind of spirit had consumed her body, enticing her to take that monstrosity into her mouth despite the fact that she expressly remembered telling him that she wouldn't even consider the possibility of giving him a blowjob.

Look at where *that* sentiment had gone, she thought to herself.

She stared up at him. Naruto stood above her, hardened cock twitching slightly, the mighty shaft (or, at least, some of it) coated in her salvia. Despite that, she could see the worry in his eyes; the concern for her. He wasn't the type of man who would simply 'go along' with something like she had done.

“Shit,” she muttered.. “You- you fucking big cocked bastard.”

He grinned nervously. “Uh, yeah. You alright?” Naruto asked.

“I’m fine, *dick*,” Temari growled. “Now help me up.”

He offered a hand that she accepted, muscles rippling in his arm as he pulled her to her feet. It wasn’t like she could stand up on her own — she was still trying to get her head straight, she was still trying to recover nearly choking herself to death on his cock.

Naruto smiled at her. “You worried me there for a second,” he admitted. “Are you alright?”

“Like I said... I’m *fine*,” the sandy blonde insisted. She sucked in a deep breath. “Anyway, I’ve been... thinking, Naruto,” she continued. “Maybe it’s best we don’t see each other much before you leave.” Her pussy was *screaming* at her right now, for even suggesting not having that cock inside of her at all times; but cold, calm logic flowed through.

That moment when she’d stared up at him on the floor... when he’d thrown her off... the *panic* in his eyes...

It had been like a bucket of cold water being thrown over her.

She couldn’t let this continue.

He was too big; too good. It was for the better — otherwise, she’d- she’d already thrown away much of her pride. She had to keep her sense of self... her... anything. Naruto wouldn’t try to *steal* anything from her, of course, but that massive cock of his might do it whether he wanted to or not.

Temari blinked away tears. “Alright?” she said, sheer willpower keeping her voice firm.

Naruto looked at her.

And a small part of him looked... hurt?

The last time he’d been rejected by a woman had been by Sakura-chan all those years ago. But he hadn’t taken that to heart — back then, he had taken *everything* without letting it affect him.

But since then, no one had rejected him.

He’d fucked his way across the Elemental Nations with Jiraiya. Not a woman had turned him down — but, to be fair, that’s because whores often didn’t turn down a man with a big cock and a big coin purse on top of it. He’d had no girlfriends, no long-terms lovers. They’d all be short-term flings at the least, a few times together and then he’d fuck off to another town to keep evading the Akatsuki.

But Temari was...

Gaara’s sister.

He didn't know her well, but she was *Gaara's sister*. She was cool; as little as he knew her, he liked *everything* about her. They got along pretty well. The sex was awesome — especially for her. What was wrong with them having a little fun?

But outright being told- 'I think we should stop sleeping together,' caused... something to stir in his gut. It *hurt*. Being rejected. Not rejected — pushed away. Because that little show five minutes ago had proved to him that Temari wanted him; her body ached for him, even if her mind pushed her away.

He wasn't about to force her into anything, though.

"Alright," Naruto said, swallowing a lump in his throat. "I'll go, then."

Temari averted her gaze. ".. go- good," she mumbled, after a moment.

He was ready to go in less than five minutes, and in that time, they didn't exchange a single word. They did not look each other in the eye. The only time Naruto looked at Temari... was to see juices lazily flowing down her bare thigh as she sat on the sofa. As if to confirm her attraction to him.

Naruto closed his eyes as he stood in the doorway.

"See you around, Temari," he said.

She was silent as he stepped out of the apartment, closing the door behind him.

"I'll miss you, Gaara."

They shook hands, just like always. Gaara couldn't stand anything as close as a hug. But a simple handshake spoke more than a thousand hugs could.

"And I will miss you as well, Uzumaki Naruto," Gaara said, slowly and carefully. "I'm sure my sister will yearn for you, too. Don't wait too long to come and visit again."

With a cough and a slight blush, Naruto had turned away.

Home.

God, he had missed Konohagakure. No more burning heat, no more darting from cover to cover so he wouldn't get sunburned.

No more sexy blonde to fuck all night long.

But... that was beside the point!

He was home at last.

Naruto groaned as he stretched out on his bed, a lazy grin on his face. Clad in an orange t-shirt and a pair of boxers, he had quite the languid look to himself... he was so *happy*, to sleep in his own bed, to eat his own food, to look at his own city.

The blonde yawned.

Really, he was half tempted to lay in and get a nice nap in.

Then, there was a knock at his door.

“Come on!” he groaned. “Leave me alone — it’s too early for this!”

Another knock.

Who was it? Sakura-chan? Satsuki? He was about to give them an earful, as he leapt up from his bed and tore across the apartment... seriously, he was tired!

Then he opened up the door, and stared into amber eyes.

Tsunade smirked as she took in Naruto’s bedraggled appearance.

Her gaze drifted down, and quite obviously, she stared at his enormous *bulge*. He wasn’t even hard, but damn, was it big.

Naruto had to resist the temptation to cover his crotch from her prying eyes.

“E-erm... baa-chan?”

“Don’t call me that,” she snapped. With a finger pressed into the center of his chest, she sent him back at least a couple meters — he almost slammed dead into a wall. Tsunade closed the door behind her.

“Baa-chan...?” Naruto mumbled, confusion still laced in his voice.

“Nice to have you back in town, brat,” Tsunade said, staring around the apartment. “Thankfully, the whole place hasn’t imploded without you being here, so that’s a stroke of good luck, I guess. The Uchiha didn’t go rogue; the civilians didn’t riot the second they found out you’d went on a trip to Suna.”

“Well, that’s- that’s a relief,” he said. “How- how are you, baa-chan?”

“Just peachy,” Tsunade said. “And *horny*.”

“W-w-w-what?”

She rolled her eyes, before reaching into the folds of her cloak.

“Look at this,” she said, tossing a scroll at him. It slammed right into his gut, knocking the wind out of him; it fell to the floor with a soft clatter. He bent down, picking it up and unraveling it.

‘To Tsunade, for a rainy day. If you’re reading this, then I’m either dead, in hiding, or otherwise incapacitated. There’s a fifty-fifty chance you’ll kill me after reading this if I’m not already dead, so, understand I know I’m taking a big risk by writing you this.

Let me just cut to the chase. Naruto is a sex addict. Yeah, I know. Sounds dumb, right? But the kid is just... out of this world! I can’t stop it. Sealing, jutsu, endless training... he just won’t let up, no matter what. I ended up...

Oh, for the love... I ended up sending him to brothels for him to try and ease himself, instead of spending literal hours in the bathroom touching himself like he’d been doing. It worked. Sort of. The entire trip, he’d spend his nights in a brothel and his days training with me. So, that’s how that went down.

Why am I telling you this? Simple. Naruto needs to be kept in check. He needs a woman’s touch, y’know? I don’t care how you do it. But prostitutes won’t work forever... and my money’s running out at this rate. We need a solution, princess. If I’m not around to find one, then it’s up to you to do so. Sorry for dying, or being in hiding, or whatever. Have fun with the kid! Catch you later, Jiraiya.’

Tsunade frowned at Naruto as he lowered the scroll.

“Well, I mean, I’ve always known that I... wanted sex a little more than most...” Naruto began, rather awkwardly.

“Oh, shut up,” Tsunade said. “Prostitutes, Naruto? *Prostitutes?* I ought to break your legs — then we’ll see how much of a sex addict you are.” She took a deep breath. “That scroll fell into my lap when you were on your trip... one of Jiraiya’s frog summons dug it up from his possessions on frog mountain or wherever that place is called. So, I spent the entire time you were gone thinking up a solution.”

“A-and?” Naruto said.

“Take off your pants,” she said. “Like I said, I’m fucking horny. I spent like, an hour touching myself before this so I could get myself warmed up, and I don’t do that for just anyone.”

“B-ba-”

“Don’t call me that!” she warned, her threatening tone making him jump.

“Okay!” Naruto said.

Fingers fumbling, he slid his boxers down, flaccid member drooping down his leg.

Tsunade licked her lips.

“Man, that is... *big*,” she admitted. “Huge, even. How fitting, huh? A sex addict gets blessed with equipment like *that*.”

She shrugged off her pants, but kept on her shirt. A small part of Naruto was disappointed — he really wanted to see those *massive* tits of hers up close and personal... now that had been a well kept secret. Lusting after the woman he affectionately called 'Baa-chan' was a little odd, but *look* at her! She was a walking goddess, what with those juicy breasts and that plump ass. It was no wonder that loyalty in the male shinobi population had tripled since she'd become Hokage.

Slim, green panties covered her unmentionables. Hips swaying from side to side, Tsunade walked up to him — she grasped him by the arm, leading him through the apartment... she'd been in it once or twice, and so she knew the way to the bedroom. Once inside said bedroom, she pointed him toward the bed. Naruto's erection was painfully obvious; his cock was so *big* that it drooped under its own weight, but with it being erect he could have it mistaken for a third leg if someone didn't give him a second glance.

Naruto anxiously eased himself onto the mattress, Tsunade right behind him.

"Alright," she said. "Let's get this started."

She crawled towards him, grasping the base of his member with a hand; a shudder went down Tsunade's spine as she realized that she couldn't wrap her fingers all the way around his shaft. What a cock!

Leaning upward, Tsunade kissed him. It was a rather chaste kiss, mostly on instinct... but that was understandable.

The last time Tsunade had had sex had been literal *decades* before, with her unfortunately deceased lover.

She might have massive tits and a plump ass...

... but decades of rust wasn't something you could just *shake* off.

When Naruto opted to try and seize some kind of initiative, he found himself surprised. He slid a hand in between Tsunade's thighs, slipping his fingers beneath her panties... and the slightest of touches made her *jump*. She stroked his cock, but it was clumsy. The look in her eyes... she could keep her face calm, she could make sure her body language didn't betray a thing, but her eyes told the full story.

Two decades of rust, faced with a boy who had slept his way across the continent twice over, and who also had what had to be the biggest cock in the Elemental Nations.

She was out of her league.

He slid a finger into her depths, and soon she was gasping beneath his touch. Naruto could only stare at her in surprise — his other hand flew forward, to slide beneath her shirt and knead one of her huge breasts. Despite their size, they were sensitive, and soon she was groaning... he added a second finger, then a third, and soon she'd lost all momentum.

Naruto rolled her over, seating himself on top of her and pinning her to the bed.

The blonde stared down at his Hokage, still *very* perplexed. She was all flushed and sweaty, panting for breath.

Wasn't this supposed to be... hard? A challenge?

Why was baa-chan such a pushover?

The idea that big tits and a nice ass *didn't* make you a sex goddess didn't even occur to Naruto. Tsunade had the body, but the skills had faded with age. She was no better than a schoolgirl virgin.

And that showed as he pulled down her panties.

"Na- Naruto!" she blurted.

He was already pressing himself against her entrance. There was a flash of fear in her eyes; he was big, *too* big... oh God! She looked down and saw just how massive he was in comparison to her. There was no way she could take that.

But it wasn't long before he made his first attempt.

The mushroom head of his enormous cock ground against her. Endlessly. Without mercy.

So.

Big.

"God, ba-" He stopped himself. "Tsunade... you feel good."

He pushed and he pushed, muscles throbbing in his arms. Naruto placed his hands around her neck, desperate for the traction that would allow him entrance.

"Mmm... mmm... *mmm!*" He groaned in tune with the throbbing of his cock. She was still resisting... her pussy was that is. He couldn't get the tip in her for a long while.

And then he did.

Pop.

It didn't make a literal sound like that, but that's what it seemed.

One moment he was unable to get a millimeter inside of her.

The next, at the very least *four* inches of mouth wateringly fat cock had found their way inside of her depths.

"*OH GOD!*" she moaned, still panting like the horny bitch she was.

It seemed almost unfair. She'd only ever had one partner, while he'd had dozens, maybe even hundreds! Maybe he ought to give her a break.

Naruto laughed.

Nah.

He began to thrust in and out of her, grinning with positive glee. Having to suffice without Temari's sweet cunt for the rest of his time in Sunagakure had sucked... but it was all worth it now that he had Tsunade to replace her.

"Come on," he groaned, whining slightly. Mostly because Tsunade could just barely take a *quarter* of his cock — far less than Temari — before her pussy simply couldn't take anymore. She was too tight. Too old? He didn't know; all he knew was that it sucked.

"Please!" Tsunade whimpered, but it clearly wasn't a plea for him to stop. Was she asking him to go deeper? Was she trying to get him to fuck her harder? Faster? He didn't know. All he could feel was the clenching of her unfathomably tight cunt around his member. All he could stare at was her massive tits, which heaved up and down, still clad in that shirt she'd never taken off. All he could hear were her incoherent moans.

The moment arrived before long.

She *came*.

And went limp.

Scarily limp.

Like — *unconsciousness* limp.

Naruto pulled out of her with more than a little concern in his gaze. But the rise and fall of her ample chest told him that she was still alive... and judging by the way juices seemed to *pour* from her stretched-out pussy, she was very much alive at that.

She'd just blacked out. Which had happened once or twice in those brothels, so Naruto didn't pay it much mind. He simply fell onto his back beside Tsunade, put his hands behind his head, and waited.

His cock pulsated angrily, pointing straight up into the sky. He wasn't done yet; he still had a load to work out of his shaft. Tsunade would just have to recover quickly.

Which she didn't.

After about fifteen minutes, even Naruto's hardon went down. Which kind of sucked, because Tsunade

was still out like a light and he really didn't want to get sent sailing through a wall if he woke her up.

And while he laid there, something started nagging at him...

... guilt.

Fuck!

How the hell had he managed to make a woman like *Tsunade* blackout?

Was this the kind of thing that had made Temari send him away? Was she afraid of this? Of being- of being manhandled? He'd gotten carried away... he shouldn't have been so rough! He should have gone easier on her.

He should have-

God...

Naruto didn't know what to do.

So, he... took care of *Tsunade*.

He put a pillow beneath her head, he draped a blanket over her body. He fanned her face off, and when the flustered look didn't disappear, he cranked up the AC and sat there on the bedside, shivering as *Tsunade* continued to snooze away.

Until, finally...

She woke up.

It wasn't a sudden, unexpected thing. Hell, Naruto didn't even notice that she had woken up for a good minute or two. Her amber eyes gently slid open... the rise and fall of her ample chest quickened ever so slightly, and her lips pursed together.

"Sweet mother of God," *Tsunade* mumbled.

Naruto jumped about a foot into the air. "Shit!" he cursed. "You alright baa-" He stopped himself. "You alright, *Tsunade*?" Naruto asked, putting a hand on her shoulder and gazing at her with nothing less than genuine concern.

Tsunade looked at him, the younger blonde flinching as she got a little closer.

"Naruto..." she began, voice low. "You just made me cum so hard that I *blacked out*." Her expression at first was serious — but after a moment, it morphed into a grin that looked so unnatural on her face that Naruto paled. "Let's just say, I am *more* than alright. Now..." She spread her legs nice and wide, wet and needy pussy on display for him. "I think we'll continue what we were doing, Naruto."

“Are- are you sure?” he asked, cock already hardening as he stared at her sopping wet cunt.

“Sure?” Tsunade pressed those plump lips together. “Oh, I am *more* than sure.”

His instincts, his mind, his *everything* screamed at him to walk away. To tell her to get out; to ignore his lust, her body.

But...

He couldn't

He just... *couldn't*.

A sexy, gorgeous, busty, absolute *bombshell* of a woman... seated on his bed, legs spread, *desperate* for his cock.

Perhaps a stronger man could have resisted, but the temptation was far too much for him. He was-

An *addict*.

And with his drug laid out right in front of him like this...

... he had to seize the opportunity, right?

His cock throbbed, humming with the acceptance of that decision. Tsunade reached her hands down, spreading open her nether lips... such a tantalizing sight. Naruto grasped the base of his member, feeling it pulse with energy. With need.

It was like an angry viper, a raving beast. Something he had to feed with *pussy*, and lots of it.

And what do you know? There was one incredibly tight pussy right before him, with the owner of it quite literally spreading it open for him.

Before he could think about it, his body had already made the final decision for him.

“Ah...”

Tsunade bit her lip in a cute, and surprisingly *vulnerable* way.

She moaned, as his enormous cock parted her pussy lips once more.

“God damn that is *big*,” Tsunade groaned. “Oh, and thick, too.” She leaned back slightly, arms falling to her sides. “I’ve heard a lot of girl talk in my time, but I feel like it’s the *thickness* that does it, y’know?”

Naruto grinned from ear to ear, not having heard a word she said. All he had heard was her moan — and if *she* was feeling good, and *he* was feeling good, what was there to worry about?

He continued to ease his cock into her, and though it took a while — accounting for his incredible length — eventually, he...

Managed to get a quarter of his cock into her, unable to make it past that. Just like before.

It was kind of sad, really. Naruto had slept his way through many a woman before, and *none* of them, not even the most whorish, the most dedicated, the most horny... not even one had taken *all* of his length. To the very base. Actually, none of them had exceeded three-quarters of his length. So much of his gargantuan cock... wasted. It was a drain on his soul, those fat inches of his shaft, never having been sunk inside of her a cunt.

He would find someone, someday, who could take it. That was a *fact*. All that mattered... was how long it would take.

And how many pussies he would have to break before he got to that point.

“*Oh!*”

One quarter, however, was all he needed for a woman like Tsunade.

So sweet. Putting on such a tough exterior... able to cave in *mountains* with her fists, yet caving in to a simple cock. To be fair, it had to be the longest and thickest cock in the land, but... still.

Naruto flexed his fingers.

Was it bad he had been *dying* to do this?

Those tits.

Goddamn, those tits. Huge, fleshy... yet plump and perky at the same time. Maybe they had sagged a little with age... but they were still so *huge* that any bit of sag was more than made up for.

Only one man had christened these tits with his hands, with his eyes. Well — now, that number was *two*.

Naruto reached forward, grasping her breasts in his hands. He groaned as he *squeezed* them, thrusting his hips back and forth in a easy fashion.

They were just as good cupped in his hands as they *looked*.

“Ero-sennin,” Naruto muttered. “I know you’d hate me for this, but...” He leaned forward, pressing his nose against one of Tsunade’s breasts and rubbing it back and forth. “... but I just can’t help it.”

Back and forth, back and-

She *came* once again, and just as he’d anticipated, Tsunade once more passed out.

Letting go out of her tits, Naruto pulled out of her. Before she’d even stopped twitching, Naruto had laid

back down beside her.

Then, Naruto's eyes widened.

"Shit!" he cursed.

Ero-sennin.

He was-

He was *fucking* Senju Tsunade; the love of ero-sennin's life, the...

"Oh fuck," Naruto muttered.

Big tits or not, he couldn't...

His teacher!

His mentor.

His...

The man-

Naruto stood up, *immediately*.

"You need to get the fuck- oh goddamnit..."

She was unconscious, of course. Or asleep, whatever. Fucked stupid into a coma.

He was already picking up her clothes by the time he'd reached the end of that thought. Now, he wasn't about to dress her up while she was asleep or anything, But he dropped those clothes right on top of her stomach... and walked away.

Naruto hoped the message was clear.

He stepped out of the bedroom, walking into the living room.

The blonde slowly looked to the left.

There, perched almost perfectly so that he could see it, was a picture of he and Jiraiya.

With watery eyes, Naruto fell onto the couch.

A few minutes passed.

Naruto *recoiled* as a pair of hands wrapped around his torso.

“Why’d you leave?” Tsunade almost whined into his ear. The things cock could do to the most head strong, proud woman.

“Because *you* need to leave,” Naruto said, standing up.

He turned around, looking her dead in the eye.

She stood up, tits bouncing up and down as she placed a hand on her hip.

“And who’s going to make me?” Tsunade purred.

Naruto bit the inside of his cheek.

It looked like he had quite the fight ahead of him...

... and the conclusion to said fight will have to wait until *next* time on Addict.

Want the next chapter faster? Well, I have an easy solution for you~! Drop me some feedback down below, with a review, a comment, whatever you want to call it. Criticism, endless praise, hating my name because of that cliffhanger... whatever it is, I won't worry about it. So long as it gets me my review! :P

Anyway, if you want to support me, you can go through Patreon as well. I offer rewards from \$2 to \$20 per month, so it can range from pretty cheap to something that's certainly an expense. But, as I said, there are rewards! Every tier has different rewards with later ones getting all the rewards from the previous tiers. So check it out! Link: <https://www.patreon.com/bige2955>

Also, if you want to check out my discord, I'd appreciate that too. I have quite a few people there -- friends, fans, other smut writers -- who would love to talk to some like-minded people, so don't be afraid to hop in and say hi! It's the internet for a reason, right? Link: <https://discord.gg/4qdeJcx>

In conclusion... have a nice day! I'll catch you guys as soon as I can. Adios!