

Title: Imposter Training (Failed Edition) (R18)

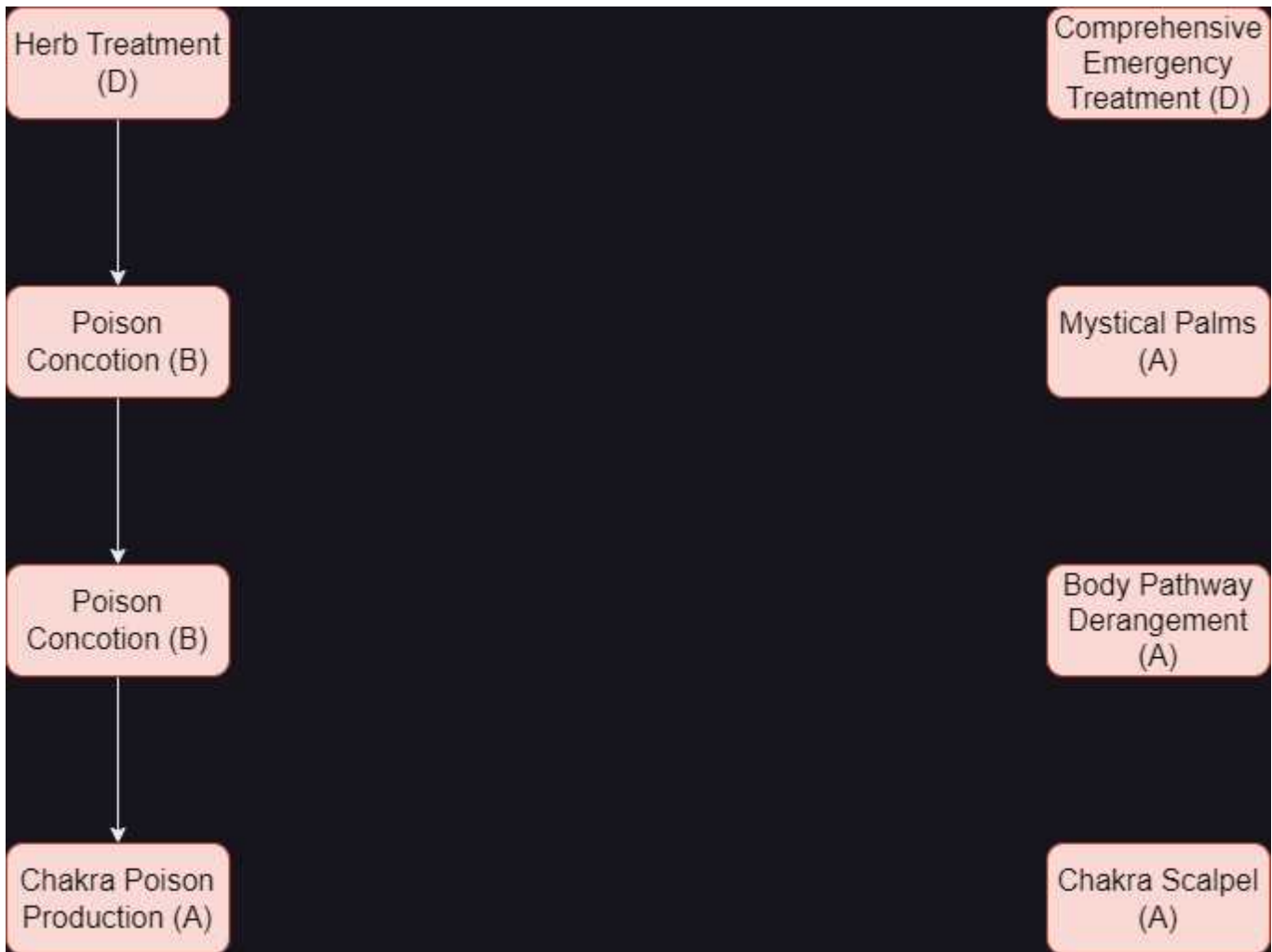
Hentai Shinobi Rule 32: A Hentai Shinobi needs to understand sex with one preferred partner is good, but sex with several preferred partners is *fantastic*.

[Title Acquired]

[Medic Nin: Due to the rarity and complex requirements of being considered a medic—even a potential one—the saving hands in this world’s bloody profession are not divided by geo-political borders. However, make no mistake, you are still a cog in the system of death made profitable.

Effects: Unlocks the Iryo Ninjutsu Skill Tree; Reduces the requirement of leveling any skill originating from the Iryo Ninjutsu Skill Tree by 40% (Active.)]

The trait jotted down the title as an exclusive club for all medic shinobi, irrespective of their origins. Yet, for such an inclusive title, Kai only noted eight skills to be mastered in the skill tree, and the good stuff, like the Mystical Palms and other techniques, needed their relevant chakra nature transformations mastered. However, Kai wasn’t desperate to master new skills when he already had his plate filled with other good stuff, like shape transformation, to reach the benchmark for his chakra control.



So, sweaty and rightfully smelling, the grimy trio of Team 9 soiled Tsunade's premium furniture within her lab/office as the corner of the surviving Senju's eyes twitched at her team's nonchalance and disregard for expected social etiquettes. Even Mikoto, a known stickler for such issues, had no strength to deal with an equally frustrated Kushina, as they had to learn theoretical material after two missions **daily**.

Kai calmly flipped through the pages, yet he wasn't focused on consuming the content. Instead, the usually rational and deceptively maniac youth felt a hint of irrational annoyance and helplessness. It had been a few good hours since Kai left the mysterious pervert enjoying his cream as Mito. First, Kai excluded the possibility of any spies. What little he knew about this world and its power system allowed Kai to realize how much of a boss Mito was in her prime, and the Uzumaki Lady had every right to be confident in her ability to keep such issues away from her home. And this was the extent of Kai's rational reasoning.

What if it's a guy?

Kai kept thinking of this nightmare. Of course, Kai resisted the urge to ruin his innocence about seeing a fat, obscene pervert dressed in his cum and licking his fat lips before

adjusting the stained glasses—*okay!* Kai was stereotyping bullshit, but his concerns were as real as an orphan accidentally encountering the former in his natural habitat. That shit was *scary*. So, Kai never revoked the transformation jutsu on the stranger pervert. He'd do so today if they showed. However, Kai didn't believe that would happen. You had to be someone overly confident in your abilities to do so.

However—

'What should I do if they do show up? Their body flicker, transformation jutsu, and other skills based on chakra control are far superior to mine. Do I need to stop all my sessions?'

Kai frowned as he read the book.

Another thing was crashing into his mind like a roided pinball with the constantly annoying *'ting' 'ting'* sound—Kai couldn't let the slight of someone using Mito's appearance for such depraved objectives slide. No, the hypocrisy wasn't lost on him. However, Kai would be a saint if he cared for such issues. Fortunately, Kai was selfish to his very core and cared deeply about Mito. The kind and caring First Lady held an impressionable position in his heart—both the current him and the previous host. Heck! Kai wouldn't have cared if the imposter adopted Tsunade's features. The youth would have happily stuffed his cock between their tits after ensuring they were a gal.

He needed a plan—a course of action.

BDSM?

A Blowjob?

Should they return, Kai needed to think of a way to ruin the other party's control. Yep, ruining the transformation jutsu was easier—so that was his first go-to. However, Kai had to confront the fact the skilled pervert managed to snatch what rightfully belonged to Mito Onahole under the *real* Mito! Things may turn remarkably dangerous. Kai may fuck over a Chunin with enough deceit, but the *aggressor* was within the Uzumaki Estate without being discovered!

That shit equally rocked and forced Kai to grow more serious.

And the final bit within Kai was a pang of hope he'd regained after entering this world.

'What if the deceptive pervert is a hot admirer who just wanted some action?'

Everyone had their bottom lines, and Kai's bottomed out at vanilla stuff like unconsenting sexual assaults. Oh, Kai loved regular unconsenting assault, but anything sexual had always been intricately boring to him in his past life. However, Kai had different goals and thought processes in this world and understood he'd rather just stick to prostitutes than force himself on someone. Like, what's the point? It would be another thing if it were roleplay.

'So, should I go with reinforcements?'

Kai's gaze briefly shifted to Tsunade. The last Senju was a caring woman who'd shown her affection and support for Kai. Sure, he'd popped a boner against her. However, he never forgot how she went out of her way to comfort him when Nawaki, the sick bastard (may Rikudo rest his soul,) hogged Mito's attention. She was also one of Konoha's strongest Kunoichi, if not the strongest. Furthermore, Kai and Tsunade shared a seal, so his safety was in her best interest. As Kai peeked at Tsunade from his book, the latter caught his gaze before inquisitively raising a brow with a fashion magazine opened on her desk.

Kai returned to his book, contemplating how things would turn out. He still believed the suspect wouldn't reappear after being caught *white-handed*. They would have to be incredibly stupid or prepared for whatever Kai could prepare.

'Let's give it a test run today. I should still prepare some contingencies—'

"KAAIIIIII-CHAAANNN~!" Kushina suddenly pushed the book away from Kai, hogging his attention. "Quiz me. I read another five pages."

"Me, too," Mikoto calmly closed the book.

"Okay," Kai smiled at the duo. "What do you do when your potato starts acting out and attacks you?"

Even Tsunade looked at Kai with a weird gaze as he shrugged. "Oh, you mean a quiz from this book."

"You're being weird today," Kushina cocked her head sideways. "Did you sleep on the wrong side of the bed? Do you want more ramen?"

"We're still not off duty," Mikoto cleared her throat and spoke sternly. "Let's not get distracted from our studies. Being a Medic Nin is vital for us." The Uchiha stared at the Uzumaki, who suddenly blinked and nodded. "Yep, we've got to have each other's back and learn to heal during tough times."

"Gee," Kai snickered. "That's kind of you two. I thought I'd be the only one getting bored in Sensei's office."

"I gave you the books for entertainment," Tsunade sneered from her desk, returning to her magazine. "I can't help it if you're so dull not to enjoy peak literature."

"W-well, we're not doing it for you," Mikoto huffed and demanded. "The quiz."

Kushina shrugged with a grin, not needing to speak since Kai shared her smirk.

Just like that, Kai also closed his book to quiz them.

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{Kinks Warning: Emotionless Smut; Training Smut; Willing Whores; Plenty of Foreplay; Domination Attempt; Dom-Loss; Shota Dom-Loss; Abusive Words; Hint of Abuse; Roleplay.}

Click

Kai turned on his heel from the closed door. Heavy, **loud** silence and congesting tension gripped his quarter, and the youth almost decided against using the portrait for once. After all, Kai eventually considered another possibility as he quizzed his friends and spent an hour reading the book on emergency first aid and medical responses.

A Ghost.

His previous world had rumors of paranormal activity, primarily attributed to one's Trait. There were always a few adventurous spirits setting out in hopes of discovering such signs through unique and sensitive Traits capable of identifying signs eluding the physical senses.

Did this world sport a similar love for the paranormal? What about ghosts high on Chakra? Kai had never read anything about the paranormal aside from a few folklore, the most recent of which was about the Uzumaki Monk—*Jingshen*—who sealed a cursed spirit and ushered in an era of peace and prosperity for his people. Again, Kai did not fear death until the last moment. The goblinoid menace on Konoha's orphan populace dreaded a fate worse than death.

'Please, even if you're a perverted guy, just don't be a fat bastard like those hentai works.'

Kai wouldn't know what to do with his life if that happened. Forget harem—he would feel fortunate if he managed to form one stable relationship if his worst fears became a reality.

There was another option of not doing anything should the pervert not return—

Kai paused as he opened the drawer. He knew the portrait wasn't Mito's gift.

'The asshole even stole Mito's portrait,' Kai worked his jaw, pulling out the parchment. *'And the pervert must also have some fuinjutsu expertise in using the weight manipulation seal.'* That was high-level stuff to perform on oneself. Kai could draw the seal on paper and use it, but he knew the pervert in his *hands* must have converted chakra into a fuinjutsu. A brief introspection while idly meeting the portrait's eerie gaze allowed Kai to realize the pervert needed to have some skills in Fuinjutsu to tackle Mito's expertise.

However, all his worries and fears eventually left his being once Kai concluded with a finality—the pervert was here for the cream instead of a confrontation. Why else would it remain transformed into a parchment as Mito's portrait in Kai's hand? He could rip the paper and injure the asshole!

"I'm giving you one chance," Kai began as he set the parchment on his mattress. "I won't bother setting the entire household loose on you if you come clean. It's not like you killed Cinnamon or something."

Kai rarely reasoned with the enemy. However, extraordinary circumstances needed

similar responses. Despite Kai's efforts, the parchment remained motionless.

"Oh, well," Kai narrowed his eyes. He gave the perv a chance. "For your sake, I hope you don't have man tits."

He reached for the paper, infusing his chakra and interrupting the discreet chakra flow—canceling the pervert's transformation!

Poof

The corner of the youth's eyes crinkled as the cleared smoke revealed a familiar, young redhead. Contrary to Kai's perverted tendencies, the Mito Onahole wasn't naked. She sat on his bed on her knees, her legs neatly folded back. A thin white yukata hid her supple body from Kai's eyes as he briefly clenched his jaws, noting another aspect of the pervert.

"Excellent reaction time to transform into Mito-Sama," he muttered as he climbed the bed and barely towered over her knelt form. He roughly grabbed the seemingly 'dead' Onahole's chin, inclining her head to meet his gaze. "And stubborn to a core." Noticing a brief flash of mockery in *his* Onahole, Kai bit back a groan and snarled with a somewhat vicious grin. "Oh? You think you're cute with this act?"

The pervert didn't deserve the respect Kai showered Mito with. No, Kai ignored the dreadful thought of it being a stereotypical oji-san pervert and shifted his hold from the Onahole's chin to a rougher grab of her lower jaw. His fingers slightly sank into her soft cheeks as Kai leaned down. The pervert wanted a *fight*, and Kai shared that wish.

"My onahole doesn't deserve more clothes than necessary," he whispered into the pervert's ear, unbothered by the fact that he didn't act like a usual 9-year-old. Fuck that. The bitch in Mito's 'Skin' was annoying! "Do you understand?" His other hand grabbed the yukata's collar, roughly yanking it down and exposing her perky left tit that jiggled at the motion. "And unappreciative perverts like you don't deserve half the things I'm about to do."

There it was—the perfect target practice!

Kai wanted to practice **[Focused Fingers]**, and Rikudo presented him with this slut for his needs. How could Kai look the gift horse in the mouth?

"You lose if you make a single noise," Kai softly continued. "Then you fuck off. If you hold your voice and play the perfect Onahole for 30 minutes, I will give you what you've been dining on for the last few days."

His right hand slipped onto the Onahole's warm left breast. He pinched the diamond-hard nipple and huffed. "Time starts now, *slut*."

Chakra slipped into Mito Onahole as Kai let go of her jaw and yanked the rest of her yukata down to her waist, exposing her supple, heated torso. He saw how the pervert's skin flushed near the shoulders and nipples. His hands massaged her breasts. Kai's fingers played with her nipples. However, he ensured never to touch her with his mouth or rough her up with his cock. Again, it would be disastrous if things took a *dark* turn.

Still, using his hands was a pleasant sensation. He couldn't get over how warm and inviting the pervert's breasts felt. So, he let out a pleased smile and spoke admiringly.

"I should learn from you and make the skin more receptive to hormones during the transformation." Mockery then stained his voice, plunging his words to darker, more obscene depths. "You must have experience breaking into other's rooms and having a blast with all the bukkake, eh?"

Pinching her nipples, Kai pulled her breasts apart. His chakra and skill never stopped working as he felt something and paused.

Smirking, Kai unceremoniously spread the lower hems of her yukata, revealing Mito's clenched thighs already wet with some translucent mixture the moment he separated her knees.

"One," Kai gave a shark-like grin, meeting Mito's extraordinarily impassive features and dull gaze. "And it's barely been a minute, you whore. Ready for 29 more orgasms?"

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'Oh, it is on!'

"OH, IT'S ON, You FUCKER!"

Mito never expected Kai's hand to be magic and almost sighed in relief that the little asshole had never pulled this stunt on her when he massaged her legs. Yet, she wondered if revealing her true self was an intelligent move. For some reason, Kai never suspected she could be a source of such depravity. The pedestal Kai must have put her on must have been almost divine—something he loved staining privately. However, Mito didn't care about any of it.

Thirty minutes?

Thirty orgasms?

Fine by her!

If the brat believed calling her hot, befitting names and treating her like she deserved would do the trick, then he was in for an unfortunate awakening. She was Tsunade's grandmother and knew most of what the Iryo-revolutionizing Kunoichi knew. However, her core constantly throbbed as Kai played with her breasts. He would be gentle sometimes, but Mito couldn't forget how he roughly grabbed her face. His shark-like vicious grin was nothing her Kai should have been capable of. Despite Kai's indifference to many things, Mito had never experienced the raging malice in the boy against her. She never felt his need to violate her violently, yet held the urge with a shocking rationality.

It aroused her.

She knew why Kai often resonated with her. He was just a little monster with firm control—a master of his own and an arousingly ***firm*** hand on her. She kept her body

from trembling. How Mito wanted to reveal her reactions, yet teasing the asshole by showing none of it was also satisfying. One needed to have nerves acting this way in her presence and calling the *real* her an Onahole—even if she acted the part perfectly.

She came again.

And again.

And again.

Again.

That's when Mito heard something that almost crumbled her remaining paper-thin control.

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“Let's see if your insides feel real, slut.” Kai lay the Onahole on her back and sat between her constantly twitching thighs, enjoying the sight of the obscenely squirting entrance as it let out soft, somewhat wet, and squelching noises. His warm fingers gently traced her soft and wet mounds. The erect nubbin crested over her pussy lips throbbed as his thumb brushed against the spot. Curious, Kai lay between Mito's legs and spread her entrance open. He observed her tight, twitching pink snatch. Threads of thicker juices connected the gap as Kai restrained the urge to stick it in. The more he spread her entrance, the tighter the hole wanted to clamp as Kai cautiously pushed his other middle finger into the entrance—

Squirt

He blinked as Mito squirted. It wasn't entirely clear but somewhat creamy. Despite the Onahole Slut remaining moving, the raging squirt caught Kai near his chin as he felt Mito's innards squeeze and try sucking his finger further into her searing folds with every intention of melting him and consuming him whole.

Still, Kai pulled back and observed his soiled middle finger.

“Look at that?” Kai inclined his chin and looked at the stubborn slut staring at the ceiling. “Let's see if you know what you taste like.”

Climbing over the Onahole's body, Kai sat near Mito's chest as his erection firmly pressed into her soft, malleable bust. Holding her lower jaw with one hand, Kai forced Mito's lips open and shoved his middle finger into her mouth.

“How do you taste?” Kai questioned. “Good? Blink once if it tastes better than mine. Blink twice otherwise.”

Yet, his mockery held no meaning. Mito didn't budge even when Kai secretly hoped for the slut to coil her tongue around his finger and suck on it.

“Tch.”

Kai scoffed and returned to his previous position to finger-blast the hell out of this pervert!

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[Focused Fingers (D) (1→3/10): It's an extension of Ero Hands that performs a series of multi-pressured massages at once by applying chakra on the target. Mastering this skill allows the host to turn the target's entire body into an erogenous zone.

Next Level: Induce 31/35 orgasms from any target or 2 SP.]

Kai looked at a sight that would have several men puffing their chests with pride. Mito lay on the bed with spread legs as her scent and musk filled the room. Sweat ran down her body as she drenched Kai's bed with her juices. Her body was steaming hot, arousing, erotic, and such a pleasant sight that Kai's boner wouldn't stop rubbing against his pants whenever he moved.

Yet, he wasn't pleased.

He failed.

Kai gazed at his opponent's stoic features and knew he failed. He underestimated the pervert. Kai should have made a bet for one or two hours instead of thirty minutes!

So, pouting, Kai calmly sat on Mito's bust and pulled his pants down as his cock sprang out with a desperate need to rut.

"Well, I'm a man of my word." He grunted. "You won this round, slut."

However, Kai was petty, and it wasn't over yet.

As he stroked his cock, Kai calmly vowed to the stone-faced bitch.

"You'll regret playing around with me."

Alternate Title: The Medic Nin; Dirty Trio; Studious; Kai's Fear; It Was Never About An Oji-San NTR-ing Kai By Taking His Lovers **It Was The Opposite**; Multiversal Oji-san: It's NTR-ing Time; Kai's Fears Are Nightmarish; Kai: I'm Not Racist Or Stereotype **Proceeds To Do Just That**; Orphans: Scared of Kai; Kai: Scared Of Oji-San; Oji-San: Scared of Mito; Quizzing Time; Tsunade Is Mood; The Available Reinforcement; Pervert's Lodging; Kai: The Pervert Has All of Mito's Skill-Set and Her Face But **Can't** Possibly Be Mito **Mito: Bet**; Giving a Way Out; Kai: Oh, You Think You're Cute? **Mito: Bitch, I'm Adorable**; **Insert DBZ Abridged Meme**; Training Sluts; Kai The Trainer; Kai To Orochi: I Don't Want To Conquer Anyone **Pure Luffy Rizz**; Kai To Mito: Bitch, I'm Gonna Conquer, Train, and Make a Slut Out of You **Pure Devious Doflamingo Rizz**; Mito And Kyubi On The Same Page and Orgasm; Manhandled; Mito: It's Not Like I Want To Be Roughed Up, But It Would Be Pleasant; Mito Has No Chill; Emotionless Can Be Hot; Cumming Target; Perfect Target; Rikudo's Blessing?; Mito Meets The Real Kai;

Arousal; Seeing The Hidden Man; Used; Soiled Mito; Drenched; The First Lady's Adventure; Mito About To Bless Kai With Her Wood Style Bamboo Bonk; The Petty Revenge Incoming; Kai: You're Gonne Regret This **Mito: Do Your Worst, Goblin-Chan**; Kai Genuinely About To Tweak At a Failed Conquest

A/N: I need more hentai shinobi rules! I'm going dry with the stock I have.