

Title: *The Wheel of Love*

Hentai Shinobi Rule 24: Always stick it in the crazy. You only live a few times.

The unforgettable warmth coiled in her core, a testament to the bond they nursed within a few months. She eased into his body, managing to identify and distinguish his scent against the metallic tang of blood in the air. His existence refilled her tightened chest with much-needed air. His small yet accommodating chest became the firm platform for her tears. She recalled the tiniest details as the cruel world's first slap failed to form a stark contrast against the sheer sweetness his embrace nourished in her bosom. He was sweet. He was *always* sweet. She heard his gentle but determined whisper. She recalled his promise to their friendship in words and actions.

The Mikoto from before would hate the boy acting as a thorn in her path of a kunoichi. However, the Uchiha Princess did not see a single thorn when he held her close. All she saw in her path was a guiding light in the dim, gnarly, and visceral path she was determined to trek. And when she touched that guiding light, it bloomed into different colors and *emotions*. However, she heard more, or so she began to think. The world around her distorted as the gentle, boyish voice captured her attention in the darkness.

"You're my best friend. Nothing would please me more to be the person you trusted your maidenhood—"

CUCKOOOOO

CUCKOOOOO

CUCKOOOOO

Mikoto's eyes snapped wide open as her body kicked into overdrive. Her fist slammed into the accursed trinket—an alarm clock—her father purchased for her from one of the many visits from Land of Fire's Capital, *Honou City*. What a waste of a good trinket, thought Mikoto as she sat up and retracted her hand from the destroyed device before frowning.

Why was she in the bed?

Wasn't Kai about to offer—

No, despite being caring, Kai wouldn't bother being this sophisticated. He would rather grab the chance of their embrace and turn it into a suplex before even noticing her feelings. No, wait.

Stop getting distracted! Mikoto chastised herself. 'Why am I in my room?'

Mikoto idly looked around. Equipping her bedroom wasn't a bed against the wall, with cute plushies blanketing one side of the bed like Kushina's quarters. Instead, Mikoto shuffled out from the mattress on the tatami flooring before looking at her dresser. The Uchiha girl accepted she somehow fell unconscious again after their exam and ended up back in her home. Somehow, Mikoto didn't wake up even when bathed and put into her nightwear—most likely by Kyo. A cautious pulse of chakra into her ever-thrumming chakra coils revealed this wasn't a genjutsu, or it was a high-ranked one.

The girl clutched the dresser's edge and leaned further into the mirror. Mikoto lost herself in the recollections of the one thing occupying her head. The more she thought, the more frustrated she felt. Something primal whispered sweet promises into her ears to teach Kai a lesson. The Uchiha Princess somehow couldn't get over calling her a cold-hearted bitch. However, she didn't feel hateful. Instead, another primal urge guided this dark intention, guiding her plans to twist into shenanigans Kai was usually known for.

Mikoto could transform into Kai and expose him publicly.

Or she could hold the boy against a tree to enjoy how flustered he would feel against her. She was taller than him. Somehow, Mikoto observed an intense urge to humiliate and dominate the boy through any advantage she held over him.

Still, it would be wrong, and she knew it.

After all, deeper underneath these curtains of deceptive urges was the sweetest sensation blooming in her chest. Again, she thought of Kai's powerful but thin arms. Mikoto's breath hitched. She could feel it even now for some strange reason as if Kai never left her side. Closing her eyes allowed her to be in his arms again.

'Kushina's really lucky,' Mikoto pouted and forced herself to extract from... whatever this was.

Something happened in that dungeon.

"Yata-sama is expecting you in the living room, Mikoto." A quiet voice informed from the other side of her bedroom's shoji (*A/N: The traditional Japanese sliding doors*), snapping Mikoto out of her fog-riddled intentions.

“I’ll be there in a minute,” Mikoto softly answered, not surprised that the third member of their household, their maid—Kyo Uchiha—sensed her awakening. The Uchiha Princess wasn’t kind to the annoying trinket that interrupted the dream’s best part, and her assault on the grievous alarm clock was scarcely discreet.

The fact Mikoto could remember every minute detail of her dream spoke volumes about the intentional changes she experienced within that dungeon.

Of course, Mikoto had some expectations. However, she felt differently from the experiences she knew about her elders.

Regathering her bearings, Mikoto stepped out of her bedroom. Like many residences in the Uchiha Compound, her house had her room’s entrances open to the beautiful, koi-pond embedded garden. A narrow wooden path walked along all the rooms as Mikoto let the white, cold sky, yellowed leaves, and a bed of dry grass calm her restless mood. The early year’s cold was nothing like the repeated phantoms of warmth coursing in her veins. The girl filled her lungs with the cold air and soothed her emotions before approaching the living room.

Inviting herself into the scarcely furnished room like the usual traditional Uchiha standards on minimalistic lifestyle, Mikoto met the tall, bearded man with his long black hair tied into a loose bun as stray locks framed the sides of his face. The man’s gaze twinkled with relief and surprising pride as he gestured to Mikoto to sit on the pale grey cushion across the square floor table. Mikoto’s breath interrupted the trail of vapors condensed above the two cups brimming with hot tea.

It was strange.

Somehow, Mikoto felt she was seeing things better.

“How are you, sweetie?” Yata warmly smiled, distinctly different from the mask of authority and coldness he donned over his features as Konoha’s Police Chief for the outside world. His obsidian pupils shared Mikoto’s usual mischief whenever she chanced upon a Kai in his habitat and glomped him alongside Kushina.

“Fine,” Mikoto answered, not in the mood for tea. However, she wasn’t raised as a girl to waste food and beverages unless poisoned, so she picked up her cup and sipped the warming drink. “Weird, too, Dad.”

“Look at me,” Yata issued in a soft tone as Mikoto glanced up from the tea, meeting her father’s deep-red, magatama-riddled pupils.

The *Sharingan*.

The one genetic gift Mikoto loved holding above Kai since she thoroughly felt incomparable to the youth's astounding talents otherwise.

The Kekkei Genkai that surpassed most elemental quirks—a *dojutsu*.

Yet, as Mikoto met her father's gaze, she felt something deep within her stir. Once again, the Uchiha Princess felt the soothing warmth overpowering the tinge of annoyance against Kai's words. His words were annoying, as usual. However, Kai's actions were anything but that. Mikoto experienced a tug in her soul, a sudden boost of chakra in her coils, and a shift in her vision.

Mikoto knew how her eyes looked. It was her body's instinctive reaction when encountering a similar yet superior form.

She noticed Yata's curled smile widening, and the pride in his Sharingan intensified.

Mikoto knew she had it.

Sharingan.

"You awakened your Sharingan," Yata spoke after regathering his smile, and the once pleasing pride on his expression morphed into a knowing, guilty look. "Your exam must have been challenging, Mikoto."

"Not as difficult as trying to stop you from always bringing Fugaku over," Mikoto ended her sarcastic quip with a haughty tone, unwilling to see that expression on her father's face.

"I have to help plan your future, dear," Yata rolled his eyes. "I was already engaged to your mother at your age. But let's not lose our focus." The man recovered the tense look in his eyes before picking up his cup.

"We, the elders, often wait until our juniors awaken the Sharingan to disclose its secrets. I don't mean the usual tales of glories about our eyes being Genjutsu resilient, the dynamic vision, or our eyes becoming natural chakra sensors. By now, you must have experienced your first nightmare, right?"

Mikoto blinked. Yes, Kai was a *nightmare*. How he wrapped his arm around her and accepted all her indignations despite being three years *younger* was a nightmare for Mikoto! How can she ever spread his cheeks and mash them together without any guilty consciousness from now on?

Yet, Mikoto also understood her father meant something else. That was no nightmare. It

was the gentlest of dreams Mikoto ever remembered.

“The Sharingan introduces several intricate changes into a Uchiha Clansman’s body. The first of the many, aside from mood swings, enhanced emotional spectrum, and the natural condescension of one’s peers, are those nightmares.” Yata set his cup on the table and observed Mikoto’s expression.

“Mikoto,” Yata sighed as he felt a pang of heartache after noticing the numb look on his daughter’s features. “It will get easy with time, dear. The nightmares are the triggers of our Sharingan. You can say it is one of the many prices we pay for such a power. The Sharingan records the source of its trigger and repeats it within the Shinobi to ensure nobody forgot how they awakened.”

‘So,’ Mikoto gave her all to fight off the rush of blood to her cheeks. ‘I’ll keep dreaming about Kai?’

She was intelligent and smart. Yes, those two are different concepts. One could be clever and still be a dumb cutie, like Kai. So, Mikoto swiftly registered that her awakening differed from her peers. Revealing it to her father felt like the most appropriate response because he was the Clan Head and had access to several theories Mikoto could not even begin to imagine.

Additionally, Yata Uchiha was her father. As annoying as he was about trying to pair her with Fugaku, Mikoto loved the man and trusted him with most of her secrets. Sure, she never told him about her secret plan to give the man diarrhea should he force her to marry Fugaku, but that hadn’t come to a pass. And knowing Yata, Mikoto knew it never will.

Mikoto observed her father as she explained everything in detail, failing to observe the sheer joy and unholy annoyance the man hid behind the curtain of curiosity and understanding in his eyes.

Yes, Yata was pleased. He had a reason to be so.

Also, he was annoyed. He had a **good** reason to be so.

“So,” Yata wet his throat with a sip of tea. “You’re saying all you can think about is the boy’s embrace?”

Mikoto flushed and adopted a whiny tone. “That’s not it, Dad!” She pinned the man with an indignant look in her Sharingan. “I’m saying I just feel happy about Kai-chan’s words!”

“While you were in his arms,” Yata repeated. The man knew his daughter might not understand the significance of such an act.

“Things happened quickly,” Mikoto defended—her cheeks blazing red—further annoying her father. “I just remember punching Kai-chan’s face.” The girl winced with guilt. “But that’s just a tiny part of everything. A lot was going on.” The girl looked away. “You wouldn’t get it.”

An uncomfortable silence hung around the two until Mikoto hesitated and questioned.

“Is it natural?”

“Well,” Yata smiled. “The clan's females usually awaken the Sharingan a notch earlier than the men. The elders say it's because the women have the kindest souls and hurt the most. Of course, I know better. Chicks are just crazy.”

Mikoto glared at her father.

“Every girl except you, sweetie,” Yata chuckled, but Mikoto’s glare did not soften.

“What did you mean the kindest souls hurt the most?” Mikoto inquired as Yata sighed and slouched his back.

“This world is a cruel one, Mikoto,” Yata began. “However, there are several more conditions in awakening the Sharingan than getting a taste of the real world. Even the Uchiha Clan does not possess a thorough understanding of the Sharingan. What we do understand is that the Sharingan is the response to a truly desperate Uchiha’s call for help.”

“A call for help?” Mikoto perked up.

Yata nodded. “That’s what I meant about an Uchiha Shinobi unable to forget how they awakened their Sharingan. Most of us often awaken it in our most desperate moment.”

{A/N: Unless you're Obito or Mikoto with the power of friendship or smut on your side XD.}

Mikoto didn’t know what to say as Yata chuckled.

“However, you weren’t desperate, were you?” The man made a childish face. “Nope. My dearest Mikoto was at the top of the world. Sigh. I’ll have to beat that boy and establish some fatherly dominance beforehand. Perhaps I could put him in a Genjutsu where he gets bullied by all his past victims. The boy’s an orphan, yes? Even better. You wouldn’t have to leave the clan!”

“Will you stop that?!” Mikoto yelled in a fluster before scoffing. “Please just talk about the

Sharingan. It's disgusting to see your father acting like a kunoichi fresh out of the Academy."

Feeling the verbal arrow stab his chest, Yata refrained from coughing blood and cursing his daughter's nine generations since the man fell in the crossfire, too. Instead, he sighed.

"I was just trying to cheer you up before going deeper into the Sharingan, Mikoto."

Yata lost his previous grace and etiquette as he slumped on the floor and lay on his side. His left hand supported his head.

"One thing is for certain, dear—the Sharingan only awakens when its user needs it the most. It could awaken to suppress some trauma, fight an enemy, beat a Genjutsu, sense an enemy, or prove your worth. The conditions cannot be quantified, compiled, and researched because of how volatile these tend to be. I won't be surprised to see an Uchiha awakening the Sharingan just because they *felt* like it should they be crazy enough."

"Every individual is unique," Mikoto whispered, "And so are our conditions."

Yata smiled and nodded. "Very good. Now, onto the next part. What happens inside your body once you awaken a Sharingan? The answer is easy. Nothing new. Everything just feels *more* to the user."

Mikoto nodded again. That's what she had been feeling.

"It's easy to lose in this feeling," Mikoto muttered. Yata's gaze grew distant as he affirmed. "*Very easy.*"

"Is it wrong if I'm different?" Mikoto peeked at her father before glancing away.

"Cases like yours are rare but not unheard of," Yata smiled. "In fact, Kagami Uchiha's father awoke his Sharingan the second he saw his wife."

"Kagami Uchiha?" Mikoto inquired about the new name.

"Ah," Yata cheekily smirked. "He was one of my teachers—the best, too. That man taught me all about adopting the traditions but not letting them lead my life. The Late Kagami Uchiha's teachings are one of the several reasons I never forced you to marry anyone, Mikoto."

"But you keep pushing for Fugaku," Mikoto frowned.

“Can you blame me?” Yata shrugged. “Fugaku is strong. I predict he will surpass me in a few years if he’s as unfortunate as me. I just want someone strong in your life to shield you from the rest. I’m sure you understand. You’ve always been clever, Mikoto.”

Mikoto lowered her head before deflating.

“I can feel my Sharingan consuming copious amounts of chakra.” She changed the topic. “I never knew I held this much Chakra Reserves.”

“That’s one of the reasons you fainted. Some already possess the necessary reserves when they awaken their Sharingan. However, you didn’t. Remember? The awakening changes our bodies to some extent and even the worst of an Uchiha with a Sharingan is still a sensor. I would have a concrete answer if the Uchiha Clan delved into these topics. Alas, the world is too chaotic for peaceful research.”

Mikoto nodded before smirking.

“Then what about Kagami Uchiha?” She inquired as she observed how much her father respected that man. Of course, Mikoto wished to know more about him. “What else did you learn, Dad?”

“Many things,” Yata fondly smiled. “I can say I’m stronger than Kagami Uchiha, but it’s only because that man was too stable. Do you know what other Shinobi call our Sharingan?”

Mikoto’s mood soured as she nodded.

“The cursed wheel of hatred,” Mikoto answered. “It’s rumored that many Uchiha Shinobi fell into some curse that forced them to go against everyone. One of the most prominent examples was Madara Uchiha.”

Yata exhaled before chuckling.

“Well, Kagami Uchiha called it the Wheel of Love.”

“What?” Mikoto blinked.

“Kagami Uchiha stated—the Sharingan awakens when we need it the most. And those with the strength to awaken it are often emotional. In reality, it isn’t the despair that awakens the Sharingan but the underlying love. For hatred and despair cannot exist in places untouched by love. So, just roll with it.”

Mikoto’s lips parted in shock.

Roll with it?

A pun on a philosophical ideal connected with the Sharingan did not sit right with Mikoto. Her young, vibrant heart only ached when she recalled how her father's Sharingan would *roll*.

Still—

Love?

Mikoto let the word sit on her tongue. It resonated with something she had been unable to remove from her mind. Why did her awakening have to be so ***troublesome?***

“Kushina Uzumaki and Kai are outside the estate and wish to meet Mikoto.”

Mikoto blinked and met Yata's eerie smirk.

“Speaking of the Wheel of Love—”

“Not a word, Dad!” Mikoto chugged the now-cold tea before swiftly standing and walking outside. She fought against the blush forming on her cheeks as she recalled her father's teasing smirk.

“Oh, there's the sleeping beauty.”

Mikoto heard the familiar voice.

Wait? A *beauty*?

“She even looks good in white. It's hard to think of a color in which she doesn't look good.”

The voice continued as Mikoto was too surprised to avoid the red bullet slamming against her in the form of one Kushina Uzumaki.

'I look good?'

Mikoto's brain buzzed.

Damn it, Kai-chan!

Alternate Title: The Hot Dreams; The Tickling Words; Kai's a Rizzler In Dreams And

Reality; The Blackhole Dense Harem MC Rizz; The Mirrored Sentiments; Awoke; Where's Kai-Chan?; The Uchiha Residence; Addled With Warmth; Mikoto: I'll Be The Greatest Kunoichi Without Any Distractions **Her Sharingan: Bonjour. I'm Here To Ruin Your Career**; The Sharingan Conversation; The Dad of The Year Award Goes To; Kai: Hunts Orphan **Yata Uchiha: Bruh, You're AN Orphan**; Mikoto Had The Power of Segs On Her Side; Other Random Uchiha Suffer The Pain Equivalent of NTR To Awaken Sharingan **Meanwhile, Mikoto: Kai-Chan Hugs Goes Brrrrr**; Just Roll, Baby; Less of an Etiquette, More of a Man; Kai Mastered Random Rizz; The Hug That Won't Go Away; Mikoto's Trusted Ally; Yata When Kai Wipes Floor With Every Uchiha Orphan: Perhaps I Judged You Too Harshly; Kai: I Can't Be In Uchiha Clan. I'm a Harem Lord **Yata Uchiha: N****, You're a Virgin**; Pretty Mikoto; Kushina's a Missile; Kai Would Love To See Mikoto In Other *Whites...* In the Future, When He Doesn't Alert Intergalactic FBI; Yata Really Said Chicks Do Be Crazy; The Clan That Loves Too Much; Hate And Despair Cannot Exist Without Love; Alarm Clock Predicted The Future; CUCKOO; Alarm Clock: What Did I Do; Mikoto and Saitama Shakes Hands In Broken Wet Dreams