

Spider-Man 681

Chapter 681: Teacher Vs Student

The night air was crisp as Peter, followed by a miniature Kurama, hurriedly followed Kakashi across the rooftops of Konoha. Peter matched Kakashi's swift pace effortlessly, his god-like agility allowing him to keep up with the Jonin's impressive speed.

Behind them, the shrunken Kurama scampered along, his tiny form barely visible among the shadows of the village. "Change me back this instant!" he demanded, his voice high-pitched but fierce.

Peter rolled his eyes, not breaking stride as he replied, "Sorry, Kurama, no can do. The village is already a mess because of you. And you'd just cause more damage at full size—and scare the hell out of everyone while you're at it..."

Kurama's tiny face twisted in annoyance. "Hey! It's not my fault! I did not choose to attack the village, even if I wanted to... It was that cursed Uchiha controlling me!" His voice was laced with disgust and hatred at the mention of the Uchiha.

Kakashi, overhearing the conversation, frowned deeply. This was news to him; he had thought the Nine-Tails attacked purely out of malice. "Controlled?" he asked, his tone thoughtful, even as he leaped from one building to another.

"Yes," Peter confirmed, "that's why I didn't kill him during our fight. If Kurama had been acting on his own accord, I probably would've skinned him and made myself a nice fur coat..."

Kurama snorted dismissively. "No one can kill a Tailed Beast," he boasted. "I'd just come back to life once my chakra reformed. It might take some time, but I would return."

Peter glanced back at the small creature with a dangerous smirk. "Are you sure about that?" he teased.

A shiver of fear ran through Kurama at the implication, and he shook his head, suddenly uncertain.

Peter laughed, the sound light and mocking in the quiet night.

They continued their high-speed journey until Kakashi suddenly halted, causing Peter to stop abruptly beside him. "We're here," Kakashi announced, nodding toward a house just a short distance away. But before they could advance, a barrage of kunai rained down where Kakashi had been about to step.

Peter waved his hand, deflecting another set of kunai aimed at him. Even tiny Kurama managed to smack a kunai away with his tails, looking absurdly fierce for his size.

Kakashi's gaze sharpened as he surveyed the area, his eyes settling on a sizable group of Root Anbu stationed atop Minato and Kushina's house. "?"

A few of the Root members were equipped with ink, brushes, and scrolls, evidently trying to break the powerful seals protecting the house. But thankfully, despite their concentrated efforts, they were unable to bypass the intricate and robust seals.

Peter's expression turned serious. "Looks like we've got some idiots trying to take advantage of your village's situation."

"Danzo..." Kakashi muttered before taking a deep breath, his hand resting on the hilt of his kunai. "Let's handle this quickly. Kushina and Naruto need us."

"Sure, but something tells me they won't listen to reason..." Peter shrugged.

The mini Kurama smirked evil, "I hope they don't. It's been a while since I got to kill a human..." he said, his sharp teeth showing.

Kakashi stepped toward the Anbu, his posture relaxed but his gaze hard. "We're all Leaf ninjas here," he began, his voice steady. "There's no need for us to fight. Stand down and let's resolve this peacefully."

The leader of the Root Anbu, masked and unreadable, shifted slightly. "Our orders from Lord Danzo are clear," he replied, his voice muffled by the mask. "We cannot fail him. Either leave or die."

Peter glanced at Kakashi, his brow furrowing under his mask. The situation was deteriorating fast, and time was something they didn't have in abundance. Every second wasted here was a second Kushina might not have.

Kakashi sighed heavily, his disappointment evident. "I see," he murmured before turning to Peter and giving a slight nod.

Understanding the signal, Peter stepped up. "You had your chance to leave," he declared, his voice hard. As the words left his mouth, he launched forward.

In an instant, the quiet night erupted into chaos. Peter moved with a speed that none could follow, appearing before the Anbu in a blur. The first of them barely had time to react before Peter was upon him, a powerful kick sending the ninja sprawling to the ground, his bones snapping upon impact, a crater forming underneath his unmoving body.

Kakashi joined in, his movements a blur of precision and lethal intent. He moved through the Anbu ranks like a shadow, his kunai finding gaps in armor and striking with deadly efficiency. Each slash or stab was precise, leaving bloody bodies in his wake.

Kurama, despite his reduced size, moved with surprising strength and agility. He attacked the Anbu with fierce excitement, his tiny form darting and weaving through the chaos. Each swipe of his miniature tails carried unexpected force, knocking his opponents around like rag dolls.

Peter's next opponent swung a sword in a wide arc, but Peter ducked under the swing, webbing the Anbu's hands together and yanking him forward, impaling him on his own blade.

Moving fluidly, Peter spun to deflect a kunai with a shot of webbing, which he then used to swing the knife, embedding it into another Anbu's forehead with sickening accuracy.

As the last of the Anbu fell, the adrenaline began to fade, leaving behind nothing but dead bodies. The ground was littered with the fallen, and the air was tinged with the iron scent of blood.

Kakashi surveyed the carnage with a grim expression. "Let's go," he said quietly. They approached the house, and Kakashi dabbed a drop of his blood on the front door lock, activating his access to the seals, allowing them entry.

Inside, the scene shifted from violence to sorrow. Upstairs, in the bedroom, Kushina lay on her bed, her life force waning. On her chest, baby Naruto cried for her, his small fists flailing.

Peter's heart clenched at the sight, the earlier adrenaline rush replaced by a deep, aching sadness.

Kakashi knelt beside Kushina, his hand gently brushing her forehead. "We're here now," he whispered, though whether it was a comfort to her or himself, Peter couldn't tell.

"Minato?" Kushina groaned, opening her eyes, searching for her husband.

"No, it's me, Kakashi," he replied softly. "Minato is still fighting—" Kakashi paused, his voice trailing off as he hesitated to mention Obito.

Kushina's expression tightened with understanding and concern. "Go," she urged him, her voice barely above a whisper yet firm with resolve. "Help Minato. He needs you."

Peter stepped closer, his presence reassuring. "Minato will be fine," he assured her confidently. "Right now, we need to focus on you." As he spoke, he extended his hands, fingers tracing intricate patterns in the air.

Before Kushina's hazy eyes, a spell circle materialized, its glow vibrant and filled with mysterious, shimmering symbols she had never seen before. "?!"

The moon hung low in the sky, casting long shadows across the battered landscape of Konoha's outskirts where Minato faced Obito, the student he once thought lost. The silence was palpable, charged with tension and disbelief.

Minato's voice broke the silence, his tone a mixture of pain and incredulity. "Obito... what happened? Why? Why did you turn against the village that raised you? Against me... against your own family?"

Obito, clad in his tattered cloak, his Sharingan eye pulsating with malevolent energy, stood stoically. His voice, when he finally spoke, was cold and devoid of the warmth Minato remembered. "They deserve it, all of them. This world... it's broken. My actions are the cure."

The words stung, more painful than any kunai could ever be. Minato's heart raced, his mind reeling from the shock of seeing his once-dead student alive and as an enemy. "Your cure is to attack your own village? To harm Kushina... a woman who was like a mother to you? To endanger Naruto, our newborn son?"

Obito's expression hardened, the Sharingan spinning wildly. "Don't try and guilt me! It won't work! You know nothing of my suffering!"

With a fierce cry, Obito charged, his body blurring as he activated his phasing ability. Minato, seasoned and quick, dodged gracefully, his own body a blur of motion as he tried to engage Obito, to bring him back to his senses.

The fight was brutal, each exchange a testament to their skills. Obito's attacks were ruthless, aimed with deadly precision, but Minato was relentless, his every move calculated to subdue without causing fatal harm.

"Obito, listen to me! This isn't the way! You can still come back!" Minato pleaded as he parried a particularly vicious strike.

But Obito was beyond reasoning. "There's no coming back from this path," he hissed, launching a flurry of shuriken, which Minato narrowly avoided. "Besides, there's nothing to come back to..."

The battle wore on, each moment stretching long and fraught with tension. Minato observed, waited, his mind racing as he sought a chink in Obito's seemingly impervious state.

Then, it came—a moment of clarity amidst the chaos. Recalling how Peter had managed to counter Obito's phasing ability, Minato meticulously experimented until he unraveled the hidden weakness.

Preparing his next move with meticulous care, Minato threw a kunai with expert precision, timing it to coincide with the end of Obito's five-minute phasing cycle.

As the kunai harmlessly passed through Obito's head, Minato charged with a Rasengan whirling in his palm, both of them sprinting towards each other for a battle-ending clash.

In an instant, just as they were about to collide, suddenly, Minato teleported to the kunai that had just exited the back of Obito's head.

"?!" Obito's eyes widened in surprise, as he realized his time to phase had run out.

Twisting in mid air, Minato's hand slammed the Rasengan into Obito's exposed back. The impact was tremendous, driving Obito into the ground and creating a crater beneath them.

Obito grunted in pain, his body wracked by the force of Minato's attack. As the dust settled, Minato reached out, his fingers pressing against Obito's back, imprinting a seal that glowed briefly.

"Why, Obito? Why did you really do this?" Minato whispered, his voice heavy with regret and sorrow.

Obito lay defeated, the rage in his eyes giving way to a flicker of confusion and loss. "You... You let her die..." he murmured, his voice trailing off as he passed out, his eyes fluttering shut.

Chapter 682: Saving Kushina

In the quiet room where life seemed to hang by a thread, the gentle sound of baby Naruto's cries echoed as Peter waved his hands through the air, inscribing a golden spell circle. The mystical symbols shimmered in front of Kushina, who lay weakened on the bed, her pale complexion illuminated by the spell's soft glow.

Kakashi stood tense by the bedside, his gaze shifting between the glowing spell and Kushina's frail form. Prepared to defend her from any potential threat, his hand hovered near the kunai at his belt. As the spell completed and its effects became evident, his suspicion briefly spiked, prompting him to act decisively.

In a swift, fluid motion, Kakashi appeared beside Peter, the sharp blade of his kunai pressed gently yet firmly against Peter's neck, ready to defend Kushina if the unexpected ally proved to be a threat.

As the spell was completed, Peter ignored Kakashi and directed it toward Kushina. The spell shot forward, a stream of light that seemed both alarming and beautiful. It entered her body, causing her to jolt slightly from the surprise.

"What was that?" she gasped, but her words trailed off as a warm sensation flooded through her, knitting her flesh and bones back to health with astonishing speed.

Kushina's eyes widened in disbelief, feeling strength surge through her veins. She sat up straight, cradling a much calmer Naruto against her chest. Her condition had not just improved; she felt as if she had never been ill at all. And it seemed Naruto realized that too; he stopped crying altogether, giggling up at his healthy mother.

Kakashi, observing the rapid transformation, lowered his kunai slightly but didn't sheathe it, his instincts still on high alert. Peter, noticing Kakashi's hesitation, remained calm, a soft smile playing on his lips as he asked, "So, how are you feeling? Any problems? The spell should have taken care of everything, but you never know."

Before Kushina could reply, she caught sight of Kakashi still holding his weapon near Peter. Her relief turned to indignation. "Kakashi!" she exclaimed, her voice a mix of relief and reprimand. With a swift motion of her hand, adamantite chains sprang from her wrist, wrapping around Kakashi and pulling him away from Peter.

"Apologize to him!" she demanded, her maternal fierceness on full display.

Kakashi, caught in the chains, couldn't help but smile as a stray tear escape his exposed eye, mixed emotions of relief and happiness flooding him. "I'm... I'm just glad you're okay, Lady Kushina," he managed to say, his voice cracking with emotion. After all, Kushina is like the mother he never had, losing her would be crushing.

Kushina softened at his words, her stern expression melting into a warm smile. She drew Kakashi into a hug, her chains disappearing, "I'm not going anywhere, Kakashi. I promise."

As they embraced, a moment of peace settled in the room. Peter watched them, a satisfied yet somber smile on his face, appreciating the scene's heartfelt sincerity.

However, the moment was abruptly interrupted by a small, sarcastic voice. "Oh, you managed to save the red-haired demon woman. What a shame. I was hoping she would die..." Kurama, still in his small form, stood at the doorway, his comment slicing through the tender atmosphere.

Kushina's head whipped around, her fiery gaze locking onto the tiny figure of Kurama. With Naruto still securely in her arms, she leapt from the bed, pointing an accusing finger at him.

"You!" she accused, the word echoing with the weight of their shared history, her eyes blazing with the intensity of a thousand suns.

"Me?" Kurama looked almost comical in the face of her fury, but his eyes held a defiant gleam.

Before the situation could escalate, Peter stepped in, his voice carrying a mix of authority and reassurance. "Kushina, Kurama isn't a threat at the moment," he said, glancing at Kurama with a warning look that made even the formidable fox flinch. "And if he tries anything, I'll handle it."

Kushina's eyes widened in disbelief as she saw the fox flinch in fear. She turned to Peter, her curiosity skyrocketing. "Who are you exactly? And how did you heal me? Those seals... they're unlike anything I've seen, and I know seals."

Peter chuckled softly, "I'm Peter. And that wasn't a seal; it was the Mystic Arts."

"Mystic Arts?" Kushina echoed, her interest now fully awakened. She had never heard of such a thing, not even in her extensive clan's lore. But her inquiry was cut short by Naruto's sudden whining, his small form beginning to squirm in her arms.

She rocked him gently, trying to soothe his discomfort. "Oh, I'm sorry sweetie. Was mommy being too loud?"

Kurama, annoyed by the noise, grimaced. "Can you shut that meat bag up already?" he snapped, which only fueled Kushina's irritation.

"What does it look like I'm doing? If you don't like the noise, then take your tiny a*s out of my house," Kushina shot back, her voice laced with a mocking tone that made Kurama bristle.

Their bickering continued, the old animosity flaring between them. But as they exchanged barbs, Peter suddenly cut in, redirecting Kushina's focus. "You should probably head back to Minato. He seemed really worried about you."

The mention of Minato snapped Kushina out of her squabble, her eyes widening in an instant. "Minato!" She exclaimed, recalling the danger her husband was in, and without a second thought, she dashed out of the house at a breakneck pace, Naruto clinging to her.

Without a second thought, Kakashi followed closely behind, vanishing with a swift motion into the shadows they left behind.

Left alone in the room, Kurama turned to Peter. "Are we not going with them?" He asked.

Peter shook his head. "Nah, they'll be fine without us," he said, a sly grin spreading across his face. "How about we go and deal with some human garbage I know about?"

Kurama, despite everything, matched Peter's smirk. "I don't really have a choice, do I?" he replied.

"No, you don't..." With a nod, Peter walked out of the room, pausing in the hallway for a moment. "But first, let's see if this place has a library..."

Kurama, eyeing Peter with a mix of suspicion and curiosity, followed him down the hall. "Planning on a bit of light reading?"

"Not exactly," Peter replied, pushing open the door to a room filled with scrolls and ancient books. The air was heavy with the scent of parchment and ink. He walked in, his eyes scanning the vast collection of jutsu and seal information stored within. "More like light copying."

Using his mystic arts, Peter began to replicate the scrolls, particularly interested in the Uzumaki sealing techniques and Minato's Flying Thunder God technique. Each document shimmered briefly as he conjured an exact copy, storing the duplicates in the small necklace he wore around his neck.

Kurama watched from the doorway, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "So, you're a thief now?"

Peter didn't look up from his work. "It's not theft; it's compensation. I saved their village and their lives. Think of this as a consultant's fee."

"Convenient justification," Kurama scoffed, his tail flicking in amusement.

Peter continued his work, the intricate symbols on each scroll glowing under his touch. He was methodical, ensuring that nothing was out of place and that it would appear untouched. "When in another world, one must adapt."

"Another world?" Kurama muttered, confusion written all over his furry face.

Once the last scroll was copied, Peter stood, stretching slightly. "Alright, that's done. Ready to head out?"

Kurama's ears perked up. "And where are we headed at this hour?"

Peter smirked, a glint of mischief in his eyes. "Let's start with the Uchiha Clan District."

Kurama's interest piqued, and his smirk widened. "Lead the way," he said, thinking they were off to slaughter some Uchiha's, which he was more than willing to participate in.

They left the house quietly, blending into the shadows of the night. The village was still, the only sounds being the soft rustling of leaves in the breeze.

The scene outside the village was one of tense anticipation, the stillness broken only by the occasional crackle of energy emanating from the powerful barrier that Peter set up.

Inside, Minato faced Obito, their battle reaching its climactic end. Outside, Kushina landed gracefully, Naruto cradled securely in her arms, her eyes immediately catching the final moments of the confrontation.

As Minato delivered what looked to be a decisive blow on their unmasked attacker, Kushina's heart raced. The realization that the masked man was none other than Obito struck her hard, sending a chill down her spine.

Beside her, Kakashi touched down, his expression grim. "I didn't know how to tell you," he admitted, his voice heavy with regret. "I'm sorry, Lady Kushina."

Before she could respond, the rustle of approaching footsteps drew their attention. Guy, ever the bundle of energy, rushed towards them, his face lighting up as he spotted Naruto. "Lady Kushina! You're alright!" he exclaimed, his relief palpable. "Is this the fourths son?! How youthful!"

The Third Hokage, Hiruzen, followed at a more measured pace, his expression one of shock and relief. "Kushina, you're well?" he asked, his eyes darting between her and the baby. "We thought you were at death's door."

"Peter healed me," Kushina replied, her voice filled with a mixture of gratitude and awe. "He used something called the Mystic Arts."

Hiruzen's brow furrowed in thought. "And where are Peter and the fox now?" he inquired, scanning the area.

Kushina and Kakashi turned, looking back the way they had come, but there was no sign of Peter or Kurama. "We thought they were right behind us," Kakashi said, shrugging slightly.

With a nod, Hiruzen turned to his Anbu. "Find them," he commanded, and with a swirl of cloaks, the Anbu vanished into the shadows, tasked with locating the mysterious ally and the notorious fox.

Meanwhile, Minato's focus shifted from the unconscious Obito to his wife and son. His relief at seeing them safe was immense, as he rushed over, but was stopped by the barrier, still trapped inside. At least until Peter returns to let him out.

He moved as close as he could, his hands touching the invisible wall that separated them. "Kushina, Naruto!" he called out, his voice filled with emotion. "Y-You're alright?"

Kushina moved forward, her hand reaching out to touch the barrier. "Minato," she whispered, her eyes welling up with tears. "We're safe, thanks to Peter."

High above the assembled shinobi, concealed among the dense foliage, Zetsu watched the scene unfold with an intensity that belied his usually detached demeanor. His unique black and white visage was split down the middle, each half observing carefully—the black focused on Obito's prone form inside the barrier, and the white scanning the area.

[Insert picture of Zetsu here]

From his vantage point, Zetsu remained motionless, his eyes glued to the barrier that even he, with all his unique abilities, could not penetrate. If he could have, he would have already extracted Obito from the disastrous situation. The presence of such a powerful barrier was a complication he hadn't anticipated, and it irked him deeply.

After a moment of silent contemplation, the black half of Zetsu murmured, "We can't retrieve him now. This barrier is too strong..."

The white half, usually more impulsive, nodded slowly, a rare sign of agreement. "We need to report this to Madara," it hissed softly. "He will want to know about the barrier... and the new variable that's appeared..."

With a final, sweeping glance at the scene below—ensuring no details were missed—Zetsu made a decision. It wasn't the time for hasty actions. Strategic retreat was necessary. Merging seamlessly with the tree upon which he perched, Zetsu disappeared into the bark, his form blending into the wood grain until he was no longer visible.

Chapter 683: Slaughtered

Earlier in the night, the tranquility of the Uchiha Clan District was shattered by the ferocious roars of the Nine-Tails rampaging in the distance. As the ground trembled beneath its wrath, the Uchiha were jolted awake, their instincts honed from generations of warfare kicking into action.

The streets quickly filled with ninja—men and women who shepherded the elderly, children, and civilians towards shelters. The air was tense with urgency, yet there was a method to the chaos, a practiced efficiency born from the Uchiha's storied legacy of readiness.

As the clan gathered, Fugaku Uchiha, the clan head, stood with his fellow ninjas, ready to lead them out to aid their fellow villagers in the fight. His eyes, usually calm and commanding, flickered with concern for his family and comrades. It was then that an unexpected interruption occurred.

Surrounding the district, countless Root ninja materialized, their presence a sudden and silent threat. They stood impassive, their weapons drawn, forming an impenetrable wall of steel and killing intent.

Fugaku stepped forward, his voice steady but laced with confusion. "Why are we being obstructed?" he demanded, his gaze piercing through the night to the figures that stood on the walls surrounding them.

Danzo Shimura, his figure obscured by bandages and the night, landed gracefully atop the wall. His presence commanded a mixture of respect and distrust. "The order comes directly from the Fourth Hokage," Danzo declared, his voice echoing ominously. "No Uchiha is to leave the district tonight. Any who try will be immediately put to death."

Murmurs erupted among the Uchiha. Disbelief and anger mingled in the whispers that swept through the crowd. "Proof!" someone shouted. "We demand proof!"

Fugaku, his expression unreadable, held up a hand for silence. He knew the Hokage, Minato—his academy companion, the man whose wife was a close friend of his own. This order was out of character, almost unthinkable. Still, he addressed Danzo with the respect that an elder of the village deserved. "Show us this order. You speak of grave matters; let us see the proof."

With a smirk that didn't quite reach his eyes, Danzo produced a scroll, tossing it deftly to Fugaku. Catching it, the Uchiha leader unfurled the document. The script was indeed an order, complete with the Hokage's seal—a directive confining the Uchiha under threat of death.

Fugaku's eyes narrowed as he scanned the scroll. The weight of the seal was heavy, but something in his gut screamed forgery. Yet, the stakes were too high for rash actions. Accusing Danzo of deceit without concrete proof could unleash catastrophic consequences on his clan.

As his members seethed, urging him to defy the order, Fugaku took a deep breath. His decision would shape the fate of his clan. "We will comply," he announced, his voice resonant with reluctant authority. "For tonight, we stand down."

The decision did not sit well with many; the air was thick with resentment and frustration. However, the collective discipline of the Uchiha held. They would obey, survive the night, and seek justice later. Fugaku's gaze lingered on Danzo, a silent vow passing between them—an unspoken challenge that this was not the end.

...

..

.

The tense atmosphere in the Uchiha Clan District was palpable as Fugaku and his fellow Uchiha stood rigidly, their gazes locked on Danzo and his Root Anbu, who refused to leave, standing guard around the district as if it were a prison.

The night, once broken by the distant cries of the Nine-Tails, had fallen into an eerie silence. The monstrous roars that had earlier filled the air were now conspicuously absent, a sudden quiet that drew everyone's attention.

The Nine-Tails seemed to have disappeared...

The Uchiha whispered among themselves, their eyes flicking nervously toward the horizon where the beast had last been seen. Despite the obvious change in the situation, Danzo and his forces remained stubbornly in place, their orders clear: keep the Uchiha contained.

Danzo, cloaked in his usual air of mystery and authority, whispered urgently to a subordinate, a masked ninja who nodded silently before darting away into the shadows. The clan watched this exchange, the uncertainty feeding their frustration and fear.

Minutes ticked by, each one stretching longer than the last. Danzo's impatience grew visible, his fingers tapping an uneven rhythm against his cane. Just as he was about to dispatch another Anbu to hasten the return of his scout, a figure appeared atop a nearby building—a signal that the awaited report was imminent.

"Daisuke!" Danzo called out, recognizing the silhouette of his trusted Anbu.

However, his call was cut short by a shocking sight: the figure swayed and then collapsed, tumbling from the rooftop in a lifeless heap. A gasp rippled through the crowd as the body hit the ground, blood pooling ominously around it.

The sudden violence stunned both the Uchiha and the Root, their attentions snapping to the spot where the ninja had fallen. And then, as if conjured by the night itself, two figures appeared where the Root Anbu had stood just seconds before—a man and a small fox.

Peter, with his unmistakable casual demeanor, waved cheerfully down at Danzo. "Yo," he greeted with a nonchalant grin, peering over the edge at the fallen ninja. "Sorry, was that your lackey? I ran into him on the way, and he was a bit rude, so I slapped him around a little. But who would have thought he'd die so easily?"

Beside him, Kurama smirked at the stunned faces below. His eyes glinted with mischief, clearly enjoying the chaos Peter had stirred.

The Uchiha and the Root remained frozen for a moment, processing the sudden and dramatic entrance.

Danzo's eyes narrowed, his voice cold and measured. "Identify yourself. You wear no Leaf headband, and yet you interfere in village affairs."

Peter's smile broadened. "Just your friendly neighborhood pest control," he quipped, his eyes scanning the crowd below. "Heard there was an infestation here, so we came to clean it up."

Kurama let out a loud, mocking laugh. "Yeah, so step aside so I can start my work. It's been too long since I've tasted red-eyed blood."

The Uchiha around them unsheathed their weapons reflexively, their sharingan eyes glowing ominously in the dark. The air thickened with the promise of violence.

Peter glanced at Kurama with a raised eyebrow. "We're not here for the Uchiha, buddy."

Kurama looked visibly disappointed. "What? I thought we were here to wipe out those Uchiha bastards!"

"Nope." Peter pointed a finger at Danzo. "Our target is the mummy-looking guy and his minions."

Relief mixed with confusion among the Uchiha, while Danzo and his Root tensed further, their grips tightening on their weapons. Kurama scoffed at the change in atmosphere.

"Those small fries?" Kurama's voice dripped with disdain. "Why bother with them? They look weak."

Peter nodded. "True, they're not exactly top tier, but I don't like them, so they have to go..."

Kurama's face twisted into a grimace. "Fine, we can take them out. But I'd like to snack on a few Uchiha too."

Thinking it over, Peter shrugged. "If any of them try to jump in or help these Root goons, you're clear to do whatever you want with them."

Kurama grinned maliciously, turning to address the gathered Uchiha. "Feel free to jump in or lend a hand to your Root friends. I'm sure they'd appreciate it..."

Danzo, having had enough of the disrespect and the mockery, snapped. "Enough! Take them down!" he ordered sharply to a squad of his Root ninja.

As four masked figures vanished in a sudden burst of motion, aiming straight for Peter and Kurama, Peter merely sighed. Pulling his hand back, he mimicked a backhand slap through the thin air in front of him.

A heartbeat passed—and then the four ninja reappeared mid-air between Peter and Danzo. Their bodies gruesomely bisected, they plummeted to the street below, joining Daisuke in death. The remaining Root members looked on in horror, the street now a canvas of blood and shadow.

As the echo of their fall faded, Peter looked down at his hand, then back at the stunned crowd. "Guess they were weaker than I thought," he remarked casually. "That seems to be a trend with you Root guys, huh?"

Seeing even more of his lackeys die, Danzo Shimura's fury was palpable as he slammed his cane into the ground, the sound echoing ominously. "Attack!" He bellowed, his voice seething with rage.

The Root Anbu, previously statuesque in their disciplined formation, surged forward in a wave of black cloaks and gleaming weapons, converging on Peter and Kurama.

But Peter and Kurama were a whirlwind of chaos and destruction. Peter's agility and reflexes allowed him to dodge and weave through the attackers with supernatural grace, his fists connecting with sickening thuds as he dropped one Anbu after another.

Kurama, on the other hand, used miniature tailed beast bombs to scorch the earth, incinerating entire groups of Anbu. His tails, swift and deadly, swept through the ranks, each swipe leaving a trail of death and devastation.

As the battle raged, Danzo realized the futility of his efforts. With a snarl of frustration, he turned to flee, barking orders over his shoulder. "Distract them!"

Seeing this, Peter flicked his wrist, and from the shadows, Eldritch chains sprung forth, their eerie, otherworldly glow illuminating the night. The chains snaked around Danzo's legs, pulling him back with a force that sent him sprawling on the ground. They wrapped around him, binding him tightly.

"Stay put, we're not done yet," Peter called out over the sounds of battle, his voice tinged with dark humor as he turned back to join Kurama in the fray.

The massacre continued, each move Peter and Kurama made was precise and deadly, their opponents falling one by one, their numbers dwindling rapidly. The street was filled with fallen Root Anbu, their black cloaks stained with their own blood.

Danzo, trapped and desperate, turned to the Uchiha, his voice hoarse as he shouted, "Help me! This is an order! You must help me!"

The Uchiha exchanged wary glances, the weight of their decision heavy in the air. Fugaku Uchiha, their clan head, watched the scene unfold with a detached expression.

As Danzo's pleas grew more frantic, Fugaku lifted the scroll Danzo had given him earlier, his voice echoing clearly across the battlefield.

"I'm sorry, Lord Danzo, but we cannot help. We must stay in the Uchiha Clan District and obey the Hokage's orders, as you so clearly enforced," Fugaku declared, his tone dripping with irony.

The Uchiha stood back, their decision made. No one moved to aid Danzo, their disdain for the man evident in their silent refusal to intervene.

As Peter and Kurama finished off the last of the Root Anbu, the district was once again enveloped in silence, a stark contrast to the chaos that had just transpired.

Danzo, bound and defeated, lay amidst the carnage, the realization of his defeat sinking in as he watched the two figures standing over him.

Peter wiped his hands, looking down at Danzo with a smirk. "Looks like you're the only one left," he said, the moonlight casting long shadows across the blood-soaked street.

Chapter 684: Izanagi

Minutes earlier...

The night air hung heavy in the Uchiha Clan District, tense and still, as if holding its breath in anticipation of the inevitable storm. Above, the stars were obscured by a thick curtain of clouds, casting everything into shadow. It was in these shadows that Peter and Kurama moved, slaughtering every Root member in sight.

Inside the Uchiha compound, the atmosphere was charged, the clan members watching in fear and awe. From his vantage point, Fugaku Uchiha, the clan head, maintained a stoic facade, though his heart raced with unspoken questions. Who were these powerful beings and why did they hold such a grudge against Danzo and his men?

From afar, a group of Anbu cloaked in darkness approached the district at breakneck speed. Their mission was clear, locate Peter and the nine tails, but what they found upon arrival was far from what they had expected. They saw Peter and Kurama dancing over a battlefield strewn with the bodies of Root members.

Peter was a whirlwind of motion. His movements were fluid and precise, each strike ending the life of a fellow leaf ninja. Beside him, Kurama unleashed his power with a controlled ferocity, laughing as he followed Peter's lead.

The Anbu, hidden in the shadows, watched in stunned silence. This was not what they had expected after Peter had saved them from the nine tails and even healed the Hokage's wife.

One of the Anbu, cloaked heavily with only his eyes visible, turned swiftly and vanished as silently as he had arrived. His mission was now one of urgency—to report back to the Third Hokage, Hiruzen Sarutobi.

Meanwhile, outside the village, at the edge of the forest, Hiruzen stood with the still-trapped Minato, the Fourth and current Hokage, and Kushina who cradled a young Naruto in her arms.

As an Anbu appeared beside him, and Hiruzen received the whispered report, his expression darkened. The news was dire; not only were Peter and Kurama running around unchecked, but they seemed to have turned on the village for some reason.

Without a word, Hiruzen's form blurred, the speed of his departure leaving a gust of wind in his wake. His destination was clear—the heart of the battle where he hoped to confront, and perhaps reason with, the chaotic duo of Peter and Kurama.

"Wait, Hiruzen!" Minato called out, his voice laced with both command and concern, but Hiruzen was already gone, his figure a fleeting shadow against the moonlit night, many Anbu rushing after him.

As the seconds passed, another wave of Ninja prepared to follow their former leader, their loyalty to Hiruzen driving them forward but...

"Stop," Minato's command halted them in their tracks, his eyes baring down on the Anbu that whispered in Hiruzen's ear, his authority as Hokage undiminished by the barrier that trapped him. "Explain what's going on right now," he ordered, his tone brooking no argument.

As Hiruzen Sarutobi, the Third Hokage, raced through the village with his loyal Anbu in tow, the night seemed to darken around him, mirroring the chaos of his thoughts. His heart pounded with urgency, fear, and an escalating dread.

After all, he witnessed Peter's strength, so he knew that dealing with him and the nine tailed fox on top of that wouldn't be easy.

Upon his arrival, the scene that greeted him outside the Uchiha district was one of grim carnage. The streets were littered with the bodies of Root ninja, the air thick with the metallic tang of blood. His gaze, however, was drawn instantly to the center of the chaos, where Peter stood over Danzo, his body enveloped in chains of eerie, glowing energy.

Hiruzen's breath hitched as he saw Peter's hand raised high, poised like the blade of a guillotine above Danzo's exposed neck. The Hokage's voice tore through the silence, a desperate plea laden with horror. "Peter, stop!"

But his cry came too late. In a swift, merciless motion, Peter's hand swept down, and the night was split by a horrific sound—a finality that echoed through the streets as Danzo's head was severed from his body. Blood sprayed in an arc, painting the cobblestones crimson.

The gruesome spectacle unfolded before the eyes of the Uchiha as well, who stood by behind their clan's boundaries, and the Anbu, who followed after Hiruzen and arrived just in time to witness the grim finale. Silence fell, a suffocating blanket over the once-vibrant district.

Hiruzen's knees nearly buckled under the weight of what he had just seen. His former teammate, his friend, was dead—murdered not in battle but executed without trial or mercy. The shock of the act was hard to fathom, resonating through the very air, stirring the leaves on the nearby trees.

As the echo of Danzo's body hitting the ground faded, Hiruzen's initial shock morphed into a hard, cold fury. His eyes, once warm and inviting, now blazed with a furious vengeance. The Anbu, sensing the shift in their former leader's mood, stiffened, ready to spring into action at his command.

Standing amidst the grim aftermath, Peter's eyes met Hiruzen's across the battlefield strewn with bodies. The killing intent rolling off the Third Hokage was easy to see, a tangible force that threatened to ignite at any moment.

"Take a breath, Hiruzen," Peter said evenly, his voice cutting through the tense air. "Calm down before you start something you know you can't finish."

Hiruzen paused, the raw energy of his emotions checked for a moment, as he knew Peter's strength. His eyes flicked to the Uchiha, who had watched the scene unfold from the safety of their district, their actions—or lack thereof—speaking volumes.

Turning to face them, Hiruzen's voice was a mix of disbelief and accusation. "Why? Why did you do nothing?"

The Uchiha, under the weight of such scrutiny, seemed to falter a little. The air around them thickened with tension, the stirrings of guilt, and the undercurrents of unresolved grievances.

Stepping forward, Fugaku Uchiha held up the scroll that had dictated their inaction. "Lord Danzo ordered us to remain here, or face death," he explained, his voice steady. "We were following orders, as we were commanded."

From his distance, Hiruzen scrutinized the scroll, his experienced gaze immediately catching the forgery of Minato's seal. His frown deepened, the pieces of a sinister puzzle falling into place. "Saving your fellow ninja should always come before following orders. We are a village, first and foremost." Hiruzen said, his voice rising with each word.

But Fugaku countered calmly, "Lord 3rd, we both know that Danzo did not share that sentiment. His methods required absolute obedience. He would've sacrificed any number of ninja or civilians to achieve his objectives."

Hiruzen's rebuttal was sharp. "But you knew the scroll was a forgery. Don't play dumb with me. You chose inaction."

Fugaku's expression feigned surprise. "The scroll is fake?" His voice carried a tone of mock astonishment, then shifted to one of reasoned argument. "If that's true, then Danzo was guilty of forging the Hokage's seal—a grave crime in itself."

Around Fugaku, the murmurs among the Uchiha grew louder, many nodding in agreement, emboldened by their leader's words. They voiced their belief that Danzo, known for his ruthlessness, would have met his end eventually due to his many transgressions.

Hiruzen clenched his fists, his teeth gritted as he struggled to find a response. Fugaku left him cornered in a moral and political maze.

"I don't know why you're all getting so worked up, It's not like Danzo is dead," Peter said casually, glancing towards a nearby building. "Right?"

Confusion swept through everyone, their expressions a mix of disbelief and suspicion. Even Kurama, who had been relishing the unfolding drama, tilted his head, puzzled. "He's not dead?" he echoed, looking towards the same building.

The silence that followed was fraught with tension, every eye trained on the seemingly empty space where Peter had directed their attention. Nothing happened, and the stillness only deepened the growing uncertainty.

With a sigh of impatience, Peter snapped his fingers. "If you won't come out, I'll have to take away your hiding spot..."

Magic surged through the air, a visible wave that washed over the building, causing it to vanish as if it were a mirage. In its place stood a lone figure—Danzo Shimura, seemingly unharmed except for his bandaged eye from which blood seeped, staining the wrappings.

The 3rd Hokage's jaw dropped as his friend reappeared before him, alive and well, "He's alive? How...?"

Danzo, visibly rattled yet defiant, scanned the crowd for Hiruzen, desperation edging his voice. "Hiruzen, if we want to protect the village from that monster, we need to work together—"

Before he could continue, a wave of whispers cut through his words, rising from the Uchiha ninja. "He was dead, I saw it myself!" one exclaimed, disbelief lacing his voice.

"Impossible," another muttered, "Our Sharingan doesn't miss such tricks. He was dead for sure."

The confusion and accusation swelled as more voices joined in, their sharp eyes all having witnessed the same undeniable event—Danzo's death. Their murmurs echoed through the air, a chorus of skepticism and confusion.

Fugaku Uchiha, with a sharp intake of breath, began piecing together the impossible. His eyes locked onto Danzo, and then to the spot where Danzo had 'died'. As the realization dawned, the corpse they had all seen was now conspicuously absent, vanishing without a trace.

Anger flashed across Fugaku's face, his Sharingan spinning wildly as he confronted the truth. "How dare you!" he shouted, stepping forward, his voice echoing through the now silent street.

Danzo had employed Izanagi, an ancient and forbidden Uchiha technique that traded the light of a sharingan eye for a moment of resurrection. It was a technique that should have been beyond the reach of anyone outside the Uchiha, a secret guarded fiercely by his clan.

The implications were staggering, and as the accusation hung in the air, every pair of eyes turned back to Danzo. The use of Izanagi was a significant taboo, its cost profound, and here it had been used by a man known for his hatred of their clan. But the question that burned in Fugaku's mind was even more troubling: "Where did Danzo get a Sharingan?"

Chapter 685: Severing the Root

The air was charged with a heavy, suffocating tension as Fugaku Uchiha's face twisted with rage, his Sharingan spinning wildly with killing intent. "Danzo!" he bellowed, his voice echoing off the stone walls surrounding them. "Where did you get a Sharingan eye?"

The gathered crowd was a mixture of confusion and anger. All, that is, except for Peter, who seemed unsurprised by the revelation, and a few high-ranking Uchiha who already understood the implications of Izanagi. They, too, had pieced together the unsettling truth about Danzo's miraculous survival.

As Fugaku's accusation hung in the air, the elite Uchiha by his side drew their weapons in solidarity, their Sharingan eyes activated, glaring fiercely toward Danzo.

This bold move spurred the rest of the clan into action, and soon every Uchiha present had their weapons drawn, even though many were still in the dark as to how Danzo surviving meant that he had a Sharingan eye.

Hiruzen, caught between his duty as Hokage and his loyalty to an old friend, turned towards Danzo with a look of desperate hope for an explanation, an excuse, anything that could defuse the situation. However, Danzo remained silent, his gaze steely and unreadable beneath the blood-stained bandages that covered half of his face.

Seeing that no explanation was coming from Danzo, Peter stepped forward, his voice clear and authoritative. "Shall I explain what Danzo won't," he began, capturing the attention of everyone around him. "Danzo has a Sharingan implanted under those bloody bandages," he pointed to Danzo's face, "which he used to employ a secret Uchiha technique called Izanagi, rewriting the reality of his death to leave behind a very real-looking illusion."

He paused to let the gravity of his words sink in before continuing, "And if I had to guess, he might have a few more Sharingan hidden away under the bandages on his arm as well..."

The accusation struck like a bolt of lightning, igniting the simmering fury within every Uchiha present. With a shared sense of betrayal and outrage, they surged forward from their district, encircling Danzo in a tight ring of shadowy warriors, their red eyes piercing through the night.

Fugaku stood at the forefront, his expression carved from stone and his Sharingan blazing, pointing his weapon at Danzo. "Remove your bandages, Danzo. Now," he demanded, his voice a deadly calm that promised retribution.

Before Danzo could muster a response to the growing tension around him, Hiruzen commanded in a firm, authoritative voice, "Stand down, Fugaku!" His intention was clear: he wanted to approach Danzo, perhaps to salvage the situation or seek clarification. But as he stepped forward, Peter materialized in his path, blocking him.

Hiruzen paused, his gaze fixed on Peter. "Step aside," he implored, his voice strained. "I do not wish to fight you, but I will if I must, for the sake of the village."

Peter shook his head, resolute. "Nah, let's let them settle their grudges themselves," he countered. "Danzo had to have orchestrated at least one Uchiha death to acquire the Sharingan he just used. This is now a matter between him and the Uchiha."

Kurama, who had sauntered over to Peter, grumbled audibly, his disdain for the Uchiha evident. "Why help these red-eyed meat bags? I despise them," he complained, glaring around at the tense faces.

Peter simply shook his head, a firm line set to his mouth. "I don't kill indiscriminately," he stated, his voice carrying a weight that silenced even Kurama's grumbling.

It was Danzo who broke the ensuing silence, his laughter cold and mocking. "You don't kill indiscriminately?" he scoffed, gesturing broadly to the carnage that littered the streets. "What do you call what you did to my subordinates?"

Peter's response was a dismissive scoff as he began listing off Danzo's numerous transgressions. "You're responsible for countless atrocities," Peter accused, his voice rising with each point. "From orchestrating Uchiha deaths for their eyes to a very likely involvement in the downfall of the Uzumaki clan. Not to mention, you likely had a hand in tonight's Nine-Tails attack, or at least exploited it to further your own schemes for power and control."

As Peter detailed each accusation, the anger among the Uchiha grew palpable, their hands gripping their weapons tighter, their eyes blazing with fury.

Hiruzen, on the other hand, looked increasingly disturbed. He turned to Danzo, a silent plea for denial in his eyes, but Danzo's expression was one of confusion and surprise, as if unsure how Peter could know so much.

Peter continued, his voice unwavering. "As I said, I didn't kill your subordinates indiscriminately, Danzo. I removed them because the world is better off without Root's corruption. And yes," he added, his gaze hardening as he looked directly at Danzo, "I plan to exterminate the rest of Root as well, including you."

He paused, letting his words sink in, before glancing at the Uchiha encircling Danzo. "Though, I might not need to lift a finger after the Uchiha are done with you. They might just take care of everything for me..."

Fugaku, his expression steely and determined, nodded curtly to Peter. "Yes, we'll handle it from here. Thank you for your assistance," he said, bowing his head, his voice grim but resolute. Turning back to Danzo, his eyes flared with a renewed fire. "Now, show us what you're hiding under those bandages..."

Danzo, cornered and defiant, sneered at the encircling Uchiha. "You want to see? Fine!" he barked.

With a swift motion, he began unraveling the bandages that covered his arm. As the fabric fell away, it revealed a grotesque sight—his arm was riddled with empty eyeholes, and a few of them opened to display the blood-red swirls of Sharingan.

"I had to be discreet with my collection up until now," Danzo confessed, his voice tinged with madness as he pointed to each eye. "This one belonged to an old Uchiha Jonin, fallen in a skirmish I orchestrated. And this," he paused, his finger hovering over another eye, "came from a young academy graduate. Kidnapped during a mission, tortured until her Sharingan awakened, and then disposed of..."

The revelation struck like a physical blow, and the air around the Uchiha seethed with fury and horror. Faces twisted in rage and hearts pounding with betrayal, the Uchiha could contain themselves no longer. With a collective roar, they surged forward.

The Uchiha, driven by vengeance and grief, attacked with a ferocity that was both terrifying and awe-inspiring. Kunai and shuriken sliced through the air, their paths illuminated by the occasional flash of fire jutsu.

Danzo, for all his crimes, was not defenseless. He parried with seasoned precision, his own Sharingan granting him foresight that allowed him to counter the relentless assaults.

An Uchiha youth lunged with a katana, aiming for Danzo's heart, but with a swift sidestep and a palm strike to the chest, Danzo sent him sprawling to the ground, blood spewing from his mouth.

Another Uchiha, older and more experienced, engaged next, his Sharingan spinning wildly. He unleashed a torrent of fire, the flames shaped like dragons, roaring towards Danzo. With an almost dismissive wave, Danzo summoned a wind jutsu that snuffed out the flames before they could consume him.

The fight grew more intense, each strike and counterstrike more desperate than the last. An Uchiha kunoichi joined the fray, her movements a blur as she attempted to outmaneuver Danzo. She managed to slice a kunai across his thigh, drawing blood, a small victory in what seemed an uphill battle.

As the combatants clashed, Peter and Hiruzen watched from the sidelines. Peter's expression was one of grim satisfaction; justice, in his view, was being served.

Hiruzen, however, was tormented by indecision. His heart ached as he watched his old friend, a man he had known for decades, now a pariah facing the wrath of those he had wronged.

On one hand, Hiruzen wanted to intervene, to stop the bloodshed and perhaps find another way. But on the other, he recognized the deep-seated justice in the Uchiha's retribution.

As the 3rd Hokage remained indecisive, the confrontation between Danzo and the Uchiha escalated swiftly, each moment pulsing with the tension of years of betrayal and subterfuge.

Danzo, though outnumbered, was no ordinary foe. His combat style was ruthless, every move calculated to maim and kill. His opponents, driven by revenge and justice, matched his intensity, their attacks relentless.

As the battle unfolded, Fugaku Uchiha emerged as the pivotal force. With a steely glint in his eyes, his Mangekyō Sharingan activated, casting his body in a spectral gold glow. A small ethereal skeleton materialized around him. "Susanoo!" he exclaimed, causing Danzo's eyes to widen in fear.

Fugaku's first decisive act was a rapid succession of strikes with Susanoo's ethereal, bony arms. Each hit landed with devastating force, pummeling Danzo with such intensity that it fractured his defenses. The impacts left him reeling, bloody, and gasping for breath, his stolen Sharingan eyes flickering weakly as their mystical powers waned under the relentless assault.

Each blow was precise and forceful, quickly overwhelming Danzo and sending him crashing to the ground, defenseless. Seizing the moment, Fugaku rushed toward Danzo's prone form and swiftly plucked each Sharingan from his arm, ensuring he could no longer revive himself.

Fugaku's didn't stop there either. With the Sharingan removed, he commandeered a sword from a nearby clansman's scabbard. Raising the blade, he prepared to deliver justice long denied to his people.

Danzo, realizing his end was near, turned to his old ally Hiruzen in a desperate plea for salvation. "Save me!" he cried out, panic stripping him of his usual composure.

Peter, observing the scene, recognized the critical moment unfolding. He turned to Hiruzen with a grave expression. "Don't intervene. He'll die tonight no matter what. You won't be able to change that," he cautioned firmly. But the bonds of a lifetime proved too strong for Hiruzen, who, driven by a mixture of loyalty and guilt, surged forward to intervene, his Anbu following his lead.

With a sigh of resignation, Peter snapped his fingers, casting a spell that dramatically increased the gravity localized over the Anbu. They were slammed into the ground, immobilized by the overwhelming force, unable to proceed further.

Hiruzen, undeterred and nearly reaching Danzo, was only a breath away from saving his friend's life. But at that critical moment, Peter waved his hand, conjuring a portal that intercepted Hiruzen's path.

Before he knew what was happening, the Third Hokage was abruptly redirected, emerging next to Peter, just in time to witness the final act of the drama.

Fugaku, his expression resolute and devoid of hesitation, brought down the sword in a swift, clean arc. The blade bisected Danzo cleanly in half, the body falling in two, his schemes and manipulations ending with him.

And as he fell, the lack of any remaining Sharingan ensured there would be no miraculous escape from death this time.

The silence that followed was heavy, filled with the weight and finality of justice served.

Hiruzen stood beside Peter, shock and sorrow etched into his features. "... " His closest friend was dead and he could do nothing to stop it.

Chapter 686: Madara

Peter stood at the edge of the carnage, the night air thick with the acrid scent of burnt flesh and the eerie silence of a battle concluded. Danzo's lifeless body lay in two halves, a grotesque reminder of the dark deeds that had finally caught up with him.

Hiruzen Sarutobi, the Third Hokage, stood beside Peter, his face a mask of sorrow and disbelief. The old man's shoulders sagged under the weight of his grief, his eyes locked on the fallen body of his friend. He was torn between the duty to his village and the personal loss of a lifelong companion.

Peter noticed Hiruzen's clenched fists and the barely restrained fury in his eyes. He could almost hear the internal struggle within the Hokage, the urge to attack, to seek vengeance for Danzo's death. But just as Hiruzen seemed on the verge of acting, a small, fiery presence appeared at Peter's side.

Kurama, the tiny nine-tailed fox, smirked up at Hiruzen with a look that was both challenging and mocking. "Go ahead, old man," the spirit seemed to say. "Try it."

Hiruzen took a deep breath, his body trembling with the effort to control his emotions. He knew that confronting Peter would be futile. The young man standing beside him was far more powerful than anyone in the village, perhaps more powerful than any shinobi alive. Fighting him would only lead to more destruction, and the village had already suffered enough tonight.

As Hiruzen struggled to regain his composure, Fugaku Uchiha and the other clan members approached. The Uchiha leader's eyes flickered with a mix of gratitude and calculation as he assessed Peter. He had seen the Third Hokage's fear and hesitation, and it only reinforced the importance of keeping Peter as an ally.

Fugaku bowed deeply before Peter, and his family members followed suit, their respect palpable. "Thank you for your assistance. You've allowed us to avenge our fallen family members, and for that, we are deeply grateful. We would be honored if you would spend the night as our guest in the Uchiha Clan District..."

Hiruzen raised an eyebrow at this, recognizing the Uchiha's strategic move. They were attempting to secure a powerful ally, someone who could deter any future threats against their clan, both physical and political. He opened his mouth to extend a counter-offer, hoping to keep Peter in a more neutral position, but Peter spoke first.

"Sure, I could use a bed for the night," Peter said, nodding to Fugaku. "But give me a second to do something first."

Ignoring the curious stares from the Uchiha and the wary gaze of Hiruzen, Peter walked over to the remains of the battle. He raised his hand, and a black fire began to fill the area. The bodies of the fallen Root Anbu began to dissolve into the flames, their forms shifting and warping.

Seconds later, out of the dust and fire, emerged shadowy figures with glowing green eyes. Each shadow resembled the person they used to be, even Danzo's form twisted into a dark, spectral version of himself.

Hiruzen's heart clenched at the sight, a look of hope and horror crossing his face as he muttered, "D-Danzo?" But his hopes of his friends revival were dashed when the shadows all bowed to Peter, acknowledging him as their new master.

The realization hit Hiruzen like a physical blow. Peter had turned the fallen Root Anbu into undead shadow slaves, defiling their bodies and souls. "?! " He only knew one technique that could accomplish anything like this, the summoning technique: Impure World Reincarnation.

Yet, this seemed to be something slightly different. Possibly even darker...

The Uchiha seemed stunned yet unperturbed by their resurrection, understanding that Danzo and his followers were evil and deserved zero sympathy. They didn't seem to care one bit if they were turned into undead slaves or not.

But for Hiruzen, it was a bitter pill to swallow. Danzo had been his friend, and now even his death had been corrupted.

Before anyone could ask any questions or complain, Peter turned his gaze toward the newly resurrected shadow of Danzo. "Do you still remember everything?" he asked, his voice calm but firm.

Danzo's shadowy form nodded, the glowing green eyes flickering. "Yes, master," he replied, his voice carrying an eerie echo.

"Good," Peter said. "I have some tasks for you. First, clean up the rest of Root. I want nothing of the organization to remain. Kill all active members and release any innocents to the Hokage. Gather all information and assets you have and deliver them to the Hokage as well."

Danzo nodded again, the light in his eyes unwavering. "Yes, master."

"And one more thing," Peter continued. "I want you to write a list of every crime you've ever committed or had others commit in your name or the village's name. Deliver that list to the Hokage, too. Make sure it's thorough."

Hiruzen, listening to this exchange, began to sweat. His mind raced with memories of the times he had been complicit in Danzo's schemes, all for the greater good of the village. Now, it seemed, his own misdeeds might come to light.

Fugaku, standing nearby, looked on in shock. He had never expected Peter to resurrect Danzo and his soldiers just to turn them against their own organization and expose their crimes. "Can I have a copy of that list as well?" he asked, his voice tinged with disbelief.

Peter shrugged. "Sure," he said, turning back to Danzo. "Make a few copies while you're at it."

Danzo nodded once more. "Yes, master," he said.

"Go and get to work," Peter ordered, shoos them off.

With a final nod, Danzo and his shadowy ninja melted into the night, their forms blending seamlessly with the darkness as they disappeared to carry out their tasks.

With everything handled, Peter turned to Fugaku, his expression softening slightly. "Lead the way to where I'll be spending the night," he said.

As they began to walk away, the tiny, shrunken Kurama at Peter's side began to grumble loudly. "I'm not going anywhere near these red-eyed bastards' land!" Kurama spat, his voice filled with disdain.

Peter sighed, clearly used to Kurama's antics. He bent down and picked up the tiny fox by the scruff of his neck, lifting him effortlessly. Despite Kurama's screams and protests, he couldn't overpower Peter and was forced to tag along, dangling helplessly in Peter's grasp.

Fugaku smiled awkwardly at the sight, quickly collecting himself. He gestured for Peter to follow. "This way," he said, leading the group toward the Uchiha district.

As they walked, Peter suddenly paused and turned back, a thought crossing his mind. "Hiruzen," he called out, "have Minato and Obito finished their fight yet?"

Fugaku and several Uchiha nearby raised their brows at the mention of Obito's name, finding it oddly familiar.

Hiruzen, broken from his thoughts as he tried to figure out how to handle the current situation, responded with a nod. "Yes, Obito has been beaten, knocked out, and captured. Minato is just waiting for the barrier to disappear."

Peter nodded and snapped his fingers. Across the village, near the outskirts, the barrier that held Minato and Obito vanished.

"The barrier is gone," Peter informed Hiruzen. "Tell Minato to bring Obito to me before he wakes up. He has a very powerful space-time ability, so we need to make sure he can't escape easily. Though, he and Kushina can try to seal him instead, if they want." He shrugged uncaringly, "Whatever Minato wants to do. Just don't come crying to me if he gets away..."

Hiruzen nodded, his mind racing with the implications of Peter's actions. He opened his mouth to say something, possibly to ask about his shadow undead, or perhaps to complain about what happened to Danzo, but Peter cut him off with a yawn.

"Fugaku, lead the way to the guest house. I need a nap," Peter said, his tone indicating the conversation was over. "All this action and drama really takes it out of you, you know?"

As Hiruzen stood there dumbly, watching Peter leave, he could still hear Kurama yelling his complaints and cursing every Uchiha that caught his eye.

Zetsu slithered through the rocky crevices of the hidden cave, merging seamlessly with the shadows. His mission was urgent, and the news he carried was dire. The elderly Madara, sustained by the Gedo Mazo, awaited him in the deepest chamber.

As Zetsu entered the chamber, Madara's eyes, dulled by age but still burning with fierce determination, looked up. "What news do you bring, Zetsu?" he asked, his voice a low, gravelly whisper.

The elderly Madara Uchiha sat on a throne-like seat within the dimly lit chamber, his presence commanding despite his advanced age. Portions of his long, once-jet-black hair had turned a stark white, cascading down his back in wild, untamed waves.

His face was lined with deep wrinkles, evidence of the many years and countless battles he had endured. His eyes, though dulled by age, still held a fierce intensity, the Sharingan gleaming with a red, malevolent glow.

Madara's body, frail and thin, was draped in a tattered, dark cloak that hung loosely around his gaunt frame. The cloak, frayed at the edges, seemed to absorb the shadows of the cave, adding to his ominous aura. His hands, skeletal and veined, clutched the armrests of his throne, the knuckles white with strain.

[Insert picture of Madara here]

Despite his weakened state, there was an undeniable aura of power and authority about him. His connection to the Gedo Mazo, the giant, demonic statue, provided him with a semblance of vitality, its chakra sustaining him just enough to keep him alive. Tubes and wires connected his body to the statue, snaking from his back and shoulders, pulsing with a dark, eerie energy.

[Insert picture of Gedo Mazo here]

The black half of Zetsu spoke first, his tone ominous. "Madara-sama, the plan to release the Nine-Tails into the Leaf Village has failed."

The white half continued, his voice lighter but filled with concern. "An unknown variable appeared, someone we did not foresee."

Madara's eyes narrowed. "Explain," he demanded.

The black half took over. "There was a mysterious young man. He defeated the Nine-Tails with ease and then turned it into a tiny fox. He seems to have tamed it through sheer strength alone."

The white half added, "Obito has been outed and captured after losing a fight to his old master. A barrier was used that blocked our ability to extract him."

Madara's expression darkened, his hands clenching into fists. "This mysterious man... who is he? How could someone like him have escaped my notice?" he seethed, his voice trembling with barely contained rage.

The black half replied, "We do not know. He is a complete unknown, and his power is unlike anything we've encountered before."

Madara's fury grew, his aging body trembling with the intensity of his anger. "Years of planning, all for nothing!" he spat. "Obito was crucial to my plans. I went through all the trouble to break him, to mold him into the perfect tool, and now he's been captured like a fool!"

He slammed his fist onto the armrest of his throne, the sound echoing through the cave. "We cannot afford setbacks like this," he growled. "Obito must be retrieved, and this Peter must be dealt with. I will not let my plans be derailed by an unknown variable."

The white half of Zetsu nodded, his expression unreadable. "What are your orders, Lord Madara?"

Madara took a deep breath, calming himself. "First, we need more information about this Peter. Find out everything you can about him—his origins, his abilities, his weaknesses. And prepare a plan to retrieve Obito. We will need him if we are to proceed."

The black half added, "Yes, Lord Madara. We will begin immediately."

As Zetsu departed, Madara leaned back in his throne, his mind racing. The unexpected appearance of Peter was a significant setback, but he was not a man easily defeated. He had faced greater challenges before and had always found a way to overcome them.

"I will not be stopped," he muttered to himself, his eyes burning with renewed determination. "Not now, not ever."

Chapter 687: Aftermath

The dawn light filtered through the large windows of the Hokage's office, casting a warm glow on the room's wooden interior. Minato Namikaze, the acting Hokage, sat behind his desk, sifting through reports of the previous night's chaos. Hiruzen Sarutobi, the former Hokage and now adviser, sat on the couch to his left, his face etched with concern.

"How are the damage reports looking?" Hiruzen asked, not looking up from the scroll he was reading.

Minato sighed, rubbing his temples. "The property damage is extensive, but repair crews are already at work. Most of the civilian areas should be restored within a month. We were lucky that the casualties were minimal, thanks to the swift response and Peter's intervention with the Nine-Tails."

Hiruzen nodded. "The villagers are resilient. They'll rebuild quickly. Our main concern should be the perception of our strength. Other villages might see this as an opportunity to strike."

Minato leaned forward, "But we didn't lose more than a handful of ninja. We are practically at the same strength as we were yesterday, even stronger if you add Peter to the equation.."

Hiruzen shook his head. "That doesn't matter. The other villages will hear about the attack and assume we're weakened. And that's when the wolves will gather, hungry and on the prowl for their next meal..." he sighed as he added, "And let's not forget how Peter killed Danzo, an elder of our village. His undead are currently dismantling Root as we speak..."

Minato placed the scroll down and looked directly at Hiruzen. Truthfully, he was happy when he heard that Danzo was dead...

Hiruzen's eyes darkened. "Danzo's death is a significant blow. His influence and the knowledge he possessed were vital to our village's defenses."

Minato could see the anger in Hiruzen's eyes, a mixture of grief and fury. "I understand your concerns, Hiruzen, but Danzo was also a liability. You already know that I've been planning to dismantle Root since I became Hokage, but it was never easy with Danzo's connections. Although I'm sorry for your loss, I can't help but feel grateful to Peter..."

"But Peter," Hiruzen interjected, "he's an unknown. We don't know his motives or the full extent of his power. We can't trust him blindly."

Minato stood up, walking around the desk to face Hiruzen. "Peter saved us last night. He protected the village and our people. We cannot afford to make an enemy of someone so powerful. Especially not now."

Hiruzen's fists clenched, his knuckles turning white. "I won't pursue vengeance, Minato, but I'll keep my guard up. We still don't know anything about him, other than his immense power and his hatred for Danzo."

Minato nodded, placing a hand on Hiruzen's shoulder. "That's all I ask. For now, let's focus on rebuilding and protecting the village. We'll keep a close eye on Peter, but we must also show him the respect he's earned."

Hiruzen sighed, his body relaxing slightly. "Agreed. But we must remain vigilant."

Minato smiled, the tension in the room easing. "Thank you, Hiruzen. I know it's hard, especially after everything that's happened..." he said, leaning back in his chair, his thoughts drifting to the events of the previous night.

The former Hokage had not only lost his friend and advisor in Danzo but also his beloved wife, the mother of his children. She had been there when Kushina was giving birth, acting as the midwife for Naruto's birth.

When Obito launched his attack, she bravely tried to protect Naruto, stepping in before anyone else even noticed the intruder. Her sacrifice was swift and tragic, leaving no time for anyone to come to her aid.

Minato stood up and bowed deeply to Hiruzen. "I'm so sorry for the loss of your wife. She died protecting my son, and I couldn't be more grateful to her. I know this must be incredibly hard for you. You've lost so much in such a short time."

Hiruzen smiled weakly, motioning for Minato to stand. "It's not your fault, Minato. My wife was a kind woman, and she died protecting an innocent child. Such a death is better than wasting away in old age. Besides, she lived a long life, and so have I."

Minato almost broke down at Hiruzen's words. He could see the profound sadness in the older man's eyes, but Hiruzen had endured much loss in his long life. He was too accustomed to losing loved ones, having lived through many wars.

Trying to shift the somber mood, Hiruzen asked quietly, "What do you plan to do with Obito?"

Minato's brow furrowed as he thought about his wayward student. He remembered the young, cheerful Genin who had once been full of dreams and ambition. How had he turned into a crazed murderer? The transformation was still a mystery to him.

"We've already sealed his chakra," Minato began, his voice heavy with the weight of the situation. "Kushina and I even removed his Sharingan. His prison cell is sealed so tightly that no one, not even me, can teleport inside."

Hiruzen nodded thoughtfully. "And what about Peter's offer? He said he's willing to help imprison Obito."

Minato nodded. "Yes, I'll ask him when he wakes up. We can't take any chances after all."

Although Hiruzen had his reservations about involving Peter, he refrained from commenting. He knew his judgment was clouded when it came to Peter, so he was trying his best not to act on it.

Glancing out the window, Hiruzen asked, "How are Kushina and Naruto? I haven't seen them since last night."

Minato glanced at the clock and smiled. "They should be on their way to the Uchiha district by now."

"?!"

Uchiha District...

Peter woke up to the enticing smell of food wafting through the air and the gentle clatter of utensils from downstairs. He blinked a few times, adjusting to the morning light streaming through the window. Kurama, still trapped in his small fox form, sat on the windowsill, gazing outside.

Peter sat up, raising an eyebrow at the tiny fox. "Huh, you didn't run away? I thought for sure you'd try to escape..."

Kurama scoffed, his tails flicking in annoyance. "I know I don't stand a chance. If I ran, you'd just use some crazy power or ability of yours to bring me back. So instead, I just lounged around and glared at the red-eyed Uchiha bastards running around outside."

Peter smirked, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. "Or... Maybe, just maybe, I'm starting to grow on you. Perhaps you don't want to leave?"

Kurama jumped down from the windowsill, following Peter as he stood up and walked to the door. "I'd rather have some strange fungus growing on me than you," Kurama barked. "I'm dying to get the hell away from this place..."

Peter laughed, not believing a word. "Sure you are," he teased, opening the door and stepping into the hall, Kurama at his heels.

As they walked downstairs, Peter continued to tease Kurama, who responded with a mix of grumbling and shouts. The aroma of breakfast grew stronger, leading them to the source of the delicious smell.

Peter entered the kitchen and found Kushina Uzumaki and Mikoto Uchiha cooking breakfast. Kushina, the woman he had saved, and Mikoto, with her long black hair and gentle features. Both women were busy at the stove, working in perfect harmony as they chatted.

[Insert picture of Mikoto here]

At the dining table, two babies and one child were seated. Peter instantly recognized the first baby as Naruto, having seen him last night when he saved Kushina. The other baby, only a few months older than Naruto, had to be Sasuke Uchiha. He had a small tuft of black hair and wide, curious eyes.

[Insert picture of Sasuke here]

The child sitting next to them, watching Peter with vigilant eyes, was undoubtedly Itachi Uchiha. Even at five years old, Itachi had an air of maturity and seriousness about him. His dark, intelligent eyes followed Peter's movements, and his expression was calm yet cautious.

Peter smiled, taking in the domestic scene. "Morning," he greeted, walking towards the table. "I didn't expect you to make me breakfast..."

Kushina turned, her face lighting up with a smile. "Good morning, Peter!" She exclaimed. "It's the least I can do. After all, you save my life, not to mention the village as well."

Mikoto nodded, her smile equally warm. "And you got rid of Danzo for us as well. Forget about a single breakfast, I'll make you meals for the rest of your life for that. So just take a seat and let us thank you properly." She then gestured to the children. "I'm Mikoto Uchiha by the way, and these are my sons, Itachi and Sasuke. You met their father, Fugaku, last night. Thank you again for helping him."

Peter nodded, sitting down at the table. Kurama jumped up onto a nearby chair, drawing some wary looks from the two mothers, but they didn't say anything since Peter was there. They at least knew that the nine tails was powerless with him around.

Peter glanced at Itachi, giving him a friendly nod. "You must be Itachi," he said. "It's nice to meet you."

Itachi's eyes narrowed slightly, but he nodded in return. "Yes, I am. And you're Peter, the one everyone is so afraid of."

Mikoto's eyes widened as she turned back to admonish her son. "Itachi!"

Peter chuckled, cutting her off. "That's me," he said, leaning in slightly. "How scared are they exactly?"

"Very," Itachi answered honestly. "Though most of our clan is grateful as well... At least, so I've heard."

Peter nodded. "Good. And what about you? How do you feel?"

Itachi paused to think, both mothers eyeing him warily, hoping he wouldn't anger their very powerful guest. "I'm grateful. You saved my village and helped my clan, but I'm also a little scared." His eyes traveled to Kurama as he asked, "Is that the real Nine-Tails?"

Peter glanced at the small fox and then back at Itachi. "Yes, that's Kurama. He's not as scary in this form, is he?"

Kurama huffed indignantly. "Ugh, I can't believe you have me fraternizing with Uchiha's. Just being in the same room as these savages makes me want to puke..."

Peter sighed at Kurama's words and turned to Itachi. "Don't take it to heart, Itachi. Kurama has had some bad experiences with your clan. After all, one of them just mind-controlled him last night."

Itachi seemed to take this information in stride, his mature demeanor surprising Peter. The boy nodded, understanding the context without showing any fear or resentment.

The smell of food intensified, and soon Kushina and Mikoto brought over the finished breakfast. They made plates for Peter and Itachi, while the babies were left out as they couldn't eat solid food yet. The women served themselves and sat down, ready to enjoy the meal together.

Peter took a bite and smiled. "This is delicious." He complimented, "So, how's the village doing?"

Mikoto smiled warmly. "Great, thanks to you. Barely anyone died from the attack. There was some damage to the buildings and the outer gate, but nothing we can't fix."

Kushina joined in, her eyes bright. "I feel perfect after your healing as well. It's like I was never even hurt. Even old injuries are gone. I feel ten years younger!"

Peter smiled, genuinely happy. "I'm glad you're alive and well."

Curiosity got the better of Kushina. "How did you heal me? Your magic, as you called it, looked a lot like seals, but they weren't any seals I've ever seen before."

Peter was about to explain the mystic arts to her when suddenly, the shadowy figure of undead Danzo emerged from the shadows, kneeling before Peter and offering some papers. The appearance of the shadow startled everyone, especially Itachi, who immediately pulled out a kunai and positioned himself in front of his mother and brother, ready to protect them with his life.

Peter raised an impressed brow and snapped his fingers. Instantly, Itachi found himself teleported back to his seat, his kunai now twirling between Peter's fingers. "Your drive to protect your family is admirable, Itachi, but I have no intention of hurting them. Relax and enjoy your food."

Kushina and Mikoto were shocked at how effortlessly Peter had teleported Itachi. But none were more surprised than Itachi himself, who had no idea what had just happened.

Peter then looked over one of the papers he was given, raising an eyebrow. "Danzo, is this true?"

Danzo nodded, his voice echoing eerily. "Yes, master."

Peter handed the paper to Kushina. "You may want to see this."

As Kushina read the document, her eyes widened, and a chilling, rage-fueled aura escaped her. "HOW DARE THEY!!!!"

Chapter 688: Kushina's Wrath

The Hokage's office was typically a place of order and calm, but today, a commotion shattered the serene atmosphere. The heavy door was thrown open, and Minato Namikaze looked up from his desk, his blue eyes widening in surprise. Beside him, Hiruzen Sarutobi also turned his head, eyebrows furrowing in concern.

"What's going on?" Hiruzen murmured, rising from the sofa just as several ANBU came crashing through the door, followed by an enraged Kushina Uzumaki.

"Kushina!" Minato exclaimed, stepping forward. But before he could reach her, the ANBU who had been used to break down the door sprang to their feet, ready to subdue Kushina.

"Stop!" Minato's voice was firm and commanding, halting the ANBU mid-action. Instantly, new ANBU appeared, the Hokage's personal guards, intervened to block the initial ANBU from getting close to Kushina.

The tension in the room was palpable as Minato's gaze shifted to the offending ANBU. "Return to base and await disciplinary action," he ordered, his voice like steel. The ANBU hesitated briefly before disappearing in a blur, leaving the room in stunned silence.

Minato nodded at the remaining ANBU, silently thanking them before they too vanished into their hidden positions. He then turned to his wife, his expression softening. "Kushina, what's wrong?"

Kushina's face was flushed with anger, her red hair flowing wildly as she glared at Hiruzen. "Why don't you ask that old bastard what he did?!"

Minato looked at Hiruzen, his expression a mixture of confusion and curiosity. "Hiruzen?"

Hiruzen sighed deeply, looking every bit his age as he met Minato's gaze. He knew this confrontation was inevitable ever since Peter had ordered undead Danzo to compile a list of all his wrongdoings. Hiruzen's own complicity in some of Danzo's actions was bound to come to light.

Kushina stepped forward, her voice shaking with rage. "Why don't you tell him, Hiruzen? Tell him how you knew my home was going to be attacked weeks before it happened and did nothing. Tell him how it was your friend Danzo who gave the idea to Iwagakure, Kumogakure, and Kirigakure, and made a deal with them that Konoha wouldn't stop them or aid Uzushioakure in any way. Tell him how you left your allies, my family, to die!"

Minato's eyes widened in shock as he turned back to Hiruzen. "Is this true?" he demanded, his voice low and dangerous.

Hiruzen looked away, unable to meet Minato's eyes. "It's true," he admitted quietly. "Danzo... Danzo believed it was necessary for the village's safety. He convinced me that allowing the attack would solidify our alliances with the other villages and avoid further wars, keeping Konoha safe."

Kushina's fists clenched at her sides. "You condemned my family to death!" she cried, tears of anger and grief spilling down her cheeks. "You destroyed my home, my people... all for what? A false sense of security?"

Minato stepped forward, placing a comforting hand on Kushina's shoulder. "I'm so sorry, Kushina," he whispered, his heart breaking at her pain. He turned to Hiruzen, his expression hardening. "How could you betray our allies, Hiruzen? Wasn't it you who told me to never abandon a comrade? To always live by the will of fire?"

Hiruzen nodded slowly, the weight of his actions heavy on his shoulders. "I know," he said softly. "And I will live with that guilt for the rest of my life—"

Hiruzen's words were cut off as Kushina's chakra flared, ethereal chains materializing around her body, their ghostly glow illuminating the room. Her voice trembled with fury. "Do you think I'm going to let you live after what you've done? My family is dead, my people are dead, my country is dead. Why should you get to live out the rest of your life with regret when they weren't even allowed that opportunity?!"

She slapped Minato's hand away, her eyes blazing with anger, and launched forward, her kunai-tipped chakra chains shooting out toward Hiruzen, ready to strike.

Hiruzen, accepting the justice in her words, sat still, bracing for the impact. He wouldn't dodge the attack, nor would he block either. His wife is dead, his friend was turned into an undead servant, and he even agrees with her logic. Why should he get to live when so many others didn't get the chance?

Besides, it's not like he has much left to live for anyway.

But before the chains could reach him, Minato appeared in their path, his kunai deflecting the bladed chains. He even managed to block his wife's superpowered fist, pushing her back gently but firmly.

"Kushina, calm down!" Minato pleaded, his voice desperate. "We need to talk about this. Violence isn't the answer."

But before Kushina could respond, a sudden force struck Minato, sending him hurtling out of the window and across the village, where he crashed into the gate surrounding the village with a thunderous impact.

Kushina's eyes widened in shock. "Minato!" she screamed, her voice filled with worry.

Peter appeared beside her, waving nonchalantly. "He'll be fine. I only kicked him a little bit."

Kushina turned to Peter, her fury momentarily replaced by confusion. But Peter continued, his tone casual. "Unlike Minato, I think violence is justified in this situation, so why don't you two go at it? Who knows, it might make you feel better?"

With a wave of his hand, a portal appeared under all three of them, transporting them to a clearing outside the village. The surroundings were quiet, the only sound being the rustling of leaves in the breeze.

Peter erected a large barrier around them, ensuring the fight wouldn't be interrupted. "Fight," he said simply, his voice carrying an air of finality. "Settle this the way you need to."

Stepping outside the barrier, Peter watched as Kushina and Hiruzen faced each other, the tension between them palpable. The clearing was still, the air heavy with anticipation as the fight began.

Before the fight could start, suddenly, Minato appeared beside Peter, his expression one of grim determination. He launched an attack, his movements swift and precise. But Peter dodged effortlessly, sidestepping and bending away from every strike with an almost casual grace.

"Minato, this is pointless," Peter said, his voice calm and even. "You should just calm down and let Kushina work this out with Hiruzen on her own."

Frustration mounting, Minato gave up on his futile attempts to land a hit. He activated his Flying Thunder God technique, aiming to teleport to Kushina inside the barrier, but it didn't work. Despite the fact that she had his mark on her, Peter's barrier blocked him completely.

Knowing he could only use his words now, Minato called out to Kushina. "Kushina, please! Hiruzen may have made many mistakes, but he is a good man. Killing him won't bring your family back. We can find another way to make this right."

Kushina hesitated, the chains around her flickering as her resolve wavered. She looked at Minato, her eyes filled with pain and anger, but also a hint of uncertainty.

Seeing this, Minato pressed on. "We can honor your family and the people of Uzu by building a better future together. One where we don't repeat the mistakes of the past. Please, Kushina, don't let anger consume you."

For a moment, it seemed like Minato's words were getting through. Kushina's chains began to retract slightly, and the fierce expression on her face softened just a bit. But then, surprisingly, it was Hiruzen who spoke up.

"Minato," Hiruzen said, his voice steady but filled with resignation. "You should let Kushina do as she pleases. I did the crime. I could have helped her family, her people, her country, but I didn't. I let them die, and I deserve whatever she decides to do with me."

Kushina's eyes locked onto Hiruzen, her chains reigniting with intensity. The clearing grew silent, the weight of Hiruzen's words hanging heavily in the air. The decision now lay with Kushina, all eyes on her, anticipating her next move.

Kushina turned to Minato, her expression filled with sorrow and resolve. "Minato, I wish I could do things your way, but I can't. You may not understand the feeling of losing everything you hold dear, but I do. And it just won't go away..."

With that, she launched off the ground, her speed blinding as she appeared beside Hiruzen, who stood still, not even bothering to defend himself.

"No, wait, please!" Minato screamed, his voice filled with desperation. But it was too late. Kushina swung her leg, the force of the kick connecting with his head, sending him crashing into the barrier wall with a sickening thud.

The fight that ensued was one-sided and brutal. Kushina's fury drove her every move, each strike a manifestation of her pain and anger.

She darted forward, her chains whipping through the air with deadly precision. One chain wrapped around Hiruzen's arm, pulling him off the ground and slamming him into the dirt. The impact sent a shockwave through the clearing, the ground cracking under the force.

Hiruzen coughed, blood spraying from his mouth, but he didn't move to defend himself. He simply lay there, accepting the punishment.

Kushina didn't let up. She lifted Hiruzen again, her chains tightening around his body, squeezing the breath from his lungs. She flung him into the air and met him with a powerful punch to the stomach, driving the wind from his lungs and sending him crashing back down.

Hiruzen landed hard, his body leaving an impression in the ground. He groaned in pain, but still, he made no move to protect himself.

Kushina's eyes blazed with fury as she stomped toward him, her footsteps heavy with determination. She raised her arm, and her chains lashed out, carving deep gashes into Hiruzen's flesh. Blood flowed freely, staining the ground beneath them.

Each attack was relentless, a testament to the depths of Kushina's rage. She kicked him again, sending him rolling across the clearing. His body came to rest against the barrier, beaten and bloodied, but he made no effort to escape.

Kushina stood over him, her breath ragged, her body trembling with emotion. Her bladed chains hovered at his throat, ready to deliver the final blow.

Hiruzen looked up at her, his face a mask of pain and regret. But there was also a sad smile on his lips. "I'm sorry for what I did," he whispered. "It's okay. I forgive you for killing me. I only hope that one day, you can find it in your heart to forgive me as well."

Hearing these words, tears welled up in Kushina's eyes. She let out a final war cry, her chains lunging forward. "Aaaaarrrgggg!"

...

..

.

But instead of piercing his throat, the blades missed their target and embedded into the ground beside Hiruzen, surprising him, his eyes widening in shock.

Kushina stood there, tears streaming down her face, her chest heaving with emotion. She pulled her chains back and took a step away from Hiruzen, her expression a mixture of anger and sorrow.

"I do not forgive you," she said, her voice breaking. "And I don't think I ever will. But I won't kill you. Because I'm better than you..."

With those final words, she turned and walked away, leaving Hiruzen lying on the ground, broken and bloodied, but alive.

Chapter 689: Sensei?

The barrier dissipated as Peter stepped forward, placing a reassuring hand on Minato's shoulder. "See? Sometimes you just have to trust that people can settle their own differences."

Minato's eyes, still filled with concern, flicked to Peter. "But what if she had killed him? Then what?"

Peter shrugged nonchalantly. "Would it really have been a bad thing?"

Minato's shock was palpable. "Yes, yes it would have!" His voice almost rose to a shout, anger and confusion blending on his face.

Peter glanced at the prone form of Hiruzen, who lay still, staring up at the sky. Reaching into his storage necklace, Peter pulled out a thick stack of papers and handed them to Minato. "You might change your opinion after going through all of that."

Minato accepted the papers, a mix of curiosity and dread filling him. Before he could begin reading, Kushina approached, her steps slow and measured. Without a word, she pulled Minato into a hug, burying her face into his neck.

Minato wrapped his arms around her, the papers crumpling slightly in his grasp. He held her close, feeling the tension in her body gradually easing. "I'm so sorry, Minato," she whispered, her voice muffled against his shoulder. "You were right. I just needed to get all of the anger out of me. I won't kill Hiruzen."

Minato smiled, squeezing her gently. "It's okay. I'm just glad you're alright and that you didn't do anything you'd regret later."

Kushina hummed in agreement, though a small part of her wondered if she might regret leaving Hiruzen alive instead. She hoped not.

Breaking the embrace, Minato looked into her eyes, concern replacing his earlier relief. "Wait, where's Naruto? Everything happened so quickly, I forgot about our baby."

Kushina placed a calming hand on his chest. "Mikoto is watching him for me."

Minato relaxed and nodded, pressing a kiss to her cheek. "Why don't you go check on him? I trust Mikoto but Naruto is still so young..." he said, indicating the papers in his hand. "I need to deal with this. I'll be home soon, and we can talk more then."

Kushina smiled and nodded, watching as Minato walked over to where Hiruzen lay. She turned to Peter, gratitude in her eyes. "Thank you for letting me deal with things without anyone interrupting."

Peter accepted her thanks with a nod. "Anytime." He smiled, gesturing behind him. "I was planning on heading to the Uchiha district. Want to walk together?"

She accepted, and they began the journey back, leaving just as some Anbu appeared to carry Hiruzen to the hospital.

As Peter and Kushina walked back to the Uchiha district, the silence between them was companionable, but heavy with unspoken thoughts.

Peter glanced at Kushina, noticing the distant look in her eyes. He guessed that she must be thinking about her homeland and decided to break the silence. "You know, I've just realized that I'll never get to see Uzushigakure. What was it like?"

Kushina's expression softened, a small smile tugging at her lips as she looked ahead, lost in memories. "Uzu... it was the most beautiful place. Peaceful and serene. The air was always so fresh, and the sound of the waves crashing against the cliffs was like a constant, calming melody."

Peter listened intently, picturing the scenes she described. "It sounds like a paradise."

"It was," Kushina agreed, her voice tinged with nostalgia. "The village was mainly surrounded by water, but we also had a dense forest, filled with tall, ancient trees. And in the spring, the cherry blossoms would bloom, their petals drifting through the air like pink snow."

Peter could see that his questions were brightening Kushina's mood, so he kept asking more and more. "What about the people?"

Kushina's smile grew, though there was a hint of sadness in her eyes. "The people were kind and strong. We were a close-knit community, always looking out for one another. The Uzumaki clan was known for our sealing techniques, and we took great pride in our knowledge and abilities. We lived in harmony, focused on improving our skills and helping others."

She paused, taking a deep breath. "My family... they were the heart of Uzushio. My parents were wise and loving, always putting the needs of the village first. I was just a child when the attack happened, and I wasn't even there, but I like to think that they fought bravely to protect our home."

Peter nodded solemnly. "It must have been devastating to lose it all."

"It was," Kushina admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "But even though Uzu is gone, the memories of my homeland and my people live on in me. I carry their spirit with me every day."

Peter placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "You honor them by keeping their memory alive, Kushina. And by being the incredible person you are."

Kushina looked at him, gratitude shining in her eyes. "Thank you, Peter. It means a lot to hear that."

As they passed through the entrance to the Uchiha district, Peter spoke again, his voice thoughtful. "You know, I doubt that you're the last Uzumaki in this world. There have to be at least a few wandering clansmen who survived the attack. Maybe you should send out a message or something and call them together. I'm sure Minato would be happy to help you start a new Uzumaki Clan here in Konoha."

Kushina nodded, a determined look slowly appearing on her face. "That's... that's not a bad idea..." she muttered, a smile blooming on her face. "I could even commission a mission to bring back Uzumaki Clan Members..."

Peter smiled, feeling her entire being begin to radiate a renewed sense of purpose. "See? The Uzumaki Clan hasn't disappeared yet. You've only just begun. And you even have a second clan member now..." he said, motioning over to a nearby house window, where Mikoto could be seen rocking a crying Naruto in her arms.

Kushina smiled warmly as she saw her son, the only blood-related family she had left in this world. "Yeah, I do, don't I?"

Peter paused, turning to Kushina. "Take care, Kushina." He said as he walked off, "And tell Mikoto that I'll be back later. I just want to stroll around for a bit..."

She smiled, genuine and warm. "Sure. And thank you again."

Peter watched her walk inside, then turned away, his thoughts already shifting as he walked off.

...

Peter wandered through the quiet streets of the Uchiha clan district, his thoughts adrift. The purpose that had brought him to this universe still loomed large in his mind. Should he seek out Death's Successor now? He had been putting it off, focusing on the immediate chaos, but the nagging feeling that he needed to move forward with his mission persisted.

As he pondered, a familiar, small figure appeared beside him. The miniature, puppy-sized Kurama trotted up, breaking Peter from his reverie.

"I hear you went off and caused some trouble without me?" Kurama's voice, though small, carried a teasing tone.

Peter smiled, his worries momentarily forgotten. "My bad. I'll make sure to bring you along next time."

Kurama snorted. "As long as you don't forget."

They walked in silence for a while, the air cool and soothing. Peter glanced at Kurama, a thought crossing his mind. "Kurama, do you want to leave?"

Kurama raised an eyebrow, his interest piqued. "Can I leave?"

Peter nodded. "Sure. I was only keeping you captive for the time being. But now that everything is over, you can go if you want. But I wouldn't if I were you."

Kurama's other eyebrow joined the first in a skeptical arch. "Why?"

Peter explained, his tone serious. "Pretty soon, you and your fellow tailed beasts will be hunted down. It's probably best that you stay in a place where you can be protected."

Kurama rolled his eyes, clearly unimpressed. "We've been hunted down for ages. Why should I be so careful now?"

"This will be different," Peter said cryptically. "You should take my advice and come to some sort of deal with Konoha. Become their guardian beast or something, for a price of course."

"..." Kurama looked at Peter as if he were impossibly dumb for even suggesting such a thing.

Peter didn't give up. "Wouldn't you like a place you can call home without having to look over your shoulder every five seconds, wondering when the next power-hungry human is going to try and seal you away or control you like last night?" He said, his words carrying some weight to them. "You could speak with the Hokage and work out an equal deal with the village. You'd be willing to live here and be given certain freedoms and luxuries, but in return, you have to help protect the village if it's ever in danger. I could see Minato agreeing to that pretty easily."

Kurama stared at Peter, the wheels turning in his mind. The idea of a home, of stability, was tempting. But he was a proud and stubborn beast, and the notion of striking a deal with humans was something he had never considered. Still, the thought lingered, and Peter's words echoed in his mind as they continued their walk, the future uncertain but filled with possibilities.

Before Kurama could fully process Peter's words and come to a decision, out of nowhere, a wooden kunai flew towards Peter's head. But, just before it could hit its mark, he raised his hand and caught it effortlessly between his fingers.

A split second later, two little kids with black hair and black eyes rushed out from the nearby tree line, launching a coordinated attack.

Peter sidestepped their every move with ease, bending down and flicking each of them on the forehead. The two kids, now identifiable as Itachi and Shisui Uchiha, who was only a few years older than Itachi, flew back a few yards upon the impact. But luckily, they managed to land on their feet like cats, grunting as they rubbed their stinging bruised foreheads.

[Insert picture of Shisui here]

Itachi turned to Shisui, complaining, "See? I told you we should have waited until he got closer."

Peter raised an eyebrow, amusement flickering in his eyes. "What are you brats up to?"

Shisui was the first to respond, bowing deeply. "Please, we want you to be our sensei!"

Itachi joined him in bowing seconds later, his face earnest.

"?" Peter's surprise was evident as he looked at the two young Uchiha, not expecting such a request.

Chapter 690: The Bell Test!

"What are you brats up to?" Peter smirked in amusement, eyeing the boys who ambushed him and Kurama.

Shisui was the first to respond, bowing deeply. "Please, we want you to be our teacher!"

Itachi joined him, his face earnest. Both boys remained bowed, clearly unwilling to stand until Peter gave an answer.

Peter looked at the two young Uchiha, surprised by their request. It made sense, though. He was the strongest person in the village by a long shot, so they must see this as a golden opportunity.

However, he did notice how Itachi seemed to be following Shisui's lead, which made him wonder if Shisui had somehow talked Itachi into this. After all, Peter met Itachi earlier during breakfast, and the boy didn't seem too friendly at the time. Yet, now he wanted to be his student?

'Odd...' He thought. 'Shisui must have convinced him somehow.'

But there was also a possibility that this was a ploy by the Uchiha Clan to keep Peter close and friendly with them and the village. After all, It's better to have a powerful ally than a powerful enemy.

However, Peter quickly shook his head. He could see and feel the determination from Shisui. The boy was dead set on becoming his student, and no amount of acting could fake that. He truly wanted this, and it didn't seem to be fabricated either.

On the other hand, Itachi seemed noticeably less determined, which solidified Peter's earlier guess that Shisui dragged him into this.

Silence descended as Peter thought about his answer. Finally, he asked, "Why? Why do you want me to be your teacher?" His eyes bore into Shisui. "If your answers are good enough, I might give you a chance."

Shisui finally looked up at Peter, tears welling in his eyes as he began to speak. "I have no one left in this world anymore. My parents died in war shortly after I was born, leaving me with my grandma. She raised me like I was her own son. But even she left me."

As he spoke, Shisui's eyes turned to the tiny Kurama beside Peter, anger and hate beginning to show. "My grandma was old, bedridden, and had heart problems. When the Nine Tails attacked last night, she had a heart attack. I found her on the floor shortly after, dead. Instead of evacuating like everyone else, I just spent the night there with her head in my lap..."

Shisui turned back to Peter, his voice trembling. "I want to be strong like you, strong enough to protect the village so that nobody I love has to die ever again."

Peter frowned in sympathy as he glanced down at Kurama, who stood frozen for a moment. He knew that Kurama liked to pretend he was the big bad evil fox that didn't care about anything, but Peter could tell that he was affected by Shisui's words.

Peter tried to speak. "Kurama, it's—"

But Kurama cut him off, sneering to hide his emotions. "Do you think I care about what happens to these red-eyed demons? Yeah right." He then walked off, leaving them behind.

Hearing what he said, Shisui looked murderous as he gripped his hands tightly, his fingernails digging into his palms, and his Sharingan unintentionally activating, his eyes glinting a dangerous red. But he held back, knowing that he needed to make a good impression on his future master.

'?' Peter noticed the change in Shisui's eyes. 'I wonder if he already has the Mangekyo? He couldn't... could he?'

Sighing, Peter decided to worry about Kurama and Shisui's Sharingan later. Turning to Itachi, he asked. "And you? What's your reason?"

Itachi took a moment before answering, his voice calm but determined. "I want to protect the village and my family. I don't want my little brother to grow up in a world where he has to see the things I've seen."

Peter recalled from the Naruto show that Itachi's father took him to see a battlefield during the last Ninja War, and what he saw that day has scarred him ever since. Itachi's words made sense; he just wanted his brother to live in peace and safety.

Falling into a thoughtful silence, Peter looked at the two boys, their faces filled with hope and determination. Finally, he nodded. "Alright, I'll accept you as my students." After all, who would turn down the opportunity to be the master of two of the coolest Naruto characters?

Shisui and Itachi's faces lit up with joy, but Peter raised a hand to stop their celebration. "But, you have to pass a test first."

The boys exchanged a glance, then nodded resolutely. They were ready for whatever challenge Peter would throw their way.

Seeing their agreement, Peter asks. "Do you guys have a park or a training ground where we can go?"

Itachi nodded. "The clan has many training grounds. Follow me."

The trio walked through the quiet streets of the Uchiha district until they arrived at a walled-in empty field. It was spacious, more than enough for what Peter had in mind.

Peter took his place opposite the two boys and explained, "Alright, here's the test. Let's call it the bell test." A smirk played on his lips, knowing full well he was ripping off the same test that every team 7 had gone through after their graduation.

With a snap of his fingers, a small bell appeared, dangling from a string that he held between his fingers. Peter shook the bell, letting its soft jingle reach their ears. "All you have to do is take this single bell from me. If you can do that, I'll accept you as my students officially."

Itachi and Shisui exchanged wary looks, clearly not very confident. They were young, not even Genin yet, and Peter was strong enough to defeat the Nine-Tails with ease. Seeing their hesitation, Peter realized the test might be too difficult for them.

He thought it over for a moment before adding, "I'll give myself a couple of handicaps to make it less impossible for you." With another snap of his fingers, dozens of golden spell circles appeared, wrapping around his body before disappearing.

Boom!

Suddenly, a giant crater over a hundred meters in diameter formed below Peter's feet, shocking Itachi and Shisui, who nearly lost their footing as the ground changed.

Shisui exclaimed, "What was that?!"

Peter explained, "I've imposed restrictions on my body and increased the gravity around me so that I won't be able to move much faster than a Jonin-level ninja..."

Their shock quickly turned into determination as they began to see a possibility of victory. But Peter wasn't done. "I also won't use any of my powers. Just my own strength and senses. Meanwhile, you can use whatever you want to take the bell. As long as you take it from me, you win."

Shisui laughed, turning to Itachi. "We got this now."

Seeing their growing confidence, Peter smirked. "But let's up the stakes a little, shall we? After all, there's no penalty if you two lose."

Itachi frowned. "What do you want?"

Peter smiled mischievously. "Hmm, let's see... How about this? If I win, and you're unable to take the bell, then I want both of you to dance down every street in the village in dresses, singing the entire time."

Both boys screamed, "What?!" Shocked and bewildered, they were clearly very unwilling to do such a thing.

Peter smirked, asking, "What, not good enough? Should I make it worse?"

Itachi was about to start arguing, but Shisui quickly covered his mouth. "No, it's fine. We'll do it."

Itachi turned to him with a look that said, 'No, the hell we won't!'

Peter chuckled. "Good. Then we have a deal." He said, tying the bell to his belt, letting it dangle around his waist at his hip. "Alright, I'll remain in the training ground, and you have until the sun sets to take the bell. If you can't get it by then, you lose."

Itachi and Shisui glanced up at the sun, which was high in the sky, indicating it was already midday. Half of the day was already gone...

Peter looked at them with a smirk. "Ready? Three... two... one... start!"

As soon as the countdown ended, both boys glanced at each other and disappeared in a swirl of leaves, leaving Peter standing alone in the middle of the training ground.

Peter smiled, muttering to himself, "Smart." He was impressed that kids so young had taken the time to run off and regroup. They were probably already discussing their plans to take the bell right now. He stood there, waiting patiently, curious to see what the two of them would come up with. 'Maybe I should make myself more comfortable since they could be a while...'

Shisui and Itachi reappeared in the branches of a tall tree, the leaves providing ample cover. They crouched low, catching their breath and glancing at each other with determined eyes.

Shisui spoke first, keeping his voice low. "Okay, we need a plan. He's strong, but he's given himself handicaps. We can use that to our advantage."

Itachi nodded. "He said he wouldn't use his powers. If we work together, we should be able to distract him and grab the bell."

"This is what we'll do..." Shisui considered their options for a moment. "I'll create a diversion while you..." he explained his plan, taking charge of their two-man team. "...and if we're lucky, and he's slow enough, we should be able to get the bell..."

Itachi nodded again, determination flashing in his eyes. "Got it. Let's do this."

They both disappeared again, moving silently through the trees until they found Peter once more. However, what they saw stopped them in their tracks.

"This b*stard isn't taking us seriously..." Shisui gritted his teeth.

In front of them, Peter was lying back in a sun chair, his clothes changed into a swimsuit and sandals. He seemed to be sunbathing, completely ignoring them. The bell still hung from his swimming trunks, gently swaying in the wind as he relaxed.

Shisui and Itachi exchanged incredulous looks, their initial determination now mixed with bewilderment and a hint of frustration.

Peter, meanwhile, continued to bask in the sun, a small, amused smirk playing on his lips...

Across the village, Minato sat at his desk, his face grim as he sifted through the stack of papers Peter had given him. The crimes of Danzo and Hiruzen, detailed in excruciating clarity, were almost too much to bear.

The more he read, the more his stomach churned. It was a tangled web of deceit, manipulation, and betrayal that left him questioning the very foundations of the village he had sworn to protect.

'Maybe Peter was right...' He thought, Peter's words replaying in his mind. 'Would it really have been such a bad thing if Hiruzen died?'

He rubbed his temples, feeling a headache coming on. The last 24 hours were shaping up to be one of the worst days he could remember. He let out a deep sigh, pushing the papers aside for a moment to gather his thoughts.

But just as he was about to sink deeper into his growing despair, the window to his office swung open. Minato's eyes snapped to the intruder, ready to defend himself if necessary.

To his immense relief, he recognized the man climbing through his window, a tall, muscular man with long, spiky white hair and a distinct red line running vertically down each cheek. It was his sensei, Jiraiya, the pervy toad sage.

[Insert picture of Jiraiya here]

"Minato!" Jiraiya's voice boomed with a mix of concern and relief. "I heard about the attack and came back as quickly as I could. Are you alright? Where's Kushina? Is the baby okay?!"

Minato stood up, a faint smile breaking through his troubled expression. "Jiraiya-sensei. It's good to see you." He walked over and clasped Jiraiya's shoulder. "I'm alright, Kushina is alright, and the baby is doing great too, though I haven't had much time to spend with him. It's been... a challenging time."

Jiraiya looked him over, his eyes sharp with worry. "I'm just glad you're safe." He sighed in relief. "The attack has every other village scrambling to figure out if they should attack us or not, but with you alive and well, that's not very likely to happen..."

Minato nodded, his smile fading as the weight of his responsibilities pressed down on him again. "It's not just that, sensei. There are other issues. Bigger ones, in some ways."

Jiraiya raised an eyebrow, sensing the gravity of the situation. "What happened?"

Minato gestured to the stack of papers on his desk. "Well..." he was about to explain, but before he could, a masked ninja suddenly appeared before them, kneeling in a formal stance. "Lord Hokage, there's a matter in the Uchiha Clan district..."

Minato raised an eyebrow, almost dismissing it. "I'm sure the Uchiha can handle it themselves—"

"But it involves our guest," the ninja interjected quickly.

That caught Minato's attention. "Peter? What about him?"

Before the ninja could respond, Jiraiya turned to Minato, curiosity piqued. "Peter? Who's Peter?"

Minato sighed, glancing at Jiraiya. "It's a long story. But let's go see what this is about..."