

Spider-Man 691

Chapter 691: Orochimaru

Minato and Jiraiya ran through the village, following the ninja who had informed them of the situation. As they made their way to the Uchiha district, Minato explained, "Peter is a recent arrival here. He's the one who defeated the Nine Tails for us..."

Jiraiya's eyes widened in surprise. "Defeated the Nine Tails? You didn't seal it?"

Minato shook his head. "No, we didn't have to. He's incredibly powerful. I was going to—" Before he could finish, they arrived at their destination, a training ground in the Uchiha district.

They weren't the first or only ones to arrive either. Along the training ground walls, various ninja were perched, watching the spectacle inside. Most of them were Uchiha, but there were others as well.

Inside the training ground, Minato and Jiraiya saw Peter, dressed as if he was going to the beach, gracefully sidestepping and leaning to dodge the combined assault of two young Uchiha children. Minato recognized one of them as Fugaku and Mikoto's eldest son, Itachi.

But what confused Minato and Jiraiya the most, besides the question of why they were fighting in the first place, was the giant crater that nearly took up the entirety of the training field.

Jiraiya frowned and asked, "What do you think caused that?"

Minato replied, "Probably Peter."

Jiraiya raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure? Because I don't even think Tsunade could make a crater that big..."

Minato nodded, his expression serious. "I'm sure."

Seconds later, Fugaku Uchiha, Itachi's father, arrived at the training ground, immediately greeting Minato and Jiraiya with respect, giving them a brief nod. "Lord Hokage, Jiraiya."

"Fugaku," Minato returned the greeting. "I'm guessing you heard about this as well? Any ideas as to what's going on?"

"No," Fugaku replied, glancing over at the training field just in time to see his son, Itachi, take a sandaled foot to the face from Peter, sending him tumbling across the training ground.

But thankfully, to Fugaku's relief, Itachi managed to land on his feet and rushed back to back up Shisui, who was just backhanded across the face so hard that his whole body flipped sideways.

Fugaku, despite his usual stern demeanor, cringed in horror as he watched his son get kicked in the face. However, he managed to relax slightly as Itachi landed safely and continued the fight.

'Thank god his mother isn't here.' He thought before muttering, "You'd think he'd go easy on them since they're so young but..." As he spoke, Itachi was sent flying for a second time.

Minato nodded in agreement, then asked, "Would you like me to try to stop this?"

Fugaku seemed tempted, but ultimately shook his head. "No, my son doesn't go around picking fights. Although I don't know what's happening exactly, there seems to be a purpose for this." He said, his eyes never leaving his son. "Let them continue..."

Jiraiya's eyes widened as he noticed something. "I think I know what they're doing..." he muttered.

"What?" Both Minato and Fugaku asked.

"It's the bell test," Jiraiya revealed, motioning to the bell dangling from Peter's hip.

"Huh?!" Minato's eyes widened. "But why would they do that? And how do they even know what the bell test is?"

"Umm, what's the bell test?" Fugaku asked, curious and confused.

"Well..."

As Minato and Jiraiya explained Team 7's traditional graduation test, Peter stood at the center of the training ground, the bell dangling from his hip. His stance was relaxed, almost casual, as he watched Itachi and Shisui regroup and prepare for their next move.

Itachi and Shisui exchanged a quick glance, their resolve evident. They knew that they didn't have much time, as the sun was beginning to set. With a nod, they sprang into action.

Shisui led the charge, his movements fluid and precise. He flicked through a series of hand signs and launched a barrage of flaming shuriken at Peter, who dodged effortlessly, twisting and leaning to avoid each projectile.

Itachi followed up with a fireball jutsu, a massive orb of flame roaring toward Peter. With a quick leap, Peter avoided the fireball, landing lightly on his feet. He barely had time to register the attack before Shisui was upon him again, engaging him in close combat.

Shisui's fists flew at Peter with impressive speed, but Peter blocked and countered each strike with ease.

"Is this all you've got? I mean, for someone who wants to be my student, you're pretty weak, huh?" Peter taunted, an infuriating smirk on his face.

With every word, Shisui's frustration became more and more evident. "Shut up!" He exclaimed, "I'm not weak, you're just a monster!"

Then, with a determined, and slightly frustrated look, Shisui activated his sharingan, revealing a fully developed three-tomoe sharingan.

The crowd gasped in shock and admiration, as unlocking their clans fabled eyes at such a young age was behind impressive.

Even Fugaku, who was watching intently, couldn't hide his surprise, as Shisui hadn't reported the awakening of his Sharingan to him or anyone else in the clan.

With his sharingan activated, Shisui's movements became even more precise. He weaved through Peter's defenses, aiming for the bell. Peter smirked, impressed by the young Uchiha's skill, but still, he evaded every attempt.

Itachi, watching closely, both tired and battered, but unwilling to give up. He had to support Shisui. He joined the fray, using clone jutsu to create multiple copies of himself. The clones surrounded Peter, attacking from all sides.

Peter moved gracefully, dodging the clones' attacks, surprised to see that they were solid clones and not illusions. 'These kids have some real skill, no wonder they were geniuses...' He thought as he knocked the clones away with powerful strikes, but Itachi's real body stayed back, waiting for the right moment.

Itachi's eyes narrowed, focusing intently. When suddenly, unbeknownst to him, his vision sharpened, and his eyes began to glow a bright red. Although he didn't realize it yet, his sharingan awakened, a single tomoe appearing in each eye.

'He has one too?' Peter raised a curious brow. 'Or did he just unlock it?'

The crowd was stunned, murmurs of awe spreading among the onlookers. Fugaku's eyes widened with pride and astonishment as he saw his young son, who hadn't even entered the academy yet, unlock the sharingan.

"Genius..." He muttered in shock. "My son is a genius..."

With renewed vigor, Itachi and Shisui coordinated their attacks. Shisui used his superior speed and sharingan to predict Peter's movements, while Itachi provided support with jutsu and clones. They were relentless, their teamwork seamless, but Peter continued to dodge and deflect their every move.

As the sun began to disappear over the horizon, casting long shadows across the training ground, the urgency of the situation spurred the boys on. They doubled their efforts, launching a final, desperate assault.

Peter smirked, the bell jingling at his hip. "Looks like you two are running out of time." He taunted again, a mocking contemplative look on his face. "Maybe I'll ask Mikoto and Kushina to help pick out the dresses you'll wear when this is over?"

Ignoring Peter's obvious attempt at flustering them, Shisui used a clone jutsu to create multiple copies of himself, each one attacking Peter from different angles.

At the same time, Itachi prepared a fireball jutsu, intending to use it as a distraction while Shisui's clones closed in, forcing Peter to engage them.

At the perfect moment, Itachi unleashed his fireball, the massive orb of flame hurtling toward Peter.

Seeing it coming a mile away, Peter dodged, but as he did, Shisui executed a replacement jutsu, switching places with the fireball itself.

And in the split second that he appeared, Shisui disappeared in a swirl of leaves, before reappearing beside Peter, reaching out for the bell.

Peter's hand reflexively shot out to block him, but suddenly, Itachi, appearing from behind, grabbed Peter's arm and pulled with all his might.

Seizing the opportunity, Shisui's fingers closed around the bell just as the sun dipped below the horizon, its string snapping as he ripped it free.

Shisui collapsed onto the ground, exhausted but victorious, his hand held high, the bell displayed between his fingers. "We win!" He exclaimed.

Itachi, equally drained, dropped beside him, breathing heavily. "..."

The surrounding ninja erupted in cheers and applause, impressed by the boys' tenacity and teamwork. Even Peter couldn't help but smile, a hint of pride in his eyes. 'I guess they didn't call him Shisui of the Body Flicker for nothing...'

In the anime, Shisui earned the nickname 'Shisui of the Body Flicker' from his signature skill and unmatched mastery of the Body Flicker Technique, which he just used to snatch the bell.

As the onlookers celebrated, Shisui looked up at Peter, confusion mixing with triumph. "Did we...did we really do it? Did we make it in time?"

Peter nodded, his smile widening. "Yes, you did. Congratulations, you two. You've earned it."

Shisui and Itachi exchanged a look of pure joy and relief. They had done it. They had passed the test. And as a wave of relief rushed through them, both Uchiha boys slowly fell into unconsciousness, resting after a long fight.

Far away from the Leaf Village, deep inside a dark underground bunker-style base, Orochimaru stood in his lab. His snake-like visage loomed over his test subject, his student, Anko Mitarashi.

Orochimaru, with his pale, almost ghostly skin, yellow serpentine eyes, and long, black hair, exuded an aura of menace and twisted intelligence. His attire, a dark robe with a high collar, gave him a regal yet sinister appearance.

[Insert picture of Orochimaru here]

Anko, on the other hand, was a stark contrast to her mentor. She had wild, short brown hair and matching eyes, though they were currently closed as she slept. Her attire consisted of a mesh bodysuit covered by a tan overcoat and a short purple skirt, which gave her a rugged and battle-ready look.

[Insert picture of Anko here]

It had been months since Orochimaru betrayed the village and fled, but Anko had no idea. She had believed they were on a prolonged mission, a belief that was shattered only just last night.

Orochimaru had lost his cool, yelling at her and beating her for being so naive. In his fury, he revealed that he had betrayed the village and had taken her along for the ride, making her a traitor by proxy.

Anko's world crumbled in an instant. And ultimately, she refused to continue following Orochimaru any longer, but sadly, for her, he wasn't willing to let her go just yet.

After all, she is a valuable test subject, one he had been cultivating for years now.

As Orochimaru finished his work for the day, a new, ominous-looking seal appearing on his unconscious student's neck, he couldn't help but glance to the side, where the source of his earlier rage was still present.

A holographic message box, visible only to him, floated in the air. The words within it were ominous, to say the least.

[Beware: Your world has been invaded! Death's Candidate Detected | Threat level: 10/10]

His eyes narrowed, a mixture of curiosity and irritation flashed across his face. The implications of the message were vast and disturbing...

Chapter 692: Itachi's Sickness

Peter stood in the center of the training ground, watching as Itachi and Shisui fell unconscious after their hard-won victory. He released the enchantments he had placed on himself, rolling his shoulders in relief.

Golden spell lines and runes appeared on his body, deactivating and fading away. Just as the last of the enchantments vanished, Minato appeared beside him, accompanied by Jiraiya and Fugaku.

Fugaku immediately knelt beside his son and Shisui, checking their injuries. He sighed in relief, realizing they were just exhausted and a bit beaten up.

Peter's eyes widened for a fraction of a second as he noticed Jiraiya. The pervy sage was one of his favorite characters in the Naruto anime, and seeing him in person was a bit awe-inspiring.

Jiraiya noticed Peter's look and raised a brow, a knowing smile gracing his lips. He misinterpreted Peter's reaction, thinking perhaps this was one of his fans. 'Maybe I should sign a copy of my work for him,' he mused, chuckling to himself.

Minato, still processing the scene, turned to Peter. "What was this all about?"

Fugaku turned to Peter, asking the same thing. "Yes, I'd like to know as well."

Peter smirked and gestured at the children. "You're looking at my newest students."

The statement shocked everyone around them. Minato's eyes widened, Jiraiya's smile turned into a look of surprise, and Fugaku's stern glare softened into one of stunned realization.

Whispers of disbelief and awe spread through the crowd as they absorbed Peter's announcement, realizing that these two young Uchiha had just earned the right to be trained by someone powerful enough to defeat the Nine-Tails with a single slap.

Fugaku stood stunned and tongue-tied as the realization of why they were doing the bell test sank in. He slowly rose to his feet, bowing deeply toward Peter. "Thank you for being willing to accept Shisui and my son as your students. This is a great honor for the Uchiha clan."

The depth of his gratitude was evident in his voice. With Peter as Itachi's master, the discrimination they faced in the village would all but vanish. In the ninja world, strength was everything, and Peter had enough strength to destroy the entire village if he wanted to.

Fugaku couldn't be more proud of his son. Without his or the elders' involvement, Itachi had managed to pull off something incredible for their family and for himself. With Peter as his master, Itachi's future as a ninja was almost certain. He could possibly even become the Hokage one day.

Itachi was already considered a genius, and Shisui was as well, but now they would be geniuses with a master who could push them to the very peak of the world. The possibilities were endless, and Fugaku's heart swelled with pride and hope as he looked at his son and Shisui, unconscious but victorious.

The whispers of awe and admiration continued to ripple through the crowd, as everyone began to understand the significance of this new mentorship. Peter's smirk softened into a genuine smile as he looked at Fugaku. "You're welcome. They earned it."

Beside them, Minato offered Fugaku a heartfelt smile. "Congratulations, Fugaku. This is a remarkable accomplishment for Shisui, your son, and your clan."

Hearing the sincerity in Minato's voice and seeing that he meant what he said, Fugaku let out a sigh of relief. He couldn't help but feel happy.

If this had been the Third Hokage, Fugaku would have felt worried and suspicious. He knew how Hiruzen would react to something like this—suspicious of the Uchiha, and possibly even try to find a way to place someone he trusted as Peter's student as well, or perhaps employing Danzo to work in the shadows and ruin the Uchiha's relationship with Peter.

But not Minato. Minato was a true leader of the village. He wouldn't be suspicious of people who hadn't done anything wrong, and he most certainly wouldn't conspire and act against his own people. Minato saw this as a win for the village and nothing more.

Fugaku couldn't help but appreciate Minato. After all, he and the Uchiha had been dealing with hostile Hokages ever since the first Hokage passed away. And now, they finally had a leader worth following again.

Fugaku bowed deeply to Minato. "Thank you, Lord Hokage."

Minato immediately got flustered, waving his hands dismissively. "You don't have to be so formal, Fugaku. We're friends, after all."

Lifting his head, Fugaku couldn't help but smile. "Minato, you are the Hokage now, and that position demands a certain level of respect." He gestured to the many Uchiha surrounding the area, who had been watching the fight. "Especially with so many eyes on us, I must show respect. I don't want to teach the Uchiha that they can be disrespectful to their Hokage."

Minato sighed, halfheartedly annoyed. "Yeah, yeah, I get it. But can't you just be normal when we're alone? It's tiring hearing everyone being so formal all the time."

Fugaku smiled wider. "As you order, Lord Hokage." He bowed again, but this time Minato could tell he was only doing it to mess with him.

Minato shook his head, a smile tugging at his lips despite himself. "You're impossible..."

Smirking, Fugaku turned back to the sleeping kids and flared his chakra, calling some Uchiha ninja over. They arrived swiftly, kneeling respectfully. Fugaku ordered, "Take Itachi and Shisui to the hospital for treatment. I'll be there to check on them in a moment."

As the ninjas moved to take the boys, Peter called out, "Wait! I'll heal them. There's no need for the hospital."

The ninjas stopped, glancing at Fugaku for further orders. Fugaku raised an eyebrow, surprised that Peter was a healer as well. Minato and Jiraiya exchanged looks of surprise.

Peter glanced at Fugaku, "I mean, if that's alright with you?"

After a moment of thought, Fugaku nodded to the ninjas. "Step back and make space." He orders, gesturing for Peter to do his thing.

The ninjas obeyed, and Peter stepped toward Itachi and Shisui. He waved his hand, conjuring multiple golden spell circles that began healing the boys. Their bodies returned to pristine condition before everyone's eyes, with cuts and bruises disappearing in seconds.

But knowing Itachi from the Naruto anime, Peter didn't just heal them; he scanned their bodies with a specific spell circle. He remembered that in the anime, Itachi had a life-threatening disease...

Now that Itachi was his student, Peter wouldn't let him suffer from such a disease. As the spell scanned Itachi, Peter immediately identified the ailment.

As the healing concluded and the spell circles disappeared, Fugaku, Minato, Jiraiya, and the surrounding ninjas were awed by Peter's healing abilities.

Fugaku turned, a smile on his face. "Thank you, Peter, for—" He stopped mid-sentence, noticing the contemplative frown on Peter's face as he stared at Itachi.

Alarmed, Fugaku asked, "Is there something wrong with Itachi?"

Snapping out of his contemplation, Peter turned to Fugaku. "You know your son is sick, right?"

Fugaku was shocked to hear this. "Sick? But I've never noticed anything wrong with Itachi. He's never even had a cold before. What's wrong with him?"

Peter thought for a moment before replying. "I don't think what he has actually has a name. But I can tell you what's happening. His chakra is leaking ever so slightly into his body, specifically into his lungs, and it appears to be slowly damaging them."

Fugaku's worry deepened as Jiraiya and Minato looked contemplative, trying to recall if they'd ever heard of such a thing happening before, but they came up empty.

Peter continued, "It's not severe now, which is why you probably haven't noticed anything. But give it seven or eight years of this, and he'll start having serious respiratory problems. And If it continues to remain untreated, he'll either need a lung transplant or he'll die from respiratory failure in about fifteen to twenty years, give or take."

The gravity of Peter's words hung in the air, leaving everyone in stunned silence as they processed the news.

Fugaku, shocked and fearful of his son dying, even if it was years away, immediately fell to his knees. "Please, Peter, save my son," he begged, his voice trembling with desperation.

He groveled before everyone, including his entire clan. He didn't know for sure, but after seeing Peter's abilities, something told him that Peter could heal Itachi. He only needed to convince him.

Peter, not expecting this, tried to tell him to stand up. "Fugaku, please, stand up. There's no need to ___"

But before he could finish, every Uchiha in the surrounding area copied their clan leader, groveling on the floor around them. Each of them mirrored Fugaku's words, begging Peter to save Itachi. To them, if their leader was going to grovel, they would shame him by standing and not following suit.

Peter felt a wave of embarrassment. He didn't like being put on a pedestal like this. He walked over and helped Fugaku to his feet. "Fugaku, you don't have to beg. I was already planning on fixing it. Itachi is my student, after all. I can't just let him live with a sickness that's so easily fixed."

Fugaku, overwhelmed with gratitude, thanked Peter profusely. "Thank you, Peter. Thank you so much."

Minato and Jiraiya stood beside them, smiling. They were happy to see such a heartwarming moment, the bonds of trust and respect strengthening within the village.

"No problem." Peter said as he glanced at Itachi, "I might as well fix him up now since I have something else to deal with afterward..."

"?" Minato raised a curious brow, wondering what Peter planned after this. 'Is he leaving?' He exchanged a worried glance with Jiraiya.

Without another word, Peter waved his hand again and conjured new spell circles, their characters intricate and glowing with a soft golden light.

Jiraiya watched intently, recognizing the complexity and uniqueness of the symbols. As a seal master himself, he couldn't help but wonder if Peter was using some sort of advanced sealing technique. He made a mental note to ask Peter later if he would be willing to teach him.

Fugaku watched Peter work with concern etched on his face, hoping that his son would be okay.

Peter's spell circles sealed the chakra leak in Itachi's body, the golden symbols wrapping around him gently before fading away. Then, Peter conjured another set of spell circles to heal the small amount of damage that Itachi's lungs had taken over the years, making them perfectly healthy again.

As the healing process completed, Itachi coughed in his sleep, expelling a small bit of black blood. The sight shocked everyone present.

Fugaku rushed to his son's side, cradling him as he turned to Peter, his voice frantic. "What happened? Is he okay?!"

Peter smiled reassuringly. "He's fine. That was just from years of small damage to his lungs. The leak is fixed, and his lungs are perfectly healthy now."

Fugaku, overwhelmed with relief, held his son close, gratitude evident in his eyes. The surrounding Uchiha and other onlookers were equally awed and relieved by Peter's abilities.

Minato and Jiraiya exchanged pleased smiles, happy to witness such a heartwarming and miraculous moment.

With Itachi's treatment complete, Peter spoke. "Let the boys rest for the night. But, inform them that they are to meet me here tomorrow morning after breakfast for training. I expect them here by 7

AM sharp. If they're late, I'll have to punish them." As he said the word 'punish,' a sadistic smile appeared on his face, sending chills down the spines of every ninja in the area.

Even Minato seemed a little scared as he glanced down at the kids, hoping they wouldn't be late.

Fugaku nodded seriously. "I'll inform them as soon as they wake up and make sure they're here half an hour early." He gestured to the children, instructing the ninja to take them to his house for rest.

Peter then turned to Minato. "Do you need anything more from me before I leave?"

Minato asked worriedly, "You're leaving?"

Peter nodded. "I have something to take care of, but it shouldn't take long. I'll be back tomorrow at the latest. I need to be here to start Shisui and Itachi's... torture—" He paused, clearing his throat before correcting himself. "I mean, training."

Minato, Jiraiya, and Fugaku couldn't help but pray for Itachi and Shisui, knowing they would need all the luck they could get tomorrow.

Chapter 693: Tsunade

Before Peter could leave, Minato had one thing he needed him to do. Of course, Peter agreed and followed Minato and Jiraiya back to the Hokage Tower.

As they walked, Minato introduced Peter to Jiraiya. "Peter, this is Jiraiya, my sensei, one of the Legendary Sannin."

Peter nodded in greeting. "Nice to meet you, Jiraiya."

Jiraiya gave Peter a friendly smile. "Nice to meet you too. Minato's told me a little bit about you."

After some brief greetings, Jiraiya asked, "So, where do you plan to go after this?"

Peter responded, "I actually only came here to deal with someone. I never planned to stop in this village for long, but things went slightly off the rails, and now I'm here and have two new students to look after."

Jiraiya smiled and said, "I've found that life gets much more interesting when you step off the beaten path."

Peter couldn't help but nodded in agreement as they entered the Hokage building.

Minato asked, "Who do you have to deal with?" To him, it seemed fairly certain that Peter planned to kill someone, which wasn't very surprising in their line of work, though he wondered who exactly his target was.

Peter shrugged and said truthfully, "I don't know yet. We'll see when I find them I guess?"

This answer caused both Minato and Jiraiya to look at him in confusion. Jiraiya asked, "You don't know who you're after?"

Peter shook his head. "Nope."

Jiraiya raised a brow and offered, "Well, if you need help tracking them down, you can always ask me. I don't want to toot my own horn, but I have quite the information network. I could tag along and help you find them, whoever they are."

Peter replied, "No, I can find them myself, though you're welcome to accompany me if you want. I don't mind having a companion for the trip. It should be short anyway."

As they talked, they made their way through the Hokage building, descending into subterranean floors locked by seals that Minato had to open, guarded by silent Anbu guards.

Jiraiya was about to reply, but Minato spoke first. "I'm afraid Jiraiya is needed in the village. It's still very likely that other villages will try to start something upon hearing about what happened last night. We need all the military power we can get, at least until the situation cools down."

Peter raised a brow. "If you need help, then here." From his shadow, a stream of silhouettes rushed out, shooting across to Minato and melding into his shadow, disappearing from view.

Minato and Jiraiya were shocked upon seeing the shadows. Jiraiya was especially taken aback as he recognized one specific shadow that looked a lot like Danzo.

However, before he could question it, Minato spoke. "What... what was that?" He asked.

Peter explained, "I just gave you all of the resurrected Root members, including Danzo. They'll follow your orders for the time being, as long as they aren't told to do anything against me, or my morals."

Jiraiya looked between Minato and Peter, his expression one of confusion and curiosity. "Wait, what's this about Root and Danzo?"

Minato gestured toward Peter. "Peter killed Danzo and every Root member alongside the Uchiha clan. The Uchiha got involved when they learned that Danzo was hiding Sharingan eyes underneath his bandages. Apparently, he had been stealing them for years. He then resurrected Danzo and the Root members he killed with some sort of technique."

Peter chimed in, "I resurrected them as shadow servants." He revealed, though it didn't really explain much.

Jiraiya seemed bewildered. "You can revive the dead as shadow servants? That's... incredible, and extremely frightening at the same time..."

Jiraiya couldn't say he was sad to hear that Danzo was dead, as he always hated that old mummy. Even for a pervert like him, who routinely peeps on women in the name of research, Danzo was considered a grade-A creep. He just always rubbed him the wrong way, similar to Orochimaru but on a lesser scale.

Jiraiya glanced at Minato before shrugging, 'If Minato is fine with it, then I won't make a fuss... It's not like Danzo is worth it anyway...'

Peter ignored Jiraiya's comment and finally asked, "So, where exactly are we going? We've gone through so many checkpoints and just keep heading lower and lower."

Minato opened one last seal, and they arrived at a prison hold. Inside, Obito lay unconscious, locked behind a cell reinforced with an impressive array of seals. Even Peter was impressed by the complexity and number of seals.

Jiraiya whistled, awed by the intricate work. "Nice job, Minato."

Minato shook his head modestly. "Kushina did most of the work."

"That makes sense..." Jiraiya muttered, knowing that only an Uzumaki could craft something this impressive.

Turning to Peter, Minato asked, "Can you secure our prisoner even more, as you offered earlier? Our seals are strong, but I'd feel safer with your help."

Peter nodded. "Sure." He walked over to the cell, examining it closely.

As he did, Jiraiya turned to Minato. "Who is the prisoner?"

Minato's face darkened. "Obito."

Jiraiya nodded for a moment before freezing, the name registering. "Wait, you mean that Obito? I thought he was dead?"

"Me too..." Minato replied.

As Minato began explaining in more detail what happened during the Nine-Tails attack, particularly Obito's role in it, Peter got to work enhancing the cell's security with his mystic arts. He waved his hands, conjuring dozens of spell circles at once.

Some of these circles reinforced the seals that Minato and Kushina had already set up, while others added entirely new layers of security, incorporating protections that they hadn't thought of or didn't know existed in the first place.

Peter paid special attention to creating barriers that would block out Zetsu, knowing that he would be Obito's only chance at escaping without a full-scale assault on the village. The intricate spellwork glowed as it settled into place, weaving a nearly impenetrable net of mystical protections around the cell.

Once the cell was secure, Peter didn't stop there. He directed several spell circles toward Obito's body, sealing his chakra and Sharingan eyes.

While Minato and Kushina had already implemented such measures, Peter's seal was a second, even stronger layer. But most of all, It was impossible for anyone in this world to break without knowledge of the mystic arts, effectively rendering Obito helpless.

With the final spell circle in place, Peter stepped back, surveying his work. The cell now shimmered with an ethereal golden glow, a testament to the formidable security measures in place. Minato and Jiraiya looked on in awe, still shocked by Peter's odd form of sealing.

Peter turned to Minato, explaining, "I've reinforced the existing seals and added several new layers of security. I've also sealed Obito's chakra and Sharingan eyes with an additional layer of enchantments, making it impossible for anyone without knowledge of the Mystic Arts to break."

Minato nodded appreciatively, taking in the enhanced security measures. "Thank you, Peter. It hasn't even been 24 hours since we met, and yet I already feel like I've come to rely on you a bit too much."

Peter smiled. "I'm just glad I could help, but If that's all, I'll head out now." With a wave of his hand, he conjured a shimmering portal, its ethereal glow lighting up the underground chamber.

Both Minato and Jiraiya stared in shock. "?!"

Peter gestured to the portal and asked Jiraiya, "You coming or not?"

Jiraiya looked at Minato, seeking permission. Minato shrugged, his expression indicating that it was up to him. Jiraiya smirked and turned to Peter. "I'm coming."

Peter nodded and stepped through the portal, beckoning Jiraiya to follow. Jiraiya approached the portal, poking a finger through to test it before leaping through, feeling a rush of excitement.

As he emerged on the other side, he found himself hundreds of miles outside the village, standing alongside Peter. The scenery had changed dramatically, leaving him wide-eyed in shock and awe, which seemed to become a regular thing around Peter.

Allowing him to take it all in, Peter called back into the portal, "We'll be back soon," before the portal snapped closed behind them.

Slowly getting over his shock, Jiraiya asked, "So, where are we headed exactly?"

Peter looked around for a moment, activating the ability that Death had given him. Sensing the direction that would lead him to his target, Peter started running. "This way. Follow me."

Jiraiya, curious and excited, quickly followed Peter, eager to see more of his abilities.

Back with Minato, Peter's voice echoed through the portal just before it snapped shut, waking Obito and causing him to stir.

As he awoke, Obito groggily opened his eyes and groaned, his body aching from his fight with Minato. He glanced around the room, realizing he was in a prison cell. The seals covering the walls were intricately designed, making the cell seem almost impenetrable.

His groan and movement caught Minato's attention, who silently watched him, unsure of what to say, a conflicted look on his face. "..."

As Obito took in his surroundings, the memories of his identity being revealed and his loss against his former teacher sank in. He scrambled to his feet, instantly attempting to escape using his Sharingan, but quickly realized that he couldn't sense his chakra, nor could he activate the power of his eyes.

After some futile struggle, a voice broke through his thoughts, saying, "You won't be able to escape, Obito."

Freezing at the familiar voice, Obito turned to see Minato, his former teacher, standing there, watching him with a sad, thoughtful frown on his lips.

Obito grunted out, "Sensei..."

Meanwhile, Tsunade Senju, a striking woman with long, blonde hair tied in a loose ponytails and a prominent diamond-shaped mark on her forehead, and her apprentice, Shizune, a dark-haired woman with a kind and earnest face, arrived at their meeting point, a hidden bunker door, which creepily swung open as the approached.

[Insert picture of Tsunade here]

[Insert picture of Shizune here]

"L-Lady Tsunade..." Shizune muttered, fearfully grasping her master's sleeve. "Maybe we should just leave? You said it yourself, Orochimaru is nothing but bad news. For all we know, this could be a trap..."

"We already traveled all this way. Let's just see what he has to say first. Besides, even if he's planning something, I'll just beat his a*s..." she countered, not nearly as frightened as her apprentice.

Earlier that morning, as she was having her breakfast sake, Tsunade received an unexpected message from her former teammate, Orochimaru, who had surprisingly asked for her help. He even offered to pay off her gambling debts if she would assist him.

Curious and a bit suspicious, as this was Orochimaru she was dealing with, Tsunade ultimately decided to meet with him. After all, her debts were monumental and she doubted Orochimaru held any bad intentions towards her, or at least she hoped he didn't.

As they stood outside the open bunker door, waiting, a familiar figure suddenly appeared in the doorway, a twisted yet welcoming smirk on his face. "Tsunade, how good of you to accept my invitation..."

Tsunade crossed her arms and eyed Orochimaru warily. "Alright, Orochimaru, I'm here. What's this all about?" she demanded. "You need me to heal you or something? Don't tell me, did Sensei beat the sh*t out of you again?"

Orochimaru's eye twitched ever so slightly, though he managed to keep himself under control as he replied. "Always so venomous, huh, Princess? And here I thought I was supposed to be the snake in our group..."

"Enough with the nonsense. What do you want?" Tsunade cut straight to business.

"Let's discuss this inside, shall we?"

Chapter 694: Scared Snake Sannin

Peter and Jiraiya traveled together, running at incredible speeds as they jumped from tree to tree, barely visible to the normal human eye. They passed a couple of travelers along the way, but the travelers didn't even notice them.

Of course, Peter could open a portal to anywhere, but the tracker that Death gave him only worked as a pointer, not providing the exact location. Besides, today was a nice day, and he hadn't explored much of this world beyond the Leaf Village, so he didn't mind running.

However, Jiraiya began to have trouble keeping up. His breath grew ragged, and he called out, "Hey, Peter! Slow down a bit, will you?"

Peter slowed his pace, allowing Jiraiya to catch up. They ran side by side as Jiraiya caught his breath. Once he did, Jiraiya asked, "Hey, how about we stop off at a nearby village? I need to do some research for my book." He pulled out a book and a pen, his face breaking out into a pervy smile.

Peter scoffed, shaking his head. "Sorry, but I'd rather not take any detours. I have to get back in time for Itachi and Shisui's training. Maybe we can stop on the way back if we have time?"

Jiraiya looked disappointed as he put his book and pen away. "Fine, but can't you tell me what or who it is you're looking for?"

Peter was about to reply when he sensed something ahead. He paused, stopping on a tree branch, his eyes turning to the horizon.

Seeing him stop, Jiraiya landed on a branch in front of him, his expression turning serious. "What's wrong?"

Peter said, "Follow me," and disappeared in a burst of speed. Jiraiya followed quickly, and less than a minute later they both landed in a tree at the edge of the forest.

"?!" Jiraiya's eyes widened at the sight of thousands upon thousands of Iwagakure ninja marching toward the direction of the Leaf Village.

Without hesitation, Jiraiya immediately summoned a small messenger toad, who appeared in a small puff of smoke. And before it could say a word, he instructed it to go to Konoha and warn the Hokage.

But as the toad was about to rush off, Peter said, "Wait a moment."

Jiraiya looked over at Peter, who had his eyes closed, standing there unmoving for a moment, like a sensor ninja scanning the area. "What's the matter?" Jiraiya asked.

Peter replied, "It's not just them. There are three other armies moving toward the Konoha as well. One from a desert, one from the ocean, and another from the mountains."

Instantly, Jiraiya realized who these armies belonged to: Sunagakure, Kirigakure, and Kumogakure. He raised a brow and asked, "You can sense that? They must be thousands of miles away..."

Peter nodded. "They seem to all be moving at a similar pace. Each army should arrive at your village by tomorrow morning, give or take a couple of hours."

Eyes widening, Jiraiya realized the gravity of Peter's words. If these armies would arrive at the same time, that meant they were coordinating their attack. They were working together. "How did they manage to band together so quickly?" he wondered aloud.

This wasn't the first time multiple villages had formed an alliance against Konoha. Such alliances had occurred many times over the years, but never with such speed.

Typically, trust among ninja is hard-won, and forging these agreements requires significant time and effort. Yet, just one day after Konoha was attacked by the Nine-Tailed Fox, the allied forces were already marching.

Something felt off...

Peter glanced over at the Iwagakure army, spotting the Third Tsuchikage, Ōnoki, floating alongside his troops. What caught his attention the most, however, was the paper-white figure walking beside Ōnoki, which appeared to be a Zetsu clone.

Peter instantly realized what was happening. Madara, if he was still alive, and Zetsu, must have acted as intermediaries for each major village, coordinating the attack on Konoha.

They likely saw an opportunity to retrieve Obito, and even if the allied villages lost, the chaos would serve as a sufficient distraction to break him out.

Keeping his thoughts to himself, Peter turned to the toad Jiraiya had summoned. "Go report everything to Minato," he instructed.

The toad glanced over at Jiraiya for confirmation. Jiraiya nodded, and the toad disappeared in a cloud of smoke, vanishing to deliver the urgent message.

Peter noticed the worried look on Jiraiya's face and said, "You can go back to the village and help if you want. It's not like I need you here."

Jiraiya frowned as he watched the ninja army march past them, headed toward Konoha, his home. "..."

On one hand, he wanted to use this opportunity to get to know Peter better, as the village knew almost nothing about him or where he came from. On the other hand, he couldn't sit back while his home was at risk.

"But if you want to tag along still, that's fine too," Peter added. "We'll be back by tomorrow morning anyway, so you have nothing to worry about. It's up to you."

Jiraiya's frown deepened in thought. "How strong are those shadow things you gave to Minato?"

Peter smirked. "More than strong enough."

Jiraiya nodded, making his decision. "Then I'll stay with you. But I'd appreciate it if we could make this as quick as possible."

Peter nodded. "Then you better keep up." He disappeared in a burst of speed, heading toward his destination and leaving the army of Stone Ninja behind.

Jiraiya glanced back at the army headed towards his home, hesitating for a moment before following Peter, his mind made up. He would trust in Minato and the shadows, and see this through with Peter.

-Konoha-

Seconds after Peter and Jiraiya left, Minato stood alone with Obito, who had just woken up in his cell. The silence between them was thick with tension. Minato's heart ached with a mix of anger and sadness as he stared at his former student, now a traitor.

"Why, Obito?" Minato began, his voice filled with a mix of confusion and pain. "Why would you betray the village? Why would you target my son and my wife? Where have you been all this time?"

Obito's gaze was cold and distant, his eyes refusing to meet Minato's. "You wouldn't understand," he muttered.

"Try me," Minato pressed. "I deserve to know why you did this. Why you turned your back on everything we believed in."

Obito's jaw tightened, his silence speaking volumes. Minato's frustration grew. "Answer me, Obito! Why did you do this?"

Obito's eyes flashed with anger. "You let her die."

Minato blinked, taken aback by the accusation. "What do you mean? Who are you talking about?"

Obito's fury erupted. "You really don't know? Have you already forgotten her? I guess she doesn't matter, right? Only your prized student Kakashi the murderer matters. Everyone else is just trash that you can throw away..."

Minato's eyes widened as realization struck him. "Rin... You're talking about Rin."

"Yes, Rin!" Obito shouted, his voice echoing in the cell. "The one you failed to protect. The one you let die. You think you're such a great Hokage, such a perfect sensei, but you couldn't even keep her safe! She needed you and you weren't even there!"

Minato's heart pounded as memories of Rin flooded back. "Obito, Rin's death was a tragedy. We didn't know what the enemy had planned. Kakashi did everything he could to save her."

"Save her?" Obito spat, his voice dripping with venom. "Kakashi killed her! He drove his Chidori right through her heart! And you... you weren't there. You should have been there!"

Minato's voice broke with emotion. "I know, Obito. I know it was my failure. I should have been there to protect her, to protect all of you. But this... this path you've chosen... it's not what Rin would have wanted. How do you think she'd—"

"Don't you dare speak for her!" Obito roared. "You know nothing about what she wanted. You weren't there when she needed you most. You failed her, Minato."

Minato's shoulders sagged under the weight of Obito's words. "I failed her, and I failed you. But this isn't the way, Obito. We can still make things right."

Obito's laughter was hollow and bitter. "Make things right? It's too late for that, sensei. The village you love so much will crumble to dust, and there's nothing you can do to stop it."

Before Minato could respond, suddenly, a toad appeared before him in a puff of smoke, "Minato! Urgent news! All four major villages are marching toward Konoha. Lord Jiraiya believes they've allied together..."

Hearing the information, Obito couldn't help but laugh. "Things aren't going so well for you lately, huh, sensei? Looks like your perfect village is about to face its end. Just as I said it would..."

Minato's expression hardened as he listened to the toad's message, the weight of the impending threat pressing down on him. "..."

Obito's eyes glinted with malice. "Well, what are you waiting for? Run along~ Your precious village needs you..." he said, laughing as Minato turned around and left.

Meanwhile, Peter and Jiraiya, running much faster than before, arrived at their destination in about an hour. Before them stood a large underground bunker door, which was sealed tightly.

Upon arrival, Jiraiya immediately collapsed onto the ground, exhausted from the speed they had traveled. He had done all he could to keep up with Peter, and now he was completely worn out.

Meanwhile, Peter stood there perfectly fine, not a drop of sweat on his body, and not the least bit winded.

Seeing Peter in such a state, Jiraiya looked up at him through ragged breaths. "What... kind of monster... are you?"

Jiraiya was by no means out of shape—he was a Kage-level ninja, his body in peak physical condition. Yet, he could barely keep up with Peter, and he had the impression that Peter was holding back as well.

Peter shrugged. "What? How am I a monster? You just need to stop lazing around and work on your cardio."

Jiraiya scoffed as he stood up, his eyes landing on the bunker door in front of them. He hadn't noticed until now due to his exhaustion.

Instantly, he got a bad feeling. "You're not going after Orochimaru, are you?"

After all, his former teammate loved hidden bunker bases like this, so it was very likely that this was one of them. Of course, Danzo favored them as well, but he was dead now.

Peter simply shrugged. "I'm not sure. Why don't we go and find out?"

Walking up to the door, Peter held out his hand and flicked it with his pointer finger. "Tink*

"?! " Jiraiya watched in shock as hidden seals appeared and shattered alongside the metal door, which crumbled to the ground.

Glancing back at Jiraiya, whose mouth hung wide open, Peter waved him over as he casually walked inside the dark entrance. "Come on. Let's go."

Jiraiya snapped out of his daze and followed, hoping that Peter wasn't going after Orochimaru. Despite his complex love-hate relationship with his traitorous teammate, he knew he couldn't shield Orochimaru from Peter even if he wanted to.

No one could...

Inside the bunker, Orochimaru and Tsunade were deep in conversation. Shizune stood loyally beside Tsunade, ready to fight their way out should the need arise. After all, Orochimaru couldn't be trusted.

Orochimaru had just finished explaining why he had called her there. Tsunade looked at him like he was crazy. "What the hell are you talking about? Did all those experiments finally cause your brain to malfunction?"

Orochimaru frowned in annoyance. "It's true. I don't know what or who has entered our universe, but it's a grave threat. We need to contact Jiraiya."

Boom! As he said the name Jiraiya, an explosion-like force rocked the bunker, causing alarms to blare.

"!?" Orochimaru rushed to check the cameras and saw Jiraiya entering the bunker where the door once stood.

Tsunade stepped up beside him, seeing Jiraiya as well. "Oh great, the pervert's here too. Now you can explain to him how your brain is rotting into mush."

Ignoring her, Orochimaru's eyes narrowed and his pulse quickened as he spotted Peter on a hallway camera, with Jiraiya trailing behind him. 'Did he bring someone here with him?' He wondered, his eyes never leaving Peter's figure.

Orochimaru didn't know if Peter was the one he was warned about, but if he was, then he needed to prepare. Turning to Tsunade, he said. "Go and bring Jiraiya and his guest here. I need to take care of something first." He then disappeared in a swirl of wind, leaving her there.

Tsunade grumbled in annoyance as Shizune asked, "What should we do?"

Tsunade shrugged. "Let's go get the perv. The faster we can finish this, the better..."

...

Meanwhile, in a nearby room, Anko Mitarashi awakened to the sound of the alarms. "Ugh!" She groaned, a sharp pain in her neck where a tattoo-like seal could be seen...

Chapter 695: Misunderstanding

Peter and Jiraiya walked down a dark, narrow hall. It had been a minute since they entered the bunker. The dim lighting cast long shadows on the walls, and the silence was only broken by their footsteps echoing softly.

As they walked deeper into the base, Jiraiya began to notice more and more similarities to the other bunkers his former teammate had used.

Trailing behind Peter, Jiraiya couldn't help but chat nervously. "So, what happens if Orochimaru is the person you're looking for?"

"Then it's very likely that he'll die today..." Peter replied.

"..." Jiraiya didn't know what to think about that.

As they ventured deeper into the bunker, Jiraiya's mind raced. He felt conflicted, memories of his past with Orochimaru resurfacing. He remembered the good times: their days in the academy, training together as Genin, and their missions as part of Team Hiruzen.

But he also remembered the bad: Orochimaru's betrayal, his attempt to kill their sensei, the Third Hokage, and the horrific human experiments he conducted on Konoha citizens.

But despite everything, Jiraiya couldn't forget the young Orochimaru he had once called a friend. The genius boy who pushed him to be better, the teammate who had his back during their missions, and the person he had shared so many experiences with.

With these thoughts weighing heavily on his mind, Jiraiya started trying to convince Peter not to kill Orochimaru. "You know, Peter," he began, his voice almost pleading, "Orochimaru may have done terrible things, but there was a time when he was good. He was a great shinobi, someone who cared about the village. Maybe... maybe there's still some good left in him. Maybe we can reason with him, bring him back."

Peter listened silently, his expression unreadable. He knew there was a high likelihood he would have to kill Orochimaru, no matter what Jiraiya said.

Of course, this depended on whether Orochimaru was truly the person he was searching for. Regardless, Peter allowed Jiraiya to continue, fully aware of the conflicting emotions his companion was grappling with.

Jiraiya continued, his words becoming more earnest. "I know it sounds naive, but if there's a chance, even a small one, that we can save him, shouldn't we try? Killing him would only end any possibility of redemption. And if you saw the Orochimaru I knew, the one who was once a friend, you'd understand why—"

As Jiraiya was talking, Peter suddenly stopped walking, staring into the darkness ahead. Jiraiya, not expecting him to stop, bumped into Peter before taking a step to the side and glancing at him. "What's going on? What are you looking at?" He followed Peter's gaze into the dark hall ahead.

Seconds later, the sound of heels clicking along the hard floor echoed through the corridor, growing closer and closer. Two figures emerged from the shadows.

At first, Jiraiya tensed, preparing to fight. But then his eyes widened in shock as he recognized Tsunade, another one of his wayward teammates, with her faithful student, Shizune, trailing behind her.

"Ts-Tsunade?" Jiraiya stammered, bewildered. "What are you doing here?" Though he was surprised, he couldn't deny the relief and happiness he felt at seeing her.

Tsunade frowned, her eyes narrowing. "I could ask you the same thing, Jiraiya. Why are you here?"

As she spoke, realization dawned on Jiraiya. His eyes widened as it hit him—Tsunade was the person Peter was looking for. Without thinking, he jumped in front of her, screaming, "Run, Tsunade!"

Acting on instinct, Jiraiya unleashed a powerful fire jutsu, spitting flames from his mouth like a dragon. The hall filled with a roaring fire, consuming Peter, who stood unbothered, his figure engulfed in the inferno.

Tsunade's eyes widened in shock and confusion, as she was caught off guard by Jiraiya's sudden attack. Shizune stepped back, ready to defend her mentor if necessary.

Seeing that Tsunade wasn't trying to run away, Jiraiya yelled, "Tsunade, go! Your life is in danger!"

Tsunade frowned, her confusion deepening. "What are you talking about, Jiraiya? Why would my life be in danger?"

As they spoke, the flames began to die down, revealing Peter, untouched and unbothered by the heat. The flames seemed to have bent away from him, as if unwilling to make contact.

"Jiraiya, what are you doing?!" Tsunade shouted, trying to make sense of the situation. "Didn't you come here with him?" She gestures to Peter, not seeing him as a threat.

"Princess, you need to listen to me!"

As the two began to argue among themselves, Peter just stood there, staring forward. He was truthfully a little shell-shocked.

Peter had watched Naruto before, but no character had made an impression on him like Tsunade. In fact, it was her character that had given him his very first erection. And on that day he realized that girls might not be so bad, no longer seeing them as cootie-riddled germs.

So, as Jiraiya and Tsunade continued to bicker about the situation, Peter's eyes remained glued to Tsunade, specifically her breasts. "..."

Peter couldn't believe he was standing in front of his first crush, even if she had been just a character on a screen back then. The surreal nature of the moment left him momentarily speechless, his mind racing as he repeated. 'I'm a married man... I'm a married man... I'm a married man...'

Jiraiya pointed to Peter, who was still staring at Tsunade's chest. "If you don't run, you're going to get killed! I can't protect you. You need to leave now! I'll buy you some time while I can..."

Tsunade scoffed. "How the hell is that guy supposed to kill me?"

Jiraiya's expression remained deadly serious. "I'm not joking, Tsunade. Go now before it's too late."

His seriousness confused Tsunade, making her begin to take the situation more seriously. She glanced back at Peter, who seemed to snap out of his thoughts.

Scratching the back of his head, Peter said, "I think there may be a—"

But as he spoke, Jiraiya disappeared from where he stood and appeared in front of Peter, his fist wound back as he lunged forward, swinging at Peter's face.

"—misunderstanding," Peter finished as he casually swatted Jiraiya's fist away before using his other hand to slap him across the face. The force sent Jiraiya crashing into the wall, breaking through it and several other obstacles before finally coming to a stop, his body buried under a pile of rubble.

Tsunade's eyes widened in horror as she screamed, "Jiraiya!" She turned to Peter, her stance shifting into a fighting position, her expression now much more serious than before.

Tsunade and Shizune stared in shock, their eyes wide with disbelief. Tsunade's initial confidence wavered as she realized that Peter might actually be a threat.

Peter turned back to Tsunade, his expression calm. "As I was saying, I think there may be a misunderstanding."

Without taking her eyes off Peter, Tsunade ordered, "Shizune, check on Jiraiya. Now!"

"Yes, Lady Tsunade!" Shizune nodded and rushed off to do as she was told, her worry evident in her eyes.

Peter watched her go, then said, "He'll be fine. I only slapped him a little bit." He shrugged, adding, "Besides, this is all a big misunderstanding."

Tsunade raised an eyebrow. "So you aren't here to kill me?"

Peter shook his head. "No, Jiraiya's just an idiot." Seeing Tsunade calm down ever so slightly, he pointed behind her. "I'm here to kill the snake hiding in the shadows behind you."

Instantly, Tsunade turned around as a dark, sinister laughter filled the air. Orochimaru stepped out of the shadows, holding an ominous-looking demon mask in his hands.

"Ah, Tsunade," Orochimaru greeted, his voice dripping with malice. "It seems Jiraiya brought along quite the dangerous guest..."

As Orochimaru appeared, Peter noticed that the arrow he was following locked right on him before blinking, as if confirming that this was indeed who he was looking for.

Next, Peter's eyes were drawn to the mask in Orochimaru's hands. It was a white mask of a smiling demon with razor-sharp teeth and two long horns on its head.

[Insert picture of Shinigami mask here]

Peter recalled that it was the Shinigami mask from the show, which allowed the wearer to summon and control the Shinigami of this world.

Instantly, Peter realized that the mask was most likely what made Orochimaru a successor of Death. Death must have left the mask here for a potential successor to find.

Orochimaru's eyes gleamed with dark satisfaction as he held the mask up, his sinister smile widening. "Ah, so you've come for this, haven't you?" he said, his voice a menacing purr.

Peter shook his head. "No, I'm only here to kill you. However, I might be willing to spare your life if you renounce your position as Death's successor."

Orochimaru's eyes widened as the realization hit him. His gaze shifted to Peter's hand, where a laughing skull tattoo was visible—the same tattoo that Orochimaru had on his chest.

The earlier message wasn't just a warning of someone invading his universe; it was alerting him to the arrival of a competitor.

Peter continued, "Normally, I'd have no problem killing someone like you. But Jiraiya might get a little weepy if I do, so I'm offering you one chance. Follow my terms, and you live."

Orochimaru's expression grew serious as he weighed Peter's ultimatum. "..."

Confused, Tsunade asked, "What's happening? What the hell is a Death's successor?"

Orochimaru smirked and pointed at Peter, expertly changing the subject. "He's the one I warned you about. He's not from our universe."

Tsunade turned to Peter, silently asking if it was true. Peter nodded, shrugging. "He's right. I'm not from around here." Then he looked at Orochimaru. "But how did you know I was here in the first place? Did he warn you?"

"Did who warn him?" Jiraiya's voice cut through the tension, and everyone turned to see him standing beside Shizune, his face swollen from Peter's powerful slap.

Orochimaru's eyes narrowed. "That's not important. What's important is that we need to work together to kill him." He pointed at Peter.

Jiraiya frowned. "Why? Just do what he said and he won't kill you."

Orochimaru's smirk grew. "Because, Jiraiya, he's a threat to us all. You heard him. He's here to kill me, but who's to say he won't come after you next? Or Tsunade?"

Tsunade crossed her arms, skeptical. "And why should we believe anything you say, Orochimaru? You've lied to us countless times before..."

Orochimaru's expression turned serious. "This isn't just about me. This is about protecting our world. He's an outsider with unknown intentions and abilities. Do you really trust him more than you trust me?"

Peter sighed, shaking his head. "You're really laying it on thick, aren't you?"

Ignoring Peter, Orochimaru continued, his voice urgent. "Think about it, Tsunade, Jiraiya. We need to put our differences aside and fight together. For the sake of our world."

Tsunade and Jiraiya exchanged uncertain glances. "..."

Peter sighed. "Hurry up and make your decisions. I need to be back in Konoha by the morning. If you're going to help Orochimaru, decide now. But it doesn't matter. With or without your help, Orochimaru will die."

The confidence and calm demeanor of Peter seemed to piss off Tsunade. She felt like she was being looked down on. "!"

Originally, she hadn't planned on helping Orochimaru, as she didn't expect to be fighting anyone when she came here. But now, she felt the itch to pound Peter's face into the ground.

Stepping up beside Orochimaru, Tsunade said, "I'll help, but you have to pay my debts as you promised."

Seeing this, Jiraiya freaked out. "Tsunade, take it back! Get away from Orochimaru! You don't understand how strong Peter is!"

"Humph..." Tsunade looked away, her arms crossed under her breasts, unmoving.

Orochimaru smiled, chuckling darkly as he turned to Jiraiya. "I don't think she's going to change her mind. But if you want to protect your precious princess, then stand with us. It's been so long since the legendary Sannin fought together, hasn't it?"

With an extreme amount of reluctance, Jiraiya stepped up beside Tsunade, only joining to protect her. "I don't like this," he muttered, his eyes fixed on Peter. "But if it means keeping Tsunade safe, I'll do it."

Peter watched the trio, unfazed. "Alright then," he said, his tone calm but resolute as his gaze locked onto Orochimaru. "Just to be clear, you're refusing my kind offer, right?"

Orochimaru started to speak, "Yes—"

Before the snake sannin could say anything else, Peter appeared in front of him in an instant, moving far faster than Orochimaru could see or react to. Peter raised his leg and delivered a powerful Spartan kick square to Orochimaru's face, launching him backward as a small shockwave from the impact filled the hall.

"?!" Jiraiya and Tsunade's eyes widened in shock, their minds barely processing Peter's sudden and brutal attack. They hadn't even noticed Peter's movement until they heard the sickening sound of Orochimaru's nose breaking.

Chapter 696: Orochimaru's End

Peter's kick sent Orochimaru flying down the hall, the sheer speed and force of the blow leaving Jiraiya and Tsunade in stunned silence. They watched in shock as Peter casually turned to them, waving his hands in front of their faces.

"Hello?" Peter taunted, a mocking smile on his face. "Is anyone in there?"

Snapping out of their shock, both Jiraiya and Tsunade immediately jumped back, putting some distance between themselves and Peter. But before they could even catch their breath, Peter appeared behind them, his movements a blur.

"Going somewhere?" he sneered, slamming both palms into their backs with a resounding impact.

"Ugh!" Grunting in pain, Jiraiya and Tsunade were sent flying in the opposite direction, crashing into the walls of the hallway.

Before they could recover, suddenly, Orochimaru reappeared behind Peter, his jaw unhinging like a snake as he bared his fangs, attempting to bite Peter's exposed neck.

But just as he was centimeters away, Peter turned and grabbed him by the neck with lightning speed. "Eww, were you really just going to bite me?" Peter muttered in disgust. "Dude, that's so gross..."

In response, Orochimaru's snake-like tongue shot out of his mouth like a hidden dagger aimed directly at Peter's face. "!"

Raising a brow, Peter tilted his head to the side, easily dodging the tongue attack. "Here, go visit your friends."

With a casual flick of his wrist, Peter tossed Orochimaru into the air and windmill kicked him down the hall. Orochimaru's body hurtled towards Jiraiya and Tsunade, who were rushing back, only to be hit by Orochimaru's incoming body, sending all three of them sprawling.

Peter's taunting smirk never left his face as he approached the trio. "Come on, is this really the best the legendary Sannin can do?"

Tsunade, enraged by Peter's taunts, charged at him with a feral scream, her fist cocked back and glowing with chakra. But just as she was about to land her punch, Peter sidestepped effortlessly, grabbing her arm and flipping her over his shoulder, slamming her into the ground with a bone-jarring thud.

"Too slow," he mocked, watching as she struggled to get up. "You're the weakest of the group, aren't you? What a pity..."

Jiraiya, focusing on protecting Tsunade, exclaimed, "Gamayudan!" spewing a stream of toad oil toward Peter. The sticky substance aimed to slow him down, giving them a moment to regroup.

Peter dodged the stream with a casual leap, landing gracefully behind Jiraiya. "Nice try," he said, delivering a swift kick to Jiraiya's back, sending him crashing into the ground beside Tsunade, stuck in his own toad oil.

As Jiraiya and Tsunade tried to regain their footing, Orochimaru, ever the opportunist, attempted to escape by melding into the shadows. But Peter was faster. In an instant, he was beside Orochimaru, yanking him out of the darkness by his hair.

"Where do you think you're going?" Peter asked, his grip tightening painfully.

Orochimaru hissed, his eyes burning with hatred. "You insolent wretch!"

Peter just chuckled, throwing Orochimaru back towards Jiraiya and Tsunade. "You're not getting away that easily."

Realizing they were outmatched, the three Sannin shared a brief, wordless look. They knew they had to resort to their strongest summons. With a nod, they bit their thumbs, drawing blood, and slammed their hands onto the ground.

"Kuchiyose no Jutsu!" they shouted in unison.

In a massive cloud of smoke, the three legendary summons emerged, obliterating the bunker base in an instant. From outside, it looked like an explosion as the colossal creatures ripped through the ground and surrounded Peter, who stood calmly with his hands in his pockets.

Manda, the colossal serpent, loomed menacingly. Katsuyu, the giant slug, towered protectively over the battlefield. Gamabunta, the gigantic toad, landed with a thud, his pipe clamped between his teeth. On each of their heads stood one of the three sannin.

Peter watched the massive creatures materialize with mild amusement. "Impressive," he said, clapping slowly. "But it won't make a difference."

Manda hissed, lunging at Peter with lightning speed, its jaws wide open. Peter dodged effortlessly, his movements a blur. He landed on Manda's head, driving his fist into the serpent's skull with such force that it sent shockwaves through the ground.

Katsuyu, in an attempt to protect Tsunade, unleashed a torrent of acidic slime towards Peter. He merely waved his hand, creating a barrier that deflected the attack. The acid splattered harmlessly to the sides, sizzling against the floor.

Gamabunta, brandishing his giant blade, swung at Peter with all his might. Peter jumped, landing on the blade and running up it with incredible speed. He reached Gamabunta's face, delivering a powerful kick that sent the giant toad reeling.

Tsunade, seizing the moment, rushed at Peter, her fists glowing with chakra. She aimed a powerful punch at his chest, but Peter caught her fist mid-air, stopping her attack dead in its tracks. "Nice try," he said, tossing her aside.

Jiraiya, determined to protect Tsunade, launched himself at Peter with a Rasengan in hand. But Peter sidestepped, grabbing Jiraiya's wrist and redirecting the Rasengan into the ground, creating a massive crater.

Peter's taunting smile never wavered. "Is this really all you've got?"

Orochimaru, now desperate, attempted to summon more serpents to bind Peter. But Peter moved too quickly, slicing through the summoned snakes with ease. "Pathetic," he sneered.

As the battle raged on, Orochimaru, desperate, raised the demon mask to his face, ready to finally put it on. He had hoped he wouldn't have to use it, but it appeared like there was no other choice. 'I'll need to switch to a new body after this...'

Though before he could don the mask, Peter appeared in front of him and snatched it out of his hands.

"You know," Peter said, holding the mask up and examining it, "you probably should have put this on earlier. I mean, I would have to be beyond braindead to let you use this to power up or summon some devil, or whatever this thing does..."

Orochimaru's eyes widened in shock and frustration as he lunged to reclaim the mask, shouting, "That doesn't belong to you!" However, Peter effortlessly backhanded him aside, launching him backward.

"Nah, I think I'll keep it..." With a smirk, Peter stored the mask away in his storage necklace for later examination.

Realizing they were outmatched even with their summons, and now deprived of Orochimaru's trump card, the Sannin regrouped, panting and bruised. Peter stood before them, completely unharmed, his expression a blend of boredom and annoyance.

"This is getting tiresome," Peter said. "You've had your fun. Now, it's time to end this."

The Sannin prepared for one last stand, determined to fight until the end. But deep down, they knew they were no match for Peter. The gap in power was simply too great.

Peter sighed, his patience wearing thin. "Any last words?"

Tsunade, her pride wounded, glared at Peter. "Don't underestimate us," she spat, her resolve unwavering.

Jiraiya, bruised and battered, stood protectively in front of Tsunade. "We won't go down without a fight," he declared, his voice steady despite the pain.

Orochimaru, still seething with rage, hissed, "When this is over, I'll make you my newest lab rat. You'll beg for death by the time I'm done with you!"

"Not the best final words, but whatever. I'll take it." Peter simply shook his head and vanished, reappearing behind Orochimaru in an instant, catching everyone off guard.

In one swift motion, he bisected Orochimaru with his bare hand, the snake Sannin's body collapsing to the ground in two pieces. Jiraiya and Tsunade stood there, frozen in shock, horror, and a mix of anger and sadness.

"Orochimaru!" Jiraiya shouted, his voice tinged with anguish. Despite everything, Orochimaru had once been their friend and teammate. Seeing him killed so brutally struck a chord deep within them.

Tsunade's eyes widened, her hands trembling with a mix of rage and sorrow. "You b*stard!" she screamed, turning her furious gaze on Peter. "H-How could you—"

Before she could finish, Jiraiya placed a hand on her shoulder, trying to calm her down. But the grief and anger were too much. They began to mourn Orochimaru's death, their emotions raw and unfiltered.

As they were about to lash out at Peter, blaming him for Orochimaru's death, a tiny, almost unnoticeable white snake slithered out of Orochimaru's body. Using the rubble and grass as cover, it tried to sneak away.

Peter, however, appeared in front of its path and picked it up, holding it firmly so it couldn't bite him. He looked at the snake, a smirk playing on his lips. "Did you think I wouldn't notice you trying to sneak off, Orochimaru?"

Hearing Peter call the snake Orochimaru, a spark of hope flickered in Jiraiya and Tsunade's eyes. Maybe their former teammate was still alive.

But Peter crushed that hope as he crushed the snake in his hands with a simple squeeze of his fingers, killing it instantly. "Yeah, not gonna happen..." He tossed the lifeless body aside, his expression indifferent.

"NO!" Tsunade screamed, her grief turning into rage.

Incensed, both Jiraiya and Tsunade launched themselves at Peter, one coming from the front and the other from the back. Their movements were fueled by a mix of anger, sorrow, and desperation.

But Peter simply disappeared just as they collided, making them hit one another instead. The impact sent them both sprawling to the ground, groaning in pain and frustration.

Peter reappeared a few feet away, watching them with a mixture of pity and disdain. "I told you," he said calmly. "Orochimaru was going to die, no matter what you did."

Jiraiya, his body aching, struggled to his feet, his eyes blazing with anger. "You didn't have to kill him like that," he spat. "He was... He was our friend, damn it!"

Peter nodded. "And I'm sorry for your loss."

Tsunade, her fists clenched, stood up beside Jiraiya. "We won't forgive you for this," she snarled, her voice trembling with rage.

Peter sighed, shaking his head. "You can try to fight me all you want, but it won't change anything. Orochimaru is dead, and there's nothing you can do about it."

Jiraiya and Tsunade exchanged a glance, silently questioning whether they should continue the fight. But before they could decide, a voice called out, "Lady Tsunade! Are you alright?!"

Shizune came rushing over, having just freed herself from the rubble, her face etched with frenzied worry. She immediately began examining her Sensei, her palm glowing as she healed Tsunade's wounds.

Letting out a sigh, Peter raised both of his hands. "Okay," he said, his voice firm. "This fight is over. Let's call it here before someone gets hurt."

Jiraiya and Tsunade hesitated, unsure of what to do. They knew they couldn't defeat Peter, but they felt like they couldn't just stand by and do nothing.

Seeing their reluctance, Peter sighed. "Look, I didn't come here to fight you two. My target was Orochimaru, and now that he's dead, there's no reason for us to keep fighting."

Tsunade glared at him, her eyes filled with suspicion. "And we're just supposed to believe you?"

Peter nodded. "Yes. I have no quarrel with either of you. So let's end this here."

Just as Peter was about to walk away, he paused, raising an eyebrow as he glanced at the small snake he had killed moments earlier. 'Is he still not dead?' He asked himself, confused as he sensed Orochimaru's soul lingering there. Instead of disappearing as it was supposed to, the soul flew down into the rubble, back inside the mostly destroyed base.

Confused, Peter followed the soul without a word, leaving Shizune, Jiraiya, and Tsunade baffled. "Where are you going?" Jiraiya called after him, but Peter didn't respond, his focus solely on tracking the soul.

Navigating through the underground base, Peter followed Orochimaru's soul, which swiftly found its target: the teenage Anko Mitarashi, who bore a seal on her neck.

Anko had packed her bag and was running for the exit on the other side of the base. Betrayed by her sensei, Orochimaru, she saw the ongoing battle as the perfect opportunity to escape and report everything to the Leaf Village.

'I can't hear them fighting anymore...' She glanced back before quickening her pace. 'I need to hurry!'

But before she could step out of the exit, Orochimaru's soul shot into the seal on her neck, entering her body.

Peter arrived just as the soul invaded her, watching curiously as Anko suddenly collapsed to the floor. "?"

Seconds later, Anko's body began to move, awkwardly picking itself up as a mad cackle escaped her lips, "Haha, I'm alive!"

'He really is a body snatcher, huh?' Peter immediately realized what happened.

Orochimaru, now in control of Anko's body, smirked and straightened his clothes, ready to escape. But suddenly, he froze, eyes widening as he glanced back to see Peter standing directly behind him, waving. "Yo~"

Just then, Jiraiya, Shizune, and Tsunade arrived, their eyes widening in surprise and alarm.

Knowing he couldn't escape, Orochimaru smirked, his voice a sinister hiss. "If you kill me again, I'll take this girl with me. I'll even eradicate her soul if I have to," he warned, causing both Tsunade and Jiraiya to tense with worry.

Peter, however, didn't look too concerned. He simply sighed and turned to the Sannin beside him. "See? This is the guy you two were crying over just a minute ago. Still think I should spare him now?"

"..." Tsunade and Jiraiya frowned and looked away, no longer having the will to defend their former teammate.

"That's what I thought..." Peter scoffed as he turned his gaze back to Orochimaru, who had somehow pulled out a knife and held it to Anko's throat, making his intentions clear.

Peter sighed again. "Alright, I think this has gone on long enough." With a snap of his fingers, shadowy hands sprang up from the floor, binding Anko's body and preventing Orochimaru from slitting her throat.

Peter walked over slowly as Orochimaru frantically shouted, "Stay away! I'll do it! I'll burn her soul into smoke!" But Peter didn't listen. He stopped directly in front of Orochimaru, staring him in the eye before pointing a finger at him and uttering, "Avada Kedavra."

Anko's eyes widened in horror as a sickly green lightning shot from Peter's finger and struck her, eradicating Orochimaru's soul and causing her body to collapse like a puppet with its strings cut.

Jiraiya and Tsunade stood there, stunned and silent, processing the finality of what had just happened.

Orochimaru was truly gone this time.

Peter turned to them, his expression calm but firm. "There, it's done. Now, one of you pick her up, and let's get back to Konoha. We have more pressing matters to attend to..."

Chapter 697 Allied Shinobi Army Arrives

-Konoha-

The morning sun barely peeked over the horizon, casting long shadows over the Leaf Village. Despite the early hour, the village was alive with activity, a stark contrast to the usual serene mornings. The air buzzed with tension as everyone prepared for the impending attack from the allied forces of Iwakure, Kumogakure, Kirigakure, and Sunagakure.

Ninja mobilized in every corner, gathering their gear and taking their assigned positions. Teams of shinobi darted across rooftops, relaying messages and coordinating strategies. The village's elite ANBU squads were on high alert, their masked faces revealing nothing of the anxiety they felt.

In the heart of the village, Minato Namikaze, the Fourth Hokage, stood on a high platform overlooking the main square. His presence was a beacon of calm and determination. Clad in his signature white cloak adorned with flames, he exuded an aura of unwavering confidence. His piercing blue eyes scanned the bustling activity below, taking in every detail.

"Kushina, have you secured the evacuation routes?" Minato asked, his voice steady despite the chaos around him.

Kushina Uzumaki, his wife, and the village's powerful kunoichi, nodded firmly. "Yes, Minato. The civilians are being moved to the underground shelters. Our seals are in place to reinforce the barriers. They'll be safe there."

Minato placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Good. And Naruto?" he asked.

Kushina smiled sadly. "Don't worry, he's with Mikoto. She took him and her children to evacuate."

Though her heart ached to be with her child, Kushina knew she was one of the strongest ninja in the village. She needed to be here to give them a fighting chance against the incoming army.

The battlefield was no place for a newborn, after all.

As Minato turned back to the crowd, he saw Kakashi Hatake, his student and one of the village's most skilled Jonin, directing a squad of ninja. Kakashi's face was hidden behind his mask as usual, but his visible eye conveyed a seriousness that was rare even for him.

"Kakashi," Minato called out, beckoning him over.

Kakashi jogged up to the platform, his posture straight and ready. "Yes, Lord Hokage?"

"Go to the evacuation zone and find Mikoto Uchiha. She has my son with her. Protect him," Minato instructed, noticing the reluctant look on his student's face. "Please, Kakashi. I know you want to help, but you and Naruto are all we have left. Please, just look after him for us."

"Please, Kakashi...?" Kushina added, guiltily, even more.

Kakashi hesitantly nodded. "Understood..."

Though Kakashi wanted to stay and fight alongside his Sensei, he understood how worried and anxious Minato and Kushina must be without Naruto nearby.

As Kakashi left to carry out his orders, Minato turned his attention to the village's gates. He could see Shikaku Nara, the head of the Nara Clan and the village's chief strategist, deep in conversation with several other clan leaders. They were discussing battle strategies, their expressions grim but determined.

Minato made his way over to them. "Shikaku, what's the status of our defenses?"

Shikaku looked up, his sharp mind already anticipating the Hokage's questions. "We've fortified the outer walls and placed seals in strategic locations. We've also set up multiple layers of defense within the village. If the enemy breaches the outer perimeter, they'll be met with heavy resistance."

Minato nodded, satisfied with the preparations. "Excellent work, Shikaku. We need to be ready for anything. The enemy is strong and well-coordinated, but we can't let them overpower us."

As Minato continued his rounds, he saw the Yamanaka, Akimichi, Uchiha, Hyuga, and many other clans all preparing for battle. Their members were sharpening weapons, setting up medical stations, and reinforcing barriers. The entire village was united, ready to defend their home at any cost.

A sudden hush fell over the crowd as the Third Hokage, Hiruzen Sarutobi, approached. Much of his body was covered in bandages, a testament to the brutal beatdown Kushina had given him. But, despite his injuries, a determined look etched across his face conveyed his unwavering resolve.

As Hiruzen walked towards the main platform, Kushina's eyes met his for a brief moment. The tension between them was palpable, a silent conflict that everyone could feel. Kushina's frown deepened before she turned away, refusing to even glance in his direction again. She felt no guilt for his current condition either, nor should she.

Hiruzen sighed, his expression filled with a mixture of sadness and resignation. He tore his gaze from Kushina and directed his attention to Minato. With a bow of his head, he addressed the Fourth Hokage. "Lord Hokage, I report for duty."

Gasps of surprise rippled through the crowd. None of them had ever seen the Third Hokage bow his head before. The gesture carried weight, signaling the severity of the situation.

Minato frowned, concern evident in his eyes. "Hiruzen, you should return to the hospital. You won't be any help in your current condition. You need to rest and heal first."

But Hiruzen remained steadfast, keeping his head bowed. "I am here to assist in the defense of our village. This is my home, and I will not stand idly by while it is threatened. Please, Lord Hokage, accept my help..."

Minato's frown deepened as he looked at the elder Hokage, feeling his determination. He knew that Hiruzen wouldn't take no for an answer. "...Fine," he conceded, "but you will take a position in the rear lines. Your guidance and experience will be invaluable there."

Hiruzen lifted his head, a blend of gratitude and determination in his eyes. "Thank you, Minato," he said with a smile, glancing over at Kushina, who still wouldn't meet his gaze. "..."

The Third Hokage's presence, despite his injuries, seemed to bolster the morale of those around him. The villagers and ninja alike felt a renewed sense of unity and strength. The sight of their former leader, battered but unbroken, was a powerful reminder of the will of fire that burned within each of them.

Minato turned back to the gathered ninja, his voice ringing out with authority. "Our village stands united! We will defend our home, our families, and our future. Prepare yourselves. This battle will not be easy, but we will stand strong together!"

A collective cheer rose from the crowd, their voices filled with determination and resolve. The Leaf Village was ready.

...

Soon enough, the army of Konoha took their positions at the village's outer wall, a formidable barrier that stood as the first line of defense against the approaching allied forces. Shinobi of all ranks, from Genin to Jonin, lined the wall, their eyes scanning the horizon for any sign of the enemy. The tension was palpable, a mix of fear and determination settling over the defenders.

Minato stood at the forefront, his gaze steady and unyielding. Beside him were Kushina, Fugaku, the many clan leaders, and other high-level ninja, their faces reflecting a blend of readiness and anticipation. Hiruzen had taken his position as well, directing the rear lines with Shikaku.

As they waited, a common thought ran through everyone's mind: Where was Peter? The mysterious and powerful ally had proven his strength and was said to be on his way. His presence would undoubtedly turn the tide of the battle in their favor, that is, if he actually shows up.

Fugaku glanced at Minato, his expression one of concern. "Do you think he'll make it back in time?"

Minato nodded, though there was a hint of worry in his eyes. "I believe he will. We have to trust that he knows the urgency of the situation."

Kushina, her gaze trailing off into the distance, added, "He'll be here. We just need to hold our ground until then."

The defenders of Konoha maintained their vigilance, their eyes fixed on the horizon. The first rays of dawn began to break, casting a golden hue over the landscape. The calm before the storm was almost surreal, a fleeting moment of peace before the impending clash of forces.

As the minutes ticked by, the tension grew. The sound of marching footsteps began to echo in the distance, a rhythmic thud that signaled the approach of the Allied army. The defenders tensed, their grips tightening on their weapons.

Minato raised a hand, signaling his troops to ready themselves. "Hold your positions. Stay strong."

...

Less than a minute later, the allied forces of Iwagakure, Kumogakure, Kirigakure, and Sunagakure appeared on the horizon, a vast sea of shinobi marching in unison, their banners fluttering in the wind.

Fugaku, his Sharingan eyes activated, scanned the approaching army. "For an allied army, each village sure brought a lot of ninja. They must really want to get rid of us..."

The allied armies arrived in a formidable display of power. The Kazekage, Rasa, stood at the forefront of his Sunagakure troops, his red hair and piercing eyes reflecting the harsh desert sun.

[Insert picture of Rasa here]

The Konoha shinobi braced themselves, their resolve unwavering. They were prepared to defend their village, no matter the cost.

The allied armies arrived in a formidable display of power. The Kazekage, Rasa, stood at the forefront of his Sunagakure troops, his red hair and piercing eyes reflecting the harsh desert sun.

[Insert picture of Rasa here]

The Mizukage, Gengetsu Hōzuki, with a stern expression, led the Kirigakure forces, their blue and gray uniforms blending seamlessly with the mist they often fought within.

[Insert picture of Gengetsu Hōzuki here]

The Raikage, A, a towering figure of strength and resolve, commanded the Kumogakure army, their presence as imposing as a thunderstorm. Standing beside the Raikage was his younger brother, Killer B, often referred to simply as Bee.

[Insert picture of A and Bee here]

Lastly, the Tsuchikage, Onoki, floated above his Iwagakure soldiers, his eyes sharp and calculating.

[Insert picture of Onoki here]

The four Kages gathered at the front of their respective armies, staring up at Minato and the injured Hiruzen who stood at the top of the village's wall. The air was thick with tension as the leaders of the allied forces assessed the situation. They had come here with a singular purpose: to finish off the Leaf Village, weakened by the recent Nine-Tails attack.

Rasa, the Kazekage, was the first to speak, his voice carrying across the battlefield. "Minato Namikaze, Fourth Hokage. It seems Konoha has seen better days."

Minato's expression remained stoic as he replied, "Kazekage, Mizukage, Raikage, Tsuchikage. What brings you here today?"

"I think you know why we're here..." The Mizukage stepped forward, his gaze icy. "We heard what happened with the Nine-Tails, so we came to bring aid to our tree-hugging friends of the leaf village." He said, his tone razor sharp.

The Raikage, A, crossed his massive arms over his chest, a smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Seeing the state of the Third Hokage, I'd say we made the right decision." He looked directly at Hiruzen, who stood beside Minato despite being told to stay back. "Feeling tired up there, old man?"

Hiruzen, despite his injuries, straightened his posture and met the Raikage's gaze with unwavering determination. "Do not underestimate the strength of our village. We will defend our home with everything we have."

Onoki floated a little higher, his expression one of amused contempt. "Your bravado is commendable, but foolish. You're outnumbered and weakened. This will be over quickly."

Minato's eyes flickered with a hint of concern, but his voice remained firm. "We are prepared to defend our village, no matter the odds. You may have come here thinking you would find us broken, but you will find us stronger than ever."

The allied Kages exchanged glances, their confidence unshaken. They had expected to find a weakened and vulnerable Konoha, and the sight of the injured Hiruzen confirmed their beliefs. They were ready to launch their assault and crush the Leaf Village once and for all.

As both sides stared each other down, a sudden slurping noise drew everyone's attention. The unexpected sound echoed across the tense battlefield, causing all eyes to turn in that direction.

There, Peter sat on the wall, casually holding a bowl of ramen as he slurped the noodles like a vacuum.

Peter gave them a sheepish look, his mouth full of noodles. "Oh, sorry. Did I ruin the moment?" he asked, swallowing his food. "Just pretend I'm not here. Continue with your taunting and insults. Don't mind me..."

The allied Kages stared in disbelief as Peter went back to eating his ramen, the slurping sounds continuing unabated. "?"

Chapter 698: Stomping Kage's

"Don't mind me..."

The allied Kages stared in disbelief as Peter went back to eating his ramen, the slurping sounds continuing unabated. "?"

Beside him stood Tsunade, Jiraiya, and Shizune, who was holding a sleeping Anko. "Zzz..."

"Is that Lord Orochimaru's student...?" Whispers filled the Konoha side, noticing the student of the traitor who fled their village.

Tsunade crossed her arms and glanced around the village, her expression one of irritation. "Why did I have to come back here? I never wanted to return," she grumbled, clearly unhappy as she gestured to Peter. "Besides, can he deal with all this?"

Jiraiya sighed, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "We needed your help, Tsunade. Besides, it's not all bad being back, right?"

Tsunade shot him a withering look. "Speak for yourself, perv. I left for a reason."

Shizune, holding Anko gently, looked around at the familiar surroundings, a mixture of nostalgia and concern in her eyes. "We're here now, Lady Tsunade. We have to do what we can to protect the village."

Peter, still munching on his ramen, glanced down at the gathered armies. 'Well, this should be interesting...'

The allied Kages, momentarily taken aback by the sudden appearance of Peter and his companions, quickly refocused. The Kazekage, Rasa, narrowed his eyes. "Who is this fool?"

The Raikage, A, clenched his fists, his temper flaring. "Enough of this nonsense! We came here to crush Konoha, not to watch some idiot eat ramen!"

Peter raised an eyebrow, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Idiot, huh? That's not very nice." He paused mid-bite, pointing his chopsticks at A. Everyone watched in surprise as white energy gathered at the tips of the wood and shot toward him.

"?!" The Raikage's eyes widened as lightning covered his body, enhancing his speed. But, unfortunately, it wasn't enough. "Ugh!" he grunted as the energy struck his forehead, sending him flying back into the army behind him, knocking down many of his own soldiers.

"A!" Bee exclaimed as he rushed over to his brother.

"?!" The allied army and their leaders turned, beginning to take Peter's presence much more seriously.

slurp... Peter finished off his ramen, drinking the last of the broth before setting the bowl down beside him. "Hmm?" Glancing down, he noticed that despite his earlier instructions to ignore him, all eyes remained warily fixed on him. The tension in the air was palpable.

Sighing, Peter decided to just get involved. He stood up, brushing off his clothes. "Alright, seems like I'm the center of attention now."

With a casual hop, he jumped down from the wall, landing gracefully in front of the allied armies. His sudden movement caused the assembled forces to tense, their hands gripping weapons and their eyes watching for a possible attack. But Peter simply stood there, calm and unthreatening.

The silence stretched for a moment, heavy with anticipation. Then, breaking the tension, Bee and a slightly injured A leapt out from the crowd, their combined assault aimed directly at Peter.

Peter's eyes narrowed as he watched them approach. Bee's fists were wrapped in a shroud of lightning, his speed blinding as he aimed a punch at Peter's head. At the same time, A charged with his body encased in a cloak of lightning, his fist drawn back for a powerful strike.

Just as Bee's fist was about to connect, Peter sidestepped, his movement a blur. He grabbed Bee's wrist, twisting it behind his back with a quick, painful motion that forced the Raikage's brother to his knees.

"Argh!" Bee grunted in pain, trying to wriggle free, but Peter's grip was ironclad.

A's fist came crashing down next, but Peter released Bee and spun around, catching A's punch with his open palm. The impact sent shockwaves through the ground, but Peter remained unshaken.

"Nice try," Peter said, his voice calm. He tightened his grip on A's fist before launching him into the air with a powerful kick to the gut. A's body soared into the sky, crashing into the forest with a thunderous impact.

"Bro!" Bee shouted, his voice filled with concern for his brother. He tried to stand, but Peter grabbed him by the collar and effortlessly tossed him after A. Bee's body collided with the trees, the sound of breaking wood echoing through the forest.

Peter dusted off his hands, turning his attention back to the assembled armies. "Now, where were we?"

The allied forces stared in disbelief, their confidence shaken by how easily Peter had dealt with two of their strongest warriors.

Minato and the other Konoha ninja watched from the wall, a mixture of awe and relief washing over them. Peter had just demonstrated the level of power that had given them hope.

"Oh, I remember now..." Peter took a step forward, his gaze scanning the ranks of the enemy forces. "You all came here thinking Konoha was weakened, that this was the perfect time to strike. But did you ever wonder who fed you that information? Who manipulated you into this?"

A murmur ran through the allied armies, uncertainty flickering in their eyes.

Peter raised his hand, creating a portal in mid-air. "Allow me to enlighten you." With a wave, he opened several more portals, and from each one, a Zetsu clone dropped to the ground, bound and gagged by glowing Eldritch restraints.

The clones wriggled and squirmed, their black-and-white bodies struggling against the bindings. The Kages stared in shock, recognizing the beings that had assisted in organizing this whole operation.

Peter waved his hand again, and a final portal opened, this one dragging the original Zetsu out and depositing him at Peter's feet. "?! " Alarmed, Zetsu immediately tried to flee, but Peter cast a spell circle with a flick of his wrist, locking Zetsu in place with glowing runes of containment.

"This," Peter said, pointing at Zetsu, "is your true enemy. He and his clones are the ones who fed you lies, manipulated you into attacking Konoha while knowing full well the village wasn't weakened whatsoever. All for his and his master's agenda."

The Kages exchanged concerned glances, wondering whether they had actually been played or not.

A, limping slightly, stepped forward alongside Bee, his expression twisted with anger. "Even if he misled us, it doesn't matter! We have the combined strength of all the major villages here. Konoha still doesn't stand a chance against us."

Gengetsu Hōzuki, the Mizukage, nodded in agreement, his gaze icy. "Whether we were misled or not, the fact remains that Konoha is vulnerable."

Onoki floated a little higher, his expression one of contempt. "Our armies are here, ready and willing. We will not turn back now."

Seeing the resolve in their eyes, Zetsu laughed, his voice dripping with malice. "Fools! Do you really think you can stand against every major village?"

Peter sighed, casting a spell circle to gag Zetsu, silencing his mocking laughter. "Enough of that. If you won't see reason, then I suppose you'll have to learn the hard way."

With a wave of his hand, Peter cast a spell circle that swiftly created a barrier, locking the entire allied army inside and leaving only their Kages outside.

"?! " Alarmed, the soldiers and their Kages tried to break through the barrier from both sides, but nothing worked.

Peter turned to the Kages, his expression serious. "Here's what's going to happen. Since I don't feel like creating countless widows and orphans today, we'll settle this between ourselves. You Kages

are free to come at me all at once, and when you've learned your lesson, you can turn around and go home in peace."

Seeing their wary gazes turn to Minato and the other Ninja, Peter added, "Don't worry, they won't interfere."

Realizing they had no choice, the Kages exchanged glances, their expressions grim. They silently made a battle plan before disappearing in a burst of speed, appearing in a circle around Peter.

Peter smirked, his hands casually in his pockets. "Alright then, let's see what you've got."

As if on cue, Rasa, the Kazekage, was the first to strike. He raised his arms, manipulating his gold dust to form massive waves that surged toward Peter. The shimmering particles moved with deadly precision, intending to engulf and crush their target.

Peter moved with blinding speed, weaving through the waves of gold dust. His movements were a blur, too fast for the eye to follow. As he dodged and deflected the attacks, his expression remained calm, almost bored.

"Is that it?" Peter taunted, his voice carrying over the battlefield.

Next, Gengetsu Hōzuki, the Mizukage, stepped forward, summoning a giant water bubble. The sphere grew rapidly, aiming to trap and drown Peter. The water swirled menacingly, reflecting the cold determination in Gengetsu's eyes.

Peter watched the water bubble approach, his expression unchanging. Just as it was about to engulf him, he struck it with a wave of energy, causing it to burst and send the Mizukage sprawling.

"Pathetic..." Peter muttered, shaking his head in disappointment.

A and Bee charged together, their bodies crackling with lightning. Their combined speed was incredible, and they aimed powerful punches at Peter from either side. The air around them sizzled with electricity, the sheer force of their attacks creating shockwaves.

Peter caught their fists mid-air, stopping their attacks dead in their tracks. "Did you two get weaker?" he asked tauntingly, lifting both A and Bee off the ground and slamming them into each other with a resounding crash.

"Ugh!" They were sent flying backward, tumbling across the battlefield.

Onoki, the Tsuchikage, floated above, his eyes sharp and calculating. He summoned a massive rock golem, directing it to crush Peter. The golem's heavy footsteps shook the ground, and its immense size cast a shadow over the battlefield.

Peter jumped onto the golem, running up its massive arm with incredible agility. He reached the golem's head and delivered a powerful punch, shattering it into pieces. Onoki barely had time to react before Peter appeared behind him, sending him crashing into the ground with a swift kick.

The Kages regrouped, panting and battered. Their combined efforts had been futile, and Peter stood in the center of the circle, completely unharmed. His expression was one of boredom and mild amusement.

"You're going to have to do better than that," Peter taunted, his eyes glinting with confidence.

Rasa tried again, manipulating his gold dust to form spikes that shot toward Peter. But Peter moved with such speed that he seemed to vanish, reappearing behind Rasa and delivering a crushing blow to his back. The Kazekage fell to the ground, gasping for breath.

Gengetsu attempted to summon another water attack, but Peter intercepted him, grabbing his arm and twisting it behind his back. With a swift motion, Peter sent him flying into the ground, the impact creating a small crater.

A and Bee, determined to protect their allies, launched themselves at Peter once more. But Peter sidestepped their attacks effortlessly, delivering precise, powerful strikes that left both brothers sprawled on the ground, groaning in pain.

Onoki, refusing to give up, directed his rock golem to attack again. But Peter shattered the golem with a single punch, then grabbed Onoki by the collar and threw him to the ground with bone-jarring force.

The battlefield fell silent as the Kages lay beaten and battered, their bodies aching from the relentless assault. Peter stood in the center, completely unscathed, dusting his hands off. "Okay, you can go now..." He shoed them off. "I still have to train my new students today, so leave quietly. Don't disturb people."

Watching from the wall, Minato, Kushina, and everyone else felt a mixture of relief and awe. Peter had single-handedly dismantled the combined might of the four Kages.

But, just as everyone thought it was over, a sudden hush fell over the battlefield. A man in a black cape, appearing to walk with a cane, stood atop the barrier Peter had created to contain the armies. His red eyes glowed ominously under his hood, drawing everyone's attention.

"It seems this old man has to step in..." the mysterious figure said, his voice carrying an eerie calm.

Chapter 699: Madara Uchiha

"It seems this old man has to step in..." the mysterious figure said, his voice carrying an eerie calm.

Peter looked up at the new arrival, his eyes immediately recognizing the red Sharingan. 'Madara Uchiha,' he thought, one of the coolest villains in anime history and his favorite character in Naruto.

From the walls, Minato's voice called out, "Who are you?"

Madara refused to answer, his piercing gaze locked onto Peter. He could feel his very soul vibrating, an instinctual recognition of Peter's strength. 'Stronger than Hashirama,' he thought, the thought both thrilling and daunting.

Minato asked again, his voice louder and more insistent, "Who are you?"

Ignoring Minato completely, Madara spoke directly to Peter. "You're strong."

Peter responded with a respectful nod. "Coming from someone like you, that's a true compliment."

The man tilted his head ever so slightly. "You know who I am?"

Peter nodded again. "How could I not recognize the great Madara Uchiha? It's truly an honor to meet you."

The name sent shockwaves through the crowd. From Konoha's defenders to the allied army and the beaten Kages, everyone was in disbelief. "Madara Uchiha?!" they echoed, incredulous. "But he died at the hands of the First Hokage!"

Fugaku Uchiha, standing by Minato, suddenly froze. His eyes went wide with shock as realization struck him. 'If someone like Danzo could use Izanagi to cheat death, then why wouldn't Madara Uchiha be able to do it?'

He looked across at Madara and uttered, "You... you used Izanagi, didn't you?"

Confusion spread among the ranks. Izanagi was a forbidden technique not widely known, even among the seasoned shinobi. Most of them, including Minato until recently, had no idea what it entailed.

Hearing his former clansman's correct guess, Madara chuckled, letting down his hood to reveal his wrinkled face and pure white hair. "Yes," he said, his voice dripping with a mixture of amusement and menace. "After all, how could I let that idiot Hashirama kill me?"

[Insert picture of Madara Uchiha here]

Everyone old enough to recall Madara's appearance, like Onoki and Hiruzen, felt a shiver of fear up their spine. There was no doubt now—it truly was Madara Uchiha!

The air grew heavy with tension, the realization sinking in for everyone present. The legend had returned, and the stakes had just been raised to an unimaginable level.

Madara's red Sharingan eyes scanned the crowd, seeing the fear in the eyes of everyone around him, before finally settling on Peter. "Return Zetsu," he demanded, his voice carrying a cold authority. "And bring me Obito Uchiha, who is currently in your custody. Do this, and I will leave you in peace."

The weight of his words settled over the gathered forces like a shroud. Although Madara desired to test his strength against Peter, he was in the last years of his life. He much preferred to wait until his

plans came to fruition and he was resurrected at peak physical condition. Based on what he felt from Peter, he wasn't sure if he could win if they fought now.

Hearing this ultimatum, many people in the allied forces and Konoha seemed interested in agreeing, ready to hand over the prisoners to avoid further conflict.

However, Minato and Kushina immediately disagreed. "We will not hand over Obito!" Minato declared, his voice firm and resolute.

Kushina's eyes burned with a fiery intensity. "So you're the one who manipulated Obito and turned him into a monster! You're the reason he attacked our village with the Nine-Tails. You corrupted him!"

Minato and Kushina's realization hit them like a sledgehammer. It explained everything—why Obito had targeted them, why he had attacked the village, why the once happy and goofy boy they knew had turned so dark. It was all because of Madara.

Their anger and hatred were palpable, and in unison, the husband and wife jumped off the wall, launching themselves at Madara with fierce determination.

Madara smirked, his eyes narrowing. "Brave, but foolish."

Unraveling a scroll that unleashed a hail of seal-covered kunai, Minato moved with incredible speed. Using his Flying Thunder God technique, he flickered around Madara, using the multitude of kunai as teleportation points to try and land a blow.

Meanwhile, Kushina, her hair flaring out like crimson flames, attacked with her powerful chakra chains, attempting to bind Madara.

But Madara was no ordinary opponent. With a flick of his wrist, he countered each of Minato's attacks with ease. His Sharingan eyes tracked Minato's movements effortlessly, predicting and avoiding his strikes even through teleportation.

Simultaneously, Madara dodged Kushina's chains with fluid, almost disdainful grace. She screamed in anger, her chains twisting and shooting towards her elderly opponent, but he sidestepped her attack and struck her with a powerful kick that sent her flying back. "Ugh!"

In a swift, decisive movement, Madara caught one of Minato's arms as he tried to come to the rescue of his wife, twisting it painfully, and sending him crashing into the ground. Minato tried to teleport away, but Madara was faster.

Madara drew his blade, his eyes glinting with cold malice. "You're brave, but you're no match for me," he said, raising his sword to deliver the final blow.

Kushina's eyes widened in horror. "Minato, no!"

Just as Madara's blade descended, a hand appeared, catching the blade between two fingers. It was Peter.

Madara's eyes widened in shock. He hadn't sensed Peter's approach at all. "?!"

Peter's expression was calm, almost bored. "But I am, aren't I?"

Madara leapt back, putting distance between himself and Peter, his mind racing. 'I didn't even sense him...'

Minato and Kushina looked up at Peter, their faces a mixture of relief and awe. Peter had saved Minato's life in the blink of an eye, demonstrating once again his incredible power.

Madara's eyes narrowed, reevaluating his opponent. "..."

Peter waved his hand, creating a portal beneath Minato and Kushina, dropping them back onto the village wall. "Leave this one to me," he told them, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Turning back to Madara, Peter stated, "I'm afraid that I won't be giving you Obito or Zetsu. So, what are you going to do about it, old man?"

The sheer audacity of Peter's words sent a ripple of shock through the crowd. No one dared speak to Madara Uchiha like that. Doing so was a death sentence.

Onoki laughed, his voice filled with contempt. "You're a dead man walking. I've felt Madara's wrath before. Let's see how long you last."

Madara's eyes narrowed, his expression a mix of amusement and irritation. "Bold words. But are you prepared for the consequences?"

Peter smirked excitedly. "Oh, I've been waiting for them!" He was about to fight the Madara Uchiha. 'Maybe I can recruit him? Or at the very least turn him into a shadow...'

Madara's body tensed, his eyes flashing with the power of his Eternal Mangekyo Sharingan. "Then let's dance."

The two combatants stood still for a moment, the air around them charged with anticipation. Then, without warning, Madara moved, his speed almost incomprehensible. He closed the distance between them in the blink of an eye, aiming a powerful punch at Peter's face.

Peter sidestepped effortlessly, his movements fluid and precise. He countered with a punch of his own, which Madara blocked with his forearm, the impact sending a shockwave through the ground.

Madara's eyes glinted with recognition. 'Fast!'

Madara jumped back, summoning his chakra. The ground beneath him cracked and splintered as he exhaled a wave of blazing fire, which covered the entire battlefield.

Peter waved his hand, creating a shield that protected him and everyone else. "Is that all you've got?" he taunted, his voice calm.

Madara's expression darkened. "You haven't seen anything yet."

With a burst of chakra, Madara activated his Mangekyo Sharingan abilities. His right eye began to memorize and record Peter's movements and attacks, while his left eye prepared to rewind time if necessary.

He dashed forward again, his movements now more calculated. He aimed a series of precise strikes at Peter, each one aimed at a vital point. But Peter dodged them all with ease, his body moving like water.

Peter's eyes glinted with amusement. "Nice try, but you'll have to do better than that."

Madara's expression twisted with frustration and determination. He focused more chakra into his eyes, trying to find an opening, but there was none.

Suddenly, he activated his Susanoo, the massive, ethereal warrior forming around him. The giant ethereal warrior swung its sword at Peter, the blade cutting through the air with deadly force.

But Peter raised his hand, catching the blade with his bare hand. The impact sent a shockwave through the ground, but Peter remained unmoved.

Madara's eyes widened in shock. 'Impossible...'

Peter smirked. "Nice toy, but it's not going to help you."

He swatted the sword away, shattering the Susanoo's arm in the process. Madara stumbled back, his eyes wide with disbelief. He had never encountered someone who could break his Susanoo so effortlessly.

'I shouldn't have come here,' Madara realized, particularly without his Rinnegan, which he had given to Nagato, a pawn in one of his many schemes.

The eyes Madara used now were among the many he and Zetsu had collected over the years for their grand schemes. Sadly, even with Hashirama's DNA coursing through his veins, these eyes couldn't unlock the Rinnegan. He would need to retrieve his eyes from Nagato, which was easier said than done in this situation.

Peter moved forward, his speed blinding. He struck Madara with a series of powerful punches and kicks, each one landing with devastating force.

"Is this it?" Peter asked, disappointment evident in his voice. "I thought you'd be stronger." It made sense, though; Peter was used to seeing the bada*s version of Madara from the Fourth Ninja War, not this old and dying version.

Madara tried to use his Mangekyo Sharingan to rewind time and negate the attacks, but Peter's relentless assault was too overwhelming. He would negate one attack only for two more to take its place, leaving him helpless and unable to counter.

In the end, Madara's body was battered and bruised, his movements growing sluggish. He activated his time-rewinding ability, but Peter was so much stronger that it didn't matter.

Peter adjusted with ease, effortlessly sensing the shifts in time. "That's a good ability you have, but unfortunately, it won't work on me."

After all, Peter has used and studied the Time Stone, a crystallization of time itself. Madara's ability may be impressive, but compared to what Peter could do, it's insignificant.

With a final, powerful punch, Peter sent Madara crashing into the ground. The impact created a massive crater, dust and debris filling the air.

Peter stood over Madara, his expression calm and composed. "Looks like our dance is over."

Madara struggled to get up, his body aching with pain. He looked up at Peter, his eyes filled with a mix of rage and respect. "You... you're stronger than I anticipated."

"Yeah, well, you kinda never had a chance to begin with." Peter shrugged as he looked down at Madara, a smirk playing on his lips. "Hey, do you want to get some ramen after this?"

The question hung in the air, shocking and confusing everyone. No one could believe Peter's casual demeanor in the face of such a dangerous opponent.

Madara's eyes narrowed slightly, his confusion evident. But before he could answer, a small, furious figure burst from the nearby trees.

Kurama, still stuck in his small puppy size thanks to Peter's magic, appeared, his eyes filled with hatred for Madara. "!" He had watched the fight from a nearby tree, relishing every second of the beatdown Peter had given his greatest enemy, Madara Uchiha!

But when he saw that Peter wasn't finishing Madara off and instead invited him out to eat, Kurama couldn't take it anymore.

"Die!" Kurama barked, charging up a small bijudama in his tiny form. With a fierce growl, he fired it directly at Madara, the concentrated ball of chakra hurtling through the air with deadly precision.

Madara's eyes widened, unable to move in time. "!?"

Chapter 700: Ichiraku Ramen

As the tiny Kurama fired his bijudama, Madara's eyes widened as he felt his death approaching. But he knew he couldn't die. At least not yet.

After all, he had so many plans that needed preparation, not to mention his biggest pawn, Obito, was currently captured and being held somewhere in the Leaf village.

But sadly, he couldn't move. His old body had been beaten and battered thoroughly by Peter, leaving him helpless as the ominous chakra attack closed in.

Just as Madara was about to accept his fate as a failure and meet his old friend Hashirama in the afterlife, a figure appeared before him. It bent down, reaching out with two fingers, and casually plucked the bijudama out of the air.

"?" Madara looked up to see Peter holding the powerful and potent bijudama between his fingers as if it were a child's toy ball.

The surrounding ninja reacted in shock and surprise. They knew Peter was strong, but they never expected him to be able to do that...

"Impossible..." Onoki muttered, his eyes wide with disbelief. "He caught a bijudama... with his bare hands..."

Hiruzen, despite his injuries, managed to stand, his gaze fixed on Peter. "Just how strong is he...?"

Peter, who had just caught the most deadly attack that all tailed beasts could muster, an attack that all humans have feared for hundreds and hundreds of years, casually tossed the ball of chakra aside.

The bijudama flew into the nearby forest, and seconds later, it exploded in a huge bright flash followed by a shockwave that rustled the nearby trees as well as everyone's clothing and hair.

The explosion's light illuminated the stunned faces of the ninja from Konoha and the allied forces. The sheer power of the explosion was a stark reminder of the danger that had just been neutralized with such ease.

Peter turned to Madara, who lay on the ground, battered and beaten. "You should be more careful," he said, his tone light but carrying a hint of warning. "You almost got killed."

Madara, still in shock from his near-death experience, managed to find his voice. "You... why did you save me?"

Peter smirked. "Because, I invited you to lunch. You can't die. At least not until we've eaten..."

Kurama, still in his small puppy form, growled in frustration. "Why didn't you let me finish him?!"

Peter glanced down at Kurama, his expression softening slightly. "Because I wasn't done with him yet," he said, his eyes narrowing to convey his displeasure with the little foxes actions.

Gritting his teeth, Kurama's fur bristled, though he refrained from attacking, knowing Peter would just stop him. "When will you be done with him?" he asked in frustration.

Peter scratched his chin and shrugged. "I'm not sure. I have to talk to him first."

"And after that talk?" Kurama pressed.

"I'll decide whether he lives or dies," Peter stated plainly.

Madara's eyes narrowed as he realized the situation. He was at Peter's mercy, and for the first time in a long while, he felt a glimmer of uncertainty. This man was unlike anyone he had ever faced before.

Kurama fell silent for a moment before asking, "If you do decide to kill him, can I do it?"

'This mangy fox...' Madara couldn't help but silently curse Kurama.

"Sure," Peter answered quickly, as he didn't care either way.

The surrounding ninja, both from Konoha and the allied forces, watched in a mix of awe and apprehension. They had come expecting a battle to the death, but what they witnessed was something far beyond their understanding.

Minato stepped forward, his gaze fixed on Peter. "What do you plan to do with him?" he asked, his voice carrying the weight of the village's concern.

Peter looked back at Minato, a thoughtful expression on his face. "I haven't decided yet."

Minato appeared apprehensive, remaining silent.

Noticing Minato's unease, Peter patted him on the shoulder. "Don't worry so much. He won't be causing any trouble with me around."

"R-Right..." Minato seemed to calm down, though still a bit nervous.

"Anyway, while I'm dealing with him, why don't you finish things up here?" Peter gestured to the surrounding ninja. "Send them home immediately if you want. But if you want some advice from me, hold a meeting with the other village leaders and try to use this as an opportunity for lasting peace. Who knows, maybe you'll be able to turn this crisis into a chance for growth and change."

"..." Minato turned quiet, his mind racing with Peter's advice.

"Oh," Peter muttered, realizing he had forgotten something. "And have villagers return now that it's safe. I need Ichiraku to make our lunch..."

With a wave of his hand, Peter summoned a series of magical chains that wrapped around Madara, binding him tightly. The chains glowed with a mystical energy, ensuring that even Madara's formidable strength and abilities wouldn't be enough to break free.

"Now," Peter said, turning back to Madara. "We have a lot to discuss."

With that, he effortlessly lifted Madara, carrying the bound Uchiha as if he weighed nothing. "Hey! Where are you taking me?" Madara demanded.

"I already told you," Peter replied, rolling his eyes. "We're getting some ramen."

As they entered the village, Minato flared his chakra, summoning a team of masked Anbu who kneeled before him. "Follow them at a safe distance and report back to me," he ordered, his worry getting the best of him.

The masked ninja vanished in swirls of leaves, departing to fulfill their Hokage's orders.

Turning around, Minato eyed the allied army and the Kages who had led them there, Peter's words replaying in his mind. The battle he had expected had turned into something entirely different.

"What are you looking at?!" Onoki exclaimed gruffly.

Sighing, Minato gestured toward the village. "Would you and the other Kages like to talk inside the village?"

"?!" All four enemy Kages' eyes widened, wondering if this was some sort of trap.

Peter walked the empty streets of Konoha, carrying the bound Uchiha as if he were a duffle bag. The Anbu ninja followed at a distance, their minds racing with questions and possibilities.

As they moved, the few villagers, who had been unwilling to evacuate and leave their homes behind, began to peek out from their shelters, curiosity and apprehension evident on their faces.

Soon enough, Peter arrived at Ichiraku Ramen, the famous ramen stall that had always been a haven for Naruto in the show. He unceremoniously dropped Madara onto the street and waved his hand, the magical chains disappearing.

"Ugh..." The old Uchiha grunted, glaring up at Peter.

But before Madara could react, Peter placed a hand on his shoulder, healing him with a soft glow of magic.

Madara's eyes widened in awe, dumbfounded by how good his body felt. "?!"

Years of old injuries, experimentation, and the wear and tear of age had plagued him, but now he felt rejuvenated. Though still very old, the aches and pains that had been his constant companions were significantly reduced.

Breaking from his blissful shock, Madara watched as Peter took a seat at the Ichiraku stall and patted the seat beside him. "Have a seat," Peter said, his tone friendly.

A silent war raged inside Madara's head as he stared at Peter's unguarded back. The urge to attack, to regain his honor and power, was incredibly strong!

But after a moment's thought, he realized the futility of it. Peter had healed him with a wave of his hand and caught a bijudama as if it were a toy ball...

Madara didn't stand a chance, as much as he hated to admit it.

Reluctantly, Madara took a seat beside Peter. "What do you want from me?" he asked, his voice wary.

Peter smiled. "Nothing at the moment. But I may have an offer for you later, depending on how everything goes, of course. For now, why don't we just have a meal together? I'd like to get to know you."

Madara watched Peter suspiciously for a moment, then looked around at the empty stall. "I don't think we'll be getting any food here."

Peter's smile widened. "Just give it a minute. They'll be here soon."

As if on cue, the citizens of Konoha began to return to the village, their initial fear giving way to cautious curiosity. Among them was Teuchi, the owner of Ichiraku Ramen, accompanied by his

daughter Ayame. They approached the stall, their expressions a mix of surprise and confusion at seeing Peter and Madara sitting there.

"Peter?" Teuchi asked, his voice tentative. "Is everything alright?"

Peter nodded, his smile reassuring. "Everything's fine, Teuchi. We're just waiting for some ramen."

As a visiting tourist in this universe, Peter has eaten at Ichiraku twice already and is even on a first-name basis with the owner.

Teuchi glanced at Madara, not recognizing him. "Alright then," he said, more than willing to cook for some hungry customers. "What will it be?"

Peter turned to Madara. "What do you want?"

Madara, still trying to process the surreal situation, managed to reply. "I haven't had ramen in decades. You choose."

Peter nodded. "Two bowls of your best, Teuchi."

As Teuchi and Ayame began to prepare the ramen, some of the ninja from earlier slowly gathered around, their curiosity overcoming their fear. They watched in awe as Peter and Madara sat together, the atmosphere surprisingly calm despite the tension.

Madara remained silent, his mind racing with thoughts and questions. He glanced at Peter, still trying to understand this enigmatic figure who had so effortlessly defeated him and now wanted to share a meal.

As the aroma of freshly cooked ramen filled the air, the tension in the village began to dissipate. The sight of Peter and Madara, two powerful figures, sitting together at Ichiraku Ramen, brought a strange sense of normalcy back to the surrounding ninja, who had thought they'd be fighting a bloody and vicious war today.

...

As two steaming bowls of ramen were placed in front of them, Peter and Madara began to eat. Madara took his first taste, and his eyes widened slightly. The flavors danced on his tongue, a small, almost unnoticeable smile forming on his lips.

Peter noticed the reaction and grinned. "Good, isn't it?"

Madara nodded, savoring another bite. "It's been a long time since I've had something this good."

Peter was about to ask Madara something when suddenly, the sound of running footsteps caught his attention. Two young boys, who had just returned from the evacuation, came rushing over, calling out to Peter.

"Teacher!" Itachi called out, his face expressionless despite his quick pace.

"Sensei!" Shisui echoed, his enthusiasm on full display, unlike Itachi.

The surrounding ninjas' eyes widened, fearing what might happen should the two kids interrupt a meeting between these two powerful beings.

But to their surprise, Peter simply smiled at the kids, turning in his chair to greet them. "Hey, you two. What's up?"

"Are we still training today?" Shisui asked, his eyes shining with eagerness.

Peter nodded, his smile widening. "Yeah, but we'll have to do it later. I'm a bit busy right now."

Madara watched the interaction with intrigue, realizing that the two boys before him who called Peter their teacher were from his clan. Watching them interact, he felt a surprising pang of jealousy...

These boys had the chance to learn from a monster like Peter. No doubt, they would grow up to be very powerful, perhaps even surpassing him.

But his thoughts were interrupted when Itachi, his curiosity piqued, pointed at Madara and asked innocently, "Who's this?"

Peter smirked, glancing at Madara. "Oh, you mean this old man?"

"..." Madara's brow twitched in irritation.

"This is my new friend, Madara Uchiha."

The words sent a shockwave through the immediate area. Itachi and Shisui's eyes widened in awe and disbelief. Teuchi and Ayame, who were working in the stall, froze as they heard that name. The same reaction rippled through some of the nearby citizens who were simply walking by, unaware of the situation.

""""?!""""