

# Spider-Man 701

## Chapter 701: Talk w/ Madara

"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.

""""?!"""

Both Itachi and Shisui scrutinized Madara for a moment before turning back to Peter. "That isn't Madara Uchiha," Shisui declared confidently.

"Yeah, it can't be," Itachi added, his tone calm but firm. "Madara Uchiha is dead. We're from the Uchiha Clan. We should know about our own ancestor."

They both looked at Peter with concern. "Are you getting scammed by some old conman, Teacher?" Shisui asked, tilting his head.

Hearing his descendants call him a conman, Madara felt a strong urge to beat the two kids in front of him. His hands twitched slightly, but he knew better than to act with Peter there.

The nearby civilians, overhearing the exchange, began to murmur amongst themselves. "That's supposed to be Madara Uchiha? He looks like an old beggar," one whispered.

"He must be joking," another chuckled. "Or maybe he's gone crazy."

A few even laughed openly, pointing at Peter. "What a ridiculous claim. Madara Uchiha has been dead for ages!"

Peter didn't blame these people for doubting him. After all, to the world, Madara Uchiha had been dead for a very long time. Many of them didn't even know what Madara looked like.

Of course, the surrounding ninja, who had come to watch, saw the scene unfolding and immediately got to work dispersing the crowd. They were fearful that these idiotic civilians would get themselves killed by unknowingly angering two very powerful beings.

"Move along, everyone," a Jonin ordered, waving his hands. "There's nothing to see here."

"This isn't a spectacle," another added sternly. "Go back to your homes."

The crowd began to disperse reluctantly, their curiosity unsatisfied. The whispers gradually faded as the civilians returned to their daily routines, leaving Peter, Madara, and the two young Uchiha alone at the ramen stall.

Madara glanced at the departing civilians, a hint of sadness in his eyes. "It seems the village has truly forgotten me."

Itachi and Shisui exchanged confused glances, still struggling to process the situation. Peter turned back to them with a reassuring smile. "Don't worry about it, you two. Let's focus on your training later."

The two young Uchiha nodded, still puzzled but trusting their teacher. They moved to sit at a nearby table, keeping a close eye on Peter and Madara.

Glancing at Madara, Itachi mutters, "He does kinda look like him though..."

"Itachi," Shisui whispered, leaning closer to his friend. "You don't really think that's Madara Uchiha, do you?"

Itachi, his expression thoughtful, glanced over at Madara. "I don't know. At first, I thought he was just a scammer, like you said. But the more I look at him..." He paused for a moment, in thought. "You know, he kinda resembles the images I've seen of Madara in my family's library. He just looks older and his hair is white."

Shisui scoffed, crossing his arms. "Yeah, right. He's just some old scammer trying to pull one over on our new teacher. There's no way he could be the legendary Madara Uchiha..."

As Shisui spoke, he glanced disdainfully at Madara, who seemed to hear their conversation despite the distance. Madara turned his head ever so slightly, his eyes flashing red with the Sharingan.

"?!" Both Itachi and Shisui froze, their eyes widening in shock and fear. The unmistakable red glow of the Sharingan sent a chill down their spines, dispelling any remaining doubts they had about the old man's identity.

"It... it really is him..." Itachi murmured, his voice barely above a whisper.

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Seeing Madara scare his students, Peter rolled his eyes and said, "Stop scaring the kids. Aren't you supposed to be the great and mighty Madara Uchiha? Why get mad at some innocent children?"

Madara scoffed, turning away from the cowering boys and back to Peter. "What now?" he asked, his tone impatient.

Peter raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"You said you wanted to get to know me so that you can decide what to do with me. We've eaten together as you wanted, so what now?" Madara's voice was edged with frustration.

Peter thought for a moment, then shrugged. "I don't know."

Madara's eyes widened in surprise. "Well, this was your idea, so figure it out. Unlike you, I don't have much time left on this earth, and I would rather not waste it in this godforsaken village."

Peter tilted his head, curiosity piqued. "Why do you hate the Leaf Village so much?" He asked, receiving a reluctant and annoyed look in return. "Look, the faster you explain, the faster I can make my decision..."

Madara sighed, knowing he wouldn't be able to leave unless he gave an answer. "Fine. When the Leaf Village was just a concept, I was willing to join forces with the Senju and Hashirama. Despite the many wars fought between our clans, we became friends, sharing a common dream of a shinobi village. We built this village together and brought our clans together through our strength alone."

He paused, his eyes reflecting a mixture of nostalgia and bitterness. "But things began to fall apart with Hashirama's plan to install me as the first Hokage. Despite how we ended things, that idiot Hashirama was a true friend, believing in me even though he was more loved by the people. He wanted me to lead the village. But his brother, Tobirama, had other plans."

Madara's voice grew increasingly aggrieved as he continued. "Tobirama incited the villagers and the other clans that joined us to support Hashirama instead, manipulating them into rejecting me. Despite Hashirama's unwillingness to lead and support for me, somehow, I never stood a chance. The people refused to follow me, swayed by Tobirama's words and Hashirama's popularity."

He clenched his fists, the memories clearly still painful. "But I let it go, thinking that the creation of the village was more important and that Hashirama's leadership would be beneficial."

Madara's gaze turned distant as he recalled the past. "As the years went by, the village prospered, but I began to see the discrimination against the Uchiha. Unlike the Senju, we weren't known for making friends. We relied on our strength, the power of the Sharingan. This made us proud, but it also made others view us as arrogant. And I admit, some of us were arrogant, but I was doing my best to fix that..."

"I hoped that joining hands under one banner and living together would change things, but it didn't." He looked at Peter, his eyes burning with a mixture of anger and sorrow. "Our past reputation haunted us. The Uchiha were excluded from high-level positions, treated as adversaries rather than partners. The other clans and even the civilians looked at us with suspicion and envy. They saw us as an internal threat rather than allies."

Madara's voice grew colder. "I sensed danger in this and warned my clan, but they didn't believe me. They thought I was just bitter about losing the Hokage position..." he paused, his hands tightening into fists. "From that day, I was treated as an outcast, even by my own clan. Soon enough, I began to grow resentful, even towards Hashirama..."

"I asked myself things like 'Why did they choose to follow him over me?' Or 'Why isn't he doing anything about this?'" His expression darkened. "These feelings and thoughts festered until I couldn't take it anymore. I declared war against Hashirama and became a rogue ninja. I no longer cared about the Uchiha clan. I took the Nine-Tails to challenge Hashirama, and we fought in the Valley of the End."

Madara's voice was filled with bitterness and a sense of betrayal. "This village turned against me, treating me like an enemy. They forgot everything we built together and everything I did for them. That's why I hate this place, and that's why I can never forgive them."

Peter listened quietly, absorbing Madara's words. He could see the pain and betrayal etched into every line of Madara's face. For the first time, he understood the depth of Madara's hatred and the reasons behind his actions.

"It's not easy to let go of betrayal," Peter said softly, his eyes meeting Madara's. "But it doesn't have to define you."

Madara scoffed, turning his gaze away. "Spare me your platitudes. The village will never change. They will always fear and distrust those they cannot control. Even today, they still ostracize the Uchiha..."

Peter leaned back in his chair, a thoughtful expression crossing his face. "Maybe you're right," he said, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. "But what if, just maybe, there's a chance for something new? What if you could leave your past grudges behind and start over again?"

Madara raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued. "What do you mean by that?"

"I want to recruit you," Peter said bluntly.

Madara scoffed, a dry laugh escaping his lips. "Recruit me, a dying man? I won't live past the next few months, you know. Why waste your time? Besides, I'm not much of a follower."

Peter smirked. "What if I help you with your plans?"

Madara's interest was immediately piqued, though confusion clouded his features. "How do you know about my plans? Or that I have any to begin with?"

Peter shrugged nonchalantly. "Of course, you have plans. You kidnapped Obito for whatever reason and you have that plant thing skulking around everywhere." He looked Madara in the eyes, his expression serious. "Simply tell me your end goal, and I'll get it done. Once it's finished, you can let go of your past, start over, and work for me. How does that sound?"

Madara's eyes narrowed, suspicion mingling with temptation. "Even if I wanted to, this doesn't change the fact that I won't live past the next few months."

Peter waved his hand dismissively. "That's easy. I'll just make you young again."

Madara's eyes widened in shock. "Y-You can do that?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah, it's easy. Just tell me your end goal, and I'll get it done. Then you can join me, and I'll make you young again. After all, I can't have my newest recruit dying of old age right after he joins me."

Madara fell silent, the weight of Peter's offer settling over him. He had spent so long chasing his dream, fighting against the world, that the idea of starting over seemed almost impossible. Yet the allure of a second chance, of seeing his plans come to fruition, was too tempting to ignore.

After a moment, Madara made up his mind. "My goal is to create a lasting peace for this world. I want to free the world from pain and suffering."

Peter smirked, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "I don't believe a truly peaceful world is possible, but I think I can create something pretty damn close, as long as you're willing to follow my lead. Can you do that?"

Madara hesitated. "I already have a plan in motion..." he revealed.

Peter shrugged. "Plans change. If you want my help, which is invaluable, you'll need to follow my lead and adapt to my methods. Besides, I'm pretty sure your plans have already failed. I have Obito, that plant thing, and you. How can you expect to complete your plans like this? Aren't you dying soon?"

"..." Madara turned silent and studied Peter for a long moment, his eyes narrowing as he weighed the options. Finally, he let out a slow breath and nodded.

"You make a compelling argument," Madara admitted, his voice tinged with reluctant respect. "Perhaps my plans do need to adapt if we are to succeed... Very well, I'll follow your lead..."

"Good," Peter smirked victoriously. "Now, tell me all about your plans so far..."

## Chapter 702: Madara's Idiocy

After listening intently to Madara's detailed explanation of the Eye of the Moon Plan, Peter leaned back in his chair, a look of mild amusement on his face.

"Wow," Peter says, his tone carrying a hint of sarcasm. "What a wonderfully idiotic and convoluted plan."

Madara's eyes narrow dangerously. "Excuse me?"

Peter continues, unperturbed by the edge in Madara's voice. "I mean, just think about it. You're basing the entire future of the world on a plan filled with holes and reliant on sheer dumb luck. Let's go over this, shall we?"

Madara, feeling a rare sting of offense, listens as Peter recounts his plan, listing the glaring flaws with each step.

"First off," Peter begins, ticking off his fingers, "you fake your death and somehow manage to get your hands on a piece of Hashirama's flesh, which—by some miracle—you integrate into your body. Then you wait, what, decades? All while banking on the hope that you might awaken the Rinnegan just before you croak. And, surprise, surprise, it works. But barely."

Madara's expression darkens, but Peter presses on.

"Then you implant your Rinnegan into some kid, Nagato, because... what? You thought it was a good idea to entrust your world-changing plan to a child? A kid who, by the way, you've never even met before."

Peter shakes his head, disbelief clear in his voice. "You did this because you needed Nagato to eventually revive you, but why not give the Rinnegan to Obito? He's an Uchiha, isn't he? Wouldn't that mean he'd have an easier time using your eyes?" He paused, an incredulous expression on his face. "You had him in the palm of your hand, completely broken and obedient, and yet you chose some random orphan instead? Makes no sense."

Madara's jaw tightens, but Peter doesn't give him a chance to respond.

"And let's talk about Obito. You're banking on him staying on course, following your every word, once you're dead. Do you really think a kid who watched his childhood love die in front of him is the most stable person to trust with your grand plan? And what if he decided to do something else? Or what if he, like most traumatized kids, just shut down completely?"

Peter's voice grows more incredulous as he continues. "And then there's this whole Infinite Tsukuyomi thing. Trapping the entire world in a dream? Really? You think that's peace? That's not peace, Madara. That's a delusion. You're essentially forcing everyone into a coma, robbing them of their free will until the day they die of old age, and calling it salvation. How does that fix anything?"

Madara's eyes flicker with frustration, but Peter keeps going, not giving him an inch.

"And what's your end goal here? To sit around as some sort of god while everyone else is trapped in their dream worlds? And then what? You eventually die, and the world falls apart again, maybe even worse than before. Congratulations, you've successfully delayed the inevitable for what, a few decades?"

Peter finally pauses, leaning forward, his eyes locked onto Madara's. "And let's not forget the biggest problem with your plan: the stone tablet. How do you know that thing wasn't feeding you lies? You've built your entire strategy on something you found carved into a rock. Did it ever occur to you that the information might be false? Or that someone, somewhere, manipulated that tablet for their own gain?"

Madara, who had been silent up until now, grits his teeth, anger bubbling beneath the surface. "You think you're so clever, don't you? Mocking a plan that you barely understand."

Peter shrugs, unimpressed by Madara's indignation. "Oh, I understand it just fine. It's you who didn't see the flaws because you were so blinded by your own pride and desperation. You were so consumed with the idea of being the world's savior that you didn't stop to think if any of it made sense."

Madara's hand clenches into a fist, but he remains silent, knowing that Peter is right. The flaws in his plan, laid out so plainly, leave him floored. For the first time, he sees the carelessness in his actions, the risks he took that could have easily led to failure.

Peter, sensing Madara's turmoil, leans back in his chair again, his tone softening slightly. "Look, I'm not saying your intentions were bad. You wanted peace. You wanted to end the cycle of pain and suffering. But the way you went about it? It was flawed from the start."



Madara looks away, the weight of Peter's words pressing down on him. His entire life's work, his grand plan, was being dismantled before his eyes. He had never considered the possibility that he could be wrong, that his strategy had been fundamentally flawed from the beginning.

Peter watches him carefully, giving him a moment to process. "So," Peter finally says, breaking the silence, "what are you going to do now?"

Madara remains quiet, the anger in his eyes slowly giving way to a resigned acceptance. He had no answer, no defense for the points Peter made. His plan, the one he had spent the latter half of his life building, was crumbling, and for the first time, he didn't know what to do.

Peter, seeing the conflict in Madara's eyes, offers a small smile. "You can still achieve peace, Madara. But maybe it's time to reconsider how you go about it."

Madara glances back at Peter, the intensity in his gaze tempered by a newfound respect. "Perhaps you're right," he admits, his voice low but firm. "But I can't just abandon everything I've worked for."

"I'm not asking you to," Peter replies calmly. "I'm asking you to adapt, to think bigger, to work with me instead of against the world. Together, we can come up with something that actually works."

Madara nods slowly, the gears in his mind turning as he considers Peter's words. It's a bitter pill to swallow, realizing that everything he's done might have been for nothing, but he knows deep down that Peter is offering him a way forward.

For the first time in a long while, Madara feels the stirrings of hope, tempered by the knowledge that he has much to atone for.

"Very well," Madara finally says, his voice almost pleading. "What should we do?"

"Well," Peter said, stretching his arms casually, "if you're serious about changing things, there's no time like the present. Let's start the beginnings of world peace today."

Madara raised an eyebrow, curious yet skeptical. "And how exactly do you plan to do that?"

Peter grinned, motioning for Madara to follow him. "We've got a meeting to crash."

Without further explanation, Peter began walking toward the Hokage Tower, his stride confident. Madara hesitated for only a moment before getting up and following Peter, his curiosity piqued. He couldn't help but wonder what Peter had in mind and how this man intended to begin creating peace so soon.

As the two walked off, Teuchi and Ayame, still behind the counter of their ramen stall, exchanged glances. Little Ayame's wide eyes followed the pair as they disappeared down the street.

"Dad," Ayame whispered, her voice tinged with both awe and fear, "was that really Madara Uchiha?"

Teuchi, who had lived long enough to know the significance of that name, nodded slowly, still somewhat in disbelief. "I think so... but if it is, it's a miracle we're still standing here, Ayame."

The weight of the situation began to settle over the two, realizing just how significant the events unfolding before them truly were.

Meanwhile, Peter and Madara continued their walk toward the Hokage Tower. The streets of Konoha were still relatively quiet as the village recovered from the earlier chaos, though a few villagers glanced at the pair with curious eyes, none daring to approach them.

Peter, sensing movement behind them, glanced back and noticed both Itachi and Shisui following at a distance, their eyes filled with a mixture of curiosity and determination. They had tried to remain unnoticed, but their intentions were clear.

Peter stopped in his tracks, turning fully to face them. "Itachi, Shisui," he called out, his tone firm but not unkind. "Go wait for me back at the Uchiha district. I'll be there to train you soon."

The two boys froze, realizing they had been caught. Itachi glanced at Shisui, who shrugged, and the two reluctantly nodded in agreement.

They cast wary glances at Madara, still uncertain about the man's true identity, before turning and heading back in the direction of the Uchiha district.

Madara watched the exchange, a small smirk playing on his lips. "They're persistent," he remarked.

Peter chuckled. "They're good kids, just a bit too curious for their own good."

Madara said nothing in response but continued walking beside Peter, his mind still racing with thoughts of what lay ahead. He could sense the shift in his fate, the new path opening up before him, and for the first time in many years, Madara felt a glimmer of hope that things could be different.

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As Peter and Madara approached the Hokage Tower, the two guards stationed at the entrance stood stiffly, their hands instinctively tightening on their weapons.

But when the guards saw who was approaching, their resolve quickly melted away. They exchanged nervous glances, knowing full well who Peter was—the hero who had beaten the Nine-Tails.

As for the older man walking beside him, they knew exactly who he was, having witnessed his arrival just outside the village. 'Madara Uchiha...' they thought, a mixture of awe and fear gripping them as they felt the overwhelming aura of power radiating from him.

So, despite their training and orders, the guards stepped aside without a word, allowing Peter and Madara to pass unhindered.

Madara noticed this, a smirk forming on his lips as he enjoyed the feeling of fear and respect that still followed him, even after all these years.

The same pattern repeated itself as they entered the Hokage Tower. People who might have normally stopped or questioned them chose to look the other way, pretending they didn't see the two men walking through the corridors. Some hurriedly ducked into side rooms, and others simply froze in place, eyes wide with uncertainty.

Finally, they reached the Hokage's office. A young, nervous secretary sat at a desk outside the door, her hands trembling as she worked. She looked up as the door to the office opened, and her eyes widened in fear when she saw Peter and Madara approaching. "Wait! You can't go in there!" she stammered, standing up quickly, trying to fulfill her duty despite her fear.

Peter barely glanced at her as he continued forward. "It's alright," he said, his voice calm and reassuring but with a finality that left no room for argument. "They won't mind."

The secretary's mouth opened and closed as if she wanted to protest, but she found herself unable to form the words. Instead, she watched helplessly as Peter and Madara ignored her and pushed open the doors to the Hokage's office.

Inside, the room was filled with tension. The Kage summit that Minato had hastily arranged in the wake of the earlier events was already in progress.

At the head of the room sat Minato, the Fourth Hokage, with his predecessor, the still-injured Hiruzen, standing beside him.

Across from them were the other Kages—Rasa, the Kazekage; Gengetsu Hōzuki, the Mizukage; A, the Raikage, along with his brother Bee; and Onoki, the Tsuchikage. All of them looked up sharply as the doors swung open.

"I thought we told them not to allow anyone inside—" Hiruzen began, his voice stern but trailing off as he recognized who it was. His eyes widened in shock as he saw Peter and Madara walk into the room.

Peter smiled warmly as he looked around at the assembled leaders. "Sorry to interrupt," he said, his tone polite yet carrying a confidence that made it clear he wasn't really apologizing. "But we'd like to join the peace talks."

## Chapter 703: Peace?

As Peter announced that they would like to join the peace talks, the realization dawned on everyone present: Peter wasn't asking for permission. He was declaring it.

The assembled Kage understood immediately that they had no choice in the matter. "..."

With Peter and Madara seated at the table, the balance of power in the room had shifted dramatically. Both of them were the strongest individuals there, likely the strongest in the entire ninja world.

After all, might makes right, and right now, Peter and Madara held all the cards.

Minato nodded in acknowledgment of Peter's declaration and tapped his fingers on the desk—a subtle signal.

\*tap tap...\*

In response, the Anbu, who had been silently observing, materialized out of nowhere with two additional chairs, placing them at the table before disappearing again.

Peter casually took his seat at the head of the table, across from Minato, a slight, confident smile playing on his lips. Madara followed suit, sitting beside him, his expression unreadable but his presence undeniably imposing.

After settling in, Peter spoke. "The reason we're here is simple. We want to bring the ninja world to lasting peace."

The room fell into a stunned silence at Peter's statement. The Kage exchanged glances, each processing the weight of his words. Onoki, the Tsuchikage, broke the silence with a dry, cynical laugh.

"Peace?" Onoki scoffed, his voice dripping with skepticism. "Lasting peace? Impossible!"

Madara's eyes narrowed at Onoki's dismissal, his gaze icy and intense, causing the small, elderly Kage to feel an uncomfortable chill run down his spine. The room tensed, the unspoken threat in Madara's glare palpable.

But Peter remained calm, seemingly unperturbed by Onoki's reaction. He met Onoki's gaze evenly. "Why don't you think it's possible, Onoki? Can't you all act like grown men and put the past behind you? Why hold onto grudges when countless lives could be spared?"

Onoki snorted, crossing his arms over his chest. "Grudges? You think this is about grudges?" He shook his head, a bitter smile forming on his lips. "You have no idea what you're talking about. The wars aren't just about old rivalries or petty grudges—though those certainly play a part. The real reason is much more pragmatic: resources."

The other Kage nodded slightly in agreement, their expressions grim as Onoki continued.

"Look around this room," Onoki said, gesturing first to Rasa, the Kazekage. "Sand," he stated flatly, his voice heavy with the weight of long-standing difficulties. "The Land of Wind is nothing but endless deserts. No fertile land, scarce water. The people there struggle just to survive."

Rasa, who had been quietly listening, gave a solemn nod, his eyes reflecting the harsh reality Onoki described.

Onoki then pointed at A, the Raikage. "Mountains. The Land of Lightning is rugged, inhospitable terrain. Their people are isolated, the land difficult to cultivate. They have some resources, but nowhere near enough to support a healthy population without difficulty."

A's expression remained stern, but there was a faint flicker of agreement in his eyes.

Next, Onoki gestured toward Gengetsu Hōzuki, the Mizukage. "Muddy and rain. The Land of Water is plagued by constant storms and dense fog. Agriculture is a challenge, and the terrain is treacherous. The people of the Hidden Mist face not only external threats but also the very land they live on."

Gengetsu nodded slightly, his expression as impassive as ever, but his silence spoke volumes.

Finally, Onoki pointed to himself. "And stone. The Land of Earth is barren, rocky, and infertile. Farming is nearly impossible, and resources are scarce. My people work hard, but it's never enough. We are forced to fight for what little we can get because, without it, our people starve."

Onoki's voice grew more intense as he continued. "All of us have our own predicaments. But Konoha? You occupy the best land in the world. Lush forests, fertile soil, abundant water—everything you could possibly need. But of course, you would never give any of it away. So, we have to fight for it. We have no choice. If we don't, our people suffer, starve, and die. Our wars are about survival, not just old grudges."

The other Kage nodded in agreement, their faces grim. Even the Raikage, who was known for his fiery temper, seemed subdued by the harsh reality Onoki laid out.

Peter listened intently, his expression thoughtful. He could see the truth in Onoki's words. The other villages were fighting not just for power or revenge, but for the survival of their people. It wasn't just about pride or grudges; it was about necessity.

Onoki leaned back in his chair, his gaze hard as he looked at Peter. "It's easy for Konoha to say, 'Let's bury the hatchet and forget the past,' but it's not all about grudges for us. It's about survival. And until you understand that, there can be no lasting peace."

Peter nodded slowly, taking in everything Onoki had said. The room fell into a heavy silence as everyone awaited his response. Madara's expression was unreadable, though it was clear he was weighing Onoki's words carefully.

Peter glanced at Madara, then back at the Kage. "You're right, Onoki. But that doesn't mean peace is impossible. It just means we need to find a solution that addresses those needs—a solution that ensures everyone has what they need to survive without resorting to war."

The Kage looked at him with a mix of skepticism and curiosity. Peter had their attention...

"If I can fix the resources issue," he said, his voice calm but resolute, "would you be willing to actually consider and work toward peace?"

The Kage turned to Peter, their expressions a mixture of disbelief and curiosity. A, the Raikage, was the first to voice the collective doubt. "How can you possibly fix it?"

"Unless you can persuade Konoha to surrender a portion of their land to each of us, I don't see any way to resolve this..." Onoki remarked, his gaze shifting between Minato and Hiruzen, who remained silent, deep in thought.

"..." Neither Hokage offered a response. They had their own people to consider. If they surrendered such a significant portion of land to four different villages, would there be enough left for their own citizens? And then there was the matter of the Daimyo—the true rulers of the land—whose reaction could not be overlooked.

Peter leaned forward slightly, his eyes scanning the faces of each Kage before he spoke. "I can give you two options. The first option is that I can assist in bringing every ninja village into the Land of Fire, where you can all share the land and make a united ninja village. This village would be governed by a council of Kage from each village who would rule together."

The Kage exchanged incredulous looks, clearly stunned by the proposal. Rasa, the Kazekage, was the first to speak up, his voice filled with skepticism. "How would you possibly do that? And how do you know that Konoha would agree?"

The other Kage turned their gazes to Minato and Hiruzen, searching their faces for any sign of agreement. Minato's expression was thoughtful but open to hearing more, while Hiruzen's was cautious.

Peter shrugged casually. "They'd have to agree, or I'd do it forcefully."

The bluntness of Peter's statement left the room in stunned silence once more. The idea that someone could force all the ninja villages into one united entity was almost unimaginable, but the sheer confidence in Peter's voice left them questioning what was truly possible.

Seeing the disbelief in their eyes, Peter continued, "The second option, which is harder but still entirely doable, is that I can terraform the lands you currently live on. I can make them similar to the Land of Fire, giving you the same resources—fertile land, water, everything you need to prosper. But if you accept this offer, you must still form a council of Kage that meets regularly to solve any issues that may arise and to maintain the peace."

The Kage sat in stunned silence, their minds reeling at the possibilities laid out before them. The idea of terraforming their lands, of turning barren deserts, rugged mountains, muddy rain-soaked lands, and harsh stone into something as prosperous as the Land of Fire—it was almost too incredible to believe.

Onoki, the oldest and most experienced among them, narrowed his eyes at Peter. "You expect us to believe that you can just change the very nature of our lands? Make deserts bloom and mountains fertile? It sounds like a fairy tale."

Peter met Onoki's gaze steadily, his expression unwavering. "It may sound unbelievable, but I'm not offering you a fairy tale. I'm offering you a future—a future where your people don't have to starve or fight for survival. A future where peace is not just a dream, but a reality. But it's up to you to decide if you're willing to take that chance."

The room remained silent as the Kage processed Peter's words. The enormity of the offer, the sheer audacity of what he was proposing, left them grappling with their doubts and fears.



Peter let the silence stretch on, allowing them time to think. He knew that what he was offering was unprecedented, something that would change the very fabric of their world. But he also knew that if they truly wanted peace, they would have to take a leap of faith.

Madara, who had been silent up until now, glanced at Peter with a new sense of respect. He had never considered such a bold approach to solving the world's problems, and though he still had his doubts, he could see the potential in Peter's plan.

Finally, Minato, who had been deep in thought, spoke up. "If what you're offering is possible, then I believe it's worth considering. But this isn't a decision we can make lightly. It will take time to discuss and come to a decision."

Peter nodded in agreement. "Of course. I'm not asking for an immediate decision. Take your time, discuss it amongst yourselves, and think about what's best for your people."

Onoki, still skeptical but intrigued, leaned back in his chair. "If you can truly do what you say, then it would be foolish not to consider it. But I'll believe it when I see it."

The other Kage nodded, their expressions showing a mixture of hope and hesitation. The possibility of a future without war, without the constant struggle for resources, was something they had never dared to dream of.

Peter smiled, sensing that they were starting to come around. "I'll give you time to think it over. But remember, the choice is yours. Peace is within your reach, but you have to be willing to take the first step."

With that, Peter and Madara rose to their feet and exited the room, leaving the Kage to continue their discussions in private.

## Chapter 704: Training!

As Peter and Madara walked into the Uchiha district, a wave of tension swept through the area. The clan guards, usually stoic and disciplined, found themselves stiffening with a mix of awe and fear. Their eyes widened as they recognized the two figures approaching.

Peter, the hero who had aided them during the Nine-Tails attack, was a powerful ally whose strength they had witnessed firsthand. But the man walking beside him was a different story altogether.

Madara Uchiha.

A name that resonated deeply within the clan—a name both revered and reviled. Madara was a legend, but also a traitor who had turned his back on the village and clan. The sight of him now, alive and walking beside Peter as if he were some sort of subordinate, sent a shockwave through the guards.

They knew their duty; Madara was labeled a traitor, and technically, they were supposed to bar him from entering the clan area. But who in their right mind would dare to stop Madara Uchiha? That would be suicide. The very thought of trying to halt his steps brought a cold sweat to their brows.

But thankfully, Peter's presence offered them some comfort. The guards had seen Peter's power, had felt the might of his abilities during the Nine-Tails attack, and if anyone could keep Madara in check, it was him. So, they did nothing as the two men walked past them, the tension in the air palpable.

As they made their way deeper into the Uchiha district, passing by stores and houses along the way, the reactions of the clan members were varied but intense. Some watched from a distance, their eyes wide with a mixture of awe and fear. They whispered amongst themselves, the name "Madara" passing through their lips like a ghostly chant.

Others, less bold or perhaps more fearful, immediately retreated into their homes or shops, slamming doors, locking shutters, and pulling blinds closed.

Madara, who had expected such a reaction, still felt a slight pang in his chest as he witnessed it firsthand. He frowned ever so slightly, surprised by the unexpected sting of seeing his clan react to him like this.

He had long thought he had severed all ties with his clan, had convinced himself that they no longer mattered to him. And yet, seeing them cower and hide, a small part of him still saw them as family—family that now feared him.

Peter, noticing the subtle change in Madara's expression, said nothing. Instead, he quietly patted Madara on the shoulder, offering silent support. It was a simple gesture, but one that Madara found strangely comforting, though he didn't show it.

As they continued walking, the tension remained thick in the air, but Peter's presence kept the situation from escalating.

Madara's frown slowly faded, replaced by the impassive mask he usually wore, though the weight of the moment lingered in his mind.

Eventually, they arrived at the clan heads house. Outside, Itachi and Shisui stood waiting, both dressed in their gear for training.

Itachi's mother, Mikoto, was fussing over them, holding baby Sasuke in her arms as she ensured the two boys were prepared for their first day of training with Peter.

"Are you sure you have everything? Kunai? Shuriken? Water?" Mikoto asked, her voice full of motherly concern as she checked their gear one last time.

"Yes, Mom," Itachi replied, his tone polite but slightly exasperated. "We've got everything."

"Really, Aunt Mikoto," Shisui added, trying to gently reassure her. "We're ready."

But Mikoto, ever the caring mother, wasn't quite convinced. "I just want to make sure you're both prepared. This is a huge opportunity, and you need to do your best. You don't want to disappoint Peter."

The boys exchanged glances, both of them feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness. Despite their growing impatience, they understood Mikoto's concerns. After all, Peter was an extraordinary teacher to have, and they wanted to make a good impression.

However, their attention soon shifted as they noticed Peter and Madara approaching. The moment they saw the two figures, their conversations halted, and Mikoto's smile vanished as her eyes locked onto the imposing figure walking beside Peter.

Madara Uchiha.

Mikoto's breath caught in her throat, her body tensing as she instinctively pulled Sasuke closer to her chest. The warmth and joy she had shown just moments ago drained away, replaced by a deep unease as she stared at the man who was both an ancestor and a feared traitor to the clan.

"Madara..." she whispered under her breath, her voice barely audible, but the two boys heard her loud and clear.

Itachi and Shisui, though trying to maintain their composure, couldn't help but glance at one another, thinking, 'So he really is Madara Uchiha...'

Peter, noticing the sudden tension in the air, gave Mikoto a reassuring smile. "Good morning, Mikoto. It looks like Itachi and Shisui are ready for today."

Mikoto's eyes flickered to Peter, the lightness in his tone helping to steady her nerves, though the presence of Madara still loomed large in her mind.

"Y-Yes," she replied, forcing herself to focus on Peter. "They're ready."

But her gaze drifted back to Madara, unable to fully tear herself away from the sight of him, and the questions swirling in her mind remained unspoken.

Mikoto, her voice tense with worry, asked, "Will Madara be joining in their training...?"

Peter, noticing her apprehension, gave her a reassuring nod. "He might," Peter replied casually. "After all, he's probably the most powerful Uchiha alive, so his input would be helpful. But I promise you, your children will be alright."

To emphasize his point, Peter reached over and placed a hand on Madara's shoulder, pulling the older man slightly closer. "This old man is softer than he looks," Peter added with a playful smile.

Mikoto, still uneasy, turned her gaze to Madara, trying to gauge his reaction. She saw a small scowl form on his face, but to her surprise, he didn't react violently or protest. It was a bit shocking, considering Madara's reputation.

This moment of restraint proved to her that, at the very least, Madara wouldn't go against Peter's words, though it didn't entirely alleviate her concerns.

Still cautious, Mikoto asked, "Would you mind if Sasuke and I watched their training session?"

Peter smiled warmly and nodded. "Sure, the more the merrier," he said, understanding that her request came from a place of concern. He didn't want to add to her anxiety, especially with Madara's presence being so intimidating.

With Mikoto holding Sasuke close, the group made their way to the training ground at the back of the house. The area was spacious, with plenty of room for the intense training that Peter had planned.

Once they were all assembled, Peter began the introduction to the day's training. "Alright, today we're going to focus on the most important part of training—your bodies."

Itachi and Shisui, who had been hoping to learn some of Peter's magic or advanced techniques, couldn't hide their disappointment. They had expected something a bit more exciting...

Peter noticed their letdown expressions but continued undeterred. "Without a strong body, you're just a glass cannon. Fire it once, or take any damage, and you're useless."

"Um..." Shisui raises his hand and asks, "What's a cannon?"

Realizing his mistake, Peter quickly corrects himself. "Think of it like a glass kunai. It may be sharp and usable, but it's also fragile. Throw it once, and there's a high chance it'll shatter..."

"Ohh," both boys mutter in understanding.

Peter continued, "So, first, we're going to start with some light stretching to make sure you don't pull any muscles."

Both Shisui and Itachi exchanged confused glances. Stretching? They had been learning the importance of flexibility since they were toddlers. Was Peter seriously going to start their training with something so basic?

Seeing the skeptical looks on their faces, Peter smirked. "Let's get started," he said with a mischievous gleam in his eye.

Before either of the boys could react, Peter snapped his fingers, and both Shisui and Itachi were suddenly lifted off the ground by an invisible force. Their eyes widened in shock as they found themselves suspended in the air, completely at Peter's mercy.

Without warning, the same invisible force began to stretch and twist their bodies in odd angles. At first, the sensation was strange but bearable. However, it didn't take long before they began to feel a sharp pain as muscles they didn't even know they had were stretched to their limits.

Madara, standing off to the side, watched with an amused expression, his lips curling into a faint smirk. It was clear he found the sight of the two brats being contorted in mid-air to be quite entertaining.

The best reaction, however, came from Sasuke, who was still cradled in Mikoto's arms. The infant giggled and laughed at the sight of his brother and cousin being twisted and turned above him, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle.

Mikoto, on the other hand, initially looked worried as she watched her son and nephew being put through such a rigorous and unusual stretching routine. But as she observed more closely, she began to realize how beneficial this would be for them.

Her concern gradually eased, though she had to fight to keep a smile from forming on her face. Sasuke's infectious laughter made it even harder to keep her composure, but she didn't want to laugh at Itachi's pain, so she maintained her serious expression.

Nearly an hour passed before Peter finally muttered, "Alright, that's enough."

With another snap of his fingers, the invisible force released the boys, and they were gently lowered back to the ground.

Itachi and Shisui stumbled slightly as they landed, their bodies feeling like jelly from the intense stretching they had just endured.

"Now we can work on your physical strength," Peter announced, just as the two boys were trying to regain their footing.

Itachi and Shisui exchanged weary glances, but before they could even brace themselves, Peter snapped his fingers again—a sound they were quickly beginning to associate with something unpleasant.

Sure enough, as soon as Peter's fingers clicked, a spell circle formed in the air above them and then shot down toward the ground.

The moment it connected, the boys were suddenly pressed flat onto the earth, the weight of intense gravity pinning them down and sinking them into the dirt.

Peter, watching with a satisfied smile, calmly instructed, "I want you to run around the training ground five times. Once you're done, we'll start the real training."

The two boys' eyes widened in disbelief as they struggled to push themselves up against the crushing force.

"This isn't the real training?!"

## Chapter 705: Family

As the sun began to set, casting a warm orange glow across the training ground, Peter stood over Itachi and Shisui, who were sprawled out on the ground, completely exhausted. Their bodies were drenched in sweat, their chests heaving as they gasped for air. The rigorous training Peter had put them through had pushed them to their absolute limits.

Mikoto, who had been watching earlier with Sasuke in her arms, had left a couple of hours ago. Sasuke needed to eat his dinner before bed, and she also had to prepare dinner for Itachi, Shisui, and her husband, who would be home later.

Although she was still wary of Madara's presence, she trusted Peter enough to leave the two boys in his care.

Madara stood off to the side, observing the scene with an impressed expression. He had watched as Peter subjected the children to a hellish training regimen that far surpassed anything he had ever put Obito through.

What surprised him the most was how the two boys rose to the challenge. Despite their bodies being pushed to the brink, they had persevered, never once complaining or giving up. It was a testament to their strength and determination, qualities that truly marked them as Uchiha.

As Itachi and Shisui began to catch their breath, they looked up at Peter with pleading eyes. "Are... are we done, Sensei?" Itachi asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Peter nodded. "Yeah, for today." He raised his hand, bringing his thumb and middle finger together, making both boys flinch instinctively. They had learned to associate that gesture with the beginning of more pain, but when Peter snapped his fingers this time, instead of pain, they were suddenly surrounded by a soft, glowing light.

The light began to heal the minor bumps and scrapes on their bodies, but it didn't stop there. The fatigue and muscle soreness from Peter's brutal training also started to fade, leaving them feeling refreshed and rejuvenated.

The boys slowly stood up, their previous exhaustion all but forgotten. They exchanged surprised glances before turning to their sensei, awe and curiosity evident in their eyes.

"How did you do that?" Shisui asked, his voice filled with wonder.

"Can you teach us?" Itachi added eagerly.

Peter smiled at their enthusiasm. "Sure, but not today. We'll get to that in time."

The boys' faces lit up with excitement. The thought of learning such abilities, and possibly even more of Peter's powers, filled them with anticipation. They could hardly wait for the next day's training.

Peter glanced back toward the house and began to say, "If I'm not mistaken, your mother should be —"

Before he could finish his sentence, the back door of the house swung open, and Mikoto stepped outside, calling out to her son and nephew. "Itachi! Shisui! Dinner's ready!" she called, her voice carrying a note of motherly warmth.



Peter had asked her earlier to prepare something filling, knowing that the boys' bodies would need the nourishment after the intense training.

Peter pointed over his shoulder toward the house. "Go on, you two. We'll train again tomorrow."

Itachi and Shisui, ever respectful, bowed deeply to Peter. "Yes, Sensei. Thank you, Sensei," they said in unison before turning and running off toward the house, their spirits lifted by the promise of delicious food.

As the boys rushed past Mikoto and into the house, Mikoto hesitated for a moment before turning back to Peter. "Would you and..." she paused, glancing nervously at Madara, "Madara like to join us for dinner?"

Her invitation was polite but clearly hesitant. It was evident that she was still uncomfortable with the idea of Madara being in her home, but she felt it was only proper to extend the offer.

Peter smiled warmly and waved off the invitation. "Maybe next time, Mikoto. I need to discuss something with Madara first."

Mikoto nodded, visibly relieved that she wouldn't have to host Madara in her home. "Alright. Thank you again, Peter," she said before heading back inside, where she quickly turned her attention to wrangling Itachi and Shisui to the dinner table.

Inside the house, the boys joined Mikoto at the table, where the warmth of family surrounded them. They ate together, their conversation lively, with Mikoto fussing over them as usual, ensuring they ate enough after such a tough day of training.

As Mikoto and the kids ate inside, Peter and Madara remained outside in the backyard, the evening air cool and still. From where they stood, they could see through the window, watching as Mikoto fussed over Itachi and Shisui at the dinner table. The boys were animated, recounting their training session to her, while she gently urged them to eat more.

Peter noticed a subtle change in Madara's expression as he observed the scene inside. There was a flicker of something—longing, perhaps, mixed with a hint of envy. It was fleeting, but unmistakable.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Peter said, breaking the silence.

Madara, caught off guard by the comment, snapped out of his thoughts. He raised an eyebrow, turning to Peter. "What is?"

"Family," Peter replied with a warm smile. "Watching them together like that... it's a beautiful thing."

Madara's expression darkened slightly, and he frowned. "It can be," he conceded, though his tone was bitter. "But it can also be quite ugly..."

As he spoke, memories flooded his mind—memories of betrayal, of the time when his own family, the Uchiha, turned their backs on him. The bitterness of that betrayal still lingered, even after all these years.

Peter nodded, acknowledging the truth in Madara's words. "Yeah, it can be. But I'm sure you had at least one family member who would have stood by you no matter what, right?"

Madara's frown softened as he thought back to his little brother, Izuna Uchiha. If there was anyone in the world he could truly trust and call family, it was Izuna.

The memories of his younger brother were some of the few that Madara cherished deeply—a time when they shared dreams and aspirations, before everything went wrong.

A small, sad smile appeared on Madara's lips as he nodded. "Yes, I did," he said quietly. "But sadly, he was killed by that b\*stard Tobirama."

When Madara spoke Tobirama's name, there was a growl of anger in his voice. The pain of losing Izuna was still raw, the wound never fully healed. "Izuna never trusted the Senju, but he shared the same dream as me—to create a village where our clan could live in peace. Sadly, he wasn't able to see the creation of Konoha."

Madara paused, lost in thought, before adding. "You know, not many people are aware of this, but those who are often think I was the one who named Konoha. But they're wrong." His voice softened as he spoke, the anger subsiding into a kind of melancholy.

"When we were still kids, Izuna and I would draw in the dirt with our toy kunai, and one day, we drew our village. But when we were done, he told me to name it, since I would be the leader of the village and he would be my second in command. But I couldn't think of anything... so he called it Konohagakure. The Village Hidden in the Leaves."

Peter listened quietly, sensing that this was a rare moment of vulnerability from Madara. He didn't interrupt, allowing him to share speak.

Madara chuckled softly, but there was a mournful edge to it. "And do you know why he named it that?" he asked, glancing at Peter.

Peter looked around, gesturing to the trees surrounding them. "Because he wanted to make the village in a forest?"

Madara shook his head, a bittersweet smile tugging at his lips. "No, it was because it was fall, and leaves were everywhere. They kept falling from the trees, covering our drawing and getting in the way. So, since the village we drew kept getting hidden under the leaves, that's what he decided to call it."

Madara laughed, but the sound was tinged with sorrow, a single tear escaped his eye and traced a path down his cheek.

Peter reached out and rested a hand on Madara's shoulder, offering silent comfort to the old man. "... " But as he did so, Peter was secretly shocked by the new revelation.

This was not something he had known about the world of Naruto. He wondered if he had just uncovered some secret lore that had never been published!

They stood there in silence for a moment, the weight of Madara's memories hanging in the air between them. But then, as if on cue, both Peter and Madara simultaneously glanced in the same direction, their senses picking up on the presence of six individuals rapidly approaching.

Madara quickly wiped the tear from his face, regaining his composure as Peter pulled his hand away. A second later, the Kage they had met with earlier in the day appeared before them.

Minato was the first to speak, his tone respectful but firm. "Peter, we've made a decision."

Peter raised an eyebrow, slightly surprised by their quick turnaround. He hadn't expected them to come to a conclusion so soon, but speed wasn't a bad thing in this situation. He nodded, curious. "And what did you guys decide?"

Onoki floated forward, his voice carrying the weight of their collective decision. "We would like you to terraform our lands, if you can actually do it..." he added, doubtfully. "Although moving our villages to the Land of Fire would work as well, there are too many factors in place that could cause issues—mainly the daimyo."

Madara scoffed at the mention of the daimyo, though he didn't comment on it. To him, it was ridiculous that the ninja villages remained subservient to the daimyo, especially when they had the power to deal with them easily. In his mind, the daimyo should answer to them, not the other way around.

Peter, though he didn't scoff like Madara, felt the same. The daimyo were a relic of the past, a factor that often contributed to the instability and conflicts in the ninja world. 'Maybe I should figure out how to deal with the daimyo...' he thought. 'They're a factor for war as well. But that can be handled later.'

Returning to the matter at hand, Peter nodded in agreement. "Sure, I'll start working on it tomorrow. In the meantime, you all must work on setting up the council." He said, not bothered by Onoki's doubt.

The Kage exchanged glances, nodding in unison. They understood the importance of establishing a governing body that would ensure the peace they sought to achieve.

Minato, taking the lead, spoke for the group. "We'll begin discussions immediately and work out the details of the council. This is a crucial step, and we'll make sure it's done right."

Peter smiled, pleased with their resolve. "Good. I'll check in on your progress soon, but for now, focus on setting up a strong foundation."

The Kage bowed slightly in respect before turning to leave, each of them already thinking about the monumental task ahead. As they walked away, the tension that had hung over the village began to ease, replaced by a cautious sense of hope.

## Chapter 706: Onoki's Shock

### The Next Day...

As the first light of dawn broke over the horizon, Peter was already up and preparing for the day ahead. He had a promise to keep, and he intended to fulfill it. He decided to start with Iwagakure, the Hidden Stone Village, for one reason: Onoki's doubt in his abilities. The old Tsuchikage had been skeptical of Peter's offer to terraform their lands, and Peter was eager to prove him wrong.

But today wouldn't just be about terraforming. It was also a teaching moment for his new students, Itachi and Shisui. They had been training diligently under his guidance, and he thought this would be a good opportunity to show them more of the world outside the Hidden Leaf Village.

With the two boys in tow, Peter set off toward Iwagakure. The journey was swift, thanks to Peter's abilities, and soon enough, they stepped out of a portal, finding themselves outside the massive stone gates that guarded the entrance to the village.

As they neared the gates, Peter could sense the tension in the air. The guards stationed there were on high alert, their eyes narrowing suspiciously at the approaching trio.

Itachi and Shisui walked closely behind Peter, their expressions a mix of curiosity and apprehension. This was their first time visiting another village, and the imposing stone walls of Iwagakure only added to their nervousness.

When Peter and the boys were within earshot, one of the guards stepped forward, raising a hand to halt them. "Stop right there!" the guard barked. "State your business in Iwagakure!"

Peter smiled politely, trying to keep the interaction civil. "We're here to see the Tsuchikage. He should be expecting us."

The guards exchanged wary glances, clearly not convinced. "Ha! Yeah right," one guard replied, his tone gruff. "Turn back, or we'll be forced to take action."

Peter's patience was wearing thin, but he kept his composure. "I suggest you double-check with your superiors. The Tsuchikage and I have an arrangement."

The guards, however, were not so easily swayed. They remained on high alert, their hands hovering over their weapons. One of them, a bit more hot-headed than the others, sneered. "You expect us to believe that a stranger and two kids have an audience with the Tsuchikage? Do you think we're fools?"

Before Peter could respond, the guard who had spoken lunged forward, drawing his weapon with a swift motion. "I don't think so, outsider!" he shouted, charging straight at Peter.

Peter's eyes narrowed, a dangerous glint flashing in them. He could have killed the guard in an instant, but he tried to keep a level head. "Look, why don't we all just calm down," he said calmly, even as the guard closed in.

But the guard was too far gone, too consumed by his sense of duty—or perhaps his pride. He swung his weapon with deadly intent, aiming straight for Peter's head.

Itachi and Shisui tensed, their instincts screaming at them to move, to protect their sensei. But before they could react, a sudden blur of movement caught their attention.

Onoki, the Tsuchikage, appeared out of nowhere, his small frame moving with surprising speed and agility. He struck the guard with a powerful blow, sending him crashing to the ground, unconscious.

"Fools!" Onoki barked, glaring down at the guards who had dared to attack Peter. "Do you have any idea what you're doing?!" His voice was filled with fury, but also a tinge of fear.

The remaining guards froze, their eyes wide with shock. They had never seen their leader so angry—or so afraid.

Onoki turned to Peter and immediately bowed deeply, a gesture of both apology and respect. "I apologize for their actions, Peter. They didn't know who they were dealing with."

Peter shrugged, his expression indifferent. "It's fine," he said, though there was a hint of amusement in his voice. "No harm done."

Onoki straightened up, relief washing over his face at Peter's nonchalant response. He quickly barked orders to the nearby Anbu, who appeared in a flash, taking the unconscious guard and his shaken comrades away.

"Take them to the holding cells," Onoki commanded, his tone stern. "They need to be reminded of their duties."

The Anbu nodded and swiftly carried out their orders, disappearing as quickly as they had come.

With the situation under control, Onoki turned back to Peter. "Please, come in. We have much to discuss." He then glanced at Itachi and Shisui, offering them a respectful nod. "Your students are welcome as well."

Peter nodded, motioning for Itachi and Shisui to follow as they stepped through the gates...

Onoki led Peter, Itachi, and Shisui, deeper into the heart of Iwagakure. The presence of the Tsuchikage himself walking through the village was enough to draw attention, but when paired with a group that included Peter and two young Uchiha, it was impossible not to notice.

Villagers paused in their daily activities to stare, whispers spreading quickly through the crowd as they wondered what could possibly bring such a strange group together.

As they walked, Onoki began explaining the difficulties Iwagakure faced. "Our land is harsh and unforgiving," he said, gesturing to the rocky terrain around them. "The soil here is too tough for most crops to grow, and water sources are scarce. We have to work twice as hard as other villages just to maintain our food supply."

He glanced at Peter out of the corner of his eye, a hint of skepticism in his voice despite his earlier apology. "And while I appreciate your offer, I find it hard to believe you can turn this land into anything resembling the fertile grounds around Konoha. I'm not sure anyone could."

Peter simply smiled at Onoki's doubt, taking it as a challenge rather than an insult. "Seeing is believing, Onoki. Why don't we start now?"

Onoki raised an eyebrow, clearly unconvinced, but also intrigued by Peter's confidence. He had seen many things in his long life, but someone claiming they could terraform the land was new. "Very well," Onoki replied, a slight shrug in his shoulders as he motioned for them to follow him to a side entrance of the village.

They exited Iwagakure through a small gate, stepping out onto a wide expanse of barren, rocky terrain. As far as the eye could see, there was nothing but jagged stones and dust, a stark contrast to the lush greenery of Konoha.

Onoki swept his arm out toward the desolate landscape. "Here you go, Peter. Let's see if your claims hold any weight."

Peter nodded, a confident grin on his face. He stepped forward, raising his hand in front of him. With a fluid motion, he conjured a golden spell circle in the air. The intricate lines and symbols of the circle began to draw themselves into completion, glowing brightly with an ethereal light.

Itachi and Shisui watched in awe, their eyes wide with anticipation. They had seen Peter do incredible things before, but this was something entirely new. Even Onoki, despite his skepticism, found himself holding his breath.

The spell circle shot out from Peter's hand, its golden glow spreading across the rocky terrain before them. As it struck the ground, a network of golden lines began to stretch out, weaving their way across the landscape like a web.

The transformation was immediate and awe-inspiring.

The hard, unforgiving rock began to soften, melting away to reveal rich, dark soil. The barren ground, once so inhospitable, now seemed to breathe with new life. Trees shot up from the earth, their roots digging deep into the freshly formed soil. Lush green leaves unfurled, stretching toward the sky as if reaching for the sun.

Lakes and rivers carved themselves through the ground, their waters flowing clear and fresh. The sound of rushing water filled the air, a stark contrast to the silence that had dominated the area just moments before.

Grass spread like a green carpet across the terrain, flowers blooming in a riot of colors as the golden lines continued to pulse with energy, transforming everything they touched.

Onoki watched in stunned silence, his eyes wide with disbelief. He had doubted Peter, had been certain that no one could change the harsh landscape of Iwagakure so dramatically. But here it was, happening right before his eyes. The barren wasteland was becoming a paradise, its once harsh surface now teeming with life.



"This... this is impossible..." Onoki muttered, his voice barely more than a whisper.

Peter turned to him, a knowing smile on his face. "Nothing is impossible, Onoki. Not if you have the right tools and the will to make it happen."

Onoki could only nod, still too shocked to form a proper response. He had spent decades ruling Iwagakure, had fought countless battles and seen things that most people could only dream of, but this... this was beyond anything he had ever imagined.

The transformation continued for several more minutes until finally, the golden glow began to fade, and the spell circle dissolved into the air. The land before them, once so barren and desolate, now stretched out in a vast expanse of fertile fields, forests, and flowing water.

Peter lowered his hand, turning to face Onoki. "Believe me now?"

Onoki, still in a state of shock, slowly nodded. "I... I don't know what to say. You've done the impossible..."

Peter chuckled softly. "Just consider it a new beginning for Iwagakure. And remember, this is just the start. There's still much work to be done, but with this, you'll have what you need to begin a new era of peace and prosperity for all villages."

Onoki glanced around, his expression a mixture of awe and gratitude. "Thank you, Peter. I... I never thought I would see this in my lifetime."

"No problem," Peter nodded, then turned to Itachi and Shisui, who were still staring wide-eyed at the transformed landscape. "Should we make a stop in the village to try some Iwagakure snacks before heading to the next one?"

The two boys nodded, still too stunned to speak. They had just witnessed a miracle, and it was clear that their training under Peter was going to be more extraordinary than they had ever imagined.

Chapter 707: Daimyo

After leaving the newly transformed Iwagakure, which now boasted lush forests, fertile fields, and flowing water where barren rock once lay, Peter and his students, Itachi and Shisui, prepared for their next destination. The dramatic change had left Itachi and Shisui awestruck, and even Peter felt a sense of satisfaction seeing the fruits of his labor.

Peter turned to his students with a smile. "Alright, next stop. Let's see what we can do for the other villages."

With a wave of his hand, Peter opened a shimmering portal in the air. Itachi and Shisui stepped through with Peter close behind, and within moments, they emerged in the mountainous terrain of Kumogakure, the Village Hidden in the Clouds.

The terrain here was starkly different, dominated by craggy cliffs and towering peaks. But Peter had already envisioned how he would transform this place. Raising his hand, he conjured another golden spell circle, the intricate symbols weaving together in the air before shooting out across the landscape.

As the spell took effect, the rigid, rocky terrain began to soften and reshape. Mountains that had once been formidable and barren were now covered in lush greenery. Waterfalls cascaded down their slopes, pooling into clear, fresh lakes below.

Peter flattened some areas to create plateaus suitable for farming, making sure not to erase the unique mountainous identity of the region but instead to enhance it, turning it into a thriving ecosystem.

Itachi and Shisui watched in amazement as Kumogakure transformed before their eyes. They could hardly believe the spectacle, especially seeing the immediate change in the villagers' reactions. Those who had lived their entire lives surrounded by rock and stone now gazed in wonder at the newly fertile land.

Peter nodded in satisfaction as the last of the transformation settled. "Alright, two down. Let's keep moving," he said, opening another portal.

This time, they stepped into the mist-covered lands of Kirigakure, the Village Hidden in the Mist. Known for its constant rain and muddy terrain, Kirigakure posed a different challenge. Peter could sense the dense moisture in the air and the sodden ground beneath his feet.

Without missing a beat, Peter cast another spell, his magic taking root deep within the earth. The muddy terrain began to shift, firming up into fertile soil designed to thrive in the region's constant

rain. He added enchantments to the land itself, ensuring it could channel excess water efficiently, preventing floods while retaining the necessary moisture for abundant farming.

The villagers of Kirigakure, who had grown accustomed to their harsh, wet environment, were left speechless as they watched their land transform. They saw their home change from a dreary swamp to a vibrant land capable of sustaining rich agriculture.

"It's like a dream," one villager whispered in disbelief, and many others nodded in agreement, unable to tear their eyes away from the transformed terrain.

With three villages down, Peter's final stop was the most challenging of all: Sunagakure, the Village Hidden in the Sand. The vast desert stretched endlessly before them, the sun beating down relentlessly on the arid landscape.

"This one will be the most impressive," Peter mused, considering his options. He glanced at Itachi and Shisui, who were already anticipating the incredible transformation they would witness next.

Raising his hand once more, Peter decided to go big. Originally, he had thought to create a small oasis around the village, but why stop there? With a grin, he expanded his vision.

The golden spell circle formed in the air, larger and more complex than any before it, shining with an almost blinding intensity. It shot out over the desert, and immediately, the change began.

The sand under their feet began to shift, softening into rich, dark soil. All around them, dunes were flattened, replaced by stretches of fertile ground. Trees burst from the earth, their roots digging deep, and rivers snaked through the land, creating a network of fresh water sources that brought life to the once barren desert.

Lakes appeared as if by magic, their surfaces glistening under the bright sun. Flowers and grasses spread rapidly, their vibrant colors a stark contrast to the monotonous sands that had dominated the landscape for centuries.

The people of Sunagakure watched in stunned silence, their eyes wide with shock and awe. Many had lived their entire lives in the desert, where water was precious and food was scarce. To see their land transformed so completely, to see trees and rivers where there had only been sand, was nothing short of a miracle.

Some villagers fell to their knees, tears streaming down their faces as they whispered prayers of thanks, unable to contain their emotions. Others cheered and shouted, celebrating the miracle they had just witnessed. For the first time, their village was surrounded by abundance instead of scarcity.

Rasa, the Kazekage of Sunagakure, approached Peter, his face a mix of disbelief and gratitude. "Thank you," he said, bowing deeply. "You've given us more than we could ever have hoped for. We are forever in your debt."

Peter smiled and waved off the thanks. "Just doing what I said I'd do. Now, use this opportunity to build a better and peaceful future alongside the other villages."

With their mission accomplished, Peter turned to Itachi and Shisui, who were still reeling from all they had witnessed. "Alright, time to head back to Konoha. We've got more work to do."

He opened another portal, and the three of them stepped through, returning to the familiar surroundings of their home village.

As they arrived, Peter glanced around, feeling the familiar energy of Konoha. "Come on," he said to his students, "Madara should have finished the job I gave him by now. We can probably start today's training after I hear how everything went."

Itachi and Shisui nodded eagerly, still buzzing with excitement from everything they've witnessed today, hoping that someday, they would be able to do the same.

[Flashback: Earlier That Morning...]

Before the first light of dawn, Peter stood in his home, reviewing the tasks he had planned for the day. Madara was already there, having arrived early to speak with him before he left for the other villages. Today was crucial for the future they were trying to build, and Peter knew there was more to do than just terraforming.

Peter turned to Madara, his expression serious. "Today's work terraforming the other villages will help move us closer to peace," he began, his tone measured and thoughtful. "But there's still one group that has the power to start a war, even if the villages themselves don't want it. They need to be handled."

Madara nodded, understanding immediately. "The Daimyo, right?" he asked, a hint of disdain in his voice. "Should I just kill them?"

To clarify, in this world, the Daimyo are the feudal lords who govern each nation. Each Ninja Village, despite its power and autonomy, is technically under the jurisdiction of their respective nation's Daimyo.

The Daimyo hold significant political power and can influence decisions regarding war and peace, often without considering the wishes or needs of the villages themselves.

Peter shook his head. "No, you don't have to kill them, especially if they seem like good people. Besides, if we kill every Daimyo across the continent, it would draw a lot of attention and cause more problems than it solves."

Madara raised an eyebrow, intrigued by Peter's suggestion. "Then what do you want me to do?"

"Use your Sharingan to mind control them," Peter explained, his eyes narrowing with determination. "Make them switch roles with the villages and put it into law. The Daimyo should be subservient to the villages, not the other way around. This way, the council we're creating will have the power to maintain peace. Otherwise, the Daimyo could override the council's decisions whenever they want, and wars would continue, even after we leave this universe."

Madara considered this for a moment, a smirk forming on his lips. "I see... You want to make sure the villages are truly in control. Makes sense." He paused, a flash of his old ruthlessness in his eyes. "And I have no problem knocking those weak Daimyo off their high horses. They've lorded over the ninja villages for far too long."

Peter nodded, satisfied with Madara's response. "Good. Just make sure to handle it carefully. We don't need to cause unnecessary chaos. And remember, if any of the Daimyo or their families seem like they could be problematic later on, ensure they're also brought under control."

Madara's smirk widened. "I can handle that. Consider it done."

With their plan set, Madara departed in a flash, ready to carry out his mission. Meanwhile, Peter left to pick up Itachi and Shisui, preparing to take them on their journey to the other villages for the day's terraforming.

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## Madara's Mission...

Madara moved swiftly, his presence like a ghost in the wind as he traveled from palace to palace, each one belonging to a different Daimyo of the Great Nations. His movements were precise and silent, each step calculated to avoid detection. Though each palace had guards, they were mostly ceremonial and far too weak to pose any threat to someone of Madara's caliber.

The first palace belonged to the Daimyo of the Land of Fire. Madara easily slipped past the guards, using his Sharingan to cast subtle illusions to mask his presence. He found the Daimyo alone in his chambers, reading a scroll by candlelight.

Madara's eyes flared with the Sharingan's power, and the Daimyo's gaze lifted to meet his, locking into the hypnotic spiral. Within moments, the Daimyo's expression slackened, and his mind became open to Madara's influence.

"From now on," Madara commanded in a low, authoritative tone, "you and your descendants will be loyal to the Leaf Village and serve under its command. You will support the decisions of the new United Ninja Council and never move against the village or its interests."

The Daimyo nodded slowly, his face blank. "Yes... I will serve the Leaf Village..."

Satisfied, Madara moved on to the Daimyo's family, repeating the same process to ensure complete control. He knew that the power structure needed to be secure at all levels.

With the Land of Fire under control, Madara moved on to the next nation. The process was similar in each palace—he would enter unnoticed, locate the Daimyo, and use his Sharingan to bend their will to the new order that Peter had envisioned.

At the palace of the Land of Water's Daimyo, Madara found the lord and his family having dinner. A flicker of annoyance crossed Madara's face at the sight, but he swiftly moved into position. In a matter of seconds, all their eyes were locked on his, the Sharingan's power overwhelming their minds.

"You will now serve the Mist Village and follow the council's directives," Madara instructed. "Your role is to support the ninja, not to command them."

"Yes... we will serve..." they all repeated, their voices eerily in sync.

Madara continued his mission across the continent, visiting the palaces of the Land of Earth, the Land of Lightning, and the Land of Wind. Each time, he moved undetected, his Sharingan ensuring that no one would defy the new order. The guards were oblivious to his presence, and the few ninja guards who were stationed at the palaces were far too weak to sense him or pose any challenge.

In each palace, he also made sure to mind control the Daimyo's family members. He knew that any one of them could become the next Daimyo and potentially disrupt the new structure they were setting up.

As he worked, Madara felt a sense of satisfaction. This task, given to him by Peter, aligned with his own beliefs about the true order of power. The Daimyo were too weak to wield authority over the ninja villages, and it was time for a change.

Finally, with all the Daimyo and their families under control, Madara finished his mission. The foundations for a new power structure had been laid, one that would ensure the council's decisions could not be overturned by those unfit to lead.

Madara allowed himself a rare smile as he stood on the balcony of the last palace, looking out over the land. The old order was ending, and a new era was beginning—one where the ninja villages would be the true power in their nations, just as it should be...

## Chapter 708: Hokage's Request

As the portal shimmered and closed behind them, Peter stepped out into the Uchiha District alongside Itachi and Shisui, the soft orange glow of the setting sun casting long shadows across the village. The streets were quieter now, the day winding down as families prepared for dinner, and the sounds of evening life filled the air.

Peter glanced around, expecting to see Madara somewhere in the distance, but there was no sign of him. It seemed Madara hadn't returned yet from his task, which Peter had anticipated would take most of the day.

Noticing that Madara wasn't around, Itachi turned to Peter, his expression thoughtful. "Sensei, would you like to join us for dinner? My mom should be cooking by now." Itachi asked, his tone polite but hopeful.

Shisui, standing next to Itachi, nodded eagerly, clearly looking forward to having their teacher join them for a meal.

Peter opened his mouth to respond when, out of nowhere, an Anbu appeared beside them in a blur of motion, kneeling with a bow.

"Sir," the Anbu began, his voice respectful but urgent, "Hokage-sama requests your presence. He asks that you meet with him as soon as possible."

Peter shrugged, completely unfazed by the sudden appearance. "Sure, tell Minato that I'll be there soon."

The Anbu nodded and disappeared just as quickly as he had arrived, leaving Itachi and Shisui staring after him in silence.

Turning back to his students, Peter smiled reassuringly. "I'll meet with Minato first, but don't worry—I'll join you both for dinner afterward."

Itachi and Shisui smiled at his response, bowing in respect. "We'll see you soon, Sensei," they said in unison before rushing off toward Itachi's home, eager for dinner and the chance to unwind after the day's excitement.

Peter watched them go, a fond smile tugging at his lips. Once they disappeared from view, he turned toward the Hokage Tower, his thoughts shifting toward whatever business Minato had for him.

'Well, let's see what Minato wants to talk about this time,' Peter mused to himself, taking a step forward as he prepared to head toward his meeting with the Hokage.

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Peter walked through the corridors of the Hokage Tower, his footsteps light and unhurried. Soon enough, he reached the door to Minato's office and knocked lightly. A moment later, he heard Minato's voice from the other side.



"Come in."

Peter pushed the door open and stepped inside. The office was lit softly by the setting sun, the rays highlighting the shelves filled with scrolls and books lining the walls.

Behind the desk sat Minato, the Fourth Hokage, his usual calm and determined demeanor in place. Beside him stood his wife, Kushina, her long red hair falling over her shoulders. She smiled warmly when she saw Peter.

In a small cradle behind the desk, baby Naruto slept peacefully, his small chest rising and falling with each breath. The sight of the sleeping child softened the room's atmosphere, but Peter could immediately sense the tension in Minato and Kushina's posture.

Minato gestured for Peter to take a seat, and once Peter was settled, Minato leaned forward, his hands clasped together.

"I appreciate you coming, Peter," Minato began, his voice calm but with an undertone of curiosity. "I wanted to ask how everything is going with the other villages. How's the terraforming coming along? I know it's a massive task... do you think it'll take much longer?"

Peter smiled casually, leaning back in his chair. "It's already done."

Minato blinked, caught off guard by the response. "Already... done?"

Kushina, too, seemed surprised, her brows raising in disbelief. "That fast? We thought it would take weeks—maybe even months—to transform all the villages."

Peter chuckled softly, shaking his head. "Nope. It took a day. I hit Kumogakure, Kirigakure, and Sunagakure after Iwagakure. The mountains are lush and fertile, the rain-soaked lands of the Mist Village are thriving, and the desert surrounding Sunagakure... well, let's just say it's no longer a desert."

Minato and Kushina exchanged stunned glances, both struggling to process the sheer scale of what Peter had accomplished in such a short time. Minato's lips parted as he tried to grasp the enormity of the task.

"I don't know what to say," Minato admitted, leaning back slightly in his chair. "That's incredible."

Kushina, still looking somewhat amazed, nodded. "You've really done something amazing, Peter. Those villages will be thriving in no time."

Peter nodded, a sense of satisfaction in his voice. "Yeah, the hardest part is out of the way. Now we just have to wait for Madara to return from his task with the Daimyo."

At the mention of Madara and the Daimyo, both Minato and Kushina's expressions shifted. A bad feeling seemed to creep into the room. Minato frowned, his concern evident. "Wait... Madara's dealing with the Daimyo?"

Kushina's eyes narrowed slightly. "Is that really a good idea? You know what kind of man Madara is... are you sure it's safe to leave something like that in his hands?"

Peter waved a hand dismissively, not appearing the least bit concerned. "It's fine. He's not going to kill them, if that's what you're worried about."

Kushina, still looking uneasy, exchanged a glance with Minato. "But what is he doing with them, exactly?"

Peter shrugged, leaning forward slightly. "He's just mind-controlling them to shift the power dynamic. They'll still technically be in charge of their respective lands, but now they'll be subservient to the villages, not the other way around. We need that to ensure the new council has real authority. The last thing we want is for the Daimyo to keep overriding the council's decisions and causing conflicts."

Minato sighed, though he seemed somewhat reassured. "I understand the reasoning... I just hope things go smoothly. The Daimyo are powerful political figures, and any drastic changes could stir up tension."

Peter nodded. "Madara will handle it. He's more than capable, and he knows how important this is."

Kushina still looked a little uneasy, but she seemed to accept Peter's explanation. "I hope you're right, Peter."

Peter smiled. "I am."

With that, the conversation shifted, and Peter noticed the serious expressions on Minato and Kushina's faces. Minato hesitated for a moment before speaking again.

"Actually, Peter, there's another reason we called you here," Minato said, his tone growing heavier. He glanced at Kushina, who nodded, silently urging him to continue.

Peter raised an eyebrow, curious. "What's going on?"

Minato sighed, leaning forward with his elbows resting on the desk. "It's about Obito..." he began, his tone serious but laced with a hint of frustration. "We've been trying to help Obito ever since you helped us capture him. I've tried talking to him, reminding him of the old days, of everything we fought for together..."

Peter leaned forward slightly, listening intently.

"But nothing seems to be working," Minato continued. "He's not the same boy we knew. Whatever he went through has changed him. His ideals, his beliefs... it's like he's become a completely different person. He just isn't the Obito I remember."

Kushina nodded in agreement, her brow furrowed with worry. "We've even had the Yamanaka clan try to get through to him using their mind techniques, but even they're struggling. It's like there's this wall around his mind, and nothing is getting through."

Minato sighed, running a hand through his blond hair. "I hate to ask you for more help after everything you've already done for the village, but we're at a loss. We need your help, Peter. I don't know what else we can do."

Kushina's eyes met Peter's, and Peter could see the pleading in them. "Please, Peter," she said softly. "If anyone can help us reach Obito, it's you. We just want to bring him back."

Peter looked from Minato to Kushina and back again. "I'll help," he agreed easily.

Minato and Kushina both let out a breath of relief, their tense shoulders finally relaxing. "Thank you," Minato said, gratitude clear in his tone. Kushina nodded eagerly, a small smile tugging at the corners of her lips. "We knew you'd be able to help."

"It's no problem," Peter smiled back. "There are a few ways we could go about it. I'll lay out the options for you, and you two can decide which route you want to take."

Minato and Kushina exchanged a glance, excitement and curiosity building between them. "What are the options?" Minato asked, leaning forward slightly, eager to hear what Peter had in mind.

Peter held up one finger. "The first option is the most straightforward but comes with some complications. I could erase Obito's memories—completely wipe them out. This would give him a second chance at life without the trauma, brainwashing, or any of the baggage he's carrying right now. He'd have a fresh start."

Kushina and Minato's eyes widened at the idea, and for a moment, they looked hopeful. But then Minato furrowed his brow, sensing that there was a catch. "That sounds promising, but... what's the problem with that?"

Peter sighed. "The problem is that while it would give him a clean slate, he probably wouldn't be able to stay in Konoha. Too many ninja here know his face. Word would spread quickly among the villagers, and people would remember that he was involved in the Nine-Tails attack. Even if he didn't have his memories, others would, and it would make things... complicated."

Kushina's expression faltered, and Minato frowned, understanding the gravity of the situation. "That could be a real issue," Minato murmured, glancing at his wife. "He'd always be seen as a threat, no matter how much he's changed."

Peter nodded. "Exactly. Even if he's no longer the same person, the village might not be able to see past what he did."

Kushina pursed her lips, clearly troubled by the potential fallout. "What's the next option?" she asked.

Peter held up two fingers. "The second option is a bit more traditional. We can help him the old-fashioned way—with therapy, support, and guidance. It's the slowest method, but would allow him to work through everything at his own pace."

Minato nodded thoughtfully. "How long would that take?"

Peter gave a small, apologetic shrug. "It's hard to say. Therapy takes time, and with the level of trauma he's gone through, it could take years to see any real progress. And honestly, I don't have that kind of time to stick around and see it through."

Kushina bit her lip, her gaze shifting to the cradle where Naruto slept peacefully. She wanted to help Obito, but she knew Peter had his own obligations. "Would we be able to handle it without you?" she asked, her voice soft but filled with determination.

Peter smiled reassuringly. "I'd make sure you're well-equipped before I leave. I'd help set everything up—give you the tools and resources to work with. But yeah, I'd have to leave before things really started to show progress."

Minato looked conflicted, understanding that while this option was the safest, it was also the longest and most uncertain. He turned to Kushina, waiting to hear her thoughts.

Peter held up three fingers now, signaling the last option. "The third and final option is a bit more extreme, but it could solve most of the issues we're facing. I could use my powers to revert Obito back into the body of a child and erase his memories, like in the first option. That way, no one would recognize him, and he could have a completely fresh start—no baggage, no bad memories, and no reputation to follow him around."

Kushina's eyes lit up at this option, the idea of giving Obito a true second chance without any of the weight from his past clearly appealing to her. "That's it," she said immediately, her voice firm. "Let's do that."

Minato blinked, surprised by her quick decision. "Kushina... are you sure? If he's turned into a child again... who's going to take care of him? It's not like we can just drop him off somewhere..."

Kushina turned to Minato, her expression incredulous as if the answer were obvious. "We will, of course!"

"?!"

## Chapter 709: Fox Recruitment

As Peter stepped out of the office, leaving Minato and Kushina to discuss their decision regarding Obito, he couldn't help but smile. From the way the conversation was going, it was clear that Kushina had already made up her mind, and Minato would soon follow. The prospect of giving Obito a true second chance, free of his past, was too appealing to pass up.

Stepping into the cool evening air, Peter took a deep breath. The village was quiet at this time of night, and the stars twinkled faintly above him. It was peaceful...

As Peter prepared to head back to the Uchiha district, he sensed a presence behind him. Turning around, he was met with the familiar figure of Madara, the elderly Uchiha standing there with his arms crossed, a faint smirk on his face.

"Mission accomplished," Madara said, his voice low and confident. "Every Daimyo is now subservient to the ninja villages, just as you asked. More importantly, they'll all follow the orders of the future council without question."

Peter raised an eyebrow, a grin forming on his face. "That was fast."

Madara shrugged. "It wasn't difficult. They were all too weak to resist, and none of them suspected anything. Everything went according to plan."

"Good," Peter nodded, satisfied. "That was an important step. Now we can focus on building the council and solidifying a lasting peace."

With their tasks for the day complete, Peter gestured for Madara to follow him. "Come on, Itachi invited me to dinner at his house, and I figured we could both go."

Madara raised an eyebrow at the invitation, a rare look of curiosity crossing his features. "Dinner with the Uchiha clan... I'm surprised they're willing to sit down with me."

Peter chuckled. "They might be a little scared at first, but don't worry. You're with me, so they'll get used to it. Besides, Mikoto invited us last time..."

With that, the two men made their way to the Uchiha district, the streets quiet and deserted as the village settled down for the night. As they approached Itachi's house, Peter could already sense the tension in the air. He knew bringing Madara along would cause some unease, but he figured the dinner would help break down some of those barriers.

When they arrived at the house, the door was opened by Mikoto, who immediately tensed at the sight of Madara standing beside Peter. She quickly composed herself, offering a polite smile despite the clear apprehension in her eyes.

"Good evening, Peter," Mikoto greeted warmly before her eyes flickered nervously toward Madara. "And... Madara-sama."

Peter smiled reassuringly. "I hope it's alright that I brought him along. We're all working toward the same goal, after all."

Mikoto hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Of course. You're both welcome."

They stepped inside, and Peter could sense the immediate shift in the room's atmosphere. Fugaku, who had been sitting at the table with baby Sasuke in his arms, stiffened at the sight of Madara, his eyes narrowing slightly.

Itachi and Shisui, who were already seated, exchanged uneasy glances, clearly unsure how to react to this...

Peter, sensing the tension, took a seat at the table with a casual smile. "Thanks for having us, Fugaku, Mikoto. The food smells great."

Mikoto offered a polite nod, quickly setting the table with the meal she had prepared. As they began to eat, the atmosphere remained tense for the first few minutes, everyone stealing glances at Madara, who sat silently, his expression unreadable.

But as the dinner went on, Peter and Madara made no moves to escalate the situation. In fact, Peter engaged in casual conversation with Itachi and Shisui about their training, while Madara remained mostly quiet, offering the occasional comment. Slowly, the tension began to ease as it became clear that neither Peter nor Madara had any intention of causing trouble.

By the time dinner was coming to a close, the atmosphere had lightened considerably. Fugaku, though still wary, seemed to relax slightly, and even Mikoto managed a small smile as she cleared the dishes.

Peter leaned back in his chair, glancing at Madara. "See? I told you it'd be fine."

Madara merely smirked in response.

As the meal wrapped up, Peter and Madara thanked their hosts and didn't overstay their welcome. Mikoto, ever the gracious host, offered Peter a place to stay for the night, as she had done before. But Peter shook his head with a smile.

"I appreciate the offer, Mikoto, but I don't want to impose. Minato already gave me a house, so I'll just stay there from now on. Besides, I'll be back tomorrow for the kids' training. It's not like I'll be gone for long."

Mikoto nodded in understanding, though there was a hint of relief in her expression, especially considering Madara's presence.

"Thank you again for dinner," Peter said as he and Madara stepped out into the cool night air. The streets of the Uchiha district were quiet now, the village settling into the calm of the evening.

As they walked, the sound of their footsteps the only noise breaking the silence, Madara spoke up.

"I've been thinking," Madara began, his voice low and thoughtful, "about the eyes I gave that Uzumaki kid—Nagato."

Peter glanced over at Madara, his curiosity piqued. "What about them?"

Madara's eyes narrowed slightly. "My old plans are being thrown out, which means I don't need to be without my original eyes anymore. I was thinking of retrieving them tomorrow."

Peter's interest deepened. He had always been curious about Nagato and the Akatsuki. "Mind if I tag along?"



Madara glanced at Peter, considering the offer for a moment before nodding. "Fine by me."

Peter grinned, clearly intrigued by the idea. "Cool, maybe I'll bring the kids along as well."

With that, the two men went their separate ways, their thoughts already turning to the events of the next day.

'I wonder if Yahiko is still alive...'

...

Peter stood before his new home, taking in the sight of the large, sprawling mansion that had been given to him as a gift from Minato and the village.

When Minato had told him it was just a "small house," Peter had shrugged and accepted, thinking it would be a modest place to rest. But now, seeing it in person for the first time, he realized Minato's idea of "small" was wildly different from his own.

"This... is not a small house," Peter muttered to himself, sighing as he stared up at the towering structure before him. The mansion's elegant design and expansive grounds made it clear that this wasn't just a place to sleep—it was a full-blown estate.

Still, Peter let out a resigned sigh, deciding to just roll with it. "Guess it's better than sleeping in someone else's house," he said with a shrug before heading inside.

The interior of the house was just as grand as the exterior. Polished floors, intricately carved woodwork, and spacious rooms greeted him as he wandered through the hallways. Despite its grandeur, the place felt oddly empty, with only the faint echoes of his footsteps filling the silence.

After some exploring, Peter eventually found what he assumed was the master bedroom. He pushed open the door and stepped inside, already mentally preparing to collapse into bed after the long day.

But as soon as he entered the room, he froze.

Sitting on the bed with a thoroughly annoyed expression on his face, was none other than Kurama—the Nine-Tails himself—still trapped in his tiny, shrunken form thanks to Peter's spell.

"Yo," Peter greeted casually, trying not to laugh at the sight of the once-mighty beast looking so disgruntled in his miniature state.

Kurama let out a low growl, clearly unimpressed. "Don't 'yo' me," the fox grumbled, his red eyes narrowing as he glared at Peter. "You're late."

Peter raised an eyebrow, leaning against the doorframe. "Late? I didn't realize I was on a schedule."

Kurama huffed, his tails swishing behind him in agitation. "I've been stuck like this, waiting for you to come back, while you've been gallivanting around the other villages, getting all cozy with Madara Uchiha of all people."

Peter's eyes gleamed with amusement. "So that's what this is about? You're upset about Madara becoming my subordinate?"

Kurama's ears flattened against his head, his expression hardening. "Madara is dangerous, Peter. I should know that better than anyone. He's not someone you can trust."

Peter crossed his arms, letting out a soft chuckle. "Madara's dangerous, sure. But so am I."

Kurama bared his fangs slightly, his frustration bubbling to the surface. "You don't get it. I've dealt with Madara before. He's a manipulator, and he'll stab you in the back the moment it's convenient for him."

Peter tilted his head, watching Kurama intently. "I hear what you're saying, but from what I've seen so far, Madara's not out to betray anyone. He's just a man who wanted peace, and he took the wrong steps to get there."

Kurama scoffed, his eyes flashing with disbelief. "You really believe that? After everything he's done?"

Peter shrugged. "I believe people can change, given the right circumstances. And even if Madara does try something, I'm not exactly easy to stab in the back. He's not strong enough to take me down."

Kurama's frown deepened, but he couldn't deny the truth in Peter's words. He had seen Peter's strength firsthand, and it was nothing short of monstrous. Still, the thought of Madara made Kurama's fur bristle.

"I don't trust him," Kurama muttered, his voice low and filled with a deep-rooted grudge.

Peter smirked, an idea forming in his mind. "Well, since you don't trust the old man so much, how about this: why don't you join me? You can watch my back and make sure Madara doesn't try anything. If he does turn on me, I'll even let you take him down yourself."

Kurama's eyes widened slightly at the offer, a flicker of intrigue crossing his features. "You'd let me kill him?" he asked, his tone cautious, as if trying to gauge whether Peter was serious.

Peter grinned. "If he betrays me, sure. I don't think it'll come to that, but if it does, you can have the honor."

Kurama seemed to mull over the idea for a moment, though his skeptical nature kept him from jumping at the offer right away. "I thought you wanted me to be Konoha's 'guardian beast' or whatever," Kurama said, raising an eyebrow. "Why are you offering me this instead?"

Peter shrugged again. "That was just advice. Now, I'm giving you a job offer. You can join me as well, keeping an eye on Madara and protecting me from anything he might try."

The offer clearly piqued Kurama's interest, but there was still one stipulation he had. "If I agree to this," Kurama began, his gaze narrowing slightly, "you have to remove this spell that keeps me shrunk like this. I'm not doing anything as long as I'm stuck in this ridiculous form."

Peter chuckled, raising a hand in agreement. "Deal."

With a snap of his fingers, the spell that had kept Kurama in his tiny form was lifted. Of course, he held off on growing right away, conscious that it would cause the house to collapse.

Kurama let out a satisfied growl, stretching his limbs as he regained control of his full size. "That's better."

Peter smiled as he watched the Nine-Tails settle into his larger form. "Now, let's fix your mind control problem."

With another wave of his hand, Peter conjured glowing spell circles in the air, each one intricately designed with symbols and enchantments. The circles hovered for a moment before shooting directly into Kurama's eyes, embedding the protective enchantments deep within his mind.

The fox blinked, feeling the new protection settle into his senses...

## Chapter 710: Amegakure

[The Next Day – Amegakure, the Village Hidden in the Rain...]

A steady drizzle fell over Amegakure, the droplets pattering softly against the countless steel structures that towered above the village. It was always raining here, the dark clouds seemingly perpetually hovering over the country, casting a gloomy atmosphere across the landscape.

But despite the dismal weather, the people of Amegakure continued with their lives, navigating the rain-soaked streets with ease, having long since adapted to the constant downpour.

Within the heart of the village, hidden from view inside one of the many towering buildings, the Akatsuki gathered. Their leader, Yahiko, sat at a table, a look of quiet contemplation on his face as he went over reports from their recent missions. His long orange hair framed his face, his eyes sharp with determination and resolve.

[Insert picture of Yahiko here]

Beside him sat Nagato, his Rinnegan glowing faintly in the dim light, and Konan, the ever-stoic and calm presence at Yahiko's side.

[Insert picture of Nagato here]

[Insert picture of Konan here]

The three of them had come a long way from the war orphans they once were. In the midst of the Third Shinobi World War, they had been lucky enough to be saved and trained by Jiraiya of the Sannin.

Under his guidance, they had honed their skills, and in time, they had grown up to form the Akatsuki. What had started as a small group of survivors and idealists had blossomed into a movement—a beacon of hope for those caught in the crossfire of the Five Great Shinobi Countries' endless wars.

Amegakure had suffered more than most in these wars. Situated between the larger nations, it was often used as a battlefield, its people mere collateral damage in the power struggles of others.

The Akatsuki sought to change that. They sought to bring peace not just to Amegakure, but to the entire world, and under Yahiko's leadership, the group had begun to gain a following.

But with that fame came danger.

The current leader of Amegakure, Hanzo of the Salamander, had initially supported the Akatsuki, impressed by their ideals. But over time, as the Akatsuki's power grew, so too did Hanzo's paranoia. He began to see them not as allies in his quest to maintain peace and control of the village, but as a threat to his rule.

And now, Hanzo had decided to eliminate that threat.

Using his network of spies and informants to gather information about the Akatsuki's movements, Hanzo knew that while Yahiko was the charismatic leader of the group, it was Nagato who truly scared him.

Despite the boys seeming inability to use the power of his Rinnegan, he still possessed a legendary dojutsu said to be passed down by the Sage of Six Paths himself. This was an anomaly that Hanzō could not afford to ignore. If Nagato ever unlocked the power of his eyes and turned them against him, it would mean the end of his reign over Amegakure.

So, Hanzo devised a plan.

Rather than confront the Akatsuki head-on, where Nagato's Rinnegan would make the outcome unpredictable, Hanzo chose to strike from the shadows...

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Konan walked through the rain-soaked streets of Amegakure, her steps measured as she made her way to a rendezvous point where she was supposed to meet with one of their informants. Her sharp blue eyes scanned her surroundings, always alert, always watchful.

Years of living in the war-torn village had made her wary of every shadow, every corner where danger could be hiding.

But today, something felt off.

The streets were quieter than usual, and though the rain continued to fall, there was an eerie stillness in the air that set her on edge. She quickened her pace, her instincts telling her something wasn't right.

As she neared the rendezvous point, a narrow alleyway between two tall buildings, she paused, her eyes narrowing as she noticed something unusual. The informant she was supposed to meet wasn't there. Instead, the alley was empty.

Konan's hand twitched toward the pouch on her hip as she took a cautious step forward, her senses on high alert when suddenly, the ground beneath her shifted.

Konan's eyes widened in surprise as the earth gave way beneath her feet, revealing a hidden trap. Before she could react, the ground collapsed, sending her plummeting into a pit lined with iron spikes.

Reaching quickly, a pair of paper wings flared out from her back, catching her in midair just before she reached the spikes.

But it was too late.

The trap had done its job, separating her from the safety of the open streets and putting her in a vulnerable position. Before she could escape, a series of explosions went off around the pit, filling the air with thick smoke and dust. Konan coughed, her vision blurred by the sudden onslaught.

Through the haze, she could hear the sound of footsteps approaching—many of them.

Emerging from the smoke were Hanzo's personal guards, their faces hidden behind gas masks, each one armed and ready to subdue her.

Konan's eyes hardened as she realized what was happening. This was an ambush. A trap...

She tried to fight back, but before she could finish forming her first attack, thick, heavy chains shot out from the ground, wrapping around her arms and legs, binding her tightly. The weight of the chains was immense, pulling her down to the ground with a force that even her wings couldn't counteract.

Konan gritted her teeth, struggling against the bindings, but it was no use. The chains were laced with chakra-suppressing seals, designed specifically to keep her from using her abilities.

As she fought against her restraints, Hanzo himself appeared, stepping through the smoke with his dark cloak billowing behind him. His cold, calculating eyes locked onto Konan as he approached, his expression unreadable.

[Insert picture of Hanzo here]

"It's over, Konan," Hanzō said, his voice calm and measured. "Don't make this harder than it has time be..."

Konan glared up at him, her breath coming in short, ragged gasps. "If you think Yahiko and Nagato will just surrender to you, you're mistaken," she spat, her voice filled with defiance.

Hanzo shook his head. "I don't want them to surrender..." he pauses, looking Konan in the eye. "I want them to die."

At his signal, more of his guards appeared, lifting Konan's chained body off the ground and dragging her away.

Konan struggled, her mind racing as she tried to think of a way out of this, Hanzo's ominous declaration replaying over and over in her head...

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At the Akatsuki base, Yahiko and Nagato stepped outside, joined by several other members of their organization. They had been on edge ever since Konan had gone missing. She had left for a routine mission, but when she didn't return at the expected time, both Yahiko and Nagato had a sinking feeling that something was wrong.

Their fears were confirmed when they saw the approaching figure of Hanzō the Salamander, riding atop his massive salamander summon, surrounded by his elite ninja forces. But what truly made their blood run cold was the sight of Konan, bound and restrained, held captive in chains by Hanzo himself.

Yahiko's eyes widened in shock, his heart hammering in his chest as he took in the scene before him. His fists clenched tightly at his sides, and his knuckles turned white.

Nagato, standing beside him, felt a surge of fury unlike anything he had ever experienced. His Rinnegan eyes glowed ominously, reflecting the storm brewing inside him.

The rest of the Akatsuki members stepped forward, instinctively reaching for their weapons, but Yahiko raised a hand to stop them, his gaze fixed on Hanzo. He knew this wasn't a battle they could rush into—not with Konan's life on the line.



"What do you want, Hanzo?" Yahiko demanded, his voice cold and filled with barely contained rage. "Why do you have Konan?"

Nagato, his expression equally dark, narrowed his eyes at the older man, his chakra flaring uncontrollably as his emotions threatened to take over. The sight of Konan, one of his dearest friends, bound and helpless before them, was more than he could bear.

Hanzo dismounted from his salamander, walking slowly and confidently toward Yahiko and Nagato, his eyes cold and calculating as he surveyed the two leaders of the Akatsuki. His elite ninja forces stood at the ready behind him, their weapons drawn and prepared for battle, but Hanzo himself remained calm, knowing he held the upper hand.

"I believe you already know why I'm here," Hanzo began, his voice even and composed despite the obvious tension in the air. "The Akatsuki has become a threat to Amegakure."

Yahiko's jaw tightened, his anger boiling beneath the surface. "We've only ever worked to bring peace to this land. To end the constant wars that plague our country. And you know that."

Hanzo's lips curled into a bitter smile. "That may have been your intention in the beginning, Yahiko. But your influence has grown too strong. Your ideals are dangerous. They attract too many followers, too much attention. The balance of power is shifting, and I cannot allow that."

Nagato stepped forward, his voice trembling with barely suppressed fury. "You captured Konan to lure us out. What is it you really want, Hanzo?"

Hanzo's smile faded, and his eyes grew cold as he raised a hand, signaling his men to bring Konan forward. Hanzo held Konan up, so Yahiko and Nagato could get a good look at her, her wrists bound tightly in chakra-suppressing chains. She struggled in his grasp, her eyes locked onto her two closest friends.

Hanzo stepped closer, his expression hard as steel. "It's simple. I want both of you to die."

Yahiko and Nagato exchanged stunned glances, disbelief flashing across their faces. But Hanzo wasn't finished.

"You see," Hanzo continued, his voice dripping with malice, "as long as you two live, your influence will continue to grow. The people will follow you. I can't allow that."

He reached into his cloak and drew a kunai, holding it up so that the light glinted off its sharp edge. "So, here's the deal. Yahiko, Nagato—you will both kill yourselves. Do it willingly, right here, right now, in front of me. Or..." He glanced toward Konan, and without hesitation, placed the blade of the kunai against her neck.

"If you don't, I'll cut off her head right in front of you."

Yahiko's heart seized in his chest as he saw the blade press dangerously close to Konan's throat. His mind raced, his breath coming in shallow, ragged gasps. He knew Hanzo was serious—there was no bluff in his voice. If they didn't comply, Konan would die.

Nagato, on the other hand, felt his blood boil as his Rinnegan flared with intensity. His rage threatened to consume him entirely. The sight of his closest friend in such a perilous position ignited a fire within him that demanded action—demanded vengeance.

"Stop this, Hanzo!" Yahiko shouted, taking a step forward, his voice trembling with a mixture of fury and desperation. "There has to be another way. You don't have to do this!"

But Hanzo shook his head, his expression cold and unyielding. "This is the only way, Yahiko. You've left me no choice. If you truly care about Konan's life, you will do as I say."

The kunai pressed harder against Konan's neck, drawing a thin line of blood as it grazed her skin. She winced but remained silent, her eyes filled with defiance as she looked toward Yahiko and Nagato. She was prepared to die for them, for their cause, but she couldn't bear the thought of them sacrificing themselves for her.

Nagato's chakra flared dangerously as he took a step forward, his voice low and filled with barely controlled fury. "If you harm her, Hanzo... I swear, I will make you regret it."

Hanzo's lips curled into a twisted smirk. "Oh, I'm sure you would. But that won't matter if you're dead."

Yahiko's mind raced as he tried to find a solution, his heart pounding in his chest. He knew what Hanzo was asking of them, and he knew there was no easy way out of this. But one thing was clear: he couldn't let Konan die.

With a deep breath, Yahiko's eyes softened as he looked at Konan, then at Nagato. "It's okay," he whispered, his voice filled with a quiet resolve. "We'll find a way out of this. We can—"

"Enough talking," Hanzo said, his voice cold and merciless. "Either you kill yourselves now, or she dies."

Nagato's heart raced, and for the first time, he could feel a heavy sense of dread settling in his gut. His Rinnegan flared with uncontrollable emotion as the blade inched closer to Konan's neck.

Yahiko's resolve was breaking. He was no fool; he knew that there was no escaping this situation without someone dying. His mind screamed at him to find another way, to fight back, but the cold steel of Hanzo's blade against Konan's neck brought the cruel reality crashing down.

Yahiko glanced at Nagato, his friend's face contorted with barely contained rage. "Nagato...", Yahiko began, his voice thick with emotion.

Nagato shook his head violently. "Don't do it, Yahiko. There has to be another way."

But Yahiko's eyes softened, his heart heavy with the weight of his decision. "I can't let her die. You know that."

Hanzo smirked, his grip tightening on the sword as he leaned closer to Konan. "Enough stalling," he growled. "Make your choice now, or I'll end her life right here."

Yahiko's hand trembled as he reached for a kunai from his pouch. Nagato's eyes widened in disbelief, but he knew Yahiko was serious. His best friend was about to sacrifice himself to save Konan.

Just as Yahiko raised the kunai, ready to plunge it into his own heart, the rain seemed to stop for a moment, and the air around them crackled with energy.

Suddenly, without warning, a golden, glowing circular portal appeared in the space between Yahiko, Nagato, and Hanzo's forces. The portal shimmered with a strange energy, and the air hummed with power as it opened wider, and from it stepped small groups of unfamiliar Individuals.

Peter, along with his students Itachi and Shisui, Madara Uchiha, and Kurama in his now slightly larger form, emerged from the portal. But the gravity of their entrance was immediately undercut by the bickering that accompanied them.

"I swear, Madara," Kurama growled, his deep voice filled with irritation, "if you keep walking in front of me like that, I'm going to swat you like a fly!"

Madara shot an annoyed glance at the Nine-Tails. "It's a free world, fox, I can walk wherever I want."

Peter rolled his eyes as he stepped between the two. "Can you two knock it off for five minutes? We're in the middle of something here."

Hanzo, Konan, Yahiko, Nagato, and every ninja present stood frozen in place, utterly dumbfounded by the sudden arrival. Even Hanzo, who had prepared for every possible contingency, was left speechless by the bizarre scene unfolding before him.

Nagato's Rinnegan eyes flared as he instinctively took a step back, unsure of what was happening. Yahiko, still holding the kunai, looked between the newcomers and Hanzo, his mind racing to catch up.

Hanzo narrowed his eyes, trying to size up the strange group. "Who... the hell are you?" he demanded, his voice filled with suspicion and barely concealed irritation.

Peter, hearing Hanzo's question, waved his hand in greeting. "Yo, I'm Spider-Man."