

Spider-Man 711

Chapter 711: A Quick Lesson

The rain continued to pour as Peter and his group made their sudden and dramatic entrance through the golden portal.

Hanzo's forces, along with Yahiko, Nagato, and the Akatsuki stood frozen in place, their eyes wide with shock and confusion. "?!"

After all, portals weren't a normal sight in this world, and the idea of someone using such a method for transportation had everyone on edge.

Nagato tried to process what had just happened, his mind racing, trying to figure out who these people were and how they had managed to appear in the middle of such a critical moment.

Yahiko, kunai still in hand, glanced between Hanzo, who looked equally stunned, and the newcomers.

Hanzo, always calculating and cautious, narrowed his eyes as he studied the group. His elite guards shifted uneasily behind him, their weapons ready but their movements hesitant. The sudden appearance of such an unknown force had thrown them off balance.

"Who... the hell are you?" Hanzo growled, his voice cutting through the rain. His grip tightened on Konan as he held her hostage, clearly not willing to let go of his advantage so easily.

Peter, standing casually with his hands in his pockets, simply smiled. "Yo, I'm Spider-Man. Nice to meet you," he said, giving a little wave with his free hand, as if this were a completely normal introduction. His relaxed demeanor only added to the confusion spreading through the crowd.

Yahiko, still on edge, shot a glance at Nagato, who returned it with a silent, questioning look. Neither of them had any idea what was happening, but they knew that whoever these newcomers were, they had just turned the situation upside down.

Hanzo's brow furrowed in suspicion. "I don't know who you are or why you're here," he said coldly, his voice dripping with malice, "but this has nothing to do with you. Leave now, and I'll spare your lives."

Peter's smirk widened slightly. "Nah, I don't wanna..." he stubbornly refused, like a petulant child.

And before Hanzo could react, Peter moved—so fast that none of them even saw it happen.

In an instant, Peter appeared beside Hanzo, standing just inches away.

"?!" Hanzo's eyes widened in shock, his body instinctively trying to react, but before he could even move, Peter was already gone, vanishing just as quickly as he had appeared. And with him, Konan was no longer in Hanzo's grasp.

The air around them seemed to crackle with energy as Peter reappeared in front of Madara, Kurama, and his students, Itachi and Shisui, holding Konan safely in his arms. She blinked in surprise, her mind struggling to keep up with what had just happened.

One moment, she had been a hostage in Hanzo's grip, and the next, she was being carried by a stranger, unharmed.

As she looked up at Peter, still cradled in his arms, a faint blush spread across her cheeks. It was rare for her to feel vulnerable, but in this moment, the way Peter had swooped in and saved her so effortlessly made her feel like a princess being rescued from danger. Her heart pounded in her chest as she stared up at him in awe.

Peter, noticing the look on her face, couldn't help but smirk. "Don't go falling in love now," he teased, his voice light and playful. "I'm already taken."

Konan blinked, the blush on her cheeks deepening as she realized she'd been caught off guard. She quickly averted her gaze, mentally scolding herself for being distracted at such a critical moment. But even as she turned her attention back to the situation,

The suddenness of the move left everyone stunned. Yahiko and Nagato stared in disbelief, their eyes flickering between Hanzo and Peter as they tried to comprehend how he had managed to take Konan so effortlessly.

Hanzo, for his part, was seething. His plan had been going perfectly until this moment, and now it was crumbling before his eyes. He glared at Peter, fury boiling beneath his calm exterior. "You think you can just walk in here and interfere with my plans?"

Peter shrugged, still holding Konan carefully as he glanced back at Hanzo. "Well, I just did, didn't I?" He smirked, "What are you going to do about it?"

Behind him, Madara snorted out a laugh, watching the scene with mild interest, while Kurama grinned, clearly amused by Hanzo's frustration. Itachi and Shisui remained silent, their eyes trained on Peter, absorbing every detail of how their sensei handled the situation.

Meanwhile, Konan still couldn't quite process what had happened, her mind reeling as she clung to Peter, still in his arms.

"Konan!" Yahiko and Nagato's voices broke through the confusion, both of them shouting her name as they watched her being taken from Hanzo's grasp.

Nagato's Rinnegan eyes flared with intensity, despite his inability to use them, his chakra surging as he instinctively stepped forward, ready to intervene if necessary. "Are you alright, Konan?!" he called out, his voice strained with worry.

Yahiko's gaze darted toward Peter, his expression cautious but grateful. "Whoever you are—thank you for saving her. But..." His voice trailed off, his uncertainty clear. "Please, return Konan to us. We don't know who you are, but if you're here to help..."

Peter, holding Konan securely, turned his head to Yahiko with a casual smirk. "Don't worry, we're only here to—"

Before he could finish his sentence, his spider-senses flared to life, an unmistakable warning that danger was approaching—fast.

Peter instinctively took a step back, just as Hanzo appeared beside him in a burst of speed, his body moving with deadly precision.

Hanzo's fist shot forward, aiming directly at Peter's head, the air around it whistling with the force of the punch.

"Konan!" Nagato and Yahiko screamed in unison, their voices filled with panic. Without thinking, they both began to rush forward, determined to help.

Nagato's chakra flared wildly, the intensity of his emotions nearly blinding him. Yahiko, too, moved to attack, ready to do whatever it took to save Konan from Hanzo's wrath.

But just as they moved, they both stopped in their tracks, their eyes widening in disbelief at what they saw next.

Peter was faster. He pivoted smoothly, effortlessly dodging the blow while still holding Konan in his arms. Hanzo's punch missed by mere inches, the force of it sending a gust of wind past Peter's face.

Alarmed by the sudden attack, Konan instinctively tightened her grip on Peter, her hands clutching his shirt as she tried to steady herself, not wanting to fall or worse—be captured by Hanzo again.

Hanzo's eyes narrowed in frustration. He didn't stop. With a snarl, he followed up the missed punch with a powerful roundhouse kick, the heel of his boot aiming directly for Peter's ribs.

Peter's body moved with supernatural grace. He ducked low, slipping under the kick with ease, his movements smooth and fluid. Even with Konan in his arms, he didn't seem the least bit hindered. Hanzo's kick sailed harmlessly over Peter's head, missing its mark entirely.

Yahiko and Nagato, frozen in place, could only watch in shock as the battle unfolded before them. Their panic had turned into awe as they realized this strange newcomer was effortlessly dodging Hanzo's attacks—while still holding Konan. The man they had feared moments ago was being handled like a common thug.

"What...?" Yahiko muttered, his voice filled with disbelief. "How is this possible?"

Nagato's Rinnegan eyes continued to glow, but now it was more from curiosity than rage. He could hardly believe what he was seeing.

Those watching—Yahiko, Nagato, and the other Akatsuki members—could only stare in awe. Hanzo was renowned for his speed and strength, one of the most dangerous shinobi in the world.

And yet this stranger, holding Konan no less, was moving as if Hanzo's attacks were nothing more than an inconvenience.

Peter's students, Itachi and Shisui, stood off to the side, watching the exchange with wide-eyed fascination. It was clear that they were witnessing a level of skill far beyond anything they had seen before.

"Whoa..." Shisui muttered under his breath, unable to hide his awe. "Isn't that Hanzo the Salamander?"

Itachi, though quieter, was equally mesmerized. "I-I think so, yeah..." His Sharingan eyes whirled, trying to keep up with Peter's movements. He had always known his sensei was strong, but seeing him effortlessly counter one of the strongest shinobi in the world made it all the more real.

Peter glanced back at his students, a smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. "Pay attention, you two. You might learn something."

Hanzo, hearing Peter's words, snarled in frustration. He launched another flurry of attacks—punches and kicks coming at Peter with deadly precision. Each blow carried the weight of a man who had mastered the art of combat, his strikes swift and brutal.

But Peter moved like water. Every time Hanzo attacked, Peter either sidestepped, ducked, or twisted his body just enough to avoid the hit. His agility was almost unnatural, each movement perfectly timed to dodge Hanzo's strikes by the smallest of margins.

Hanzo's fist flew toward Peter's face once again, but Peter tilted his head to the side, letting the punch sail past him. He pivoted on his heel, shifting Konan in his arms as he stepped behind Hanzo in a blur of motion.

Before Hanzo could recover, Peter swept his leg out, kicking Hanzo's supporting leg from underneath him. The older shinobi stumbled, momentarily losing his balance, but he quickly caught himself and spun around, his eyes blazing with anger.

Peter smirked, clearly enjoying himself. "Come on... Is that all you got? You must be pretty weak, huh? What are you? A Genin?"

Hanzo growled in response, his pride wounded by Peter's taunts. He launched himself forward, faster this time, his fingers forming hand signs in a blur. In an instant, he released a torrent of flames from his mouth, the searing heat roaring toward Peter and Konan.

But Peter, unbothered, leapt into the air with Konan still cradled in his arms, his movements fluid and graceful. He vaulted over the flames, the heat licking at his heels but never touching him. He landed softly on the ground a few feet away, still holding Konan securely.

Watching from the sidelines, Nagato clenched his fists, his Rinnegan eyes wide as he watched the battle unfold. Yahiko, too, was tense, his heart pounding as he tried to make sense of what he was seeing.

"This guy..." Yahiko muttered, his eyes wide with disbelief. "Who is he? How is he moving like that?"

Peter, noticing their reactions, decided to use the moment as a teaching opportunity for Itachi and Shisui. "You two watching?" he called over his shoulder, his voice calm despite the intensity of the fight. "Always remember—power isn't everything. Speed, skill, and control are just as important."

Hanzo, hearing Peter's words, snarled in frustration. "Stop talking like you've already won!" he roared, forming another set of hand signs in a blur. This time, a massive wave of water erupted from the ground, crashing toward Peter like a tidal wave.

Peter's eyes gleamed with excitement. "Time for the big finish."

As the wave of water surged toward him, Peter stood his ground. Just as the wave was about to crash down on him and Konan, Peter snapped his fingers, and in the blink of an eye, he vanished, reappearing behind Hanzo in an instant.

Before Hanzo could even react, Peter struck him with a powerful, open-palm strike to the back, sending him flying forward. Hanzo's body skidded across the ground, crashing into the rubble with a thunderous impact.

The entire battlefield fell silent.

Yahiko, Nagato, and the remaining Akatsuki members could only watch in stunned silence as Hanzo, one of the most feared shinobi in the world, was effortlessly tossed aside like a ragdoll.

Peter, still holding Konan, glanced down at her, a playful smirk on his face. "You alright?"

Konan, her face still slightly flushed from earlier, nodded silently, too stunned to speak.

With the fight clearly over, Peter looked back at his students. "So, boys, did you get all that?"

Itachi and Shisui nodded, their eyes wide with awe.

Peter shifted Konan in his arms once more, then turned his attention back to Yahiko and Nagato. "Now... where were we?"

Chapter 712: I Want Your Eyes

Peter turned back to Yahiko and Nagato with a calm expression, Konan still cradled safely in his arms. His tone remained casual as he spoke, "Now, where were we?"

Yahiko and Nagato exchanged a look, still reeling from the display of power they had just witnessed. Their hearts raced as they stood frozen, unsure of how to respond.

Fear and awe mingled in their gazes, the earlier tension between them and Hanzo completely overshadowed by the sheer force of Peter's abilities. They had been prepared to die moments ago, and now they didn't know what to do.

Neither of them wanted to anger this man, especially with Konan still in his grasp. Their minds whirled with questions—who was he? What did he want? But none of those questions found their way to their lips. Instead, silence reigned.

Seeing their hesitation, Peter sighed, lowering Konan gently to the ground. His grip on her loosened as she found her footing, but before she could fully straighten herself, Peter's voice softened, "Are you alright?"

Konan blinked, momentarily caught off guard by the concern in his voice. A faint blush dusted her cheeks once again as she stammered, "Y-Yes, I'm fine... Just a few bumps and bruises..."

Her voice trailed off, and Peter's eyes flickered briefly over her form. His gaze settled on the small injuries she bore—the marks of her earlier capture—and his expression darkened slightly. He raised his hand, and in an instant, a golden spell circle appeared, glowing brightly as it hovered over Konan's body.

The circle flared with light, and in the blink of an eye, Konan's injuries began to heal. Her bruises faded, the cuts and scrapes mended themselves, and even the tears in her clothing were restored to their original state.

As the warm glow of the spell washed over her, Konan's eyes widened in disbelief. She looked down at her arms, then back up at Peter, her mouth opening slightly in surprise.

But before she could say anything, Yahiko and Nagato, seeing the glowing circle and Peter's outstretched hand, assumed the worst. Without hesitation, both of them rushed forward, their fear for Konan's safety outweighing any hesitation they had about facing Peter.

"Stop!" Yahiko shouted, his voice hoarse with panic. "Don't hurt her!"

Nagato's chakra flared wildly, his Rinnegan eyes glowing fiercely as he leaped forward, prepared to defend Konan at any cost.

But just as they appeared beside Peter, ready to intervene, they froze in place.

Both Yahiko and Nagato watched in stunned silence as the spell circle continued to glow softly, its magic not causing harm but instead healing Konan's wounds. The tension in their bodies evaporated as they realized what was happening—Peter wasn't attacking her at all. He was helping her.

The two men stood still, their eyes wide with disbelief as they watched Konan's injuries disappear completely. The golden glow of the spell faded, leaving her fully healed and looking as though she had never been touched by Hanzo's ambush in the first place.

Yahiko's mouth opened slightly, his voice barely a whisper, "What...?"

Nagato, too, was speechless. His mind struggled to process what he had just seen. This man—this stranger—had not only saved Konan but was now healing her without any apparent cost or effort.

Peter stood, seemingly unbothered by their reactions, his eyes flicking over to Yahiko and Nagato with a raised eyebrow. "You two really need to relax," he said with a small smirk. "I'm not here to hurt anyone."

As Peter's words hung in the air, the silence was broken by the sudden shift of movement. The small army of ninja that Hanzo had brought with him snapped out of their daze. They had just witnessed their leader—once thought invincible—get effortlessly defeated by Peter, but their loyalty ran deep.

Despite the fear gnawing at the edges of their minds, they drew their weapons, steeling themselves for what had to be done.

The majority of them rushed forward with killing intent, their eyes locked on Peter, determined to strike him down.

Meanwhile, a few others broke away, heading toward Hanzo's prone form, desperate to check on their leader, who hadn't risen since Peter's devastating blow.

Peter's Spider-Senses flared, his head turning as he sensed the incoming threat. A grin tugged at his lips as he watched the ninjas charge at him, weapons gleaming under the rain.

Konan, Yahiko, and Nagato noticed the approaching army as well, their bodies tensing as they prepared for another fight. But before they could react, Peter spoke, his tone casual and completely unbothered by the onslaught.

"Hey, you two," Peter called out, glancing over his shoulder at Madara and Kurama. "Deal with the underlings, will yah?"

Madara, who had been observing the situation with a bored expression, sighed. "Tch, what a chore..." he muttered under his breath. Despite his irritation, he nodded, stepping forward.

Kurama, on the other hand, grinned wickedly, his excitement palpable. "About time," he growled. "Though working with him..." He shot a glare at Madara, his distaste clear, "...isn't my idea of fun."

As the wave of Ame ninja surged toward them, Madara and Kurama moved into action. Their presence alone was enough to send chills down the spines of their enemies, but loyalty to Hanzo kept the ninjas pushing forward.

"Oh, and try to save a few for Shisui and Itachi," Peter added as an afterthought, watching calmly from where he stood.

Both Itachi and Shisui tensed at the mention of their names. They had never fought real ninja before—only trained back home in their village.

For a brief moment, nerves flickered in their eyes, but they quickly steeled themselves. If their sensei wanted them to fight, they would. Silently, they drew their kunai, their grips tightening as they prepared for the battle ahead.

The first wave of Ame ninja clashed with Madara and Kurama, and it was clear from the very first strike that this was going to be a massacre.

Madara moved with an eerie grace, his Sharingan spinning as he effortlessly dodged attacks, reading every move before it even began.

One ninja, a sword raised high above his head, swung down at Madara with all his strength, but the Uchiha merely sidestepped, his movements so fluid that it looked as though he was gliding through the air.

With a single twist of his wrist, Madara struck the ninja with a powerful open-palm strike to the chest, sending him flying backward with a sickening crack. The man's body hit the ground hard, skidding to a stop several feet away, unconscious before he even hit the ground.

Kurama, in contrast, was all raw power and aggression. His large form, now towering over the battlefield, tore through the ranks of the Ame ninja like a beast unleashed.

One unfortunate soul rushed at him with a spear, aiming to pierce through the fox's side, but Kurama merely laughed, his tails whipping out to meet the attack.

The spear shattered into pieces as Kurama's tails slammed into the ninja's body, sending him crashing into the dirt with enough force to leave a crater in his wake. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he hit the ground, the impact leaving him broken and defeated.

"Pathetic," Kurama sneered, his red eyes gleaming with malice.

More ninjas swarmed them, their attacks becoming more desperate, but it was clear that they stood no chance.

Madara weaved through the chaos, every movement calculated and precise. He parried a kunai with ease, stepping inside his attacker's guard before delivering a lightning-fast kick to the man's ribs. The sound of bones cracking echoed through the rain-soaked battlefield as the ninja crumpled to the ground, writhing in pain.

Kurama wasn't any kinder. His massive paws slammed into two more ninjas, their bodies ragdolling through the air before crashing into the ground with bone-shattering force. The fox's grin only grew wider, his thirst for battle evident in the way he relished each strike.

It wasn't long before the small army was reduced to just two Ame ninja, both of whom were a little banged up, but in much better condition than their comrades. They could hardly believe that their comrades had been so easily decimated, fear written all over their faces.

With a nod from Madara, the two remaining ninjas were kicked over to where Itachi and Shisui stood, both of them looking at the two children with fear and desperation in their eyes.

Peter, who had been watching the entire scene unfold, stepped forward. "Alright, you two," he said, addressing the Ame ninjas. "Here's the deal. You and your beaten-up friends will be allowed to leave here unharmed as long as you beat these two kids in front of you." He motioned to Itachi and Shisui.

One of the remaining Ame ninja, blood trickling down the side of his face, turned to Peter with disbelief. "Even... Lord Hanzo as well?" he asked, his voice shaky, yet filled with hope.

Peter shrugged casually. "Sure, even Hanzo."

Hearing this, the two Ame ninjas turned to face Itachi and Shisui. They exchanged a glance, the weight of their situation sinking in. They didn't want to harm the children—they had no personal quarrel with them—but this wasn't about morality anymore. This was about survival.

"We're sorry," one of them muttered, his voice hoarse. "This isn't personal... It's just survival."

With that, they pulled their weapons—one with a pair of kunai, the other with a katana—and rushed at the two Uchiha children, their killing intent clear in their eyes.

Itachi and Shisui, though nervous, felt the weight of the battle settling on their shoulders. They could feel their sensei's eyes on them, watching closely. This was a test—a moment to prove themselves.

Their grips tightened on their own kunai, and they readied themselves for the fight to come.

The two Ame ninja stood ready, weapons drawn, their eyes locked on Itachi and Shisui. Despite their beaten bodies, they were determined to fight with everything they had. After all, their survival—and the survival of their comrades and leader—depended on it.

Itachi and Shisui, though nervous, activated their Sharingan, their crimson eyes spinning into life. Itachi's Sharingan showed a single tomoe, while Shisui's eyes glinted with three tomoe in each. Their breath was steady, but their nerves were unmistakable as they faced off against their older, more experienced opponents.

The Ame ninja moved first, attacking in tandem, their movements sharp and precise despite their injuries. The one with the katana surged toward Shisui with a swift, powerful slash aimed at his chest, while the other rushed Itachi, striking with a flurry of kunai aimed at his vitals.

Shisui barely managed to parry the katana strike with his kunai, but the force behind the blow sent a jarring shock through his arm. He grit his teeth, trying to hold his ground as the Ame ninja pressed the attack, raining down slashes and thrusts with deadly precision.

Itachi, meanwhile, was forced to retreat under the relentless barrage of kunai from his opponent. He dodged and deflected as best as he could, but the Ame ninja's speed and experience were evident, and Itachi found himself struggling to keep up.

Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato watched the battle unfold with growing concern. Their eyes darted between Itachi and Shisui, worry etched into their faces as they saw the two children on the back foot. Yahiko glanced over at Peter, unsure of whether they should intervene.

"Is this really okay?" Yahiko asked nervously, his voice low but filled with unease. "They're just kids..."

Konan, her arms crossed tightly over her chest, bit her lip. "Should we step in?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper. Her gaze was fixed on Itachi and Shisui, watching as they struggled to keep up with their opponents. "They're so young... What if they get hurt?"

Nagato remained silent but nodded in agreement with his friends. His worry for the children was obvious.

Peter, standing beside them, glanced over with a calm, reassuring smile. "They'll be fine," he said confidently. "It's about time they faced a real challenge."

Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato exchanged uncertain glances. They didn't want to argue, but the sight of Itachi and Shisui struggling made them feel uneasy.

Konan frowned, her worry clear in her voice. "But what if they get seriously hurt?"

Peter chuckled softly. "They might get a few scrapes and bruises, sure. But I won't let anything severe happen. Trust me—they need this."

Though they still had their doubts, Yahiko, Nagato, and Konan turned their attention back to the fight, trusting that Peter wouldn't let the kids get hurt too badly.

Meanwhile, the battle raged on.

Shisui dodged another katana strike, sweat dripping down his forehead as he narrowly avoided the blade. His Sharingan spun faster, analyzing his opponent's movements. 'I need to turn this around...' he thought, his mind racing for a way to gain the upper hand.

Itachi, on the other side, was still being pressed hard by the kunai-wielding Ame ninja. He was fast, but his opponent was faster. Every time Itachi tried to counter, the Ame ninja would slip out of reach, launching more kunai at him from different angles.

Itachi felt the strain in his muscles, but he pushed through, his Sharingan locking onto the trajectory of the incoming attacks.

Suddenly, Shisui saw his opening. The Ame ninja with the katana had overextended slightly on his last strike, leaving a small gap in his defense.

Shisui moved quickly, slipping inside his opponent's guard. With a sharp twist, he disarmed the katana-wielding ninja, knocking the sword from his hands with a well-timed strike to the wrist.

The Ame ninja's eyes widened in shock, but before he could recover, Shisui struck with a vicious elbow to the ribs, sending his opponent staggering back, coughing and clutching his side.

Itachi, too, found his moment. His Sharingan picked up on the subtle movements of his opponent's hands, predicting the next volley of kunai before they were even thrown. He sidestepped the attack, dodging the kunai with ease, and closed the distance in a flash. His kunai flashed through the air, knocking his opponent's weapons out of his hands before driving a powerful kick into the man's chest.

The Ame ninja grunted in pain as he was sent sprawling to the ground, winded and disarmed.

The tide had turned.

Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato watched in awe as the two young Uchiha began to gain the upper hand. The tension in their shoulders eased slightly, though they still couldn't help but feel nervous for the kids.

Shisui pressed his advantage, launching a barrage of strikes at his opponent, who struggled to keep up. The Ame ninja, still clutching his injured side, was forced to defend with his bare hands as Shisui's attacks rained down on him.

Itachi, meanwhile, moved with newfound confidence, his Sharingan allowing him to stay one step ahead of his opponent. He dodged and weaved through the Ame ninja's desperate attempts to fight back, landing precise strikes that further weakened his foe.

It wasn't long before the battle was decided. Both Ame ninjas were on their knees, beaten and exhausted, barely able to stay upright. Shisui and Itachi stood over them, their chests heaving as they caught their breath, their kunai raised, ready to finish the fight.

But just as Shisui and Itachi prepared to strike the final blow, Peter's voice cut through the rain.

"That's enough," Peter said calmly, stepping forward. His tone was firm, yet gentle. "You don't need to kill them."

Itachi and Shisui froze, their kunai still raised. They glanced at each other, then back at Peter, unsure of what to do.

Peter smiled at them. "You've proven yourselves. There's no need to take their lives."

Slowly, Itachi and Shisui lowered their weapons, stepping back from their defeated opponents.

The two Ame ninjas, their hopes crushed, slumped to the ground, their bodies trembling with exhaustion and despair. They had fought with everything they had, hoping to save their comrades and their leader, but in the end, they had failed.

One of the defeated ninjas muttered under his breath, his voice filled with disbelief. "But... we lost..."

Peter shrugged, his expression nonchalant. "True, you lost. But I'm not disappointed in your performance. You fought well." He gestured toward the battlefield. "Take your comrades and go."

The remaining Ame ninja blinked in shock, unable to believe what they were hearing. "You're... letting us go?" one of them asked, his voice shaking.

Peter nodded. "Yeah. You're free to leave."

The ninja hesitated for a moment before glancing over at the unconscious form of Hanzo, still lying motionless on the ground. "And... Lord Hanzo?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Peter sighed, glancing over at the fallen leader. "Sure, take him too." He said before adding, "But when he wakes up, make sure Hanzo knows this is his only chance. If we meet again and I don't like what I see, I won't be so forgiving next time..."

The two Ame ninjas, overwhelmed with gratitude, immediately bowed deeply toward Peter. "Thank you... thank you so much!" they said in unison, their voices filled with relief.

Without wasting any time, the two ninjas began to gather their unconscious comrades and their leader, preparing to leave the battlefield. It would take some time, as most of the Ame forces were unconscious, but they worked quickly, desperate to get away.

As they worked in the background, Peter walked over to Itachi and Shisui, who were still catching their breath after the hard-fought battle. He smiled warmly at them, his pride evident in his expression. "Well done, you two," he said, his voice filled with approval. "You've both come a long way."

Shisui and Itachi, still breathing heavily, exchanged tired smiles. They were exhausted, but the sense of accomplishment filled them with a quiet pride.

Before Peter could say more, Nagato, who had been watching the scene unfold in silence, stepped forward, his Rinnegan eyes gleaming in the rain. "I'm sorry to interrupt," Nagato began, his voice cautious, "but... what do you want with me?"

Peter turned to face Nagato, a smile tugging at his lips. "I want your eyes."

Chapter 713: Not Yours...

As the rain continued to fall, drenching the battlefield with a steady downpour, Peter's words seemed to hang in the air, their weight settling over Nagato and his comrades like a thick fog.

"I want your eyes."

For a moment, Nagato simply stood there, his body rigid with disbelief. His hands instinctively moved to his face, fingers brushing over his Rinnegan, as if trying to confirm that his eyes were still there. He stared at Peter, searching for any hint of deception in his expression. Could he possibly be serious?

Yahiko and Konan were quick to react, both stepping forward to shield Nagato. Yahiko positioned himself directly in front of his friend, his posture defensive, while Konan's sharp eyes darted between Peter and Madara. Their bodies were tense, ready to spring into action at any moment.

Yahiko was the first to speak, his voice wary and filled with suspicion. "What do you mean, you want his eyes?" he asked, his tone hardening. "You saved us, but now you're asking for something like that? Why?"

Peter remained calm, holding his hands up in a non-threatening manner, his voice steady and reassuring. "Relax," he said smoothly, his tone casual as though this was a simple conversation between friends. "I don't mean I'm going to take them out of his head or anything. Well... I might, but I'd rather not do things that way."

Yahiko's eyes narrowed further at Peter's words, his suspicion deepening. "That's not exactly comforting."

Konan, her face a mask of controlled worry, stood just behind Yahiko, her gaze locked onto Peter. She, too, didn't know what to make of this man anymore. First, he saved her, healed her injuries, and now he was making outrageous claims about Nagato's Rinnegan.

Nagato, for his part, remained frozen in place, his mind racing as he tried to process what was happening. Why did this stranger want his Rinnegan? What was the real reason behind this sudden demand?

Peter, sensing their rising tension, took a deep breath and decided it was time to explain. "Look," he began, his voice measured and calm. "Nagato's Rinnegan... it doesn't actually belong to him."

The three of them stared at Peter as though he had just sprouted a second head. The disbelief was palpable, and it was clear that none of them bought his explanation. Nagato's grip on his own face tightened, his mind rejecting the idea immediately. "What are you talking about?" Nagato demanded, his voice tinged with frustration. "These are my eyes! They've always been mine!"

Yahiko nodded in agreement, his eyes flashing with defiance. "You expect us to believe that nonsense? That the Rinnegan isn't his? Come on!"

Peter remained unflinching, his calm demeanor never faltering. "It's true," he insisted, though he knew they wouldn't believe him at face value. "But you don't have to take my word for it."

At that moment, Madara, who had been standing quietly off to the side, stepped forward, his presence commanding and imposing. His gaze locked onto Nagato, his crimson Sharingan spinning lazily as he spoke.

"You can't use those eyes, can you?" Madara asked, his voice cold and cutting.

Nagato flinched visibly, the question striking him like a physical blow. His Rinnegan eyes—though they glowed with power—had always felt distant, foreign even. He had never fully been able to access their true potential, no matter how hard he tried.

The others noticed Nagato's reaction. They knew he couldn't use his eyes—at least not yet—but concern still lingered. Yahiko quickly turned to his friend. "Nagato? You okay?"

Madara continued, his voice low but steady. "The reason you can't use those eyes... is because they don't belong to you. They never did."

While Nagato had the potential to unlock the ability to use the Rinnegan, he hadn't done so yet, giving Peter and Madara some leverage in bartering for them.

Nagato's heart pounded in his chest as Madara's words echoed in his mind. "What are you saying?" he whispered, his voice barely audible over the sound of the rain.

Madara's gaze hardened. "Those eyes belong to me," he said simply, his tone matter-of-fact. "I gave them to you when you were still a child, long before you knew what power they held. But now... it's time I took them back."

Yahiko's eyes widened in disbelief. "What are you talking about?" he asked, his voice rising in anger. "You're saying that Nagato's Rinnegan is yours? That's absurd!"

Konan, too, was incredulous. "You expect us to believe that story? Anyone could make up something like that to steal his eyes."

Nagato's hands trembled slightly as they hovered near his face, his heart torn between disbelief and the gnawing feeling that there was some truth to Madara's words. He had always struggled to use the full power of his Rinnegan, but he had always assumed that it was because he wasn't ready—because he wasn't strong enough yet.

But now... the seeds of doubt had been planted.

Peter, watching the interaction closely, took a step forward, his expression still calm but his voice more serious now. "I know this sounds crazy," he admitted. "But it's the truth. He's not lying about this. And the sooner you accept that, the sooner we can move forward."

Nagato's heart pounded as the realization began to sink in. Could it really be true? Could these eyes—the Rinnegan, the eyes of the Sage of Six Paths—truly not belong to him?

Peter stood silently as he observed the doubt and disbelief still etched into the faces of Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato. Despite his explanations and Madara's revelation, it was clear that the trio didn't fully trust his words. Their skepticism lingered in the air, thick and palpable.

Realizing that words alone wouldn't be enough to convince them, Peter shrugged casually, his voice calm and unbothered. "Look, it doesn't matter if you believe us or not," he said with a nonchalant wave of his hand. "The point is, I'm willing to make a trade. Anything you ask for in exchange for the Rinnegan. I'll even give Nagato some new eyes so he won't be blind for the rest of his life."

Yahiko's eyes narrowed at the offer, suspicion clear in his expression. He stepped forward, his tone firm as he responded. "Nagato's Rinnegan are the eyes of the Sage of Six Paths. Even if he can't fully use them right now, what could you possibly offer that would be equal to something like that?"

Konan nodded in agreement, standing at Yahiko's side. "We don't want to fight you, but we can't agree to this." Her voice was calm but resolute, and it was clear that they were preparing themselves for a confrontation if it came to that.

Both Yahiko and Konan turned toward Nagato, silently encouraging him to stand his ground. Despite their gratitude for Peter's earlier help, they couldn't give away such powerful eyes, not even in exchange for a promise. The stakes were simply too high.

But Nagato, standing silently behind his two friends, didn't seem as resolute. Unlike Yahiko and Konan, he couldn't ignore the overwhelming power he had just witnessed. Peter had taken down Hanzo—one of the most feared shinobi in the world—with ease. They had feared ever facing Hanzo, believing he was untouchable, and yet Peter had tossed him aside like he was nothing.

Nagato's gaze lingered on Peter, and as the rain continued to pour, he swallowed his pride and spoke, his voice low but firm. "You said anything, right?"

Yahiko and Konan turned toward him, their eyes wide with alarm.

"Wait—Nagato—" Yahiko began, his voice filled with concern, but Nagato cut him off, shaking his head.

"Think about it, Yahiko," Nagato said, his voice tinged with a mix of exhaustion and acceptance. "We can't fight him. You saw what he did to Hanzo... He could kill us all if he wanted to." He turned to Peter, his eyes resolute. "If this is the only way to protect our dream, then so be it."

Both Yahiko and Konan looked at Nagato with disbelief, their hearts sinking as they realized where this was headed. Konan stepped forward, her hand reaching out to Nagato. "You don't have to do this, Nagato. We'll protect you."

But Nagato shook his head again, more firmly this time. "No," he said softly, his voice steady. "This is the only way."

Yahiko and Konan remained silent, though the unease in their eyes was clear. Their mission—their goal of bringing peace to Amegakure—was everything to them. It was why they had formed the Akatsuki in the first place. The Rinnegan, while a powerful weapon, wasn't what they had fought for. It wasn't what truly mattered.

Nagato turned his gaze back to Peter, his decision made. "As citizens of Amegakure, we've suffered through countless wars. We were orphaned by the Second Shinobi World War. Yahiko, Konan, and I created the Akatsuki to bring peace to our home—to stop Amegakure from constantly being caught in the crossfire of the Great Shinobi Countries."

His words were filled with a quiet determination as he looked Peter directly in the eyes. "If you can bring peace to my country... if you can fulfill the dream that we've spent our entire lives fighting for, then I won't need the Rinnegan anymore. My goal will be accomplished, and I can live a normal, happy life with my friends—without the burden of war or violence hanging over us."

Yahiko and Konan were touched by Nagato's words, their expressions softening as they realized what he was willing to sacrifice for their dream. Though it pained them, they couldn't deny the sincerity in his voice.

Peter smiled as he heard Nagato's request. It wasn't about power or greed—Nagato's wish was simple, and it aligned with Peter's own ideals in a way. "You know what? I like you," Peter said with a grin. "You've got a good heart."

He nodded, his smile widening as he looked at Nagato with approval. "Alright. I'll do it. I'll bring peace to Amegakure. You have my word."

Nagato exhaled a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding, his heart lightening slightly as he heard Peter's agreement. Yahiko and Konan, though still wary, exchanged a look of quiet, skeptical hope.

For the first time in a long while, there was a glimmer of hope for their future—a future without war. As long as Peter held up his end of the bargain, of course.

But either way, the deal was made.

Chapter 714: Peace in Amegakure

As the rain continued to fall softly over Amegakure, the tension between Peter and the trio—Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato—was peculiar. Peter had just promised something that seemed impossible: to bring peace to their war-torn village and their country.

Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato stood there, still processing the monumental request they had made. They had assumed it would take months, maybe even years, to accomplish. Surely, such a task required careful planning, diplomacy, and time. Lots of time. So when Peter suddenly turned to Madara, Kurama, and his students, Itachi and Shisui, with a casual grin on his face and said, "Okay, let's get this done now so we can get Madara's eyes and get home in time for dinner," the three of them were stunned.

Yahiko blinked in confusion, his mind struggling to keep up. "Wait... now?" he asked, his voice laced with disbelief. "You're going to bring peace to Amegakure today?"

Nagato and Konan shared equally baffled expressions. How could Peter possibly think he could accomplish such a massive task in such a short time? It seemed outlandish, even for someone who had displayed as much power as he had. They began to wonder if this had all been a trick, a way to scam them out of Nagato's Rinnegan.

Before Yahiko or Nagato could voice their doubts, the question was asked for them. It was Itachi, Peter's youngest student, who spoke up, his voice filled not with skepticism, but with pure excitement. "How are you going to do it, Sensei?"

Shisui stood beside him, his eyes gleaming with the same anticipation, clearly eager to see what Peter had in store.

Their expressions confused Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato even more. How could these children look so excited? How could they possibly believe that this man could bring peace to Amegakure so quickly?

Peter, unfazed by the confusion of the Akatsuki trio, grinned down at his students. "Just watch," he said confidently. "I'll explain later."

With that, Peter raised his hands, the air around him crackling with energy. A glowing, golden spell circle materialized in front of him, hovering in midair. The circle was large, intricately detailed with strange symbols and lines that seemed to pulse with a soft, radiant light. It radiated power—so much so that even Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato could feel it from where they stood.

Itachi and Shisui's eyes widened with awe, their gazes locked onto the spell circle. As Peter moved his hands, drawing new lines and symbols within the circle, the two children watched intently, their Sharingan spinning as they tried to memorize every detail of the spell.

Konan, Yahiko, and Nagato, though skeptical, couldn't tear their eyes away from the sight. There was something about the energy Peter was conjuring—something that felt... real. Tangible. It was unlike anything they had ever seen before. Yahiko and Nagato exchanged a glance, their earlier doubts still present, but now mixed with a flicker of hope. Could Peter actually pull this off?

Peter's movements were fluid, almost like he was conducting some grand symphony. The lines and symbols he traced in the air began to glow brighter, their light reflecting off the rain-soaked ground. Slowly, the golden spell circle expanded, growing larger and larger until it towered over the group.

The villagers of Amegakure, who had been going about their daily lives in the rain, began to notice the strange phenomenon happening in the sky above them. They looked up, their faces reflecting curiosity and confusion as they saw the giant golden circle forming in the clouds.

"Hey, what's going on?" one villager asked, shading their eyes against the rain as they stared up at the glowing light.

"I don't know," another responded, a sense of unease creeping into their voice. "But whatever it is... it's big."

Even from the hospital, where Hanzo and his ninja were being treated for the injuries they had sustained during their battle with Peter, the golden light was impossible to miss. One of Hanzo's

elite ninja glanced out the window, his eyes widening in shock. "Lord Hanzo... something's happening in the sky."

Hanzo, still weakened from the fight, struggled to sit up, his eyes narrowing as he saw the golden light shining above his village. "What... is that?"

Meanwhile, Peter continued to work, his hands moving deftly as he completed the spell. The giant golden circle was now fully formed, stretching across the entire village like a massive dome of light. It hummed with energy, the symbols within it shifting and swirling like they were alive.

Konan took a step forward, her breath catching in her throat. "What... what is this?" she whispered, her eyes wide with wonder.

Peter, hearing her question, turned his head slightly, a small, satisfied smile on his face. "It's a barrier," he explained simply, his voice calm yet commanding. "One that will protect this village from any outside threat. No more invasions, no more attacks. As long as this barrier stands, Amegakure will have peace."

Yahiko's eyes widened, his heart pounding as he realized what Peter was doing. "You're... you're protecting the village?"

Peter nodded. "That's right. This barrier will ensure that Amegakure won't be caught in the crossfire of the Great Shinobi Nations anymore. No one will be able to enter this village with hostile intent. As of today, Amegakure is untouchable."

Nagato, still staring up at the golden light in the sky, felt a wave of emotion wash over him. Could it really be this simple? Could peace truly come to Amegakure with just a wave of Peter's hand?

"I don't believe it..." Yahiko whispered, his voice barely audible. "Is it really... possible?"

Peter turned to face Yahiko and Nagato, his expression softening. "Believe it," he said. "I gave you my word, didn't I?"

Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato could only watch in silence as the barrier settled into place, its glow illuminating their faces. They had spent their entire lives fighting for peace, and yet here it was, given to them in a matter of moments.

Peter dusted his hands off as if the monumental task he had just completed was nothing more than an everyday chore. "Alright," he said with a grin. "Now that the barrier is done... let's evict all the people with hostile intent who are already inside."

The three leaders of the Akatsuki turned to Peter, confused by what he meant, but before they could ask, Peter casually snapped his fingers.

Instantly, the golden barrier glowed brighter for a brief moment before a pulse of light shot out from it, spreading rapidly across the entire village like a wave of energy. It moved swiftly through the streets, illuminating every corner and alleyway as it passed, scanning the entire population of Amegakure.

The villagers, already startled by the barrier's sudden appearance, now found themselves bathed in this strange light, unsure of what to make of it.

"What's happening?" Yahiko muttered, his eyes wide as he watched the light sweep across the village.

Nagato and Konan exchanged anxious glances, their hearts pounding in their chests. Was this part of Peter's plan? The light didn't seem to be harming anyone, but the sheer scale of it left them feeling uneasy. Konan's hands tightened into fists as she watched the spectacle unfold.

The villagers, too, were growing more anxious by the second. Some looked up at the sky, shielding their eyes from the radiant glow, while others hurried indoors, seeking shelter from whatever mysterious force was now moving through their village.

"Is it dangerous?" one villager asked nervously, his eyes darting around as the light passed over him.

"I don't know," another responded, her voice trembling slightly. "But it's not hurting us... so maybe it's not an attack?"

The light continued to scan the entire village, moving over every building, every street, and every individual within Amegakure. And just as suddenly as it had appeared, the pulse of light vanished, leaving behind nothing but the faint glow of the barrier overhead.

For a brief moment, everything was still. The villagers looked around, confused and uncertain, their hearts pounding in their chests as they tried to make sense of what had just happened.

But then, something strange began to occur.

All around the village, seemingly out of nowhere, dozens of people began to vanish in flashes of light. One by one, they disappeared—some from within their homes, others from the streets, and a few even from the shadows where they had been hiding.

The sudden disappearances sent shockwaves through the village, with those nearby staring in confusion and fear. "What's happening? Where did they go?" one villager cried out, his voice filled with panic as he saw his neighbor vanish before his very eyes.

"They just... disappeared!" another exclaimed, backing away in shock as the people around her began to blink out of existence.

It didn't take long for the village to descend into chaos. People rushed through the streets, calling out for answers, unsure if they would be next. Mothers clutched their children close, and friends huddled together, their eyes darting around in fear.

"What is this?" Konan whispered, her voice barely audible over the sound of the rain. Her heart raced as she watched more and more people vanish in the distance. "Are they... dying?"

Peter, sensing the fear in the air, turned to Konan with a calm smile. "Don't worry," he said reassuringly. "They're not dying. The barrier isn't harming anyone."

Nagato stepped forward, his voice filled with urgency. "Then... where are they going? What's happening to them?"

Peter turned his gaze to the horizon, where beyond the village walls, a group of people began to materialize in flashes of light. "Take a look for yourselves," he said, pointing toward the group outside the barrier.

Yahiko, Nagato, and Konan followed Peter's gesture, their eyes widening in disbelief as they saw the scene beyond the village. Outside the protective barrier, a large group of individuals had appeared, standing in confusion and panic as they tried—and failed—to re-enter Amegakure.

Yahiko's heart skipped a beat as he realized what was happening. "Those people... they're outside the village..."

Nagato's Rinnegan flared, his eyes focusing on the figures beyond the barrier. "But why?"

Peter chuckled softly, his voice carrying a hint of amusement. "Those people you're seeing?" he began, folding his arms casually over his chest. "They're spies, assassins, criminals—all of them here in Amegakure with ill intent. The barrier found them, scanned their minds, and then ejected them from the village."

Konan's eyes widened in realization. "You mean... the barrier can detect hostile intent?"

Peter nodded. "Exactly. It's not just a wall of protection. It's smart. It can sense anyone inside the village with malicious intent, and if they don't belong here... well, they're evicted."

Yahiko, still trying to process what was happening, turned to Peter in disbelief. "You're telling me that all of those people... were enemies of Amegakure?"

Peter's expression darkened slightly, his eyes locking onto the group of individuals outside the barrier. "That's right. Spies from other villages, hired assassins, wanted criminals... You'd be surprised how many people were hiding within your borders, waiting for the right moment to strike."

Nagato clenched his fists, a wave of anger washing over him as he realized how deeply his village had been infiltrated. "All this time... they were here, plotting against us."

Peter's gaze remained fixed on the group outside the barrier, watching as they frantically tried to find a way back into the village. But no matter how hard they tried, the golden barrier remained impenetrable, keeping them locked out.

The group of ejected individuals looked around in confusion, their panic growing with each passing second. Some of them tried to attack the barrier, launching jutsu and weapons at it, but their efforts were in vain. The barrier remained untouched, shimmering softly as it repelled every attack.

Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato stood silently, watching the scene unfold. The sheer scale of what Peter had done—creating a barrier that not only protected Amegakure but also purged it of its enemies—was beyond anything they could have imagined.

Konan's voice was quiet as she spoke, her eyes still locked on the group outside the barrier. "You... you really did it," she whispered, her voice filled with a mix of awe and disbelief. "You've brought peace to Amegakure."

Peter turned to her with a small, satisfied smile. "I told you I would."

The trio of Akatsuki leaders exchanged glances, their hearts heavy with gratitude. For the first time in years, the constant threat of war and violence hanging over their village had been lifted. Peter had done what they had spent their entire lives fighting for—and he had done it in a single day.

Peter clapped his hands together, breaking the moment of silence. "Alright," he said with a grin, "now that we've cleaned house, it's time to settle the other matter." He turned to Madara, his expression growing more serious. "Let's get your eyes back."

Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato stood quietly, still trying to process everything that had just happened. But one thing was clear: their village was safe, and the future they had dreamed of was finally within reach.

Chapter 715: New Eyes?

The golden barrier glows softly above the village of Amegakure, keeping the outside world at bay. Peter stood at the center of it all, his gaze turning serious as he declared, "Alright, it's time to give Madara's eyes back."

Nagato tensed, his heart racing as Peter's words settled over him. His hands instinctively moved to his face, his fingers brushing over his Rinnegan as if trying to reassure himself that they were still there. The weight of what was about to happen—the loss of his eyes, the thing that had defined him for so long—made his stomach churn with uncertainty.

Yahiko and Konan immediately moved closer to Nagato, their concern evident in their eyes. They could see the hesitation in his posture, the way his hands trembled slightly as they hovered near his face.

Yahiko's voice was calm, but filled with concern as he spoke to his friend. "Nagato... you don't have to do this," he said gently, his eyes flickering to Peter and Madara, both of whom stood watching. "I know you made a deal, but if you're not sure, we can figure something out. We'll protect you, no matter what."

Konan nodded in agreement, her hand resting lightly on Nagato's arm. "It's your choice, Nagato. If you don't want to give them the Rinnegan, then maybe we can give him something else?"

Nagato swallowed hard, his thoughts racing. His friends' support meant the world to him, but he couldn't ignore the reality of the situation. Peter had already fulfilled his end of the bargain—he had brought peace to Amegakure in a matter of hours, something they had all thought was impossible. Could he really back out of the deal now, after everything Peter had done?

As if sensing his internal struggle, Peter's expression hardened slightly, his gaze shifting to Yahiko and Konan. "Nagato made a deal," Peter said, his tone firm. "And that deal has been fulfilled on my end. Now it's time for him to fulfill his end of the bargain."

Konan's eyes narrowed, but she remained calm. "You said you would give him new eyes in return," she reminded Peter, her voice steady. "You won't leave him blind, right?"

Peter nodded, his expression softening slightly as he addressed Konan's concern. "That's right," he said. "Once I get the Rinnegan, I'll give Nagato a new pair of eyes immediately. He won't be left in the dark."

Yahiko and Konan exchanged a glance, their expressions still filled with doubt, but they nodded in understanding. Even though they were still uncertain about the situation, Peter had shown that he was willing to honor his word. Still, they couldn't shake the uneasy feeling in their chests.

Suddenly, Madara stepped forward, his presence imposing as he moved closer to Nagato. His crimson Sharingan spun lazily in his eyes as he looked down at the younger man, his voice cold and commanding. "We're not asking anymore," Madara said, his tone leaving no room for argument. "The Rinnegan belongs to me. It always has. It's time you upheld the deal, or there will be consequences."

The weight of Madara's words hung heavily in the air, the threat clear. Nagato's hands clenched into fists at his sides, his mind spinning with a thousand different thoughts. He didn't want to lose the Rinnegan, but... Peter had already proven himself. And deep down, Nagato knew that fighting back would be futile.

Despite the fear gnawing at his insides, Nagato took a deep breath and nodded slowly, his voice quiet but resolute. "I'll do it," he said, his heart heavy with the decision. "You've fulfilled your part of the deal, so I'll honor mine."

Yahiko and Konan both looked at Nagato with surprise, their eyes wide with disbelief. "Nagato... you don't have to—"

But Nagato cut them off, his voice firm as he shook his head. "No," he said, more decisively this time. "This is the only way. I trust him."

Peter smiled, clearly pleased with Nagato's decision. "Good choice," he said lightly, snapping his fingers.

In an instant, a golden glow surrounded Nagato, enveloping him in a soft, ethereal light. His eyes widened as he felt a strange sensation, like the very power inside him was shifting, moving out of his control.

Slowly, the glow intensified, and Nagato felt the world around him begin to fade. Darkness crept into his vision, and for the first time in years, he felt truly vulnerable.

The Rinnegan, once a part of him, floated from his eyes, hovering above Peter's outstretched hand. Nagato's heart pounded in his chest as he felt the Rinnegan leave him completely, the connection severed.

The world went dark.

Nagato stood still, his chest rising and falling with shallow breaths as he adjusted to the sudden loss of his sight. "..."

For a moment, he felt nothing but fear—fear of the unknown, fear of what would happen next. But despite the darkness surrounding him, there was also a sense of peace. He had honored his word, and in doing so, he had trusted Peter to do the same.

Peter, the Rinnegan floating above his outstretched hand, glanced down at the eyes with a satisfied smirk before turning back to Nagato. "Don't worry," he said softly, his tone gentle. "You won't be blind for long. I'm a man of my word, after all."

Yahiko and Konan remained by Nagato's side, their hearts heavy with concern as they watched their friend stand blind and vulnerable. But they didn't speak. They trusted Nagato's decision, even if it pained them to see him like this.

Meanwhile, Madara's gaze was fixed on the Rinnegan, expecting Peter to hand over his eyes immediately.

But instead of doing so, Peter eyed the Rinnegan, a thoughtful expression crossing his face. "You know," he said casually, "before I give these back to you, Madara, I think I'll run a few tests on them."

Madara's eyes narrowed, a flicker of suspicion flashing through his crimson Sharingan. "Tests?" he repeated, his voice cold and edged with irritation. "What are you talking about?"

Peter waved a hand dismissively, his usual calm demeanor unwavering. "Relax. It won't take long," he said, his tone light. "These are the highest-level Sharingan and Rinnegan in existence. I'm curious to see how they work. If I can understand them well enough, I might be able to help Itachi and Shisui evolve their eyes into something like this."

At Peter's mention of his students, both Itachi and Shisui perked up, their eyes widening slightly as they glanced at the glowing Rinnegan. They had both been working to master their Sharingan, but the thought of achieving the Rinnegan—or something even stronger—made their hearts race with excitement.

Peter's gaze flickered to them for a moment, a small smile tugging at his lips. 'Or who knows,' he thought, turning his attention back to the floating Rinnegan. 'Maybe I could even make myself a pair of powerful eyes. The Rinne-Sharingan in the show was pretty cool, after all.'

Madara's eyes narrowed further. "Fine," he muttered. "But make it quick..."

Peter, seemingly unbothered by Madara's growing impatience, raised his free hand, and with a swift motion, began drawing glowing spell circles in the air around the floating Rinnegan. The circles were intricate, filled with runes and symbols that pulsed with a golden light, encircling the eyes as Peter began his analysis.

The others watched in silence as the spell circles spun around the Rinnegan, each one emitting a soft hum as it gathered information. Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato exchanged confused glances, unsure of what Peter was doing. Even Itachi and Shisui, who had seen Peter use magic many times before, were watching with rapt attention.

Yahiko, his voice filled with uncertainty, spoke up next. "Are you sure this is a good idea?"

Peter, still focused on the spell circles, glanced briefly at Yahiko before offering a reassuring smile. "Relax. I'm just studying them," he explained. "I want to understand how they work, that's all."

Madara, clearly growing more agitated by the second, took a step forward, his presence imposing. "You had better not damage them," he warned, his voice low and dangerous.

Peter met Madara's intense gaze without flinching. "I'm not going to damage them," he said, his tone calm. "And even if I did, what would you do about it?"

"..." Madara remained silent, his lips pressed together as he realized there was nothing he could do.

The golden spell circles continued to rotate around the Rinnegan, scanning the eyes with meticulous precision. Peter's mind absorbed the information they gathered in real-time, processing the complex nature of the Rinnegan's powers and the unique relationship it shared with the Sharingan. The intricate chakra pathways, the genetic factors involved, and the sheer potential that these eyes held—it was all flowing into Peter's consciousness.

As the spell circles completed their task, they slowly began to fade, the glowing symbols dissipating into the air as the magical analysis came to an end. Peter blinked, his mind now filled with the knowledge he had sought, a satisfied grin spreading across his face.

"Alright," Peter said, lowering his hand as the final traces of the spell faded away. "I'm done."

Madara's eyes narrowed further, his patience clearly wearing thin. "And?" he asked, his voice filled with barely concealed frustration. "What did you learn?"

Peter smirked, his eyes gleaming with amusement. "A lot," he said cryptically, offering no further explanation. "But don't worry, your eyes are fine."

Madara sighed in relief, turning his attention back to the floating Rinnegan.

"Here," Peter said, casually handing over the eyes to Madara.

Madara stepped forward, his gaze never leaving the glowing Rinnegan in Peter's hand. He reached out, taking the powerful eyes with a sense of reverence.

Peter watched as Madara carefully replaced the Sharingan eyes he had been using with his original Rinnegan. As the connection was made, Madara closed his eyes, a deep breath escaping him as he felt the overwhelming surge of power coursing through his veins once more. His full strength had returned.

Madara stood there, silent, his eyes still closed as he savored the sensation. "..."

After a brief moment, he opened his eyes, the swirling patterns of the Rinnegan now dominating his gaze.

Peter, watching with a smirk, took the discarded Sharingan eyes that Madara had been using and casually stashed them in his storage necklace. He had plans for those eyes later, but for now, they were tucked away safely.

While Madara continued to take in the return of his full strength, Peter turned to the blind Nagato.

"Hold still," Peter said softly as he approached Nagato.

Nagato, though initially startled by Peter's words, did as instructed, standing still as Peter raised his hands once more. A soft golden glow enveloped Peter's palms as he began to weave his magic. This time, the spell was different—gentler, more focused.

Nagato blinked, unsure of what Peter was about to do, but before he could ask, a warm sensation spread across his face. The golden light seemed to seep into his skin, and slowly but surely, something incredible began to happen.

Peter wasn't giving Nagato someone else's eyes. He was healing him—regrowing his original eyes.

Nagato's body shuddered as the magic flowed through him, and after a moment, he let out a gasp. His knees buckled, and he collapsed briefly, his body trembling as he felt an overwhelming sensation of weakness wash over him.

"Easy," Peter said calmly, catching Nagato's arm to steady him. "You'll feel a little weak at first."

Nagato took a few deep breaths, his vision still blurry as he blinked repeatedly, trying to adjust to the sensation of having his original eyes again. But then, something remarkable happened.

A wave of energy surged through his body, filling him with a sense of vitality he hadn't felt in years. His muscles, once worn and fatigued, felt stronger, and his mind, once clouded by the constant strain of the Rinnegan, felt clearer than ever.

Peter stepped back, allowing Nagato to fully take in the transformation. "How do you feel?" he asked, a knowing smile on his face.

Nagato blinked again, his vision now fully restored. He glanced around, his eyes wide with disbelief as he took in the world with his own sight for the first time in what felt like an eternity. His body felt... lighter, stronger. He hadn't realized just how much of a toll the Rinnegan had been taking on him until now.

"I... I feel..." Nagato stammered, his voice filled with awe. "I feel amazing."

Yahiko and Konan, who had been watching in silence, rushed over to their friend, concern and joy mixing in their expressions. "Nagato?" Yahiko asked, his voice filled with hope. "Are you okay?"

Nagato nodded slowly, a look of disbelief still on his face. "Yes... more than okay. I haven't felt this strong in years..."

Peter crossed his arms over his chest, his smirk widening as he explained. "You see, the Rinnegan wasn't yours, so your body was constantly fighting to sustain it. It was draining your stamina and chakra at an alarming rate. That's why you always felt so weak. But now, with the Rinnegan gone and your original eyes restored, your body is finally back to where it should be."

Nagato's eyes widened in shock as Peter's words sank in. He had always assumed that the Rinnegan was the key to his power, the very thing that would someday make him strong. But in reality, it had been draining him this whole time.

"I never realized..." Nagato muttered, his voice trailing off. He glanced at his hands, clenching them into fists as he felt the strength surging through his body.

Yahiko and Konan stood beside him, both of them smiling with relief and happiness.

For a brief moment, the trio celebrated together, their hearts light with relief and hope for the future. Nagato was free—free from the burden of the Rinnegan, free from the constant drain on his body, free to live his life as he had always dreamed, peacefully on Amegakure.

But just as they were beginning to smile and laugh, something changed.

Nagato's body tensed suddenly, his eyes going wide with shock. A sharp, agonizing scream tore from his throat as he collapsed to the ground, clutching his head in pain.

"Nagato!" Konan shouted, rushing to his side, her heart racing with fear.

Yahiko knelt down beside him, his hands shaking as he tried to help his friend. "What's happening?!" he cried out, his voice filled with panic.

Nagato's eyes—now his original eyes—suddenly flashed a bright, unnatural blue, a light so intense it made Yahiko and Konan recoil in shock. "?!"

Chapter 716: Tenseigan

As Nagato lay on the ground, clutching his head in pain, his body convulsing uncontrollably, Yahiko and Konan's panic grew by the second. The rain continued to pour down, mingling with their confusion and fear. Yahiko knelt beside his friend, his heart racing as he tried to understand what was happening.

"Nagato!" Yahiko shouted, his voice hoarse with desperation. "What's going on? What's happening to you?!"

Konan knelt on the other side of Nagato, her arms wrapped around him as she tried to steady his trembling body. "Stay with us, Nagato," she whispered, her voice trembling as her heart raced with

fear. She could feel the tension coursing through his body, the pain evident in every shudder. But she had no idea how to help him.

Nagato's screams pierced through the air, his hands clutching his head as if trying to contain something inside. His body shook violently, his muscles tensing and spasming uncontrollably.

Yahiko's eyes darted up toward Peter, desperation clear in his gaze. "Peter!" he yelled, his voice filled with a mixture of anger and fear. "What the hell is happening to him? What did you do?"

Peter remained calm, standing a few feet away, his eyes focused intently on Nagato. He hadn't done anything, and yet, something unexpected was happening. Something new was awakening inside Nagato. He watched the scene with a look of mild curiosity, observing Nagato's convulsions as if it were an interesting puzzle.

Without responding to Yahiko's frantic questions, Peter stepped forward, his movements slow and measured. "Move aside," he said calmly. "Let me check on him."

Konan hesitated, glancing between Peter and Yahiko. Both of them were panicking, but Peter's calm demeanor gave her a small sense of hope. Perhaps he knew what was happening. Perhaps he could help. Reluctantly, she let go of Nagato and stepped back, allowing Peter to approach.

Peter knelt beside Nagato, his eyes narrowing slightly as he raised his hand. A soft, golden light emanated from his palm, casting a gentle glow over Nagato's body. The rain glistened against the light, refracting in a halo around the two of them. Yahiko and Konan watched in tense silence, their hearts pounding as Peter began his diagnostic spell.

The golden light scanned Nagato's body, starting with his head and moving down to his chest. The spell focused particularly on Nagato's eyes, which remained tightly shut, and Peter's expression shifted slightly as he took in the results of the scan.

As the spell finished, Peter stood up, a surprised but satisfied expression crossing his face. "Well now," he muttered under his breath, "this is interesting."

Yahiko, still frantic, took a step forward, his fists clenched tightly at his sides. "What's wrong with him?" he demanded, his voice trembling with a mixture of fear and frustration. "Is he going to be okay?"

Peter glanced at Yahiko, a small smile playing at the corners of his lips. "He's not in any danger," Peter reassured them. "In fact, I'd say he's extremely lucky..."

Before Yahiko could ask what Peter meant, Nagato's body began to glow. A soft, faint blue light radiated from his skin, growing brighter with each passing moment. The air around them seemed to thrum with energy, and Yahiko and Konan took a step back in shock as the glow intensified.

"Nagato...?" Konan whispered, her eyes wide as she watched the blue light envelop her friend.

Nagato's eyes remained tightly shut, but the light continued to pulse around him, growing stronger and stronger until it became almost blinding. Yahiko and Konan shielded their eyes from the intensity of the glow, while Peter simply stood there, watching with interest.

Then, with a sudden burst of light, Nagato's eyes snapped open.

The blue light that filled the area was almost unbearable, causing everyone present—Yahiko, Konan, Peter's group, and even Madara—to shield their eyes for a moment. The sheer force of the light was overwhelming, as if it were a living, breathing entity all its own.

When the light finally began to fade, the intensity lessening, Yahiko and Konan hesitantly lowered their hands, their hearts pounding in their chests. They stared in disbelief at what they saw before them.

Nagato's eyes were no longer the Rinnegan he had once possessed. Instead, they glowed with an icy blue hue, the irises swirling with intricate, otherworldly patterns. The power emanating from his eyes was unmistakable, but it was unlike anything they had ever seen before.

Peter stood there, his grin morphing into a contemplative frown, as he muttered to himself, "I didn't expect this..."

Yahiko, still in shock, stared at Nagato's glowing blue eyes, his mind racing as he tried to comprehend what had just happened. "What... what is this...?"

Nagato, still disoriented from the intense pain and the sudden change, blinked several times, his vision slowly adjusting to the new power coursing through him. His body felt lighter, stronger, but his mind was filled with questions. What had happened to him? What were these new eyes?

Peter looked at Nagato, a sense of amusement and intrigue in his gaze. "Congratulations, Nagato," Peter said softly, his voice filled with genuine admiration. "You've just awakened the Tenseigan."

Yahiko and Konan stared at Peter in disbelief, their eyes wide as they processed his words. "The... Tenseigan?" Konan repeated, her voice filled with confusion. "What... what is that?"

Peter remained calm, his gaze fixed on Nagato as he considered his response. After a brief pause, he began to explain. "Those are called the Tenseigan," Peter said, his voice steady and serious. "It's a dojutsu that's on par with the Rinnegan. Very few people in this world even know about its existence."

"Tenseigan?" Yahiko repeated, his brows furrowed in confusion. "I've never heard of it..."

Peter nodded. "I'm not surprised. The Tenseigan is incredibly rare and nearly impossible to achieve. It's a combination of the Byakugan—those white eyes you might have heard about from the Hyuuga clan—and Ōtsutsuki chakra. Normally, for someone to awaken the Tenseigan, they need to be from the Ōtsutsuki clan and receive a Byakugan from a Hyuuga, or the other way around."

Konan's eyes widened as she absorbed this information. "The Byakugan? You mean the eyes that give full 360-degree vision and can see chakra points?" she asked, trying to understand.

Peter nodded. "Exactly. When combined with the right chakra, the Byakugan can evolve into the Tenseigan, which grants not only Byakugan vision but also other abilities."

Gravity control: Quite similar to the Rinnegan's Deva Path.

Shikotsumyaku: The dead-bone-pulse of the Kaguya clan of Kirigakure.

Tomogoroshi no Haikōtso: The All-Killing Ash Bones of Ōtsutsuki Kaguya. Upon contact, the target will disintegrate into ash...

'There may be other abilities as well...' Peter thought, but he wasn't sure.

Yahiko and Konan exchanged a glance, their worry for Nagato clear in their eyes. "But how is that possible?" Yahiko asked, his voice tinged with disbelief. "Nagato's not a member of the Hyuuga Clan. How could he have unlocked something like this?"

Peter's brow furrowed in thought. "That's the part I'm still trying to figure out," he admitted. "For someone like Nagato to awaken the Tenseigan... it shouldn't be possible unless there's something we don't know about his heritage."

Nagato, who had been silent as he adjusted to the overwhelming sensation of his new eyes, finally spoke, his voice quiet but filled with curiosity. "My heritage?" he echoed, his gaze lifting toward Peter, though his eyes were still filled with uncertainty. "What do you mean?"

Peter sighed softly, crossing his arms as he considered the possibilities. "The Tenseigan requires a connection to both the Ōtsutsuki and the Hyuuga," he explained. "You already have Ōtsutsuki chakra—that much is clear from possessing Madara's Rinnegan. But the Byakugan is supposed to be the key. It's possible that one of your parents was a Hyuuga, and you never knew. If that's true, then your eyes carried the potential for this transformation all along."

Nagato blinked in surprise, his mind reeling with the implications. His heart raced as he considered what Peter was saying. "A Hyuuga...?" he murmured, his voice filled with disbelief. "But I've always been an orphan. I never knew my parents."

Konan and Yahiko exchanged a worried glance, sensing the turmoil Nagato was experiencing. "Nagato..." Konan began softly, her hand resting on his arm. "If this is true... If you really are a Hyuuga, that means you might have family out there. You could have relatives still alive in Konoha."

Nagato's heart skipped a beat at the thought. Family? He had lived his entire life without knowing his heritage, without ever feeling the warmth of a family. Could it really be possible that he had living relatives? His mind swirled with questions, his emotions conflicted as hope and uncertainty warred within him.

Peter watched Nagato's reaction closely, understanding the weight of what he had just revealed. He had seen the same reaction from others in similar situations—orphans who discovered they had family after years of living in isolation. It was a difficult reality to process, but it also opened up new possibilities for Nagato's future.

Yahiko placed a reassuring hand on Nagato's shoulder. "If this is true, Nagato... maybe we should go to Konoha," he suggested. "You might find answers there. And if you really are connected to the Hyuuga Clan, they might help you train your new eyes..."

Konan nodded in agreement, her voice gentle. "We've spent our lives fighting for peace in Amegakure, but you deserve to know who you are, Nagato. Maybe this is your chance to find out."

Nagato's mind raced as he considered their words. For so long, he had defined himself by the pain and suffering of his past. But now, for the first time, he felt a flicker of hope—a chance to discover something more, something beyond the endless cycle of war and destruction.

After a moment of silence, Nagato nodded slowly, his voice quiet but determined. "I... I want to know," he said, his gaze steady. "I want to find out if I have family in Konoha. If there are answers there, I need to see them for myself."

Yahiko and Konan smiled, their relief evident as they saw the resolve in Nagato's eyes. Despite the uncertainty that lay ahead, they knew this was a step Nagato needed to take.

Peter, watching the scene unfold, grinned slightly. "Well, it looks like we've got a plan," he said with a wave of his hand, opening a golden portal. "Konoha it is..."

Chapter 717: Neji

As the golden portal swirled open at the gates of Konoha, Peter stepped out first, followed closely by Madara, Kurama, his students, Itachi and Shisui, and finally Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato. The warm, afternoon sun bathed the village in a peaceful light, casting long shadows as it filtered through the trees. The sound of birds chirping filled the air, a stark contrast to the perpetual rain that had become the soundtrack of Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato's lives back in Amegakure.

Nagato blinked, his newly awakened eyes adjusting to the vibrant colors around him. Yahiko stood still for a moment, his mouth slightly agape as he took in the bustling village, his head turning to observe the children playing in the distance and the relaxed demeanor of the villagers. Konan's gaze was softer, more contemplative, but no less awed by the tranquility of this place.

"It's so... calm," Yahiko muttered under his breath, his voice tinged with disbelief. "It's hard to believe a place like this exists."

Konan nodded, her eyes following the movements of a young couple walking hand-in-hand, laughter and joy in their steps. "Compared to home... this almost feels unreal."

Nagato remained silent, his thoughts clouded by the contrast between the peace here and the endless struggle they had known. He glanced at Yahiko and Konan, seeing his own feelings mirrored in their expressions. But something else lingered in the back of their minds.

"Do you think we'll see him here?" Konan asked quietly, her voice carrying the weight of nostalgia.

Yahiko's lips tightened into a thin line. "It's been so long... I didn't think we'd get the chance, but maybe..." His voice trailed off as he glanced toward Nagato. "What do you think, Nagato? Do you think Jiraiya-sensei is still here?"

Nagato frowned, his mind racing back to their memories of their mentor. "I don't know," he replied softly. "But if he is, I suppose we'll find out soon enough."

As they exchanged these words, a hush fell over the crowd near the gates. The villagers and travelers, some lined up to enter the village, parted like the sea, their eyes wide with a mixture of curiosity and fear as they noticed Peter and his group stepping through the portal.

Whispers spread quickly among the gathered crowd, and even the gate guards tensed, reaching for their weapons as they prepared to stop the newcomers from entering.

But before they could act, a group of Anbu appeared, materializing from the shadows like specters. Their masked faces turned toward the guards, and the leader of the Anbu team, a tall figure with sharp, alert movements, stepped forward. He moved with purpose, stopping the gate guards with a mere glance. The Anbu leader then turned to Peter, bowing deeply and with great respect.

"Welcome back to the village, Peter," the Anbu leader said, his voice reverent. "The Hokage has requested your presence at your earliest convenience."

The crowd around them murmured in astonishment. The way the Anbu addressed Peter, combined with the fact that the Hokage was asking rather than demanding his presence, left them wondering who this mysterious figure was. Even the merchants and officials waiting at the gate began to eye Peter with newfound interest, recognizing that he held a significant position within Konoha.

One merchant, a man dressed in opulent robes and flanked by a group of attendants, saw an opportunity. He stepped forward, his eyes gleaming with ambition as he prepared to speak. Perhaps, with Peter's favor, he could secure special treatment or favorable terms for his dealings.

But before he could utter a word, another group of Anbu appeared, kunai gleaming in the sunlight as they pressed the blades against the merchant's throat, as well as the necks of his attendants. The merchant froze, his face draining of color as he realized the severity of his mistake.

"Step back," one of the Anbu growled.

The merchant swallowed hard, nodding vigorously as he and his attendants stumbled backward, their ambitions snuffed out as quickly as they had arisen.

Unfazed by the scene behind him, Peter nodded in acknowledgment to the Anbu leader. "Thank you. I'll visit Minato once I've handled a few things."

The Anbu leader bowed again before stepping aside, clearing the path into the village. Peter moved forward, his expression calm as ever, his companions following in step. Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato hesitated for a moment, still overwhelmed by the grandeur of the village and the respect Peter commanded. But soon, they fell into line, their thoughts racing as they took in their surroundings.

As they crossed the gates, Shisui leaned toward Itachi, his voice filled with admiration. "Sensei is so cool," he muttered under his breath, unable to hide the awe in his tone.

Itachi, usually more reserved, gave a slight nod of agreement. "He is," he said simply, his eyes fixed on Peter as they entered the village.

As they made their way deeper into the village, the streets gradually grew quieter as they approached, the once-busy village now giving way to a more exclusive area where only members of the Hyuga clan resided.

Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato trailed behind Peter, still taking in the sights of the village. Their expressions were a mix of awe and hesitation, their minds wrestling with the weight of the journey they were about to embark on.

"We're heading to the Hyuga Clan," Peter explained, his eyes focused ahead. "If Nagato has any relatives in the village, this is where we'll find them. And even if he doesn't, with his new eyes, the Hyuga won't be foolish enough to turn him away."

Nagato, still grappling with the strange power coursing through his body, gave a small nod. He trusted Peter's judgment, even if he was still unsure about the implications of this newfound connection to the Hyuga.

As they approached the gates of the Hyuga compound, two guards stationed at the entrance immediately stiffened at the sight of Peter and Madara. Their eyes widened with fear and recognition, their hands trembling as they quickly bowed and stepped aside, making way for the group to enter.

"W-Welcome to the Hyuga compound," one of the guards stammered. "Please, you are invited inside. The clan head has instructed us to be ready for your arrival, should you ever come."

Without a word, Peter nodded and continued forward, his presence commanding respect without effort. Yahiko and Konan exchanged uneasy glances, while Nagato silently followed, his thoughts fixated on what lay ahead.

...

Meanwhile, inside the main residence of the Hyuga clan, Hiashi Hyuga sat with his brother Hizashi. They spoke quietly, tense looks on their faces. Hizashi's forehead bore the unmistakable mark of the Caged Bird Seal, a symbol of the oppressive power dynamic between the main and branch families of the Hyuga.

"The elders... they refuse to change," Hiashi muttered, his frustration evident. "Even after all these years, they cling to their power over the branch family, using that cursed seal as a tool for control."

Hizashi, head of the branch family, sighed deeply. "It's not just about the seal, brother. The system itself is designed to keep us divided, and as long as the elders remain in power, they'll keep using the seal to suppress us."

Hiashi's fists clenched. "I despise seeing you wear that mark. If I could, I would have it removed today."

"But we can't act rashly," Hizashi replied, his voice calm but firm. "We need to be strategic. The elders won't give up their hold so easily."

Soon enough, their conversation was interrupted when a Hyuga ninja appeared before them, kneeling respectfully.

Hiashi's brow furrowed, ready to scold the interruption, but before he could speak, the ninja delivered his message.

"Forgive my intrusion, Hiashi-sama, Hizashi-sama. Peter and Madara Uchiha have arrived at the gates and are on their way here."

Hiashi and Hizashi both froze, their eyes widening. The weight of the situation hit them instantly as they stood from their seats, exchanging a look of disbelief.

"Lead us to them," Hiashi commanded, his tone suddenly much more serious. The brothers moved swiftly, following the ninja out of the room.

As they stepped into the front courtyard of the Clan Head's residence, Hizashi's one-year-old son, Neji, was playing on the lawn, while Hiashi's wife sat nearby, cradling their newborn daughter, Hinata, alongside Hizashi's wife.

As the two wives saw Hiashi and Hizashi walk out, they smiled, thinking the meeting must be over, about to greet them, but their words caught in their throats as they noticed the worried expressions on their husbands' faces.

Following their gazes, they saw Peter and his group approaching the courtyard. Shisui, Itachi, Yahiko, Konan, and Nagato followed closely behind, while Madara and Kurama walked at each of Peter's sides.

The atmosphere grew tense, the weight of Peter's power and reputation palpable.

Neji, oblivious to the tension, toddled up to the group, his small legs carrying him quickly to Peter. The toddler looked up at Peter with wide eyes, frowning in concentration.

"Y-You... You shouldn't be here," Neji stammered, his voice full of childish innocence. "You... You'll get in... big trouble if you don't leave..."

The courtyard fell silent, every eye now on Peter and the small boy. Hizashi and his wife's hearts clenched with fear, their breaths catching in their throats as they watched the scene unfold. They knew of Peter's power, and the stories they had heard of him were enough to make anyone wary. To see their son boldly reprimanding Peter was enough to send them into a panic.

Before they could rush forward to apologize, Peter knelt down, a smile on his face as he looked at the brave little boy. "It's okay," Peter said gently. "I was invited, so I shouldn't get in trouble..."

But as he spoke, his eyes caught sight of the mark on Neji's forehead—the cursed Caged Bird Seal. His smile faltered, turning into a deep frown. The atmosphere around him shifted, and once again, the tension in the air skyrocketed.

Hizashi's heart sank as he hurried forward, bowing deeply. "Forgive my son's rudeness. He—"

Peter cut him off, his eyes still focused on Neji's forehead. Slowly, Peter raised his hand, his finger glowing with a soft golden light. Hizashi froze, his breath catching in his throat as he watched in fear.

With a swift motion, Peter flicked Neji on the forehead. The world seemed to stop as Neji flinched, holding his stinging forehead with a confused expression, tears welling up in his eyes.

"W-Why'd you do that?" Neji asked, his voice a mixture of anger and fear.

Peter smiled again, this time more warmly. "You had this ugly mark on your forehead," he explained casually. "I did you a favor and got rid of it."

Hizashi blinked, confusion and disbelief flooding his mind. "That... That's impossible," he began, shaking his head. "A flick can't remove the Caged Bird Seal..."

But as Neji turned around to face his parents, their eyes widened in shock. The mark—the seal that had been placed on Neji's forehead at birth—was gone. Hizashi and his wife gasped, unable to believe what they were seeing. Their son was no longer marked by the Caged Bird Seal.

Chapter 718: Hyuga Reckoning

The air seemed to freeze in the Hyuga courtyard as the implications of Peter's actions began to sink in. "..."

Hizashi knelt in stunned silence, his hands trembling as he reached out to touch his son's forehead. The cursed seal—the mark that had bound his family for generations—was gone. His wife, still in shock, wrapped her arms around Neji, pulling him close as tears streamed down her face.

"Thank you... Thank you," she sobbed, her voice breaking as she held Neji tightly.

Hizashi, overwhelmed with emotion, just stared at his son in shock. "..."

Neji, still too young to fully understand the weight of what had just happened, stood there with wide eyes, looking up at Peter in awe. He could feel the tears from his parents' faces dampening him as they continued to embrace him.

Hiashi and his wife watched the scene unfold, their emotions a mix of happiness and worry. They were genuinely relieved for Hizashi and his family, but a looming sense of dread gnawed at the back of Hiashi's mind.

As much as Peter's actions had brought a sense of hope, the political reality of the Hyuga clan was far more complicated.

The elders...

If they found out about this, they wouldn't sit idly by. They might even force Neji to endure the cursed seal again.

Hiashi's wife shifted nervously beside him, her hand reaching for his. "Hiashi," she whispered, her voice filled with concern. "What will the elders say? You know they won't allow this."

Hiashi's expression darkened, his gaze flickering toward the entrance to the courtyard. "I know. And we won't have to wait long to find out. They're already here..."

As if summoned by Hiashi's words, a group of five elderly Hyuga men and women in ornate robes entered the courtyard. Their expressions were stern, their movements deliberate as they made their way toward Peter and the others.

Hiashi's stomach tightened at the sight of them, knowing all too well what their presence meant. These people were the true power behind the Hyuga clan—elders whose influence extended far beyond his title as clan head. They had the authority to overrule his decisions, and in most cases, they acted as the final word on all matters.

The elders approached, their eyes scanning the courtyard with cold precision. Though they were outwardly respectful, Hiashi could sense the discomfort in their expressions. They didn't want Peter here, and they certainly didn't want him meddling in the affairs of the Hyuga clan.

But they weren't foolish enough to cross him directly. Even they understood that Peter held the power to destroy the Hyuga if he so wished.

One of the eldest, a stern-looking man with a long white beard, took a step forward, his eyes narrowing as he noticed Hizashi and his wife on their knees before Peter. His lips curled in disdain, assuming the worst.

"Have you offended our guest?" the elder demanded, his voice sharp. "Why are you groveling like that?"

Before either Hizashi or his wife could respond, the elder formed a hand seal, his fingers moving in a practiced motion. "If you've disrespected Peter, I'll have to remind you of your place."

Without warning, the cursed seal on Hizashi's forehead activated, followed by his wife's. Both of them screamed in pain, clutching their heads as the familiar, agonizing sensation tore through their minds. Their bodies convulsed, unable to resist the torment inflicted by the seal.

Neji watched in horror, his small voice trembling as he called out to his parents. "Mom! Dad?!"

The elders froze, their eyes snapping toward Neji. It was then they realized the boy wasn't writhing in pain alongside his parents. He stood there, untouched, his eyes wide with panic.

One by one, the elders' gazes shifted to Neji's forehead. Where the cursed seal should have been, there was nothing. The mark had vanished.

"What...?" one of the female elders muttered, her voice filled with disbelief. "The seal... It's gone."

Meanwhile, Madara stood at Peter's side, his eyes narrowing as he observed the chaos unfolding before him. His lips curled in disdain as he watched Hizashi and his wife writhing in pain, their bodies contorting under the torture of the cursed seal. The screams that echoed through the courtyard didn't faze him, but the barbarity of the act itself struck a chord deep within.

"How barbaric," Madara muttered under his breath, his voice dripping with contempt. "Even in my time, the Uchiha never stooped to something like this. And our eyes are worth far more than some pathetic Byakugan." His sneer deepened as he cast a cold glance at the five elders.

The elders, now fixated on Neji's unmarked forehead, turned livid. Their once measured and respectful demeanor toward Peter evaporated, replaced by an ugly rage. They marched past Hizashi and his wife, completely ignoring their agonized cries and their sobbing son. The child's pleas fell on deaf ears as the elders stormed up to Hiashi and his wife, their faces twisted with fury.

"Hiashi! How dare you remove the seal from Neji?" one of the elders spat, their voice filled with venom. "Do you think you're above the traditions of this clan? How could you do something so reckless?"

The others joined in, their voices rising in anger as they berated Hiashi and his wife, forgetting entirely about Peter and his group in their outrage.

Hiashi stood there, silent and seething, his fists trembling at his sides as he watched his brother and sister-in-law writhing in pain. The desire to strike down the elders where they stood gnawed at him, but he knew he couldn't act on it. As much as he wanted to end this nightmare, his position as clan head was tenuous, and the elders held too much power.

"They'll die if you hold the seal any longer," Hiashi finally said through gritted teeth, his voice straining to maintain calm. "Please... release them."

One of the elders sneered, their lips curling into a cold smile. "Why should we care if they die?" he asked, his tone dripping with malice. "They aren't from the main family. Their lives are insignificant."

Hiashi's fists clenched tighter, his knuckles white as he fought to keep control. He could feel his blood boiling, his restraint thinning with every passing second. The casual cruelty with which they dismissed his brother's life was almost too much to bear. His body shook, his eyes burning with a barely contained rage.

Just as Hiashi was about to snap, a soft voice cut through the tense air.

"How unsightly."

The words were spoken calmly, but they carried a weight that instantly silenced the courtyard. Everyone turned their eyes to Peter, who had begun walking toward Hizashi and his wife. The elders, mistaking Peter's comment for disdain toward the suffering couple, exchanged smirks and sneered.

"We apologize, Peter," one of the elders said, chuckling. "For showing you such an unsightly pair. If you wish, you can end them yourself? After all, they're only from the branch family. Their lives don't matter."

Peter's steps didn't falter as he reached Neji, who stood beside his parents with tears and snot streaming down his face. Kneeling down, Peter gently patted the boy's head, his gaze softening as he looked at the crying child.

Neji looked up at Peter, his small voice trembling as he begged, "Please... help my mom and dad... Please..."

Peter smiled warmly at the boy. "Sure," he replied softly.

Then, his eyes shifted back to the elders, and the warmth disappeared, replaced by a cold, unyielding glare that froze them in place. "I wasn't talking about them," Peter said, his voice low and dangerous. "I was talking about you."

The smirks on the elders' faces vanished in an instant, replaced by fear. Peter's gaze alone was enough to make them tremble, and for the first time, they seemed to fully grasp the gravity of the situation.

Peter then turned back to Neji, his expression softening once more. "Don't worry," he reassured the boy. "They'll be fine."

With a simple snap of his fingers, golden light flared briefly around Hizashi and his wife. In an instant, the cursed seals on their foreheads vanished, the pain dissipating as quickly as it had come. Both of them let out relieved sighs, their bodies relaxing as they collapsed to the ground, unconscious but alive.

Neji's eyes widened in disbelief as he watched his parents' pain vanish before his eyes. He rushed forward, tears streaming down his face as he hugged them both. "Mom! Dad!"

Peter stood, watching the reunion with a soft smile. "They'll be fine," he said quietly. "They just need to rest."

The elders, who had been reduced to trembling silence, now stood frozen, too afraid to move, Peter's glare bore down on them.

Despite the fear that choked her voice, one of the elders managed to stammer out, "You... you can't do this. This is Hyuga clan business. It's our law!"

Peter scoffed, his voice dripping with disdain. "Your law, huh?" He crossed his arms, a dark smirk tugging at his lips. "You know, I don't think I like the Hyuga clan."

Beside Peter, a low chuckle rumbled as Kurama stirred. "Should we exterminate them?" the nine-tailed fox growled, his sharp fangs glinting. His question hung in the air like a threat, his gaze locked on the elders, clearly enjoying this.

Madara, who had been watching the scene with cold amusement, smirked, his voice laced with dark satisfaction. "For once, I agree with the furball."

Kurama's growl rumbled louder at the name, his fiery eyes flickering with annoyance, but he didn't bother to respond. Instead, he kept his attention fixed on the elders, savoring their growing fear.

Hearing the words "exterminate" and sensing the lethal intent in the air, Hiashi stepped forward quickly, his face pale but determined. He dropped to one knee, his head bowed as he begged, "Please, spare my clan. Punish the elders if you must, but don't destroy the Hyuga."

The elders, hearing Hiashi's desperate plea, turned on him instantly, their fear giving way to anger. "Hiashi, you coward!" one spat. "How dare you throw us to the wolves? You are supposed to protect the clan!"

Peter watched the exchange with a flicker of amusement in his eyes. When Hiashi looked up, Peter could see the calculation behind his request. He wasn't just trying to save his clan; he was using this opportunity to rid himself of the elders—something Peter found himself willing to facilitate.

Peter nodded slowly, his voice casual as he said, "Alright, but if I'm going to help you pull some weeds, I might as well pull them all."

The elders paled, their fear returning tenfold. They scrambled to their knees, begging Peter for mercy. "Please, spare us! We'll change! We'll—"

Peter ignored their pleas, his eyes shifting to Madara. "Madara, deal with these elders and get them to give you every name of those who have misused the branch family seal to abuse their power."

Madara's smirk widened, his Sharingan spinning lazily as he stepped forward. "And what should I do with them once I have the information?" he asked, his voice thick with dark anticipation.

Peter tilted his head toward Kurama, whose smirk widened dangerously. "Give the information to Kurama," Peter replied. "He'll handle exterminating the vermin hiding in the Hyuga clan."

Kurama chuckled, the low, menacing sound causing the elders to tremble even more.

Before Peter could say anything else, Yahiko stepped forward, flanked by Nagato and Konan. Yahiko's eyes gleamed with righteous fury as he said, "We'll help with that as well. This kind of injustice shouldn't be allowed to continue."

The elders' pleas for mercy grew more frantic as they realized their fates were sealed. Desperation setting in, they made a last-ditch effort to escape. In a swirl of leaves, they disappeared from sight, their decades of training and experience as ninja kicking in.

But they weren't the only ones with that skill. In an instant, Madara vanished as well, his smirk widening as he pursued them.

Barely a second passed before they reappeared in the courtyard, Madara standing over the elders with his arms crossed. "Too slow..."

The once-proud Hyuga leaders lay on the ground, their legs broken, their anguished screams echoing just as loudly as Hizashi's had moments earlier.

Peter sighed, kneeling down to shield Neji's eyes from the sight. "No need to scar the kid," he muttered, shooing Madara away. "Take them somewhere else..."

Madara rolled his eyes, his tone dry. "I killed my first man at his age," he said, clearly unbothered. But, seeing Peter's look, he complied without further complaint. He gathered the screaming elders, disappearing with them once more.

As the chaotic scene dissipated, Peter rose to his feet, dusting off his hands as if nothing had happened. His expression turned serious as he walked up to Hiashi, who was still kneeling, his mind reeling from the events that had just transpired.

"Now," Peter said, his tone shifting back to business, "onto the matter that brought me here in the first place."

Hiashi blinked, momentarily stunned by the sudden change in tone. "Yes... of course. What... what can I help you with, Peter?"

Peter glanced over his shoulder at his group, then pointed directly at Nagato. "I have a long-lost family member of yours who's hoping to see if he has any direct relatives here in the village. Would you be able to help?"

Hiashi's brow furrowed, his gaze sweeping over the group. His eyes lingered on Nagato, noting the unusual color of his eyes but not quite understanding. "A family member?" he asked, confused. "But... none of them have the Byakugan."

Peter's smirk returned, a knowing gleam in his eyes. "That's because Nagato here doesn't have the Byakugan. He has something much stronger. He has the Tenseigan."

Hiashi furrowed his brow. "The Tenseigan?" he echoed, unfamiliar with the term.

Peter nodded. "An evolved and much more powerful version of the Byakugan."

"?!"