

Naruto AU: Lord Jiraiya's Expertise [Jiraiya X Ino Yamanaka]

Synopsis - Married to Sai, Ino was happy, but only outside the bedroom. Sai was too gentle and too kind for his own good. And when her attempts to spice things up fail, she ends up seeking help from a certain 'Author'.

AU - Jiraiya survives everything. This takes place a few years after the war. Everyone's married, but without kids.

Ino Yamanaka sat alone behind the counter at Yamanaka Flowers, her face bored and helpless.

The latest edition of Icha Icha Paradise lay open in front of her, its pages soft and worn from countless readings. She had bought it to sprinkle some spice in her life, and had gone through every heated scene so many times that the words no longer stirred anything inside her.

She leaned back in her chair, her long platinum-blond hair cascading past her knees like a silken waterfall, and let out a heavy sigh.

Years had gone by since the war. Most of her friends had gotten married, as had she. The most surprising of all, Sakura married Sasuke. But to her own surprise, she never felt jealous, and now even pitied her friend. Sasuke was rarely ever home. At least in that area, she felt lucky.

Truly, married life with Sai was kind. He was gentle and thoughtful, always painting her portraits and bringing her small gifts. And he was genuinely kind, not just attempting to be something.

But unfortunately, that gentleness carried over into their bedroom, too. He touched her as if she were delicate porcelain. There was no fire between them. No rough hands pinning her wrists above her head or any commands that made her shiver and soak between her legs.

Just sweet, careful lovemaking that left her lying awake afterwards, staring at the ceiling, aching for something more. She loved Sai; he was the perfect husband, but that was only as long as the bedroom wasn't involved.

Last night, she had talked to Sai about it. About spicing up their bedroom habits. He denied it at first, but then said he would think about it. She was hoping that he would finally give her what she wanted.

Ting!

The shop bell chimed, and Ino perked up instantly.

Sai stepped inside, his pale face soft with that familiar gentle smile. He was very handsome, she knew that.

"You're back! How was your day?" Ino asked half-heartedly; it was clear she just wanted to skip to the next question.

"It was great. Kiba and I were on patrol duty today."

Ino kept her smile up to match his, barely registering his answer. She only waited a second before skipping to the question, "Is that so? You're not tired, are you? Tonight I want you to take me like you—"

Sai interrupted before she could complete her sentence, "I'm sorry, Ino. I just received a mission. It's urgent. I'll be out of the village for the next few days."

He offered that small, sweet smile again.

It only made her heart sink, but she forced a bright smile, hiding her frustration. She nodded, "Of course. Be safe."

The moment the door closed behind him, Ino's shoulders slumped. Frustration burned hot and restless in her body, feeling unfulfilled like never before.

She knew this wasn't supposed to happen.

Sai had been working every day for the last three months. The next week was supposed to be a week-long leave from work, and she had it sanctioned by the Hokage's office herself. There was no way that Sai would be given a mission now, unless he specifically requested it.

She couldn't help but wonder if her husband had done this deliberately to avoid the topic, hoping that once he returned from the mission, she would have forgotten about it. She truly couldn't understand why he was so unwilling to the idea. All they had done those years was him atop her, between her legs, and that was it.

She wanted more. So much more. And that frustration had piled up beyond what she could ignore.

What am I to do now? Toys?

She sighed as she rubbed her temples. She had done everything she could to add spice to their relationship, but nothing worked. And now, she was this close to giving up.

Maybe I should ask for some help?

Her eyes silently fell on the open Icha Icha book on the table.

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In another corner of the village, Jiraiya crouched on a low rooftop, white hair tied back, grin splitting his face from ear to ear. A notebook balanced on one knee while his pen flew across

the page. Steam rose from the women's bathhouse below. Naked bodies laughed and splashed in the water.

"Pervy Sage!"

Naruto landed beside him with a heavy thud and complained, "We defeated an actual alien goddess, and you're still peeping? You haven't changed at all!"

Jiraiya clutched his chest dramatically.

"Naruto, my boy, that woman was... a woman. She died too early; it was a true loss for literature."

Naruto made a helpless face as he knew what Jiraiya meant.

"I'm heading out on another mission. Try not to get arrested while I'm gone."

Jiraiya waved him off with a booming laugh and a thumbs-up, "Haha, I am the mentor of the future Hokage, who would arrest me! Now go and make me proud!"

Naruto vanished in a swirl of leaves.

Jiraiya hopped down and started walking toward his modest wooden home, still chuckling to himself. Life was peaceful now since the war was over. He was semi-retired now, acting only as an advisor to the Hokage, and helped here and there when things escalated.

"Lord Jiraiya!"

He stopped and looked back.

Ino stood behind him, long hair swaying gently behind her. Her long skirt gave away the full sway of her hips. Her toned abs were fully visible. Her full breasts strained against the tight fabric of her top.

Jiraiya turned fully, eyes lighting up.

"Well, well."

He sauntered over with his usual swagger.

"If it isn't the lovely Ino. Looking even more radiant than the flowers you sell."

Ino shifted on her feet, cheeks already pink. Considering what she'd just read moments ago, and knowing this was the author, she couldn't stop imagining certain things. "Thank you, Lord Jiraiya."

Jiraiya kept smiling and noticed hesitation on her lips for a second, "So, how can I help you, Ino?"

"I need your help, Lord Jiraiya. I... I want to spice things up with Sai. Married life is... nice, but it's too nice. There's no excitement anymore... I feel like I'm going crazy."

Jiraiya raised one bushy eyebrow, then let out a deep, knowing chuckle. He'd been approached like this before on many occasions.

"Why don't you try reading my books? Icha Icha has helped more couples than I can count."

Ino let out a frustrated little huff. "I've read them all. Every single one. I tried a lot of things I learned from them, but none of them worked for me. Sai is... unresponsive."

Jiraiya sighed and rubbed his chin, eyes sparkling with ideas and wisdom at the same time. His books had helped make couples, and also break them. But there were always those who had no effect.

"I suppose, books are one thing, Ino. Maybe you need a more... deeper aid."

Ino's curiosity piqued as she looked at his face hopefully, "A-And what's that, Lord Jiraiya?"

Jiraiya leaned in just a little, his gaze unashamedly going over her face and chest.

"If you really want to wake up gentle Sai of yours and make the man inside him snap, you need hands-on training. One-on-one. Come to my place tomorrow afternoon. I'll teach you exactly how to submit in ways that turn even the sweetest man into a raging bull."

Ino's breath caught, taking a step back without realising as she fully understood the meaning behind that suggestion. Yet, she stared at his face, and those words 'raging bull' so foreign to her, but she knew that was exactly what she wanted from her Sai.

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow." Jiraiya gave her a wink. "I'll teach you everything a woman needs to drive a man wild. No holding back."

Ino stared at him for a long moment, heart hammering. Then she nodded with conviction.

"I'll be there."

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The next day, Ino went straight to Lord Jiraiya's place. It was a modest wooden house with a backyard garden. It had a surprising level of privacy as the compound wall was high and made of wood. She didn't hesitate to enter the house at all; she had made up her mind last night, her marriage needed this.

As soon as she entered and removed her sandals, she smelled a pleasant, spicy, flowery scent.

She followed that scent and reached the living room, opening the sliding door. There, she saw Lord Jiraiya seated cross-legged by a kotatsu table. On the table were dozens of drawings of nude women in various poses.

“W-What’s this, Lord Jiraiya?”

Jiraiya looked up, his white hair tied back loosely, with that familiar mischievous grin.

“This is the lesson, Ino. If you want to spice things up, you need to know exactly what gets a man going. These poses aren't just drawings. They're weapons, the ones that make even the calmest man lose his mind.”

Ino’s heart hammered against her ribs. She stepped closer, her eyes flicking over the explicit drawings, cheeks already burning. They were so clear, so detailed, and she could swear it was her by the body proportions.

“What do I need to do, Lord Jiraiya?”

“Simple, you just copy these poses.”

Jiraiya stood and gestured to the open tatami floor.

Ino didn’t move, hesitation visible on her face. Even after all the convincing she had done to herself last night, she didn’t expect this. She thought Jiraiya might give her some personal tips or a lecture on how to spice things up, but this was a step beyond.

Jiraiya noticed her hesitation and spoke, “You do want things to spice up between you and Sai, right? When you go through today's lecture, that won't be a problem anymore. But, if you don't want to go through with this, you can leave now, take these drawings with you. It's completely your choice.”

The hesitation on her face started to fade as she remembered who Lord Jiraiya was, the greatest teacher in the ninja world, whose students had left legends. If she could follow him, then surely her sex life with Sai would finally have some spark in it; it was surely easier than some ninja training.

And, at another look, while she knew Lord Jiraiya was old, he still looked rather handsome. Thinking of that, Ino didn’t hesitate anymore, as she nodded at Jiraiya.

Jiraiya smiled as he gave the first order, “The first position will have you go down on the floor. I call it the doggy style.”

Ino's breath caught, but the ache between her legs pushed her forward. She dropped to her hands and knees on the cool tatami, blonde hair spilling over one shoulder. Her long skirt rose slightly on her ankles, clinging tighter to her body, detailing more of her curvy hips.

Jiraiya moved behind her without hesitation, kneeling. His large hands pressed firmly on her lower back, pushing her chest down until her cheek kissed the mat.

"Keep your head down. Flat on the floor if you can. Remember, you are not offering, but submitting," Jiraiya ordered.

In that position, right behind her, his loins ground against her hips, the thick, heavy bulge of his erection pressing flat between her asscheeks even through his trousers. He leaned in, one hand pressing on her nape to push her down further while the other grabbed her wrists and pinned them behind her back. Her back arched beautifully, her hips jutted out more.

The heat of Jiraiya's body pressing onto her radiated through the thin fabric of her skirt, making her core clench hard.

"This! This shows your hips more. Great for viewing and arousing a man to take charge. Sai struck me as the gentle type, so if you want him to dominate you, you'll have to be as submissive as you can. Offer yourself like this, and he won't be able to hold back."

Ino's mind spun as the pressure of his throbbing cock grinding right against her most sensitive spot sent sparks of heat shooting up her spine. Even fully dressed, the friction was maddening. Her core throbbed, growing slick and needy, soaking into her underwear as her hips twitched involuntarily. She could feel every inch of his thick length nestled between her cheeks, hot and heavy.

"Mm... Lord Jiraiya."

The moan slipped out before she could stop it. Her long blonde hair pooled on the mat, her full breasts pressed against the floor, nipples already stiff and aching. The submissive position made her feel exposed, vulnerable, and so unbearably turned on. Her thighs trembled, wetness spreading as she imagined Sai taking her like this... rough, demanding, and no more gentle touches.

Jiraiya kept grinding slowly, letting her feel exactly what she was doing to him, then pulled away as he guided her onto her back next.

"Legs up."

Ino obeyed, lying flat on the tatami as he lifted her legs high, folding her knees up as the front slit of her long, modest skirt spread open, exposing her pale, fleshy legs. Her calves hooked over his shoulders as she felt him press down on her.

He mounted her, harsh, heavy, folding her legs until his heavy erection pressed flat and hot against her clothed loins, the thick ridge rubbing right over her swollen lips through her panties.

"This position gives the man a lot of thrusting power and a sense of strength. He can drive in as deep as he wants while enjoying the view of the face. Makes him feel like he owns you completely."

Ino's breath came faster. The weight of him on top of her, the way her body was folded and helpless, made her head spin. His cock ground firmly against her entrance, the heat soaking through the fabric until she could feel the blunt head nudging her damp folds. Her pussy fluttered, clenching around nothing, desperate for more.

She watched his face, a gentle smile constant. Then she felt it, him leaning down further, weighing harder, folding her legs even higher.

"Push your tongue out like you mean it. Show him you're begging for it," he ordered.

Ino's pink tongue slipped out shamelessly, eyes half-lidded with need.

"Beautiful, Ino! This urges the man to do more as he sees it as a sign of approval."

But then suddenly, Jiraiya leaned down and slurped her tongue into his mouth, hot and wet.

Ino's eyes widened, her breath froze, but she didn't pull away. Instead, she slurped back, tongues twisting together in a messy, hungry kiss. Pleasure flooded her body as his thick cock continued grinding against her soaked core. Her long hair fanned out beneath her, her full breasts heaving with every ragged breath, nipples tight against her top. The taste of him, the way his tongue dominated her mouth, made her hips roll up desperately, chasing the friction.

But right before she could lose herself completely, Jiraiya pulled back with a wet pop.

He stood up, removed his haori, and stood there in just his trousers, vest, and the obvious massive bulge. He looked at Ino and hummed.

"The next one's not possible with a skirt on you."

"I can remove it," Ino replied without hesitation.

Before he could say another word, Ino stood and shimmied out of her skirt. She stood there in just her white flower-patterned panties, tight on her loins, cameltoe clearly visible with a growing damp spot. Above, her bra-like vest barely contained her voluptuous globes, the pale curves spilling over the edges.

Jiraiya hummed in approval.

"Relax."

He bent a little, hooked his arms under her knees, and lifted her effortlessly. Her long legs spread, dangled, and locked behind his back, ankles crossed. Both of his large hands clamped onto her ripe, pale asscheeks, fingers sinking deep into the soft, giving flesh with so much pressure it made her gasp.

“This requires strength, but I’m sure he has it.”

“Yes... I think so... too.”

Suddenly, for no reason at all, Ino leaned forward and kissed Jiraiya.

He didn’t hold back. He kissed her back hard, deep, tongue-twisting, and passionate. His mouth claimed hers completely, hot and demanding, tongues sliding and curling together as he devoured her.

Mid-kiss, he knelt smoothly and laid Ino down on the tatami mat. He kept kissing her the entire time.

Ino was lost in passion, feeling his frame on top of her. She kept kissing, feeling his erection grinding hot and heavy at her entrance through the thin barrier of her soaked panties. She didn’t think anymore and got swept with arousal.

She felt Jiraiya move down, kiss her slender neck, and then remove her vest, leaving her entire chest bare.

She felt him stare at first, leaving her crimson. But then came his hands, groping her roughly, thumbs flicking her stiff pink nipples. She gazed at his face lean down, and suck one into his hot mouth.

Jiraiya then went lower, kissing her flat, toned stomach, leaving a trail of saliva. Then came the price as he hooked two fingers and moved aside the bridge of her panties.

“Ah! Lord Jiraiya...”

Ino felt cool air kiss her dripping folds for a split second before his hot tongue dragged up her slit in one long, slow lick. Ino’s back arched off the mat with a sharp cry. Sai had never done this, and she... needed it.

Jiraiya’s tongue was thick and insistent, lapping at her molten nectar. He sucked her swollen clit between his lips, flicking it fast while two thick fingers pushed inside her, curling against that spot that made her vision blur.

Slurping sounds filled the room as he devoured her, his white hair brushing against her creamy thighs.

Ino's long hair fanned out wildly beneath her, her full breasts heaving, pink nipples stiff and glistening from his earlier attention. This was unreal to her, a pleasure she couldn't remember experiencing before.

"Lord Jiraiya-ahh!"

Her voice cracked as pleasure slammed through her.

Every swirl of his tongue sent electricity racing up her spine. Her walls clenched greedily around his fingers, trying to pull them deeper, her hips rolling shamelessly against his face. She had never felt anything like this, so hungry, so filthy, so completely wanted. The ache that had lived inside her for months finally had something real to feed on.

But moments later, she felt her legs held and pushed up.

"Let's start with the second pose."

Jiraiya hooked her knees over his broad shoulders again, folding her in half on the tatami just as before. The thick, blunt head of his cock pressed against her rosy, drenched entrance, hot and heavy, smearing her slick juices along her folds. He pushed in slowly.

Ino's eyes flew wide open.

The stretch was overwhelming. His cock was thicker than anything she had ever taken, the heavy girth forcing her tight walls to part inch by burning inch. She felt every ridge, every vein as he sank deeper, her pussy fluttering wildly around the invasion. Heat bloomed low in her belly, so intense it bordered on pain, yet the pleasure that followed was even sharper.

Her inner muscles spasmed, trying to adjust, trying to take him, but he just kept pushing until his heavy balls rested against her ass and the head of his cock nudged against the deepest part of her. She felt full, impossibly stretched, and sore.

"Aaahhh~"

It's too much... So... so much.

Ino's hair stuck to her flushed cheeks as she panted, staring at him. Her full breasts jiggled with every shaky breath, nipples tight and aching. The fullness was obscene, stretching her open in ways 'he' never had, making her feel claimed, owned, and completely filled. Her walls rippled and clenched around his massive length, milking him instinctively, desperate for movement.

Jiraiya groaned, hips rolling in a slow grind. "That's it, Ino. Feel how deep I am? This is what you... want him to do."

Ino's mind melted further with every thrust. The burning stretch turned into white-hot pleasure that made her toes curl, and her legs tremble against his shoulders.

“Lord Jiraiya... aahh!... it’s burning inside me... I can’t... oh, it’s too deep!”

“It’s supposed to be.”

Her voice broke into desperate moans as he picked up speed, folding her and pounding her into the tatami.

Every powerful thrust dragged against that perfect spot inside her, sending sparks exploding through her body. Her walls fluttered and clenched harder around his cock, trying to suck him even deeper. She was soaking, the spill dripping down her ass and onto the tatami, the lewd noise growing wetter and filthier with every brutal stroke.

Jiraiya growled, slamming into her harder, “Moan louder. Tell your man exactly how much you need it. Beg him to be rougher. Make him want to dominate you.”

Ino’s mind was gone. The words spilled out of her without thought.

“Please harder! Fuck me harder, Lord Jiraiya! Ruin me... make me yours, ahh! I’m gonna cum—!”

Her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave. Her back arched violently off the mat, pussy spasming and squirting in powerful, messy jets that soaked his stomach and the tatami beneath them. Her walls clamped down like a vice, milking his thick cock in pulses as wave after wave of blinding pleasure tore through her body.

Jiraiya snarled and buried himself to the hilt, almost flat on her bare, soaked body, his face an inch above her heaving breasts as he flooded. His cockhead against the gates of her womb, he felt it, the tight squeeze, and pumped spill after spill, thick and viscous until it began leaking through the slight gaps.

The feeling of him pulsing inside her, filling her completely, sent another smaller climax rippling through her.

But he didn’t give her time to recover. He pulled out with a wet pop, flipped her onto her stomach, and pressed one massive hand between her shoulder blades, forcing her face down into the mat soaked in her sweat.

He lifted her ass high, assuming the position, and slammed back inside in one brutal thrust.

Plap!

Ino drooled onto the tatami, eyes rolled back, long hair a messy halo around her head. “Yes! yes! fuck me like that... use this worthless flower girl!”

He pounded her mercilessly, hips smacking against her pale, plump ass, the ripples visible. The frothy, bubbly mess was there from his spill before, a creamy white coat covered his entire length.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

The sounds echoed louder with every thrust. Ino came again almost immediately, screaming into the mat, nails clawing the tatami, squirting even harder, her body shaking uncontrollably.

“Uuugh! Ino...!”

Jiraiya roared and pumped her full a second time, thick cum leaking out around his cock and dripping down her thighs.

Finally, he pulled out, hooked arms under her knees, lifted her like she weighed nothing, and carried her straight out the back door into the garden. Her long legs wrapped around his waist, arms around his neck.

He quickly started bouncing her on his still-hard cock while walking across the grass.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

Ino’s tongue lolled out, eyes glassy, full breasts bouncing wildly with every powerful thrust. Her hair tossed everywhere as he pounded her like a toy, hands gripping her ass so hard his fingers left marks.

“This... Ino... This is what you want. This is how you... submit. Let the man do... whatever he wants.”

His thickness stretched her open with every bounce, the head of his cock kissing her cervix again and again. After so much battering, he knew she was sore.

“Lord Jiraiya! I’m cumming again—!”

She squirted hard, clear fluid spraying across the garden grass in messy arcs. She had no strength left, her mind a numb mess. She could barely wrap her arms around his neck.

“Then... let’s end this lesson... for now.”

Jiraiya growled, pulled out, and dropped her to her knees in front of him.

Her pale, snow-white body glistened with sweat, hair sticking to her flushed skin, beautiful face flushed and ruined, lips swollen. She truly looked submissive, knees folded perfectly like in a tea ceremony.

“This is what men love most. Marking their woman... having total domination. Now, open your mouth wide and roll the tongue out, all of it, Ino,” Jiraiya said, pumping his thick, cum-slick cock right in front of her face.

It was messy, sticky, and noisy. He watched her the whole time, her half-lidded eyes, tired gasps, and her total submission. It didn’t take him long to tip over the edge.

“Gah... Get ready, Ino.”

The first thick rope of spill splattered across her cheek and nose, forming a white arc. And before she could react, he shoved the head into her mouth and kept pumping, flooding her tongue with a hot, creamy mess.

“Swallow it, Ino. Men love it.”

“Ummm...”

Ino moaned around him, gulping greedily, eyes watering but never breaking eye contact.

Even after he finished, with no milk left to feed, he kept his cock in her mouth, slowly rolling his hips and fucking her face until he started to harden again.

Ino kept sucking him clean, tongue swirling, throat working around his length like the perfect submissive wife she had learned to be. Even as his length grew, she held it, no matter how deep it reached.

But then Jiraiya pulled out and smirked down at her. “Let’s go inside, Ino. We have fifteen more positions to try.”

Ino stared up at him, lips swollen, face and chest painted with his cum, his taste still lingering, eyes dazed and hungry. She could feel the frothy mess between her legs, still spilling out of her in globs.

“You don’t want to?”

That instantly clicked something inside her. Like this was a once-in-a-lifetime lottery win she’d never get again. She felt a throb in her chest and between her legs.

“I want to! Of course I want to, Lord Jiraiya. But... I can’t get up.”

He chuckled, helping her to her feet, and lifted her like a princess. “Good. But only for tonight, Ino. There are others who need my expertise.”

No matter how pervy he was, he had lines he didn’t cross either. Like ruining someone’s family. Besides, he had Tsunade, and the on-and-off thing going on between them.

While it was immoral, he considered his secret service a net-positive for the village, and a few outside. It had actually saved marriages.

But in that moment, Ino didn’t care about all that.

All she wanted was to drown in what she felt during the past hour, and all she needed was to feel it again. She wanted to learn everything she could from Jiraiya.

“Ino, this new position is called the piledriver.”