　Swift as the wind  
　Quiet as the forest  
　Conquer like the fire  
　Steady as the mountain

**-Sun Tzu**

Prologue: Civil War

Sarutobi looked out over the village with a sad reflection in his eyes. Konohagakure seemed so peaceful now, but in his bones he could feel it coming. Civil war teemed in the corners of the village and it tainted the serenity. He had been watching it grow inch by inch and step by step. It was to be expected after he took back the reins of Hokage twelve years ago. He sighed gloomily and reached for his pipe. He flicked out a match and watched it burn.

The flame flickered and released a small curl of smoke that dissipated into the air. If only his troubles would go away so easily. He dropped the match into the end of his pipe and let himself relax, if only slightly. The council had been changing over the past few years and he knew it. They were plotting against him while they thought he wasn’t looking. He may have been old, but Sarutobi was far from senile.

He just knew his limits. The council could vote away criminals and release them back into the populace even if the evidence was overwhelming. The council could shut away the funds for the entire ninja corps. He was Hokage only to his ninja. He had no control over the economy or the legal department. It was all because of that foolish council.

He inhaled deeply and rubbed a callused hand against his forehead. He needed to find a flaw. Something that could rile the citizens enough to make them turn against the council, but what was there? He knew of his old rival’s ‘secret’ shinobi corps, but that would do him little good. The civilians were all for the perfect protectors of village and if indoctrinating children worked they would do it. After all, the children were not *theirs*.

If it didn’t directly impact the civilian families then they would not care a darn for the lives of the ninja that protected him. His eyes widened in recognition. That was it! He raised his arm and snapped his fingers. An ANBU ninja came hurtling into the room and gave a low bow. Sarutobi turned to the man in a dramatic fluttering of his silken robes and said, “Get me Yamanaka Inoichi.”

The porcelian masked ANBU gave a low grunt in acknowledgement before shunshining out of the office. The gray haired man paced back and forth across the room in thought. Yes, this was what he needed to turn the populace to his side. Danzou had ROOT, but two could play at that game. A dangerous look entered the Hokage’s eyes. “’To know your enemy, you must become your enemy.’ Is it?” The man snorted and watched in amusement as the smoke trickled out of his nostrils.

“We’ll catch those rats yet.” A flicker of blonde tresses caught Sarutobi’s eye and he turned to see Yamanaka Inoichi, commander of the Torture and Interrogation department. Sarutobi nodded in welcome to the man, but quickly got to the point. “You’ll be jonin sensei to one of the graduating academy teams this year. You’ve wanted to leave T&I haven’t you?”

The blonde haired man scrunched his eyes slightly, “Yes, Hokage-sama. But I must ask why you want to pull me for this position. Not that I’m complaining.” He tacked on the last sentence hastily. It was true that with the complete and utter lack of military action in the surrounding countries that T&I had been rather droll lately. Inoichi been primarily an information gatherer by trade, but that didn’t necessitate that he act stoic. He’d long found the practice of acting collected attracted much more attention than the fellow that was kind and polite.

However, information gathering was usually a one man job. Infiltration with a dozen troops was like walking into a yakuza lair with a neon sign saying you were a ninja. It just didn’t work that way. That was why T&I workers only took one apprentice at a time. Inoichi wasn’t foolish enough to overestimate his abilities. His Yamanaka jutsus made him perfect for infiltration and interrogation, but his talents ended just about there. He wasn’t particularly adept in taijutsu or ninjutsu though he could fiddle a bit around with genjutsu.

The Hokage chuckled at his companion’s response. “Knowledge is power, Yamanaka-san. I trust that you of all people understand that.” Sarutobi waved a hand out over the city beside him. “I need to be able to know what goes on in each and every crevice of Konoha. I need to know what the civilians enjoy wearing, what the shinobi think of their squad assignments, and if there are people plotting against me.” The man’s voice darkened. Inoichi could tell by the frown lines on his face that Sarutobi was serious.

Rebellion was it? The blonde man bit his lip. That would make sense enough for him to infiltrate the jonin groups under the guise of a fellow teacher, but it was no job that another of his students couldn’t take. The thought of spying on his own comrades left a queer taste in his mouth. “I hope to avoid another Kirigakure, Yamanaka-san. I’m not blind enough to think that everyone is pleased with my rule.” A trickle of smoke left the pipe as Sarutobi snorted in disdain. “I had rather hoped to leave this job behind by now, but it seems that Kami-sama doesn’t want that to happen quite yet.”

“But why me, Hokage-sama? Wouldn’t Anko-san be better suited to the task?”

“She hasn’t ever had an apprentice has she? If the genin are to become an intelligence team then it would be best to place them with a practiced sensei.” That stopped Inoichi.

“Hokage-sama! You can’t seriously be suggesting that **genin** be taught the methods of the **Torture and Interrogation** depart!” The man spluttered at the thought. He knew well enough the fragility of academy students. His mind lingered briefly on his own daughter before shaking his head. He couldn’t imagine teaching Ino how to interrogate. The brutality of his own job had kept him from ever bringing his daughter within a kilometer of his workplace. To be given the duty of teaching children her age the techniques which he had hidden from his kin just seemed to be too much.

Sarutobi held up a hand to silence the jonin before continuing, “I will not require you to teach them torturing techniques until you think they are ready. I’m looking for the formation of a team based on intel gathering and strategic planning. You are the one best suited for the job are you not? I’ve seen you play shogi, Yamanaka-san. Even Nara-san hasn’t been able to beat you yet.”

That was true. Inoichi was still being pestered by the elder Nara for a shogi rematch after he had lost the last time. However, just because it was true didn’t mean that he didn’t have to enjoy it. “I trust you accept this mission, Yamanaka-san?” Inoichi nodded dully and gazed at his robed commander. If the Hokage had gone directly to the top looking for a jonin sensei, things had to be bad. That was all he really had to know.

“Good.” Sarutobi turned back to his desk and picked up a thick stack of files. “These are the files on all of the graduating students. Knowing you though...” He dropped the files onto the desk with a thump and a flicker of a smile appeared on his face. “You’ll ignore every word in them won’t you? Potential isn’t something that can be expressed in words after all. I’ll let the academy chuunins know that they should expect your arrival soon. They’ll co-operate with anything you ask of them. Within reason of course.”

Inoichi blushed sheepishly. He supposed it really was necessary to say it was within reason, but it still embarrassed him to think of his early jonin days. He had always been particular with his words and anything meant **anything**. It was amusing watching the academy teachers stand on the side of the building for a few hours to ‘demonstrate’ chakra control. Sarutobi had really reprimanded him for that one.

“Of course, Hokage-sama.” Inoichi bowed at the waist before turning back to the door. He twisted the handle and silently made his way down the corridors. He gazed out the windows at the training grounds below. It was convenient that the academy building housed the Hokage’s office. It gave him a good change to look at the trainees. He supposed that he was lucky to be able to pick his own students, not many jonin had that opportunity.

He slid open a glass door and stepped out onto the wooden balcony to watch the proceedings. They were participating in taijutsu matches, but Inoichi saw the matches to be of little consequence. There were going to be three types of people in the crowd: the natural information gatherers, the self-occupied narcissists, and the clueless.

The first would be his prime choice among the students. In genin groups it was fairly easy to tell which naturally sought to obtain knowledge. Being twelve, students normally had very little training in being inconspicuous. Either they would take the loud approach and force themselves into the lives of those around them to figure things out or they would sit off in the corner and observe. Inoichi was personally the former and had always had trouble dealing with the silent types of which Ibiki was a prime example.

The motley group of 48 students was huddled around their sensei with the majority clinging onto his words as if they were gold. Mentally, Inoichi was already crossing out names on the list of students. The Inuzuka boy was loud, but it wasn’t the right type of loud. He was the type that would explode with little to no warning and would promptly forget to try and remember information he was sent out to get. He was of the third type, the clueless.

They generally were bundles of endless energy with not a care in the world for learning. They made for talented taijutsu specialists, but for information gathering they were little demons. Even Anko was keen on the subtle nuances of stealth. It was a sad world where narcissists could prove to be valuable, but it was true.

Narcissists conventionally compared everyone around them to themselves. They were paranoid of anyone ever showing them up and kept tabs to make sure it would never happen. It was a trait that lent itself quite well to intel gathering. Inoichi’s eyes trailed around the group until he caught sight of a black tuft of hair. His eyes narrowed as he stared at the boy, Sasuke Uchiha.

The boy was a narcissist to the very bone and yet managed to conjure up nearly a thousand female followers, one of which was his own daughter. It was a source of pain Inoichi could never fail to draw upon. Sasuke may have been a talent for the sake of his sharingan, but Inoichi knew that the council would never allow their **dear Sasuke** to be stuck in a hole interrogating people. He sighed and continued looking among the crowd.

The three man squad would be a reverse restriction for him. Finding one student worthy of his attention would be difficult, but three? Three would be a complete nightmare to fulfill especially since one had to be a girl. Girls naturally just didn’t care. If the information didn’t fall into their small circle then they wouldn’t seek it out.

Out of the class of 48 there were 11 girls. From the 11 girls there were 5 that were going into their civilian duties at the end of graduation. All of this meant that the pot of girls he could choose from was small. Inoichi clicked his tongue in annoyance. Six girls and one of which was his own daughter. Inoichi knew he couldn’t possibly take Ino under his wing as a sensei. He’d be too light on her and would favor her immensely.

He shook his head. He really only had five options for his squad: Okada Rei, Yamasaki Mai, Hyuuga Hinata, Haruno Sakura, and Shimizu Kei. His eyes latched onto the pinkette who was eagerly cheering on her beloved in the fighting ring. Unless she had been professionally trained, Inoichi somehow doubted that she would have any skill in interrogation. Ino spoke of Sakura as being an *annoyingly smart girl with a large forehead* *who tries to compete with me for Sasuke-kun*.

Over the years Inoichi began to tell the difference between being smart and being wise. To be smart all the person had to do was read a book and memorize the text on the page. To be wise you had to read beyond the words and only then could a person really understand what was being said. Haruno Sakura could have potential, but he’d have to see if she was wise or merely smart.

The girl beside Sakura was a petite little thing. The girl had curly blonde hair that concealed most of her face from view. It was painfully obvious that she didn’t even want to be a ninja. With every strike Sasuke made, the girl flinched as if she was being attacked. Inoichi made a note to cross Yamasaki Mai off the list. If she couldn’t put up with watching a fight then there was no way she could successfully infiltrate anywhere of substance without worrying herself to death.

Hyuuga Hinata was only slightly better in that regard. Inoichi had met with the girl on one of her rare trips outside of the Hyuuga compound. She was a dear soul, but she wouldn’t be able to develop as long as she stood by her morals like a rod. Being a ninja meant you had to throw away that part of your humanity called your conscience. You had to be able to do things that could crush countries and kill thousands. Knowledge was one of the tools that could prove to be deadly within moments of obtaining it. The Hyuuga just didn’t have the mental strength to keep herself from buckling from the pressure.

Okada Rei sat towards the front of the crowd with her legs crossed. She peered forth with interest as she watched the two boys exchange blows. Inoichi was sure it was impossible for her not to have a headache with how much her neck kept on stretching to keep track of the dueling boys. He watched with amusement as the girl smothered the screaming fangirl beside her to get the girl to shut up. It appeared the girl had talent in observation, but her interest quickly dwindled when it came to anything that was not a battle technique. There was a faint hope though.

Inoichi searched the crowd for the last girl. It was only after a few moments he realized she wasn’t a part of the mass surrounding the two fighters. His blue eyes scanned the field from above until he caught sight of the maroon haired girl. She sat silently in her tree perch with a small gray notebook in her hand. Golden eyes stared down at the hoard of boys and girls while a hand scratched notes on the flimsy paper.

Shimizu Kei was it? Inoichi quirked a brow at the girl and decided that this one would deserve a closer look. He pushed off from the balcony and headed back into the hallway. He side stepped past secretaries running to and fro and made his way to the stairwell. The man sauntered slowly down the stairs and pushed open the large doors to the academy. Blonde hair trailed behind him as he headed towards the back of the building to continue watching the proceedings.

Muffled cheers met his ears and Inoichi was greeted with the sight of a cocky Uchiha smirking over his fallen opponent. Inoichi’s eyes widened for a moment when he realized who the boy was. Uzumaki Naruto. The blonde boy was hunched over on the ground before getting back up in a flash and shouted insults back at the crowd around him.

Naruto was a sort of pet to the T&I department. Inoichi had performed not only one, but six different psych evaluations on the boy by order of the council. He was sure the council was trying to find some sort of instability within the boy in order to have him locked up in some dungeon. Inoichi rather liked the boy despite his initial misgivings. Naruto was only a child after all and he was not at fault for the Kyuubi within him. It was nearly impossible to dislike the boy after spending nearly a hundred hours with him.

Well, perhaps Inoichi could admit to hating the orange jumpsuit. A smile grew on his lips as he made his way to the back of the group. “Papa! What are you doing here?” A small bundle of energy tackled him and Inoichi wrapped his arms around the form. Ino would always be his little princess no matter how annoying she found it that he doted on her in public. “Ew, lemme go!”

“I just have to talk with your instructor for a moment, Ino dear.” He rubbed a hand across her hair and promptly messed up an hour’s worth of preparation. He ignored his daughter’s squawks and headed over to the chuunin that was trying to separate the arguing boys. “Iruka-san! May I have a moment?”

The brunette turned sharply to look at Inoichi before relaxing slightly. “Ah, Yamanaka-san. One moment, please.” He turned to the squabblers and gave a quick reprimand before pulling Inoichi to the side. “Is there anything you need?”

“I have to select my own genin team. I trust I have your co-operation over the next few hours for some... tests to run the children through?” Iruka looked towards the clock and mentally noted the time as only being 1pm. They still had a good four hours before the academy would dismiss for the day. He nodded back to the jonin in compliance.

“Good, good. So this is how it’ll work...”

Iruka coughed into his fist to bring his class into attention. After garnering the attention of the students he waved towards Inoichi to have him step forward. “Class, this is Yamanaka-san. He’s a proud jonin of Konoha and he’s here to evaluate all of you for your potential as shinobi. Will all of you that plan on pursuing shinobi careers step off to the right? All that plan on becoming civilians stay seated and we’ll set you up with supplementary classes in other subjects.”

The man smiled as a majority of the class shifted to the right. It was his pride as a teacher that so many of his students wanted to become shinobi. A good teacher could make the arts seem interesting compared to a teacher that would drive all his students into becoming civilians. He’d done his best over the past two years to mentor his students and he couldn’t help but feel that they’d become the backbone of the next generation.

“Alright, I’ll take the future civilians off to some of the other instructors. I’ll be back in a moment, but feel free to use the time to get to know Yamanaka-san.” The chuunin began herding the 20 civilians back towards the academy. He cast a wayward glance over his shoulder and hoped the kids wouldn’t swarm his friend. They had a bad tendency to do that.

Little did Iruka know that his premonition would turn out to be entirely true. “You’re a jonin? Jonin must be weaker than I thought they were.” Inoichi twitched a brow. “Why is your hair so long? You look a lot like a girl. Hey Ino, why does your dad look like a woman? Is he really male?” A fist clenched. “I bet he must be a reject jonin. Ya know they normally only send genin teams over here. He must have really screwed up recently.” Blue eyes flashed dangerously at the kids.

Worried looks were shot his way as the man began radiating overeager amounts of killer intent at them. Inoichi had known that kids could be brats, but some part of him had hoped that by twelve they’d have the annoying trait hammered out of him. He was wrong. How dare that girl insult his masculinity? Haruno Sakura was it? No matter how talented she was, Inoichi was going to make sure she went through hell today.

“Yamanaka-sensei!” Inoichi cut off the killer intent and looked at the producer of the cheery voice. He smiled slightly at the blonde boy and reached out to pat him on the head. “Hello Naruto-kun.” Inoichi took in a deep breath and let himself calm down before turning back to the children that were quivering in fear. The boy always did have a relaxing effect upon all the T&I department. After a long day of dealing with S Class murderers and assassins, the boy was a breath of fresh air.

Inoichi shot warning looks at the other students that began gossiping about the boy. He had to admit that he had originally been on the ‘get rid of the demon container’ bandwagon and he dearly regretted it. “Alright. There are 28 of you here, correct?” He waited for them to bob their heads up and down before continuing, “Everyone split up into groups of 3 and the odd one out can be added into a group as the fourth member. Now go.”

In his heart he was cackling at the glorious revenge he was having upon the Uchiha boy. Everyone was practically climbing over the boy in an attempt to become his partner and by the time the team building was over the boy was covered in scratches. Inoichi concealed a smile and was disappointed to find Naruto the one left out. He sighed softly before placing the boy into a group with Shikamaru. The boy was definitely kind enough to not try and harass Naruto during the exercise.

“Alright, now that you’re all in groups I’ll introduce the exercise.” He coughed for emphasis, “Being a ninja is not all about running about with kunai firing off in every which way. Have you ever thought who makes the mission files? Ninja are always being sent out for reconnaissance missions. These missions are just as important as the assaults themselves. If a single detail is left out it can cost the lives of everyone in the team after them.”

“You are all about to become genin, but that doesn’t mean you should be relying on others as if they were crutches. If another team has put misinformation in your file you have to be prepared. That is why we are always told to expect the unexpected. Without information we cannot successfully plan counterstrikes against the enemy. During your shinobi career you’ll be sent on many intel gathering missions yourselves. This exercise is in preparation for that.”

“I’ll admit. Some of you will catch onto this faster than others, but it is equally important for all of you.” Inoichi shot a calculating look at the students. Some of them were reclining on the ground and appeared to be completely ignoring his speech. He’d have to remedy that. “Because after all,” Inoichi put his hands together and quickly formed hand signals for a genjutsu. “You can’t ever trust your first impressions.”

“**Genjutsu: Kasumi Jūsha no Jutsu.**” He enjoyed the shock that danced across their faces as his genjutsu came into effect. Dozens of clones made their way out from behind him and began floating hazily in the air. They retained his form, but in the genjutsu their skin grew black as well as their hair. Their red eyes glowed for a moment before they all ran towards the students. He raised his hands to dispel the technique but someone beat him to it.

“Kai.” The students were all quivering, albeit some hid it better than others, save for one. At the back of the crowd the maroon haired girl had her hand formed into a dissipation seal. Her golden eyes were sharpened as she stared at Inoichi. Inoichi had to say he was impressed. Though he had only pumped in meager amounts of chakra, he hadn’t expected one of the students to respond so quickly to an unknown jutsu.

Kei flipped open her notebook and scrolled towards the back before asking, “Name of genjutsu?” It took him a few moments to register the question before mumbling, “**Kasumi Jūsha no Jutsu.**” She scribbled down the words in her journal before sitting back down and looking at the blonde with muted interest.

Eventually the other students did the same and Inoichi continued his speech, “Information gathering is two sided. Enemies are likely to come after you as genin because of loud lips.” He looked pointedly at some of the boys before continuing, “I’ll be setting all of you up with the same scenario in which one person is going to be given a word that they have to avoid saying. The others in the group will try and convince them to say the word. As simple as this may seem, it isn’t. Sometimes you know information in the field, but you need to confirm it before submitting it in your report.”

“You may not use force to get the other students to say the word. If I see anyone being threatened their group will be given detention later. Understood? Good. The word is **river**.” Inoichi stepped up to the student and gently patted a few of them on the head. “Inuzuka-san, Uzumaki-san, Uchiha-san, Hyuuga-san, Ino-chan, Kimura-san, and Hanagaki-san will be the ones you will be interrogating to try and get them to say the word. The seven of you must keep in mind that you have to answer all question. You cannot simply ignore the others or grunt unintelligibly in response.”

He noticed the glare sent at him by the Uchiha, but chose to ignore it. “Begin. I’ll be watching you all and if I see one group need advice I’ll try and give it. You have an hour for this exercise.”

-TSUME-

“This’ll be way too easy! Give it your best shot, but you ain’t gonna get me to say that word in a million years!” Kiba huffed proudly. All he had to do was not say a particular word? That was no sweat! This sensei had no clue what he was doing if he was giving them an entire hour for such a silly exercise.

“Kiba-san, can you remind me where the Inuzuka compound is? It’s in the western district isn’t it? Is it the house with the fences around the back?” Mai murmured to the loud boy beside her. She wasn’t quite sure how she got herself caught up in this mess, but it was good to try right?

“No, no, no! That’s the Nara compound! Instead of taking a right at the fork you take a left and head down the **river**!” Kiba nodded proudly at his directions before he realized that his group had fallen into complete silence. “AH CRAP!”

-TSUME-

Naruto looked at his group rather nervously for once. He had gotten put into the four person group along with Shimizu, Nara, and Akimichi. “How troublesome.” The spiky haired boy sighed before drawling, “What are some blue things?”

Naruto scrunched his face. What on earth did that have to do with anything? “The sky?” He looked at Chouji who shrugged in return. Apparently the boy had no clue what was going on either. He offered Naruto a chip before going back to munching on his snacks.

“Actually not. The sky is just reflecting colors back at us. Try again.” Kei caught a glance from Shikamaru and gave him a small nod. She knew what was going on now. Two man support would make the job easier for him. Perhaps he would get this done quickly and be able to sleep off the rest of the hour.

Kei had always been pleasantly quiet. He’d met her a few months ago during one of his daily cloud gazing sessions. She hadn’t asked what he was doing or pestered him about why he slept so often. She had just sat beside him and wrote in that notebook again. The notebook had always been a point of interest to him. She’d shown him the contents ones, but unfortunately it was written completely in a cypher of some sort.

“Erm... My eyes?” Naruto asked hopefully. It was almost depressing to put him down again, but rules were rules.

“There is no blue pigmentation in your eyes. The color comes from reflected wavelengths much in the same way the sky is. Try again.” Kei’s monotone was slightly disturbing, but Naruto also took it as a challenge. She obviously thought that he couldn’t find anything that was inherently blue. He’d show her. Now for blue things...

“How about water?” He puffed himself up with an eager grin on his face. He totally had her this time.

“Water in small quantities is normally considered to be colorless. When drinking a glass of water you can see right through it without registering it as blue.” Shikamaru drawled back with a gleam in his eye. This was an elaborate game. It was so different from all of the troublesome things Iruka had taught them about chakra control and taijutsu. This was moderately interesting.

“Small quantities eh? Hm...How about a lake?”

“Since water doesn’t move in the lake it starts collecting algae and it turns a deep murky green color. Can’t you even find anything in the world that’s blue? I expected more.” The corner of Kei’s mouth curved up in a smile. The well placed goad could trick people into doing almost anything.

“Agh! I can to find something that’s blue! Large quantity of moving water.... Um um... A **river**! That’s it! You can’t complain now can you?”

Kei and Shikamaru exchanged looks before saying, “Game over, Uzumaki-san.”

“EHHHH?”

-TSUME-

Iruka looked over at Inoichi. The man was watching the four person group with an eager gleam in his eyes. “Have you found someone you like?” He followed his companion’s gaze over to Naruto. The boy was waving his hands about in a flailing mess and shouting in frustration much to his group’s amusement.

“Even better, Iruka-san. I’ve found all three of them.” The red clad jonin dug through his rucksack for a moment before pulling out some crumpled papers. He smoothed out the rumpled sheets before fishing out a pen and scribbling down the names: Nara Shikamaru, Shimizu Kei, and Uzumaki Naruto.

“Naruto-kun? But he wasn’t even able to conceal the information you gave him!” Iruka exclaimed. From what he had seen Naruto had very little talent in concealment much less information gathering. Stealth probably wasn’t in the boy’s vocabulary with the way he was dressing in the vibrantly orange jumpsuit.

“He has a future in interrogation. Not all interrogation is done by scaring the victim out of its wits you know. Look at them. Look at them all carefully, Iruka-san.” Iruka turned back to the four. Shikamaru had a hand over his mouth and was barely holding back a laugh. Kei was edging away from the rambunctious blonde with an incredulous look on her face. And lastly Chouji was flat out laughing at the boy’s temper tantrum much to the said boy’s annoyance. It was the picture of youth where everyone was happy. It almost could make a person forget about the world of war outside. All the hatred and sadness was gone and for a moment there was only joy.

“He has the ability to make people smile. That’s more than a lot of us can say unfortunately.”

**Awkward moment where you’re afraid of your readers because you think they’ll be out to butcher you for starting a new story... In my defense I had a totally random idea while my life flashed before my eyes. I... Got into a car accident yesterday. It was a hit and run actually. Here I was sitting in the back seat of the car and WAM a ford pickup truck went smack dab into my side of the car. Dang it scared me... They caught the fellow, but I had to sit in the car for an hour for the Sheriff to do its stuff. So I ended up coming up with a plot idea! Neat, huh?**

**Pardon all the useless OC’s in the story. In the canon there just weren’t enough female characters to use for making selections. And I even used an OC to take the girl spot on Team Tsume! Please don’t hurt me. I have my reasons for this. One being that Sakura(I love the girl mind you) just isn’t the type to have her own intel circuit. I didn’t want to make this complex backstory about her parents getting killed and she knew about it so she went into information gathering to avenge her parents death, ect. Too cliche.**

**The real action will begin next so this was kind of a prologue. I might update slowly since I want to get to ten pages on my word doc for each update. It’ll be some sort of record for me since I normally only do 5 pages. O\_o**

**I wonder if I can get a single review within four chapters. (dreamlike state)  
Also I’m gonna shorten my Author’s notes... This was just for a rant. /win  
Disclaimer: I do not own any characters in the Naruto universe. The OCs(Mai, Kei, Rei, Kimura, Hanagaki) belong to me though.**

**Genjutsu: Kasumi Jūsha no Jutsu | A D rank mist clone genjutsu. Whenever anyone strikes one of the clones they will separate and add to the number of said clones. They are conventionally black or dark in coloring.**