

Excuse Me, Can You Repeat That?

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Excuse Me, Can You Repeat That?

by [MythologyGirl](#)

Summary

This was all Minato's fault. He was the one that suggested using the "Sexy-no-Jutsu" (the 'inventive creation' of his of his prank-loving son) to spice up the bedroom life, now Kakashi was pregnant. Minato was so going to have an indefinite amount of couch time for this!

(Extremely slow progress)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The Surprising News

Kakashi winced in disgust as his breakfast came back up to give the porcelain seat in front of him an early morning greeting. He could sense Minato hovering near the door, which the silver-haired man had left open in his rush not to throw-up on the floor, eyeing him with concern. Kakashi had spent the night at the Namikaze apartment to babysit Naruto while the older blonde stayed late trying to catch up on all the paper work that had been piling up. He was also hoping that they'd both be able to participate in some 'stress-relief' this morning with the child now attending classes at the academy, sadly his stomach wasn't agreeing with those plans.

"I told you not to put peanut butter on your eggs," Minato weakly joked.

The copy-nin turned his head slightly to glare at his sort-of lover, they had started sleeping together about six months or so ago, but never really discussed the status of their relationship, with his uncovered eye. It was true that he had been eating...strange food combinations lately, but somehow he didn't think that was what was truly causing his bout of sickness. He was about to snap a retort back when another flood of his half-digested meal decided to burst free.

"Are you sure you're okay, Kashi?" Minato asked, all traces of humor gone. "You've been sick an awful lot as of late. Maybe you should visit the hospital just in case?"

"M'fine."

"You've been throwing up daily for the past few weeks and you are getting tired faster than normal. You hardly have the energy to train for half the time you used to!"

"Said m'fine." Kakashi repeated before he began heaving again.

"You're not fine!" His former sensei scolded him, "I'm taking you to the hospital today."

"Don't wanna," The young man whined petulantly. His grip tightened around the toilet as if it would save him from the seemingly inevitable trip to the torture chambers that they tried to pass off as a place of healing.

"Kakashi, I'm worried something could be seriously wrong." Minato sternly said, expression full of worry and poorly hidden anxiety. "You're going to get a check up, that's final."

"...Fine, but I'm not going to like it." The look on his precious person's face coupled with the demanding tone had Kakashi agreeing to his orders with little argument. Kakashi felt a bit of arousal arise; however before he could say anything more he was back to puking.

Minato moved into the bathroom, kneeling down beside the sick man and helping him stand on wobbly legs. "Let's get you cleaned up and then we'll go."

The blond's words were met with a miserable groan.

"You're pregnant, Hatake-san."

Kakashi knew coming to the hospital was a bad idea.

"Excuse me, could you repeat that please? He's what?" The Yondaime asked, disbelief coloring his words.

"I said he's pregnant," the Iryō-nin said emotionlessly as he wrote on his clipboard.

"I see... He's pregnant." The words were drawn out as if the slower he said them the easier it would be to take in.

"That's what I said."

It was then Minato fainted.

Kakashi watched as the man who was feared by all shinobi nations crumbled to the floor from his place on the bed with a sort of detached amusement - served the man right for dragging him here.

The Iryō-nin, Hiroshi if Kakashi remembered his name right, turned to look at his fallen leader, releasing an annoyed sigh. His gaze turned up towards the white ceiling, "why is it always me?"

Hiroshi sighed again (Kakashi was beginning to wonder if it was a hobby) as he ran a hand through his dark hair. "Still I've never seen a case like this before. The male body shouldn't be able to sustain another life form."

The silver-haired jonin had been wondering the same thing himself. It wasn't like he was a secret wom- His thoughts trailed off, visible eye widening in shock. Oh. OH!

"Judging by the look on your face, I'm guessing you have an idea?" Hiroshi said as he started to nudge the blond's motionless body with his foot before seemingly deciding to leave the body where it had fallen, which, Kakashi admitted, did not look very cozy. "Care to share?"

Kakashi felt a hot blush creep up and he couldn't help but feel immensely glad he wore a mask so the other man wouldn't be able to see the proof of embarrassment on his face. "Well, you see... We may have used a jutsu during... sex... that could be the possible cause for my current... condition."

"What type of jutsu was it?" Hiroshi questioned going back to taking notes on his clipboard.

He shifted uncomfortably, reading porn in public and talking about your own sex life were two completely different things. "It's a jutsu that can essentially change the users," he paused to scratch his cloth covered cheek. "Gender, parts and all."

Hiroshi stopped in his note taking, eyes narrowed, zeroing in on his patient. "And you used this during sex?"

"It's called the Sexy-no-Jutsu," the silver-haired man offered in answer.

"Did you use protection?" He went back to writing. Kakashi was beginning to find the scratching of the pen to be very irritating. Scratch, scratch, scratch. What was the man even writing down?

"Well, no, but..."

"You transformed into a woman and had sex, yet you didn't use protection." The voice sounded incredulous, like he thought Kakashi and Minato were idiots.

"Well, yes, but..."

The Iryō-nin cut Kakashi off with a sigh (definitely a hobby) gesturing for him to lie back on the bed. He placed a hand over the Copy-nin's bare stomach again after he complied with the order, it started to glow green as chakra was concentrated there. "I see."

"What? What's wrong?" Kakashi asked as he sat up.

"Nothing's wrong per say," the middle-aged man replied. "When you used that jutsu you in a way created a faux-womb. This womb became fertilized, so to say, when you both stupidly bypassed safe sex thinking you were in the clear because you were both male."

The man sighed again. Kakashi twitched.

"And? What does this have to do with anything?"

"You're a smart man Hatake-san, I think you already know the answer." Hiroshi said, but continued to explain regardless, like it was the biggest pain in the world. The silver-haired man was beginning to suspect he was a Nara. "After the 'egg' became fertilized and the jutsu cancelled, your chakra immediately took up the role as a 'shield' to keep the uterus in place. It's part of the reason you have been experiencing such extreme fatigue, that and you are pregnant."

Kakashi nodded slowly, he had thought so. "So the baby will reach full term?"

"It's hard to say, every pregnancy is different and bare their own complications." The Iryō-nin stated seriously, "it doesn't help that your a male. The way I see it you have two options: keep the baby and see what happens or terminate it now."

Kakashi flinched at the second suggestion.

Hiroshi pretended not to see the movement, in what Kakashi believed to be an unusual show of kindness, as he made an annoyed noise through his nose (which was really just another version of a sigh), looking back down, Kakashi following his gaze, to Minato. "Now help me move this lug off my floor."

When Minato regained consciousness it was to a pain in his back, probably from the lumpy and stiff mattress beneath him, and a pounding headache. Slowly he opened his eyes to a bright, nearly intolerable light which did nothing in alleviating the suffering his head was going through.

"Finally awake?"

The Yellow Flash attempted to blink the crust out of his eyes as he turned his head, neck muscles pulling, towards the voice. When he registered it was Kakashi sitting vigil by his bedside, the blond slurred, "What happened?"

"You fainted," was the crisp reply.

"Fainted? Whaaa...?" Minato sat up, gingerly rubbing his head, "was that a dream?"

"If you are referring to my pregnancy, than no. It wasn't a dream." Kakashi snarked at him arms crossed. "You knocked me up, you jerk."

Minato fainted again.

An agonized groan passed from Minato's lips as he awoke for the third time that day. His head felt even worse than it did before as if an Akimichi had attempted to crush it between their hands. He brought his own hands up to gently message his temples in an attempt to rid himself of some of the pain. "What happened?" A sense of déjà vu washed over him.

"Are you going to faint again if I tell you?" Kakashi sardonic question greeted the Yondaime's ears.

"I don't think so."

"Right, I'm pregnant," his former student announced.

"Pregnant..." Minato started to feel light-headed. "So that wasn't a dre-"

"No, it wasn't a dream," Kakashi interrupted him placing a slim hand on his shoulder. "You promised you wouldn't faint again."

"I'm not going to faint," the blond reasserted as he attempted to shake off the dizziness. His blue eyes locked with Kakashi's darker ones, "how is this even possible?"

"Well, when to people have sex," Kakashi started the age-old speech on the birds and the bees, the very one his father gave him as a child. Minato was quick to stop him, face turning a bit pink. Kakashi gaze was immediately drawn to the light blush dusting over the others face.

"Not that. I mean, how is it possible you're pregnant? You not exactly a woman Kakashi."

Kakashi glared, making the Yondaime internally flinch, hand flexing painfully on the blonds shoulder where it still rested. "Sexy-no-Jutsu," was the one-worded answer as the hand fell back to Kakashi's side.

Minato felt himself pale, "but wouldn't it be impossible to keep the fetus alive after you changed back?"

"Apparently, according to Hiroshi-san, my chakra started acting as a type of protective cocoon the minute I reverted back to my original form." Kakashi sighed, he was starting to see the appeal to the Iryō-nin's favorite form of expression.

"Ahhh," the older man breathed out in understanding. "What happens now?"

"I can either continue on with the pregnancy, with constant check-ups or," Kakashi voice hitched, his head tilting downwards. "Or I can get rid of the child."

"Keep the baby, of course." Minato said instantly before backtracking, "that is if you want to...?"

The silver-haired male glanced up in surprise, "you mean you don't mind?"

Minato felt his heart constrict at the revelation his former student thought he wouldn't want the baby. He reached over to grab the young man's hand, "of course!"

Kakashi squeezed the hand holding his, "I guess were are going to have a baby then. I wonder what Naruto will say."

Minato felt the blood rushing from his face at the possible reactions his six year-old son would have to the announcement of the new family member and promptly fainted for the third time that day.

Kakashi sighed.

The Beginnings of Motherhood

Chapter Summary

It's time to tell Naruto about the pregnancy and Minato couldn't be more nervous.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Minato paced the width of the living room, as he had been for the past two hours since they arrived back from the hospital, with unconfined nervous energy, as the both awaited Naruto's arrival home from the academy.

Kakashi's gaze followed him from where he sat upon the old-green couch and said, for what felt like the thousandth time (though it was really closer to 20), "will you stop doing that? It's not getting you anywhere."

The older man halted in his movement, running shaking hands through his wild hair. "I know, I know. I'm just anxious. How's Naruto going to react to this? We haven't even told him we've been seeing each other!"

The silver-haired man gave his lover (they decided in the hospital to become "official") a deadpanned stare, "I think it was rather obvious. We sleep in the same room when I come over and I don't think anyone who lives in the next bedroom over could miss the noises."

Minato flushed.

A playful glint entered Kakashi's eye as he stood from the couch and stalked toward the blond like a hungry wolf looking for it's next meal. The other's eyes followed his movement watching him warily. "How about we go relax before Naruto gets home?" Kakashi asked his love as he pulled down his mask letting the material rest at the base of his neck, leaning up to give the other's ear a quick lick.

The jonin felt an arousing thrill rush through him as Minato's flush darkened, eyes filling with lust. The blonde's hands went to the slightly smaller man's waist, resting lightly. "I don't know. Naruto should be getting home soon and we still haven't planned on how to tell him." Minato said, his voice contained a tiny hint of regret.

Kakashi gave a soft hum as he started to nibble on the older man's left ear, giving a few sharp nips, that had Minato give out a low groan. The large hands that held Kakashi tightened pulling the leaner man closer. "We still have a little time before he gets back," Kakashi said blowing a puff of air into the older man's ear. "Please, *Mi-na-to*."

The combined sensations and the mischievous way Kakashi stressed his name had Minato's hips thrusting forward, a moan escaping his lips. "I-I suppose a quick round would be okay." He managed to get out before he bent down a little to capture the silver-haired man's lips in a leisurely kiss. Kakashi immediately reciprocated as he allowed Minato to lead him backwards to the travesty that the Namikaze males referred to as a couch. Minato gently laid him down before he crawled on top of him, placing one of his legs between Kakashi's own to keep them spread.

Minato broke the kiss moving his head downwards to chew on Kakashi's neck, holding the fabric of the shirt and mask down with two fingers. Kakashi gave a small whimper in response that had the blond releasing a small chuckle. "Your neck is still as sensitive as ever." Minato said teasingly as he started to lap at the small bruise that was forming at the base of the other's neck.

The silver-haired man whined, his hips bucking up when Minato's tongue ran over a particularly sensitive spot which had Kakashi releasing a rather loud appreciative groan when his half-hard penis rubbed against Minato's leg.

"Or perhaps it is more sensitive than usual," the Yondaime said as he ran his hands up Kakashi's shirt to play with his erect nipples.

Kakashi flushed darkly, but before he could form a retort through the pleasurable haze, Minato pressed down on him with his thigh. He brought one arm up to cover his eyes and his other hand up to his mouth, biting down to stop himself from unleashing any more embarrassing noises. He felt like sobbing when he felt Minato pull away.

"Don't do that," Minato whispered huskily. He loosely gripped Kakashi's hand pulling it from the hold the Kakashi's teeth had on it, "I like to hear the noises you make. They're cute."

The silver-haired man felt another spike of arousal shoot through him. He brought the arm carving his eyes down so he could use both hands to grip the blonde's arm that the man had been using to hold himself up, wiggling beneath Minato as he felt himself grow harder.

"You really should stop wearing your mask too." Minato said slowly licking up the side of Kakashi's face until he reached the edge of the other's uncovered eye; forcing the jonin to close it. "Your face is gorgeous," it was here that Minato paused, a dark expression clouding his face. "On second thought, how about we keep it between us?"

"Minato, please," Kakashi begged impatiently, though he would never admit it, as ground himself against the older man thigh again, moaning wantonly.

The Yondaime let out a pleased noise at Kakashi's pleading, but just as he was about to tell the other how sexy he was wiggling and desperate, the door to the apartment burst open.

"I'M HOME, DATTEBAYO!"

Minato startled so badly he ended up falling off the couch, nearly taking Kakashi with him, when he whipped around towards the voice. "Naruto!" He shouted in shock, his face turning

a bright red as he tilted his body away from his son's view trying to hid his hard-on, willing it to disappear.

"Did I bring him home at a bad time?" Chōza questioned awkwardly as he stood in the doorway covering his own son, Chōji's, eyes. The large man shifted as if he wished he was any other place but at his leader's apartment catching him getting frisky with the renowned Copy-nin.

Minato noticed the Akimichi tilt his head as if he were trying to get a look at something he couldn't quite see. It was then the Yondaime turned to look at Kakashi, remembering his wasn't wearing his mask, to find (to his relief) him curled up on the couch facing away from their visitor. Minato let out a sigh of relief; he would have hated to have to murdered one of his most loyal shinobi.

"Dad, why are you covering my eyes?" Chōji said as he tried to remove his father's large hand from his face. Naruto was too busy jumping around the room like a hyperactive squirrel to notice the uncomfortable air surrounding the adults.

Chōza gave a small cough, "I suppose we'll be going now..." He trailed off as he waited to be dismissed.

"Yes, yes," Minato said hastily as he waved at the Akimichi clan head with one hand, the red in his face refusing to recede. "Thank you for picking up my son for me today."

"It was no problem," Chōza said kindly as he started to drag his son away. "It was nice to see you again Kakashi. I hope you are feeling better."

The two visitors disappeared, closing the door as they left, but before the two were gone completely, they heard Chōji asking his father, quite loudly, why the Yondaime was pinning down the silver-haired man so hard that he was moaning in pain and if Kakashi had done something bad. Chōza's reply that they were simply "playing ninja" was no less mortifying.

"I'm never going to hear the end of this," Minato complained as he rested his head against the side of the couch.

"You're the Hokage, not many people will say anything to you," Kakashi grouched grumpily, displeased with the interruption.

"Dad, can I have a snack," Naruto hollered from the kitchen. When he had bounced in there, they were unsure.

"What do you say?" Kakashi answered back before Minato could answer in the positive.

"Please, may I have a snack?" The boy intoned.

Minato would never failed to be impressed with how easily Kakashi fit into the role of "mother" when it came to their son (*their* son). He felt a cluster of butterflies in his stomach when the thought of them having a child together resurfaced.

"We bought some melon bread on the way back home," Kakashi said back to Naruto after the boy asked nicely. "They are in the bag on the counter; you can have some of those."

"Naruto," Minato called out when he heard the bag rustle in the kitchen. He stood up, extremely thankful there was no more avoidance of his previous arousal, as he waited for his son's grunt of acknowledgement before he continued. "When you get your bread come in here. Kakashi and I have some important news to tell you."

The older blond gaze sought out his lover's, watching as the man sat up and prepared to place his mask back on his face. Minato quickly reached out, grabbing Kakashi's wrist and stopped him from the motion. "Not here. Don't wear your mask here." He pleaded, "You don't need to hide from family."

Kakashi stiffened before relaxing and giving a quick nod.

"Uh, dad? You said you needed to tell me something," the six-year old asked as he entered from the kitchen with three melon breads in hand. He handed one off to Kakashi as he sat down next to him, leaning into his side. The young boy then proceeded to take a large bite from the other two.

"Never shares with his old man," Minato grumbled to himself. He breathed out a short sigh as he plopped down on the couch on Naruto's side.

"What is it you needed to tell me?" Naruto reiterated with his mouth full, spraying bits of bread at his father. Minato barely kept his face from scrunching up in disgust as he wiped little bits of chewed from his hands onto the already meal-stained couch.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," Kakashi scolded lightly after he swallowed his own small bite. "Sakura-chan won't like it if you spray her with your food."

Minato watch in morbid fascination (His baby, well first baby, wasn't old enough to be thinking of girls!) as Naruto's face took on an interesting shade of red.

"Kakashi's going to have a baby," Minato blurted out in a desperate attempt to stop the conversation from going into "forbidden" territory. He shrank back at the glare the **jōnin** shot him, who knew one-eyed star down could be so scary?

Naruto appeared oddly crushed, "who's the mom?"

"Huh?"

"You said Kashi-ma - Kakashi-san - was going to have a baby," Naruto said (Kakashi couldn't help but feel hurt when the boy addressed him by his name) as he played with his fingers intently. "Who's the mom?"

Minato floundered on how to respond to the miscommunication.

"I'm the mom," Kakashi supplied to the Yondaime's relief.

"Whaaa...?" It was Naruto's turn to be confused, his face scrunched up. "But you're a boy. How can you be a mom?"

And before his silver-haired lover could reply with what was likely a detailed lesson on the "birds and the bees" with Jiraiya's books as reference material, Minato cut in frantically. "He won it in a game!"

Kakashi sighed, face meeting his palm. Naruto simply looked more confused.

"You see, Kakashi and I were playing a game," Minato continued to hastily explain waving his hands about.

"Was it ninja," the younger blond interjected.

Minato choked, coughing to dislodge the words that got stuck in his throat. "Yes. Yes, it was ninja. That's it ninja."

The tips of Kakashi's ears started to turn red, but whether that was embarrassment about the conversation or for Minato the older blond would never know.

"So playing ninja gives you babies?" Naruto asked innocently, then his face took on a horrified expression. "I won at ninja today! Does that mean *I'm* going to have a baby!?"

"NO! No," Minato said frantically trying to reassure his son that he was, in fact, not pregnant. "You see if you want to have a baby after winning ninja you have play with a...uh, special egg."

"But Kashi-mama doesn't have a baby right now, so how did he win?"

Kakashi flinched at the horrible moniker that he couldn't seem to escape, but he didn't correct the child. It was better than the unfamiliar Kakashi-san, at any rate.

"Well, you see," Minato flattered again. He shot a hopeless look at Kakashi, who chose to ignore him refusing to get involved with such a ridiculous conversation. "Ummm..."

Naruto continued to stare at his father expectantly.

"You have to eat the egg first," the Yondaime said after a few seconds of panicked silence. He started miming the motion of eating a boiled egg. "When you win a baby starts to grow in the egg, but it takes awhile."

"Ooooh," Naruto said in wonder. "Does this mean you're the dad?"

Minato nodded seriously. Internally, he worried about his son's possibly negative reaction to the news. He shouldn't have been concerned; the little blond practically light up with joy. "I'm going to be a nii-san!" He cheered boisterously, making the to ninja sitting next to him flinch back. The child then bounced up and started dancing around the room in excitement before he paused at a sudden thought.

"So does that mean Kashi-mama is going to live with us for real now?" The little blond ball of energy asked.

The two adults shared a look.

"Yes. Yes it does," Kakashi answered.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all your support! I hope you all enjoyed the second chapter as much as the first! :)

Sensei!

Chapter Summary

Never let it be said that Jiraiya didn't know how to tease his student and best-friend's son.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Naruto!

***EDIT** - Roughly 800 words have been added to this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Almost three weeks had gone by since they had told Naruto about the pregnancy - stressing to the little blond that it was to be kept secret - and Kakashi was irritated. He was in a near constant state of sleepiness (he was starting to think he was part Nara), his bladder always felt like it was full, and his chest hurt! So, really, it was no wonder he snapped at Minato when the other came bounding into the house all sunshine and rainbows, announcing he had wonderful news and startled the silver-haired man from an after-puke nap.

“What?” Kakashi snarled from where he was spiraled out on the living room couch, head hanging off the arm; a nasty crick in his neck. His hair disheveled and the disgusting aftertaste of his recently upheaved lunch still lingered in his mouth even though he had brushed his teeth about 4 times after. He ran his tongue over his teeth, face scrunching up in distaste and irritation.

Minato laughed nervously as he cautiously made tiny steps closer to his irate lover; arms in front of him as if to ward off any potential attacks the other may decide to make on his person. He had been viciously elbowed in the stomach the last time he had awoken his lover prematurely from a nap, he did not want a repeat. When he stood just a few inches away, and when Kakashi made no move except to follow him with a narrowed, tired eye, Minato slowly lowered his arms back to his sides, his face still tight with uncertainty.

The silver-haired man scooted further down the sofa, sitting up slightly to allow the blond space to sit. Once the other was seated, Kakashi immediately nestled his head onto Minato's thigh, nearly rumbling in pleasure when the Yondaime started to card his fingers through the silver locks; softly massaging Kakashi's scalp and making all the Copy-nin's previous irritation melt away.

“Remember how we were talking about moving a few days ago,” Minato began as he gazed down lovingly at the younger man.

Kakashi hummed softly in confirmation as he shifted his position so he was curled on his side with his nose tucked into Minato’s stomach; gently nuzzling the area and allowing the scent of the other to sooth his, once again, rolling stomach. It seemed the scent of the baby’s father set their unborn child at ease. Lazily, Kakashi peeked up at Minato with his dark eye when the petting suddenly stopped, nudging the still hand lightly with his head to try and get the other to continue.

Instead of proceeding to pet him - much to the sharingan user’s displeasure - the blond blurted out, “I bought us a house!” in a jumbled string of words.

“...Wha’?” Kakashi blinked his visible eye slowly, trying to decipher what Minato had said.

“I bought us a house,” Minato repeated more slowly this time. At Kakashi’s blank stare he hastily began to explain, voice picking up speed the more he rambled. “Since we are going to be a larger family soon, I thought we could use more space - like we talked about. I know you said we could use your old home, but that place holds bad memories for you and could end up being harmful for both you and the baby. It’s a nice place with a yard and I figu-”

The Yondaime was interrupted when Kakashi sat up and lightly kissed him, moving to straddle the blond’s lap. The Copy-nin’s fingers reached up to grip the back of Minato’s head, tugging it down slightly to deepen the kiss. He shoved his tongue into the other’s mouth, an appreciative groan escaping from deep in his throat when Minato’s own wet appendage greeted his enthusiastically, allowing them to tangle together. Regretfully, Kakashi pulled away a few moments later, a trail of saliva connecting their mouths, to get some much needed air.

“What was that for?” Minato questioned breathless, eyes darkened with desire. A moan escaped him when Kakashi’s tongue peeked out once more to break the bridge of spit, running it slowly over his bottom lip.

“Your rambling was adorable,” Kakashi said as he leaned in to nuzzle the taller man’s neck, making Minato release another moan when Kakashi scraped his teeth along the space where neck met shoulder. The younger man paused, pulling back slightly - ignoring the other’s whine of disappointment - when he felt something stiff prodding against his thigh enticingly. He looked down to find a small tent had formed in the blond’s pants, his right hand tightened its grip on Minato’s hair as he playfully reached his left down to grasp the half-erect cock tightly, “And here I thought you said I had the sensitive neck.”

Kakashi nearly snickered in triumphant glee when the action caused Minato to attempt to throw his head back with a loud moan as his hips thrust up into Kakashi’s fist. His sense of victory didn’t last for long, however; as Minato soon regained his bearings, tightly clutched Kakashi’s thighs - after removing the twenty-one year old’s hand from his crotch - and pulled the silver-haired man down so their erections grinded together.

Kakashi’s back arched, a surprised wail of pleasure escaping him. While Kakashi was still blinded by the leftover haze of the sensation, Minato quickly stood hands going down to the

other man's toned butt - Kakashi instinctively wrapping his legs around the Yondaime's waist - carrying his silver-haired lover towards their shared bedroom. He nudged the slightly ajar door with his foot so there would be space enough for both of them to fit through then slammed it shut. The moment they were close enough Minato threw the Copy-nin down on the bed.

Kakashi immediately scooted up towards the headboard, opening his legs invitingly. The scene of his scarecrow spread out before him, flushed and needy had Minato's throat going dry as the Yondaime crawled onto the bed, moving to kneel between the younger man's legs. "You have no idea how much I love you," Minato announced.

Kakashi arched into him again with a desperate moan when the word 'love' left his lover's lips, nearly keening when hands come to rest on his face, thumb's massaging right below the ears; losing his patience he dragged the older man down for a searing kiss.

Minato thrust his hips forward again causing Kakashi to whimper into his mouth. Just as Minato was about to pull back to start teasing other areas a faint knock sounded from the front door - Kakashi growled when the blonde leaned away. "Ignore it."

When it appeared the the blue-eyed man was going wasn't going to listen to him, Kakashi reached out to grab the other's face in his hands and forcefully tugged him back down, lightly nipping at Minato's nose in punishment. "I said ignore it." Kakashi said, giving a quick lick to the area he just bit. "They'll go away."

After a short moment of debate, Minato hummed in consent, hands coming up to gently remove Kakashi's hold, so he could lean down to suck on the his lover's neck again, before his hands moved down to the waistband of Kakashi's pants getting ready to tug them down.

The sharingan user squirmed in anticipation, they hadn't had sex since the pregnancy announcement, only to flinch in surprise when the bedroom door flew open, loudly banging against the wall and surely leaving a creak in the plaster, followed by a loud, boisterous voice yelling the blonde's name.

All movement stopped.

The two men slowly turned their gazes towards the interruption and, like a nightmare come to life, there stood Jiraiya in all his 6 foot frame glory with his mouth frozen in mid-shout. Kakashi felt his ears burn and a quick glance at Minato showed the older man wasn't dealing much better with his sensei's sudden appearance.

Jiraiya quickly got over his shock at walking in on his student in the act, a lecherous grin spreading across his face, "I can see you're busy. Please, feel free to continue."

Kakashi grabbed the closest object he could reach, chucking it at the Sannin - a feeling of satisfaction bubbling within him when it cracked against the man's face.

That feeling didn't last long when the Toad Sage, nose leaking a little blood from the force of the blow, stooped down to pick up the object making a show of examine it before holding it

out in front of him. " I know I'm irresistible, but I don't think Minato would appreciate a three way; he is rather possessive of you."

The Copy-nin felt the blood drain from his face before it all rushed back in burning mortification and embarrassment. The legendary Sannin was holding a container of lube. He had chucked lube at his lover's Sensei's face!

Before any could say anything to break the sudden silence Kakashi felt his stomach roll, slipping out from beneath Minato, he bolted for the bathroom, desperately trying to hide his erection; the sounds of Jiraiya's laughter and teasing following after him.

Once he was finished emptying what little contents that had been in his stomach, Kakashi lethargically wandered into the apartment's small kitchen, plopping heavily onto the chair beside Minato at the table with a weary groan. He ignored his lover's sympathetic and worried look, instead deciding to focus his narrowed, bloodshot eye on their partially unwelcome (Seriously, Jiraiya had the worst timing! Kakashi could practically feel the forcibly repressed sexual tension swirling under his skin.) guest, but just as he was about to the towering man, he was cut off.

"Brat, you look like shit."

Kakashi gave the man an unimpressed look, "Thank you for your keen observation, Jiraiya-sama." Agitation laced his voice as he remembered what this man had so carelessly and unrepentantly interrupted. "To whom do we owe the pleasure for the visit of such an esteemed person as yourself?"

Jiraiya held up his hands in a sign of peace, as if hoping to sooth the irate man. "What's got your tits in a twist?"

The Copy-nin's jaw twitched as he suppressed the urge to grind his teeth in frustration.

"How have you been, Sensei?" Minato hastily cut in, desperately trying to diffuse the silver-haired man's potential explosion. "You haven't been around to visit awhile."

That distracted the giant man as he launched into a ridiculous tale about all the hot springs he had visited and how the next book in his popular, erotic book series Icha Icha, a topic Kakashi was normally very interested in, was going. It wasn't until he noticed their inattention that he finally asked what was wrong.

The seal on the only blonde broke. "Kakashi's pregnant!"

(Honestly, Minato really needed to work on not blurting things out without any finesse.)

The blank stare Jiraiya gave them had Minato shifting in his seat like a child who was finding eating the last cookie while Kakashi glanced away, shoulders hunching in as if to protect himself. It felt like eternity had gone by when the oldest man finally spoke, voice miffed. "How did that happen?"

"And here I thought you knew how reproduction worked." Kakashi couldn't stop himself from mumbling out, his ears turning a bit red again when he realized he was reverting back to his old, snappy ways of dealing with his father's friend. What was wrong with him?

Jiraiya gave him a quick look that had Kakashi fighting not to scrunch his shoulders further in an attempt to hide. The Toad Sage let out a large gust of air, speaking uncharacteristically soft, "I know a baby-making works brat, but I know for a fact that your male. Sakumo wouldn't let me hear the end of it after you were born; he was so proud he had a son." A far away look entered the man's eyes, unaware of Kakashi's flinch, as he thought back to perhaps happier times. The expression was gone as quick as it had come as Jiraiya's expression grew serious once again. "So, how did it happen?"

"Well..." Minato started a light blush dusting the bridge of his nose as he began telling his sensei what they had told the medic nin, the Yondaime's face getting progressively darker until he was finished speaking.

"Huh, is that so?" A thoughtful look passed over Jiraiya's face before a perverted grin broke out on his face once more, as he leaned back, the chair creaking pathetically under his weight. "You mind if I use that for my next book?"

Minato choked. Kakashi glared.

Something seemed to cross Jiraiya's mind as he turned to face his student, "Does Kushina's gaki know?"

Kakashi stiffened, an uneasy feeling started to settle in his gut. He didn't miss the way his lover's eyes dimmed at the mention of his deceased wife, the cheerful expression replaced by one of longing. *Kushina's gaki*. That was right. Naruto wasn't *his*, he was Kushina's. *Minato* was Kushina's. Did Minato even want to stay with him? Was he just a replacement for the other man's wife? After all, their relationship had started due to Kakashi's own selfishness.

"Kakashi?"

The Jōnin startled, glancing up to see Minato hovering over him in concern. Apparently, he had been spacing out longer than he thought, having missed whatever response the blonde had given the oldest man.

"Kakashi, are you all right?"

Kakashi felt the uneasiness grew until it was almost unbearable; it constricted around him, refusing to let go. He stood up suddenly, startling the blonde enough to take a small step back, with a muttered, "I'm tired," and a quick good-bye to their guest, Kakashi turned tail.

He could feel Minato's worried gaze lingering on his back all the way to the bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

Holy cow, I can't believe it has been about a year since I have updated this! I have been agonizing over this chapter for what feels like forever and, though I am still not completely satisfied with it, I think it is at a point where I am at least a little bit happy with it. Originally, Yamato and Gai made an appearance here, but I decided for them to make their intro in a later chapter. I hope this chapter was worth the wait!

Kakashi's personality may seem really off this chapter, but he is starting to experience heightened emotions and, since he has never really been good with dealing with his feelings, he is really going to struggle for awhile, especially when he starts comparing himself to Kushina. There will be hints about how Minato and Kakashi originally got together (perhaps, even a one-shot later on), but for the most part, I think it will be left rather ambiguous.

Also, I am in search of a beta reader, if anyone is interested feel free to send me a PM!

End Notes

New story, yeah! Anyway, I just wanted to say quickly that why Minato is still alive should be touched upon next chapter. Happy reading.

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