

Naruto One-shots

Various Pairings

Von fruitdrop

Kapitel 4: Wasted

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Disclaimer: Characters are Kishimoto's, not mine.

Inspiration: A wasted father.

Wasted

It hadn't always been like this, he remembered. There were happy times. Back when they had had contests about who could eat more of her cocking without throwing up. About who could run faster, climb higher, dive longer. Back when there still was a family. Back when they hadn't been ... they've been there. He still wouldn't think of them being killed. It always brought back memories. Bad memories. How his head was simply shot off and how blood dripped on her white shirt. Red blossoms.

He helped his brother up, swaying. He was tall, so much taller than him. Itachi hadn't been there, had been away at that time, while he was hiding in the doorway, watching. He had been sick and had to stay at home. He waited until the cops arrived. It's been half a year.

He still went to school – a different one than before. His psychiatrist had said it'd be easier. What exactly would be he didn't know. His brother now ran the company, doing nothing but working and – that. That thing that had already corrupted his father (who he already lost) and now seemed to take away his brother.

Only on Sundays and Wednesdays he came home like this. He knew the reasons – Wednesday was the day his father had hit him for the first time. And on a Sunday they were gone.

He knew his brother blamed himself.

He tripped a lot on his way to Itachi's bedroom. Sunday once again. He came home with a cab, because the barkeeper had the keys for his car. Tomorrow Sasuke would go and get them. It was always the same, for half a year now.

He laid his brother down and put the cover over his broad shoulders. He had always won their little contests – he had to, he was the older one – and he always had been so

much broader than Sasuke. So much taller and so much better and so much ... everything. His brother was everything to him (especially now that he didn't have anything left), so it was okay that his brother had been everything to his father, too, wasn't it?

He went downstairs to get something against headaches and a glass of water, putting both items on his brother's nightstand.

" 'M sorry, Sas'", he mumbled.

"Don't worry, 'Tachi. It's alright," he answered. But his mind screamed otherwise. He wanted to get up and get some sleep in his own bed, (it's after one a.m. his brain told him) but a hand grabbed his wrist and wouldn't let him go, even if the touch was as soft as a feather's.

"Don't... Please. Stay." And like every Sunday night, he would stay with his brother, used to the smell of cigarettes and alcohol in his breath and clothes.

But there were other times when things didn't go so smoothly. It was Wednesday again and Sasuke waited for his brother to come home. He knew he shouldn't be awake – tomorrow was a school day – but even knowing in what state of mind Itachi would come home, he couldn't bring himself to seek shelter under his covers. Itachi was his brother. His aniki.

Ironically, Sasuke, the younger one, coped with loss so much better than his brother. He didn't talk as much as before – mostly because of all the rumors going on, he didn't eat as much as before and he didn't sleep as much. But all of that wasn't really important. His brother, on the other hand, worked too much. Much more than before, like he had to prove something to Sasuke. He smoked when he wasn't around his younger brother. Itachi denied it, but he could smell it, especially when his aniki came home on Sundays and Wednesdays. And he drank. He drank a lot: He wouldn't get slightly tipsy like most people; he got completely wasted, so that he didn't remember anything the next morning. This might have been a blessing.

It was shortly after two a.m. when he came home. He couldn't stand straight and Sasuke was by his side before he could fall over, supporting him. But after Itachi realized who exactly his crutch was, he pushed his little brother away, breathing angrily through his nose.

"Get off, you little shit," was all he said before he stormed into the kitchen – hitting the walls a few times on his way.

On the table there was his dinner (pork, noodles and cooked vegetables), but he mauled everything off the table, screaming in rage. Sasuke, once again, stood in the doorway, doing nothing.

"It's your fault, you know that? Hiding like that! You could've protected 'em. You could've killed those bastards before they killed our parents! But you didn't do

anything! It's all your fault. You're worthless, just like father said. A disgrace. Pathetic. You know that? Worthless shit!" Itachi sank down, sobbing without tears to come. Sasuke watched his brother for a while longer until he helped him up again and led him to his bedroom.

Again, he put the covers over his brother's broad frame.

'It's a difficult time for aniki', he told himself. 'He doesn't know what to do.' And he only got like this on Wednesdays and Sundays. All the other days were fine. Sasuke turned off the lights and made sure that the Advil and a fresh glass of water stood on his brother's nightstand. He shut the door.

He lingered in the dark hallway for a while, listening to the noises his older brother made – whimpering, sobbing – before he went into his own room and lay down in his bed.

Tomorrow both he and Itachi would be grumpy – his aniki because of the hangover and Sasuke because of the lack of sleep. But otherwise tomorrow would be fine, because Itachi wouldn't remember a thing of what he said or did. And Sasuke wouldn't tell him.

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Advil ist ein Kopfschmerzmittel aus Amerika.

Sollte jemand einen Fehler entdecken, bitte sagt es mir. Ich will mich nicht blamieren, wenn ich die Story auf ff.net hochlade ;-)

Ich hoffe, es gefiel. Die Story schlummert schon länger auf meinem Laptop, ich hab nur nie ein passendes Ende gefunden. Jetzt hab ichs.

Danke für's Reinschauen und
Stay tuned for more!

later, fruit.