

Naruto One-shots

Von fruitdrop

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Kapitel 1: Licking your wounds

Author: fruitdrop

Disclaimer: Characters are Kishimoto's, storie's mine.

Inspiration: Yami White Rain's one shots. And a sleepless night.

The long awaited meeting of the two brothers.

Licking your wounds

„I've hidden long enough. I'm sick of licking my wounds now," he said, a fierce glow in his eyes.

"I figured. You didn't scream and did not charge at me right away like last time we met," the older one said.

"I did not just grow, Itachi. I've changed."

"I know."

Sasuke growled, Chidori chirping in his left hand, taking a step closer to his brother.

"No, you don't."

He started to run.

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Kapitel 2: Sneak Preview

Autor: fruitdrop

Disclaimer: Die Charaktere gehören nicht mir, die Storyline schon, also Finger weg davon!

Wichtiges: Das hier ist nur ein **Sneak Preview**, also eine kurze Vorschau auf eine Story, die ich gerne schreiben würde. Die Idee ist da, das Ende auch ziemlich. In dieser Story wird es um Freundschaft gehen und die Entwicklung, die jeder Mensch im Teenageralter durchmacht. Es soll kein Sasunaru yaoi werden. Dazu wäre dann immer noch das Bonuskapitel da ^^ Wenns gefällt, dann sagt mir das. Wenn nicht, dann auch.

Sneak Preview: Still untitled

„Passiert sowas öfters? Dass er dich schlägt, mein ich.“ Naruto zappelte. Man konnte sehen, dass ihm das Thema unangenehm war, aber er konnte nicht umhin zu fragen. Schließlich waren die beiden über die letzten Monate sowas wie Freunde geworden. Und am gestrigen Abend erst war ihm bewusst geworden, dass er eigentlich kaum etwas über seinen neuen Freund wusste.

Der Angesprochene reagierte im ersten Moment gar nicht auf seine Frage, sondern zog weiterhin an seiner Zigarette als wäre Naruto gar nicht da. Er hatte ihn nicht beachtet, seit der Blonde sich zu ihm gesetzt hatte, (was immerhin schon fünf Minuten her war) sondern nur weiter vor sich ins Leere gestarrt. Naruto saß links von seinem stillen Freund und hätte einen genauen Blick auf die malträtierte Wange gehabt, würden nicht einige Strähnen pechschwarzen Haares seine Sicht blockieren.

Naruto erwartete eigentlich schon fast keine Antwort mehr und bereitete sich darauf vor, zum Mittagessen in die Mensa zu gehen, doch kurz bevor sein Entschluss vollkommen gefestigt war, vernahm er doch noch die Stimme seines Freundes.

„Es ist nicht so, dass er mich verprügelt oder so. Es sind mehr so etwas wie Ohrfeigen hin und wieder. Eigentlich nur, wenn ich was richtig heftig verbockt hab. Und das letzte Mal ist auch schon ziemlich lang her.“

Genau, Sasuke, das war damals, als du dir fast in die Hosen geschissen hast, dass er dich umbringen wird.

Während er geredet hatte, war sein Kopf immer weiter nach unten gesunken, als würde er sich schämen.

„Warum tut man seinem Kind so was an? Das ist doch krank man! Eltern sollten ihre Kinder lieben, egal was sie tun!“ Naruto begann, sich in Rage zu reden. Er konnte es einfach nicht begreifen. Wahrscheinlich lag das daran, dass er als Waisenkind aufgewachsen war und es bis zu seinem 8. Lebensjahr niemanden gab, der sich um wirklich um ihn gekümmert hatte. Die kleine Familie, die er jetzt hatte, war das Wichtigste für ihn und weder er, noch sein Ziehvater Iruka würden jemals etwas tun,

was dieser kleinen Einheit schaden könnte.

„Frag nicht nach dem Warum. So etwas gibt es nicht. Er tut was er will und wann er will. Für ihn gibt es nur eine Regel, an die er sich hält und an die wir uns halten müssen: Mach dem Namen Uchiha keine Schande. Mehr zählt nicht.“

Naruto sprang auf und stellte sich mit ausgebreiteten Armen vor Sasuke in Position.

„Aber es muss doch einen Grund dafür geben! Man fügt doch dem eigenen Sohn keine Schmerzen zu, nur weil man es kann! Das ist doch pervers!“

Sasuke sagte ein paar Augenblicke nichts, er schien zu überlegen.

Dann hob er langsam seinen Kopf und fixierte seinen blonden Gegenüber mit einem festen Blick.

„Dann liegt es wohl daran, dass ich nicht wie Itachi bin. Dass ich nicht das Zeug dazu habe, genau so zu sein wie er. Deshalb bin ich wertlos für ihn.“

Du und dein Traum und dein Talent. Alles nutzlos. Und weil du nicht in Itachis und seine Fußstapfen trittst bist du wertlos. Eine Schande für die Familie.

„Aber-“

„Lass es gut sein, Naruto. Es geht dich nichts an, verstanden? Vergiss es einfach.“

~*~

Gut? Nicht gut? Sagt es mir! Hier sind Kommis nicht nur erwünscht, sie werden sogar gebraucht!

Danke fürs Lesen.

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Kapitel 3: Sneak Preview die Zweite

Autor: fruitdrop

Fandom: Naruto

Disclaimer: Würden die Charaktere mir gehören, würden sie versaute Dinge tun ... xD

Ihr seid dran! Meint ihr, das hier könnte interessant werden? Würdet ihr diesen One-shot lesen?

Sneak Preview: Still untitled II

Es war alles so viel einfacher gewesen, als Naruto diesen Jungen noch nicht gekannt hatte. Als er nichts weiter als ein Fremder gewesen war, der an seine Tür klopfte. Als das einzige, das sie verband, ihre Distanz war.

Jetzt kannte er seinen Namen. Sein Geburtsdatum, seine Adresse, seine Macken und Telefonnummer. Dinge, die er nie hatte wissen wollen.

Es war alles so viel einfacher gewesen, als sie zusammen auf dem kalten Linoleumboden lagen und an die Decke starrten, ohne zu reden. Ohne Fragen zu stellen. Fragen, die man nicht beantworten wollte. Die sie nicht wagten, zu stellen.

Als die Routine noch darin bestand, zuerst Milch heiß zu machen und ihn währenddessen so gut es ging zu verarzten und danach auf dem Küchenboden zu sitzen und zu schweigen, jeder mit einer Tasse heißem Kakao in der Hand.

Und auf einmal wurde ihre Distanz, ihre Gleichgültigkeit so sehr auf die Probe gestellt: Auf einmal hatte das Gesicht einen Namen, eine Geschichte, eine Vergangenheit. Auf einmal wurde alles anders.

~*~

Sonne macht albern. Kommis auch!
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Kapitel 4: Wasted

Author: fruitdrop

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.

oo0oo

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.

Kapitel 5: Blood Turned to Tears

Author: fruitdrop

Disclaimer: Characters are Kishimoto's, not mine.

What? My interpretation of my imagination of what could happen in the last-ultimate-mega-battle between Naruto and Sasuke No. 1.

Blood Turned to Tears

It hurts. It hurts. Oh God – He doesn't know which will kill him first: The pain (overwhelming, hot, burning, destructive pain) in his head or the ache (dull and monotonous, but just as bad as the other) in his heart. Through his white-hot pain he feels liquid on his cheeks – he doesn't know if it's tears or blood and if it's blood is it his own or his adversary's, enemy's, friend's, brother's?

I am sorry, he says, so sorry, he cries. I have to do this. I have to protect them. The pain is everywhere, his whole being is feverish, red, red, red, everything he sees is pain and red and pain.

I will take your burdens onto myself, he screams, roars, begs. This is what he has to do, since this is exactly what he is – a sacrifice.

And Kyuubi roars.

Kapitel 6: Superman

Author: fruitdrop

Disclaimer: Characters are Kishimoto's, not mine.

When? Before the Uchiha massacre. Naruto and Sasuke are about six years old.

Superman

Of course Sasuke-teme would hit the target. He always hit the target. There wasn't a freaking target in the whole world super-teme couldn't hit (dead on, bull's eye). Just as there was no test Sasuke-teme couldn't ace and no girl he couldn't make go all hearty-eyes on him.

On top of it, Sasuke-teme always looked good – at everything he did. Even if Naruto played a prank on him.

He had everything Naruto missed and wanted – a family, friends, skill, acceptance. He never had to fight for simple things, never had to go without the love of a mother, sibling, father. But Naruto couldn't – and wouldn't – blame him for that. It wasn't Sasuke's fault that he had no parents or siblings.

And, Naruto thought when he was on his way home from training and Sasuke still was throwing Shuriken at the training pole even though he already got an A for his skills, since there was no one expecting anything of him, he was free and there was no one he could disappoint. Because from the Old Man Hokage's lectures about pranks and destroying things and from his pitiful and accusing look he knew that disappointing someone was a far worse feeling than being laughed at.

Kapitel 7: Build a Bridge

Author: fruitdrop

Disclaimer: Characters are Kishimoto's, not mine.

Why? Because I was inspired by the "Great Naruto Bridge".

Build a Bridge

Naruto knew that he would always wait for Sasuke. That he would always reach out into his darkness and grab every opportunity to pull him out of it. He knew that he would always wait on the other side of the bridge they built together and which Sasuke had yet to cross.

And he also knew that Sasuke would always try and break it down, destroy it, crumble it, kill it. Because destruction and pain is everything Sasuke had ever known.

But every time Sasuke would tear it down, Naruto would build it up again. Again and Again and Again. Because Naruto knew that Sasuke wasn't evil deep inside. He wasn't insane. He was just afraid to cross it. So Naruto would wait and build it up if Sasuke burned it down because one day, Sasuke would come home.

Kapitel 8: Look at Me

Author: fruitdrop

Disclaimer: Characters are Kishimoto's, not mine.

What? Naruto and Sasuke are thirteen years old. I imagine it happens during the fight at the Valley of the End.

Look at Me

Look at me is what he screams. Through his pranks (I saw him scrubbing the Third's face free of paint again yesterday), through his ridiculous orange jumpsuit and his bright smile and shining blue eyes.

Look at me is what he cries.

Look at me is what he says to me, pleading, begging to be acknowledged, to be accepted.

He knows what others say. That he is "that one". A monster. Apparently they found an answer to the question he still asks himself. Who is he?

Look at me, he says. All I am is me. He smiles. Not a monster, not "that one". Just me. He looks back at me, eyes bright, hoping for acceptance, to be acknowledged.

Look at me, he whispers.

And I understand. He looks at me with the same look I always gave my father and Itachi used to give me.

Kapitel 9: Gehenna

Author: fruitdrop

Disclaimer: Characters are Kishimoto's, not mine.

What? My interpretation of my imagination of what could happen in the last-ultimate-mega-battle between Naruto and Sasuke No. 2

Gehenna: The Jewish version of Hell, named after the Hinnom valley outside of Jerusalem

Gehenna

Show me your heart, Naruto. Can you really take on all my hatred? Are you strong enough?

A snort.

I am insane, Naruto. Can you compete with this? Can you? I will crush you, Naruto. My hatred will. It will destroy you.

Konoha is what made me into this. It's what drives me, what drove to this. We all are just the sum of everything we experienced.

And I will bring judgment, Naruto. I will end it. I am judgment. Konoha ridiculed my family long enough. It will be perfect. I can already smell their blood and the scent of their burning bodies. I can hear their cries. Every time I close my eyes I see their beautiful village burning and crumbling, their smile peeling from their face when the heats melts it all. Their screams of pain and agony are the most beautiful sounds I have ever heard, Naruto. I am going to crush them.

They will suffer, just like Itachi did. And so much more. I can hear their cries, Naruto. Can you save them? Can you save them and me and yourself? Can you really save everyone? I already told you – I am insane. Because everything comes at a price – the power of the Sharingan destroys the one holding it. Just as Konoha sacrificed a whole clan and made my brother the villain and betrayed me. Just for a little peace.

So, tell me, Naruto. Can you take it all onto yourself? My hatred, their hatred, everything? And can you really save me from my fate?

I don't think you, Naruto. You don't have it in you. You don't have what it takes to kill someone you claim to consider a brother in cold blood like I did. And it's the only way I will stop, Naruto. Because I am insane. Naruto, tell me, can you stop me? Can you k--

He felt the pain a few seconds too late. It was overwhelming, taking over his whole being and burning his skin, burning, burning, white-hot pain.

You're wrong, Sasuke. I can. Because this is the only way to save you.

And Sasuke smiled.