

# 101 Words

## A story told in moments

Von BlueJey

### Kapitel 18: Embrace, Betrayal & Future

**Disclaimer:** I do not own Naruto nor do I own it's characters. I make no money with this.

**Author's Note:** The mixture in this once again reminds me how randomly I posted these... Oo" Part 44 was the chapter I had most troubles with in this whole fic... It refused to turn out the way I wanted it to, while I refused to just let it slip. I think I spent at least two weks on those few words. \*stares\* Part 45 was another troublesome case, 'cause the first version I posted was so damn incomprehensible that people thought god knows what... (Sakura killing Naruto was the weirdest interpretation I got, considering Naruto is obviously still alive...) So let me tell you this: Naruto is overdramatizing. Nothing *really* bad happened. Probably... Aaand, Part 46 is one of the first chapters I thought up when I decided I wanted to do this thing. It still ended up being one of the last ones I wrote though. Sometimes, I confuse myself.

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#### Part 44 - Embrace

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Sasuke never made anything easy for anyone, least of all for himself.

Sometimes, it was breaking Naruto. Knowing that Sasuke was dying inside – killing himself inside, for fuck's sake! – and knowing that he – he and no one else – was the knife that Sasuke used to cut his heart right out of his fucking chest. It hurt to see that Sasuke was suffering, always tormenting himself, be it consciously or not, and it *hurt* to know that he didn't realize Naruto was right there and suffering with him.

Sometimes, Naruto thought it would be so much easier if he could just bring himself to hate Sasuke. That it would hurt so much less if he could just force himself to turn away, if he didn't have to watch what Sasuke did to himself...

Sometimes, Naruto wondered if letting go was the way. Maybe if Sasuke hit the

ground just once without Naruto being there to catch him, maybe he'd wake up then. Maybe getting back to his feet on his own was what he really needed. Maybe it'd be better that way.

Sometimes, Naruto just wished he had the strength *not* to be there when Sasuke stumbled.

'Let him fall, let him fall, let him fall...' he told himself, closing his eyes and holding his breath, knowing perfectly well that his arms would close around Sasuke the very moment he lost his balance.

Catching Sasuke was something he did out of reflex, no matter what his head told him.

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## Part 45 - Betrayal

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"You betrayed me," Naruto stated tonelessly, neither anger nor hurt showing in his voice – it felt strange to have those words thrown at him without as much as a single emotion behind them. The blond's face was just as unreadable as his voice, giving away nothing, and something inside Sasuke wanted to curl up in a dark corner far, far away from here.

"I know," he almost-whispered, unable to look away from Naruto's eyes even though he really wanted to. Something in the blond's gaze just kept him from turning away, held him where he was. Maybe it was the intensity of the plain lack of emotions, or the distance that suddenly seemed to have torn them apart. It might also have been the kunai that Naruto twirled between his fingers – a wordless warning.

"I still can't believe it, Sasuke," Naruto said, a shadow of *sadness* creeping over his face as he looked down at Sasuke's feet for maybe a few seconds. It could have been minutes, theoretically. Sasuke wouldn't have been able to tell the difference. He only waited, air seemingly frozen in his lungs, until Naruto looked back up and finally – *finally* – glared at Sasuke with all the anger he was probably supposed to feel.

He had betrayed Naruto. He was – and had been, at the time – fully aware of that. Somehow.

When he spoke again, his voice was full of barely constricted anger, his eyes blazing red, his hands clenched into fists that Sasuke had no doubt could break at least half of his bones at once if the blond really decided to make this the time of their battle.

"I can't *believe* you... You *left* me!" Naruto said, his tone demanding an answer even if he hadn't asked the question. Yet. Sasuke knew it anyways. "After everything. After *promising* that..." He stopped, his glare softening. "After promising that you would..."

be with me.”

Sasuke winced, unwilling to admit that he felt guilty, sickeningly guilty. Breaking their promise, betraying Naruto, he was painfully aware that he’d made just another mistake. *Another* one. Kind of.

“I’m sorry...” he offered weakly, wincing again when Naruto suddenly got to his feet and casually – so casually that it was almost predatory – crossed the room.

“Oh, you’re sorry. Great. For getting me smashed in the first place or for leaving me there, alone, *helpless*, when you *knew* that Sakura was fucking drunk!? When you knew what she planned?”

“I... Both, probably...”

“Probably.” Naruto’s face went blank. “*Probably.*” He stopped, barely one step away from Sasuke, his body heat still somehow reaching the raven. “*Probably!*” And with that, he unzipped his jacket and pulled down the collar of his black shirt, revealing just exactly how much fun Sakura had had last night. “She left *hickeys* all over my fucking body! They’re everywhere! *Everywhere!!* And all I remember is that you *left* when she glared at you! *You left me there!!*”

Sasuke swallowed thickly.

“I was her birth—”

“*I don’t fucking care if it was her birthday or what!!!* You fucking *sold* me, you heartless, cheating bastard!”

Sasuke flinched, biting down the urge to correct Naruto on the fact that he had not sold him – it had simply been a cheap way to make their teammate happy – or that *he* hadn’t exactly cheated on Naruto. Or told him that it had only been in self-defense. Because he had still betrayed Naruto.

...at least Sakura had smiled when Sasuke had last seen her...

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## Part 46 - Future

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Naruto silently watched as Tsunade read the scroll, barely refraining from fidgeting. He watched as her brows furrowed in concentration and she blinked. He watched as she read it again, slower this time, more carefully. Then, he watched as she closed her eyes for a moment, inhaling deeply, and opened them again, a ever so tiny smile tugging on her lips.

He felt like all the stress and the worries of the past weeks were suddenly lifted off his shoulders, all the 'what if's and gloomy contemplations fading into oblivion.

*Everything was going to be alright.*

Next to him, Sasuke visibly relaxed, all the tension seemingly vanishing into thin air, leaving him almost completely boneless. For once, he actually looked his age, with a calm, almost peaceful look in his eyes and a small, tired smile of relief replacing his usual scowl.

*Everything would work out somehow.*

Tsunade stood, spread the scroll across her desk and looked at them with the pretense of annoyance, unable to hide her satisfaction. Sasuke shifted easily, from one second to the next perfectly untouched by her presence, the chains of the chakra absorbing shackles around his wrists clicking softly.

"Uchiha Sasuke, I hope you know the crimes you committed – since I will not read them out to you *again*. I will now tell you your punishment as decided upon by the Council, so you better listen carefully, *brat*."

But Naruto was already grinning like an idiot – probably already planning where to go for his and Sasuke's private celebration – and Sasuke looked like he just barely refrained from doing the same – probably not caring what Naruto had in store for him.

After all, they had a future now. Sasuke was alive. And free.