

101 Words

A story told in moments

Von BlueJey

Kapitel 5: Loyalty, Reflection & Love

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

Author's Note: Back to shorter chapters. Part 12 - 'Reflection' was **partly** inspired by a friend... She said that if she were Sasuke, she wouldn't be able to look into the mirror anymore. (We were talking about certain [porny] pictures that she(/we) had found on the internet... *cough cough*) Part 13 - 'Love' was the chapter that I started with when I first had the idea of writing this whole thing. =D

Part 11 - Loyalty

Konoha had been Sasuke's home. He'd grown up there, he'd become a shinobi there, he'd made almost-friends there. Yet, in the end, Sasuke had betrayed Konoha and left.

Oto had never been Sasuke's home. He'd trained there, he'd become a criminal there, he'd kept his distance to everyone there. Still, in the end, Sasuke had betrayed Oto and left.

Kakashi had been his teacher. He'd taught him, he'd helped him and more than once, he'd saved him. Yet, it had been disgustingly easy to leave him behind.

Orochimaru had been his master. He'd taught him, he'd made him 'strong' and more than once, he'd made Sasuke want to kill him. Still, or maybe because of that, it had felt great to *finally* leave him behind.

Sasuke supposed loyalty had never been his strongest side.

But Naruto... Naruto was an idiot. He was loud, obnoxious, a burden... He was everything Sasuke couldn't stand. And still, after everything – after leaving his home,

his teacher, his almost-friends – he hadn't been able to kill the moron. He hadn't been able to let go of him.

So Sasuke supposed he was just a little picky about who he chose to be loyal to...

Part 12 - Reflection

When Naruto looked into the mirror, he saw the face of a boy who had grown up being called 'monster'.

He saw the blue eyes that his friends called 'beautiful' and knew that none of them had any idea of how much pain azure could hide. He saw the whisker-like scars on his cheeks and remembered the fire on his skin when his inner demon broke free. He stared at his own lips and tried to forget the feeling of forcing a smile when all he wanted to do was cry.

Over the years, mirrors had kind of turned into his natural enemies. So Naruto avoided them, if possible.

And he had to admit that it honestly amazed him that Sasuke could spent so much time staring at his reflection, doing his hair or whatever it was that took him so goddamn long every *goddamn* morning. It *amazed* him.

That was, until the day he accidentally stumbled into the bathroom when Sasuke was inside and he'd understood that Sasuke wasn't doing his hair. He was *staring*. Staring without actually seeing, and for a split second, he'd caught a glimpse of what Sasuke saw in the mirror.

He saw the eyes that everyone was fascinated by and he knew that no one had any idea of how much they had seen. He saw the elegant form of his nose and the high cheekbones and remembered that he was the only one left with these typical Uchiha traits. Well, except, of course... And then he looked down at his hands and could imagine the blood Sasuke saw on them.

When Sasuke looked into the mirror, he saw the face of a boy who had grown up dead inside without even knowing.

Part 13 - Love

They fought, kicked and punched each other, aiming to surpass the other in every way possible, and still wasted most of their time insulting each other during training. They called that 'rivalry'.

They glared, frowned and scowled at each other, calling each other 'bastard' and 'moron', and spent most of their time bickering about totally insignificant things. They called that 'friendship'.

They fought their battles back to back, relying on each other's strength, and understood each other without words. They called that 'brotherhood'.

They did other things as well, but they didn't have a name for them. And they deftly refused to realize that their fangirls had one single word for all of that.