

# 101 Words

## A story told in moments

Von BlueJey

### Kapitel 7: Dream, Beauty & Secret

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

**Author's Note:** Okay, so. Uhm, as you might or might not have noticed, there is no specific chronological order to these. I just thought I'd explicitly tell you this, 'cause Part 17 - Dream is set very early and Sasuke is still pretty young.

And, uh, both Part 18 and 19 are ShounenAi, though 18 is pretty tame and yeah, but Part 19 might even be seen as yaoi, I think. Nothing grafic though, just vague references, which is why I didn't put his under 'adult'. I still thought I'd warn you. \*smile\*

---

#### Part 17 - Dream

---

It was everywhere, no matter where he looked.

It was pouring down from the sky and it was pouring from countless wounds on the savagely torn corpses, forming crimson puddles on the ground that seemed to crawl up his legs if he failed to sidestep them in his haste.

Sasuke was scared like he had never been before and all he wanted to do was curl up like a child and cry, because he was just so horribly afraid with all that blood everywhere.

Then he saw him. His red eyes were glowing with madness and his lips were twisted into a grin that he couldn't stop from burning into his memory.

*'This can't be happening...'*

And then, he woke up with his own scream ringing in his ears and his skin slick with sweat.

He waited until he managed to get his trembling body back under control before he stood and quickly got dressed. Ten minutes later found him in the training area beating up Orochimaru's favorite underlings because if he had time to dream shit like that, he obviously wasn't tired enough and still had some energy left.

That and he didn't want to start thinking about when his nightmares had stopped revolving around his past and Itachi.

---

## Part 18 - Beauty

---

'Beauty' was a word that didn't hold much importance in Sasuke's life. In his opinion, it was a word that held little importance in general.

It described something that wasn't clearly defined, something subjective, something that everyone envisioned differently. It was also something that people tended to fight over quite a lot, which wasn't logical at all for all the mentioned reasons. But when had Naruto ever been logical?

So Sasuke really shouldn't be surprised when one day, he found himself pushed up against a wall with Naruto decidedly too close, and when would the idiot ever understand the concept of personal space?!

But before he could come up with a fitting insult to throw at him, Naruto leaned in even closer, that evil, *evil* grin on his face, and slowly licked at his pulse. His eyes were deep azure and *wild*, burning into Sasuke's, and for one moment, there was a single word that flashed through Sasuke's mind.

"You're beautiful," Naruto whispered huskily.

And from there on, it degraded into a meaningless fight over a word that was so illogically important that Sasuke had *sworn* to himself he would never get into an argument because of it. Yet, there he was.

---

## Part 19 - Secret

---

Naruto loved the power he had over Sasuke.

He loved how he was the only one who ever saw that *different* side of Sasuke, how he

was the only one who would ever be able to see that side of the bastard.

Naruto loved that Sasuke still fought him every single time, that he didn't just give in and submit. He loved that Sasuke *fought* – hands and feet and teeth – and he loved how Sasuke lost. He loved that Sasuke would still be fighting him the next time.

He loved how Sasuke glared up at him even when he was down on his knees – eyes hot red, the sharingan spinning so fast it was dizzying – and he loved how the raven's resistance broke when he fisted the hair at the back of his neck and *pushed* him forward, fingers brushing against his scalp until those *eyes* fluttered shut.

He loved how Sasuke could curse him and threaten him and still beg him in the same sentence, lips trembling while his eyes promised sweet pain. He loved that he could *make* Sasuke beg, even when the raven had barely enough time to breathe between his pants and moans and hoarse screams. He loved how his voice sounded then.

He loved how he – and only *he* – could bring Sasuke to the point where he would do just about everything Naruto asked of him. He loved that he could bring Sasuke to the point of tears or breathless laughter, that he could push him way past his limits and still know it wouldn't break him.

He loved that Sasuke would kill him if he ever told anyone.