

101 Words

A story told in moments

Von BlueJey

Kapitel 12: Warmth

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

Author's Note: Making up for my two weeks absence. xD Though this is the last one for today. There is also not so much to say to this, so I'll just leave it at this and wish you all a good night, day, week, depending on when you read this. Oo Have fun and enjoy.^^

Part 30 - Warmth

"I just wasted another precious hour of my life," Kiba growled sulkily, sliding down the railing he'd been leaning against until he was sitting on the floor, with his knees drawn up to his chest. "What's taking them so long!?"

Naruto just smiled, keeping his eyes on the entrance of the restaurant across the street.

"You're just jealous," he mumbled, half-hoping the other wouldn't catch it.

"Oh, yeah, right." Kiba glared up at him and Naruto had to refrain from patting his head. The guy spent too much time with his dog... "'Cause I'd want to be down there talking to the bastard for what, three hours?"

Naruto grinned. It wasn't like he blamed Kiba for his bad mood. It was freaking *hot* up here, on the flat roof of whatever building they were on, and they'd been waiting here for *hours* while Shikamaru and Neji were being treated for lunch.

"At least no one's tried to kill us yet."

“Fuck you, Uzumaki.”

“Love you too, darling.”

Their mission was basically an easy one: meet up with this guy that had been acting as an informant for Konoha for a few years now and get as much information from him as humanly possible. Naruto hadn't bothered asking why it was necessary to send out a four-man cell for just that, and as soon as they had arrived, the question had kind of answered itself.

The guy was freaking nuts. And that was probably still one hell of an understatement...

He had not only hired a whole group of sword-swinging criminals to kill them – which he had sworn had just been a test of their abilities to protect him for the time being – and then poisoned their food when they had come out of the ensuing brawl victorious – which had just been a precautionary measure in case they weren't as trustworthy as he hoped – he had also refused to give them any information at all after Kiba had more or less exploded on him when the beds he had offered them had turned out to be lethal traps.

After that, Shikamaru and Neji had decided to keep both Kiba *and* Naruto away from him.

Which was why they were now stuck with watching the restaurant their informant had chosen as the place for their final meeting from afar. But Naruto was an optimistic person by nature: at least they had a nice view of the village from up here.

“You know, maybe I'll sneak out of the inn tonight,” Kiba suddenly said thoughtfully, making Naruto turn to him and raise an eyebrow. “I could always just hide some snakes in his bed or, I don't know, pay someone to pour acid into his pants...”

At that, Naruto laughed, knowing that his friend was about as serious about this as he was about finding out Tsunade's cup size one day. Which was not very serious at all.

“How about detonating a paint bomb in his room?” he offered, turning to look back down at the street below. “Or dying his hair pink while—”

And then, he saw it.

It was just a subtle movement in the dark of a small alleyway, but Naruto's eyes were trained to catch even the smallest detail. And the frame of the person that was leaning against the wall down there, almost perfectly hidden by the darkness, the posture, the way that person shifted was all the detail Naruto needed in that moment.

Sasuke.

“Oh fuck,” Kiba breathed, suddenly standing right next to him, seeing what he saw.

“Naruto, I swear, if you do anything stupid—”

“I won’t.”

And with that, he spun around and crossed the roof in less than two seconds, jumping down into a shady, deserted side street. He knew that he couldn’t do anything big – there were too many people around here and Shikamaru had *told* them to stay down and not do anything that would attract attention. But still, he had to... at least *see* him. It *had* to be fate...!

Ignoring the way Kiba cursed him, he dashed out onto the main street, barely avoiding slamming into a girl about his age. She shouted something after him, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. Another three or four almost-collisions later, he ducked into the alleyway, bending down and practically ripping his weapons pouch off his leg before his eyes had even started adjusting to the sudden darkness. He dropped it to the floor without as much as a second thought, then stripped out of his orange jacket, dropping it as well.

The alleyway was empty. But Naruto knew better than to think Sasuke had just disappeared like that. He was watching – Naruto could practically *feel* his eyes on him. And as Sasuke was watching, he was also getting the message.

No weapons, no fight. For now, that was all Naruto could offer.

Stepping over his stuff, he quickly made his way to the other end of the alley. From there, he followed his intuition and turned left, entering another alley, even smaller than the first one.

It was thrilling, in a way. He could feel the other’s presence with every fibre of his body. His heart was beating in his throat and his skin was tingling with excitement. They hadn’t seen each other in *months*.

He had made it about half the way down the alley when the tip of Sasuke’s sword touched his bare neck.

“You’re a moron,” the other growled, more than obviously pissed. It made Naruto grin so wide that his cheeks hurt.

“Hello to you, too,” he replied, turning around almost carelessly, raising both hands in mock-submission.

Sasuke looked older than the last time and his hair was a little shorter than Naruto remembered. His voice had darkened somewhat, sounding more mature now. He might have gained a few inches in height as well, but Naruto wasn’t so sure. Last time, he hadn’t exactly had the time to look at him as closely as he could look at him now.

“I don’t have time for you,” Sasuke mumbled darkly, threateningly, but he lowered his katana, putting it back into its sheath after a few seconds.

"You're here nevertheless."

"Give me one reason to let you live." He sounded more frustrated than anything else and Naruto's grin softened into a warm smile.

"It's summer, you know?" he informed him, thrusting his hands into his pant pockets in a gesture of lazy trust.

At that, Sasuke tensed visibly, eyes widening even so slightly, before his face clouded even more.

"You're an idiot," he forced out after a few heartbeats of silence, and then he turned on his heels and started to walk away – not exactly slowly, but not too hurriedly either. Naruto only smirked and called after him.

"Happy birthday, sunshine."

It had to be fate, it simply *had* to be.