

101 Words

A story told in moments

Von BlueJey

Kapitel 14: Truth, Darkness & Trust

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

Author's Note: [Spoiler alert for my ranting...] Yesterday, I made the mistake of reading the latest Manga chapters, meaning chapters 510 and onwards. And it's official now: I'm done taking that Manga for serious... Honestly, what the HELL!? Is Kishimoto fucking going crazy or something?! Joint army, okay. That part was okay. But Madara's totally overpowered little private force has GOT to be a joke, right? *Right?* Please, tell me he's not serious about that punch of shit... *gloweres spitefully* I feel just about ready to murder someone, seriously...

About these parts: Part 34 is, well... I really like the idea, but it didn't turn out quite the way I wanted it. =/ Part 35 is dark, I guess. But I see hints in the Manga, no kidding. xD *giggles manically* Part 36 is, again, more hopeful. It all comes down to the title.
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Part 34 - Truth

Naruto knew what people said. He was aware of how they talked about him and Sasuke. More than that, he was aware of how they thought about the two of them.

Even he couldn't pretend to be deaf enough not to hear when people whispered behind his back, words like 'demon', 'traitor' and 'broken' making their way to the blond's ears easily. He'd learned to cope with that, to ignore it as he walked past.

But that didn't change the fact that each time again, it stung.

And no matter how wrong their reasoning, they were still right about one thing. Both he and Sasuke were broken.

He'd even go as far as to say they were both fucked up beyond repair. They'd both lost and buried pieces of their souls, some of them left behind in order to gain something else, some of them ripped out by a world that never cared to *care*.

There was no way he'd ever get rid of the memories of what his life had used to be like *before* Team 7 – they would always be inside him, along with the knowledge that he never even got the chance to become someone else. The Kyuubi's fire would always continue to burn him up from the inside, too.

And he knew that Sasuke would never regain what Itachi had taken from him, that the person the younger Sasuke could have become had died with the rest of the Uchiha Clan. He also knew that Sasuke would never get rid of his nightmares, be it the ones of *that* night or the ones of *other* nights that they both pretended Naruto didn't know about.

Naruto had learned not to react to people talking about them like they knew all those things, like they knew of the *pain* they'd gone through. Like they actually understood what Sasuke had done to himself when he'd betrayed his Village or what Naruto had endured over the years of growing up to become the Village's hero.

It was easier that way.

Part 35 - Darkness

Sasuke knew that ANBU was killing Naruto.

It was on nights when the blond came home all weary and exhausted from one of his missions that Sasuke became aware of this with startling clarity. And it were those nights, when Naruto entered their home and Sasuke wasn't looking at *him*, but looking at Konoha's infamous Red Demon Fox, that made him hate their ugly ninja world all over again.

He hated this world for changing Naruto – for *forcing Naruto to change*. He hated it for being the place it was, all dark and dirty and blood-thirsty. He hated it for being loved by Naruto so much that the idiot would put himself through hell just to save it from itself.

It had hurt to see Naruto realize how much there really was to change to make the world a better place and it had hurt to see Naruto struggle to not lose hope. In the end, Naruto had pulled himself back up and went back to fighting for his dream, his eyes still burning with determination and his words still promising a *future*. But Sasuke knew him well enough to see that something inside Naruto had been torn apart.

He knew that even if Naruto told himself that ANBU was necessary, that it was for the Villages safety, he was choking on his burden, strangled by the pressure, silenced by his own ideals.

And in a strange, twisted way, it were always Naruto's smiles – the unfaked, honest ones – that made him realize that all of Naruto's light couldn't protect him from the dark.

It was just that Naruto was too stubborn to give in to anything like that.

Part 36 - Trust

"I never doubted you'd survive," Sasuke stated calmly as he entered the small underground prison cell, sliding his ANBU mask off his face.

Naruto smiled up at him genuinely, exhaustion and the lack of sleep painting dark shadows across his face. He was kneeling at the center of the cell with his arms tied behind his back, wearing nothing but his black jounin pants. His face was graced by bruises, his bare torso covered in cuts, whip marks and burns – a few of them would surely leave scars on someone – anyone – else, Sasuke mused. But they both knew he was lucky: he wasn't missing body parts and he wasn't a mental wreck. He'd endured things way worse than this.

"You sure took your time," the blond said quietly, his eyes never leaving Sasuke's.

"I went against three or four direct orders, but Tsunade will forgive me once you're back home." They stared at each other in silence for a while until Naruto's expression turned into one of almost-sadness.

"You know," he said barely loud enough for Sasuke to hear, "I was supposed to kill myself the moment I realized there was no getting out of there..."

"Well, good thing that following orders was never one of your strong sides." Naruto didn't even flinch when Sasuke moved closer, drawing his kunai, and started working on the ties with swift movements. "It would have sucked to find you dead."

"Maa... I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I would have felt bad for making you come all the way for nothing."

"...You never doubted I'd come back."