

101 Words

A story told in moments

Von BlueJey

Kapitel 15: Control, Failure & Night

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

Author's Note: (I'm posting several chapters today, too, because I kind of want to get this over with -- I don't know how often I manage to get to a computer these next days... >.<)

Anyways, Part 37 is kind of the counter piece to Part 19 - Secret. Those two were meant to be one, but I couldn't bring myself to shorten it down that radically. Part 38 is just-- Sasuke, in a way. Oo Really, just *Sasuke*... And last but not least, Part 39 was written in my last exam period, so I really know what I'm talking about... *laughs*

Part 37 - Control

Naruto knew of the power Sasuke had over him.

He knew that Sasuke was the one in control, knew it even when he had the Uchiha pinned to the ground, dominating purely by physical strength. He knew that it was Sasuke who held the strings – that it was Sasuke who was in control even when he was helplessly caught in Naruto's grip.

One word.

That was all it would take. One single word that told him to back off, to let go, to piss off and never come back, and he'd be gone. One single word said like Sasuke *meant* it and Naruto would obey.

One word.

That was all it would take to break Naruto's neck when Sasuke's arms were trapped,

to stab his heart when there was no knife, to slit his throat and rip his soul out. One single word. And Naruto would do anything. Live, die, anything.

Just one goddamn word.

And sometimes, it scared him. Knowing what Sasuke could do to him, what he could *make* him do. It was frightening, being controllable like that. Knowing that he would rip himself apart without hesitation.

Other times, it simply amused him. Because no matter how Sasuke struggled, he never fought to kill, and no matter how much he cursed, he never told him to stop like he really meant it.

Naruto knew of the power Sasuke had over him. But he'd rather bite off his own tongue than tell the bastard...

Part 38 - Failure

Sasuke had grown up with the one and only goal of avenging his clan.

He'd been hunting Itachi – or at least planning to do so – ever since the bastard had murdered their entire family, but in the end, Itachi had died with a smile on his bloody lips and Sasuke had been left with the difficult task of completely reorganizing his plans and beliefs, regret, hatred and plain insanity gnawing at him with razor sharp teeth.

He had almost been at the point of no return, he supposed, with his new plan to kill the ones responsible for Itachi's suffering and the Uchiha Massacre, but once again, things hadn't exactly worked out the way he'd planned it. The damn bastards had died of *age* before he had even managed to get *close* to killing them and he'd been forced to reconsider yet again – though he wouldn't really complain about that anymore. It had kind of saved his ass, after all.

Naruto laughed all of that off as bad luck, but Sasuke couldn't help but realize that his life up to now could pretty much be summed up in one word: failure. And he didn't like the taste of that one bit. So he'd found himself a new goal: the *recreation* of his clan. And at first, he'd been pretty fucking proud of himself for finding himself a hobby that did, for a change, not involve fucking himself up by trying to kill people a little too far out of his league.

But then, he had ended up with Naruto's lips on his and Naruto's hands down his pants, and really, all this changing plans and resetting goals was slowly but surely starting to annoy him, because fuck! How the heck was he supposed to revive his damn clan when Naruto was looming over him like the incarnation of doom whenever

one of the girls even tried to get close to him!?

Again, Naruto only laughed it off as bad luck, but Sasuke was fairly convinced that his laugh was a tad more *smug* now than it had been before...

Part 39 - Night

"Seriously, Sasuke, this is it," Naruto forced out, sliding down the tree until he was sitting on the ground, knees drawn to his chest, arms hanging loosely by his sides. "I'm dying."

"Don't be stupid, moron," Sasuke replied tonelessly, rubbing his eyes.

"I'm serious, bastard!" Naruto threw back in a breathless laugh. "I'm practically dead already."

"Don't exaggerate. You've been through things way worse than this."

"No. No, I haven't." He took a deep breath, smiling up at Sasuke tiredly. "I can't even bring myself to be depressed anymore..."

"Don't... Just get back up, okay?" Sasuke said in exasperation, hating Naruto for forcing him to stop. Stopping only made him realize how much he felt like Naruto claimed to feel. "Another day, maybe two and we'll be home and then, we'll take a fucking week off..."

"Fuck that. I'm not getting out of bed for at least a month..." the blond breathed, the shadow of a grin ghosting over his features.

"Yeah..." Shaking his head a few times, Sasuke tried to focus again. "But we need to get going again."

"Ah." And with that, Naruto got back to his feet, a certain look of *longing* on his tanned face. "I never truly realized how much I love sleep..."

And Sasuke agreed. One never knew to appreciate something as natural as *sleep* right until one had to survive without it.