Late Night Needs

by World_of_Stories19

Summary

Mitsuki hates the fact that everyone in the village, excluding Boruto Uzumaki, believes he is a destructive spy for his creator Orochimaru. After a bad day, a lonely Mitsuki decides to go see the only one whose presence he desperately needs. That night Mitsuki realizes the true extent of his feelings towards Boruto.

Notes

When I don’t have anything to do where I’m working for the summer, my mind tends to wander to the things that will make the hours bearable. Here is one of those things- my new OTP: Mitsuki x Boruto Uzumaki.
Chapter 1

Chapter One

A lone figure wandered through the village of Konoha where his creator grew up. With the light of
the moon illuminating everything, including his pale complexion, a passerby might think that the boy
was glowing. It was nights like these where Mitsuki felt the most alone. During the hours of the day
he was constantly looked upon with distrust by everyone around him, well almost everyone. There
was one person who gazed at him with awe and friendship. It was that person that Mitsuki was on
his way to see that night.

His journey towards the home of the Hokage was one that Mitsuki didn't expect to make a routine
out of. He was obviously not welcomed there by the Hokage himself due to who his creator was, but
the boy who lived there did not once turn him away. Mitsuki was happy to be graced with the
presence and friendship of Boruto Uzumaki. He clung to him in great fear that one day he would
abandon him. Because of this, Mitsuki's night time visits was beginning to borderline on obsession.

The first time he went there Mitsuki did not even mean to go see Boruto. It was one if those times
where Boruto was pulling an all nighter, and Mitsuki just happened to be passing by on his regular
night time strolls around the village. He was was still in the early stages of settling into the village,
when he was unable to sleep, which was most nights, he chose to walk around the village. Boruto
had stopped to open the window of his room to let in the cool night air when he spotted his pale new
companion. Curious, Boruto called out to him in a hushed tone. Mituki looked up at the voice in
confusion. He didn't expect an interaction that night with the Hokage's son.

Boruto asked what Mitsuki was doing and Mitsuki plainly stated that he couldn't sleep. They began
conversing some more, mostly Boruto, who then suggested Mitsuki go up to his room so they could
communicate better. Mitsuki did not know what to do at first. Why would the son of the Hokage
want to hang out with someone like Mitsuki? He hesitantly accepted the offer. He scaled the
Hokages home and climbed through Boruto's bedroom window. Boruto talked and talked as Mitsuki
quietly took part in the conversation as best as he could, having no experience whatsoever in a one on
one conversation.

After an hour and a half had passed Mitsuki's visit had been cut short due to the appearance of
Boruto's sister Himawari, who Boruto had awakened due to being to loud. Boruto had laughed a
little too loudly at something Mitsuki had said when they heard the squeak of a door being opened.
Worried it was his father, and not wanting to be scolded for having an unannounced houseguest
Boruto turned to warn Mitsuki. But Mitsuki was already on his way out the window and away into
the night before Boruto could say anything. Mitsuki proceeded to think about his visit with Boruto
during the rest of his walk that night. The next morning at the academy Boruto boldly went and sat
next to Mitsuki in class. Mitsuki was then informed that it was in fact Boruto's sister that had woken
up.

All eyes in the classroom stared in surprise as the pair interacted like friends, which after that visit,
they were. Ever since that visit Mitsuki would occasionally go see Boruto if he was ever awake
when Mitsuki was on one of his walks. Gradually those visits became more and more important to
Mitsuki. He grew attached and much more open each passing visit that sometimes he would wake
Boruto up if he was sleeping so he could talk to him.

To be continued.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

"I want to...I want to keep watching you up close." In all honesty, Mitsuki has no one but Boruto. That night a sleeping Boruto unexpectedly awakens Mitsuki's pink emotion-love.

Chapter Notes

AN: Here is the second chapter of "Late Night Needs" that I have been struggling to get out of it's hiding spot in my mind. I will also be posting it on Tumblr @books-give-me-meaning and also on fanfiction.net @ClosetOtaku18 enjoy ;)

The stares and the whispers filled with contempt directed at Mitsuki that day really got to him. Why couldn't they ignore him? Fortunately thoughts of Boruto helped ease the negativity gnawing it's way through Mitsuki's chest. He's grateful that Boruto is so understanding; he knows all too well what it's like to have people stare and expect things from you. From Mitsuki they expect chaos, from Boruto they expect greatness.

Trekking the familiar route that leads to his favorite destination, Mitsuki can't help wondering if Boruto would enjoy walking through the village with him. Granted, Mitsuki's nightly walks were meant to be walked alone, but maybe he could share the activity with another individual. Yes, Mitsuki couldn't imagine anyone else he'd want to share the night with other than Boruto.

A part of him felt that his attachment to Boruto was somehow selfish, yet he didn't know how to stop it because he has never experienced this before. The foreign involuntary drive to be near Boruto felt intense- almost like an addiction. It demanded to be felt. Mitsuki allowed his mind to be filled any hours of the day and all hours of the night with thoughts of his blonde companion. Boruto's bright blue eyes, his energetic yet laid-back personality, his positivity, his strength, his voice, his presence. He's like the sun, Mitsuki's sun.

Nearing his destination Mitsuki was practically bursting at the seams with desire for Boruto's company, although you would never know it due to his perpetually calm expression. He looked up at the home of the Hokage and instantly knew Boruto was asleep. Apart from the kitchen all the lights in the Uzumaki household were off. Disappointment weighing on his shoulders Mitsuki was about to continue on his way when he noticed that Boruto's window was open. Boruto had left it open for him.

He made his way upwards and sat himself directly outside Boruto's window. He leaned back to look up and admire the night sky, debating with himself on whether to wake Boruto up or to let him sleep. Any other night Mitsuki would have settled for this as long as Boruto's presence was near him. But the accusing whispers and stares that day taunted him and refused to be silenced.

Why couldn't people see that Mitsuki was not going to follow his creator? They should leave him alone. Ice cold negativity seeped it's way out of Mitsuki's heart and spread throughout his body. He
grew more restless by the minute sitting out there alone with his thoughts while his sun was still out of reach. He needed to be closer, he needed the warmth.

Mitsuki quietly slipped into the room he has grown accustomed to being in. He needed the comfort his sun provided. It's never once been an inconvenience for Boruto having Mitsuki visit him this late, but there was a certain forbidden feeling in the air Mitsuki couldn't shake. Mitsuki's desire at closeness and his inner turmoil clashed as he leaned against the wall near the open window and sank to the floor.

What good were these feelings- he's never had to feel such things before he came here...why now? His golden eyes narrowed in a glare as he stared at his sleeping companion, angry that he is blissfully unaware of the heavy storm raging a few feet away from him. Filled with negativity Mitsuki questioned why, ever since he came to Konoha and befriended Boruto, he has a experienced a whirlwind of intense and unnecessary emotions?

Suddenly furious at being ignored, Mitsuki stalks towards his unconscious comrade. Mitsuki wants Boruto to see what he has done to him. 'Look at me dammit!' He hovers over him, intent on waking him up, but when he sees Boruto’s moonlit face he freezes up. In that moment, gazing at Boruto like they were the only two people on earth, a dormant switch goes off inside of Mitsuki. A switch that turns on the pink emotion that Mitsuki never once thought he had.

Mitsuki hasn't seen Boruto's sleeping face this closely before. 'He looks so vulnerable, almost cute.' Mitsuki unconsciously leans in to him. The warmth radiating of Boruto's body, his scent...Mitsuki's sleeping sun. 'What is this? I-' A strong urge came over Mitsuki so suddenly and overwhelmingly that Mitsuki was unable to move away. That moment of closeness, never before has Mitsuki experienced this level of intimacy with anyone. It's completely and utterly foreign, but also completely and utterly enjoyable. He doesn't understand this newly felt emotion, but he knows that he does not want to be this close with anyone else.

Hovering just a short distance above his sleeping friend Mitsuki whispers in a barely audible tone, "I want to...I want to keep watching you up close." In all honesty, Mitsuki has no one but Boruto. The realization of his stronger feelings for Boruto causes Mitsuki to back away from him in uncharacteristic embarrassment, almost as if his close proximity to the sun has burnt him. Blushing furiously he turns away and looks at the floor. 'What am I doing?' Mitsuki is about to turn to Boruto again when he sees light shining underneath Boruto's bedroom door.

His heart jumps into his throat as he leaps out the window and up onto the roof just as the Hokage is entering Boruto's bedroom. "Dad?" Mitsuki hears Boruto's sleepy voice. The light flicks on. "Why was your window carelessly left open? I felt a cold presence." Perched like a statue on the roof, Mitsuki listens over the sound of his racing heartbeat as father and son talk. "What's the big deal? It was hot so I decided to sleep with it open."

The Hokage walks to the window and scans the surrounding area. Boruto keeps assuring him that no one was there and that he is being overprotective. Naruto stays by the window until he is somewhat satisfied that there is no one out there. Five minutes after his father departs Boruto shuts his light and goes to his window. "Mitsuki?" Now that the Hokage is gone, Mitsuki wills himself to be calm so he can face Boruto.

Thinking he has fled, Boruto is about to give up and go back to bed when he comes face to face with an upside down Mitsuki. "Hey sorry about that Mitsuki." Boruto gives him a nervous smile as he rubs the back of his neck. The moon is directly behind him so Boruto isn't aware of the blush occupying Mitsuki's shadowed face. His heart begins to pound again as he realizes how close they are in that moment and how close they were before the Hokage came in. Too soon. He needed to get
away to cool down. "Before I go, would you like to accompany me on a walk some other night?" As soon as he figures out what to do about what has unexpectedly taken place that night. To be Continued.
Chapter Summary

With the world Mitsuki had grown accustomed to suddenly changed, what is he supposed to do? Sink like a rock and let himself be consumed? Swim against the current by rebelling against such an emotion? Or go with the flow and allow himself to go about it at his own pace? A decision is made.

Chapter Notes

AN: I am so very sorry it took me so long to post the third chapter. I've been struggling with my mental health and my university classes. This chapter focuses on AngstMitsuki! As always enjoy, and I will be posting it on fanfiction.net @ClosetOtaku18 and on Tumblr @books-give-me-meaning

It's been three days since his realization, Mitsuki has yet to give in and allow himself to continue on his nightly visits. It took all of his willpower to stay a safe distance away from Boruto. Instead of going for his nightly walk Mitsuki instead chose to sit alone on top of Hokage Rock and gather his thoughts. He wondered if his failure to show up like he always did was noticed by Boruto. But honestly, how should one go about the days when one has never felt such an emotion before? Especially a strong, foreign emotion aimed at a trusted comrade.

Leave it to Boruto to open up new experiences for Mitsuki. Acceptance. Friendship. Jealousy. Happiness. Compassion. Safety. Trust. And now the pink emotion. This feeling-this emotion called love, Mitsuki will only feel it for his sun. He knows that for a fact despite his age and inexperience. Since that night Mitsuki has been researching what love is. And what he has found out fits exactly what he feels towards Boruto.

Love is an addictive craving for a specific person. Since the day they met Mitsuki has indeed craved Boruto's presence. Love makes you obsessively think about a specific person. Apparently someone (Kabir) once said "The lane of love is narrow; there is room for only one." Mitsuki's world indeed revolves around his sun Boruto. Love is where you want to have intimate and physical contact with a specific person. That night of his discovery, Boruto's sleeping face and warm presence awakened stirrings within Mitsuki. The mere remembrance of it caused Mitsuki's face to go uncharacteristically red.

In comparison to fellow shinobi his age, Mitsuki is no stranger to being the abnormal one that doesn't quite fit in. His feelings for Boruto would most definitely be classified as abnormal. Before he met Boruto Mitsuki was never one to care about what others thought of him. But now he was aware of all the whispers and stares from people whenever he was in Boruto's presence. It made him edgy, but Boruto would remind him that other people's opinions about him didn't matter.

The compassion, acceptance and empathy of his sun. Surely Boruto would accept Mitsuki's abnormal feelings? Of course, he accepts Mitsuki's other abnormalities, why should this be any
different? Then again, Mitsuki was reminded of the time Boruto was very apprehensive of Mitsuki's fighting technique when he had fought Iwabi. Mitsuki remembered the sudden panic he felt in that moment Boruto suddenly lashed out at him for nearly killing Iwabi. If his reaction to Mitsuki's love was the same, and he decided to end their friendship, what would Mitsuki do?

'What if he abandoned me because of my feelings for him?' Everytime the question came to him, Mitsuki would be struck with a panic attack so intense he could scarcely breath for fear of his entire world coming to an end. He needed his sun, without him Mitsuki has virtually nothing. 'What if he's disgusted because I'm a male and he's also male?' With this toxic thought comes the feeling of shame. In complete isolated silence Mitsuki struggled with this inner turmoil.

Being tormented by his thoughts with no relief, Mitsuki is barely holding it together. Although you would never know that he was in distress, Mitsuki mastered his calm facade at a very young age. He kept a neutral expression by daylight, only at night would he be at his lowest. But its not like Mitsuki was unfamiliar with such despair, he was alone way before he found his sun. The despair is much more severe now that his one source of relief was being withheld.

Perhaps he isn't worthy of the love his sun possesses. There's no way someone like Mitsuki would recieve love. He can accept that, but that doesn't make the pain less severe. His sun gives him so much, all Mitsuki can do is take and take. He truly is selfish. Mitsuki gazed at the moon and quietly wondered if the moon feels this way about the sun. Yearning for a love that can never be. If people were to find out...Mitsuki of all people knows how cruel people could be. What would their reactions be if they knew of Mitsuki's love towards the blonde? 'No,' Mitsuki thought. 'Other people's opinions about his feelings don't matter, only Boruto's opinion does.'

Mitsuki caught himself wondering if those desires he felt that night would go away if he ignored them. A part of Mitsuki doesn't want the feelings to go away while at the same time he banishes those feelings from his vessel. Pleasurable yet foreign. Weakness yet a normal need. Are these feelings okay for Mitsuki to have? Perhaps. Are they selfish? Incredibly so. Will they change the friendship between Mitsuki and Boruto? It's possible, but that's only if Mitsuki were to act on such feelings. Thats right, if he suppressed them and remained Boruto's friend then he wouldn't lose him.

If he allowed himself to love Boruto in silence, even if he never voiced this feeling to the object of his affection, Mitsuki would be content as long as he remained in close contact with his sun. Of course he would. His devotion to the blonde would not allow anything to jeopardize what they already have. So Mitsuki made up his mind to let Boruto remain in blissful ignorance. But the heart will not be so subtle when it come to what it desires, and both shinobi are in for a surprise that will change everything. To be Continued.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Having taken notice of Mitsuki's recent behaviour Boruto spends the night trying to figure out why his clingy companion is suddenly staying away.

Chapter Notes

I'm so very sorry that this chapter has taken me MONTHS to post. Things have just been horrible and my creativity is trying to flow past the cement that is currently blocking it. Worry not, for I will NEVER abandon this fan fic!! I just need time. Sorry this chapter is short!

Feelings can't stay locked away forever. Despite what Mituski initially thought, Boruto has indeed taken notice of his comrades sudden distance - that reckless Hokage's son can indeed be naturally perceptive when needs arise. The night Mitsuki came to acknowledge and accept all the thoughts and feelings the new emotion brought to light, the object of his affections was also thinking about him.

Boruto Uzumaki lay awake in his bed staring up at the ceiling, his game next to him long forgotten. He is too perplexed to focus on his beloved possession. As of recently it became apparent to Boruto that something was definitely off with Mitsuki, more so than usual. He didn't understand why Mitsuki was acting more aloof than his character naturally portrayed to those that didn't know him. But he's usually more open when it came to Boruto.

'What's his problem? He's at my side so much Sarade and the others say it's like we're attached at the hip! Now all of a sudden he doesn't want to come over anymore? Not to mention he is more quiet than usual.' Boruto huffs out an annoyed sigh and turns to lay on his side.

The sleeping Uzumaki Household is deafeningly silent, even his father is passed out soundly at home than in the Hokage office. The only sound to penetrate Boruto's ears is the sound of the ticking clock in his room that lets him know that it's almost 2.

Boruto let out a heavy sigh. Night three of Mitsuki being a no show. Boruto wouldn't say it out loud, but he missed the late night visits. When it was just the two of them to talk into the night. Boruto knew that those late night visits were for both his and Mitsuki's own sanity. Without their private nightly ritual, both boys get restless and are forced to acknowledge their own minds. This was an unspoken truth they knew.

Boruto couldn't stand the silent house, something tells him he won't be getting a good night's rest that night. Boruto gets out of his bed and stalks toward the open window. It's his routine to open the window as soon as he is done dinner, and to leave it open all night. A light breeze greets him as he gazes out.

Could it be what his father and the village whisper about Mitsuki that is causing this? Boruto grits his teeth.
'That idiot, he knows he can confide in me with this stuff. Besides everyone can say what they want, they don't know him.' Boruto's eyes find the bright moon amongst the stars and Mitsuki's pale smiling face flashes in Boruto's mind.

'Where is he tonight? Why is he not here like always?' His gaze turns toward Hokage Rock, but only briefly.

Boruto, who is lost in his own head with thoughts and questions regarding Mitsuki, is completely unaware that he is currently a subject of observation. A lone figure stands on the roof of a building a short distance from the Uzumaki household. Said figure stares through a scope at the individual a certain blue haired shinobi seems to be fond of. This figure watches Boruto with great interest for a few more minutes before they back away into the cover of darkness as quick and quiet as a serpent.

Questions and answers will soon be answered. To Be Continued.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!